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THE BOOKMAN

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

VOLUME XXXIX

MARCH, 1914—AUGUST, 1914

"*I am a Bookman.*"—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

NEW YORK
DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY
FOURTH AVENUE AND THIRTIETH STREET

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THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

MARCH, 1914

Chronicle and Comment

The Long-Awaited Story

A LITERARY event of the month that is of very genuine importance is the appearance before the public of the letters from Thackeray to Mrs. William Brookfield, that for some years have formed a part of the collection of the late Major William H. Lambert, of Philadelphia. At the time that this issue of the magazine is coming out this collection is being sold at the Anderson Galleries in New York City. Although these letters have been hitherto unpublished, their existence has always been well known to Thackerayans all over the world. They have been the basis of much interesting surmise. So long as these mysterious letters remained in obscurity they allowed the imagination of the Thackerayan free play. He could ascribe to them all sorts of indiscreet passages illuminating the intimate life of the great novelist. He could talk of them just as he talked of the real reasons that led to Thackeray's death, an unsavoury story which had its beginning in a banquet given in New York City during Thackeray's second visit to America. As a matter of fact, compared to the edifice builded up by imagination, the real letters are not so very astonishing.

• • •

One day in January, 1894, a little over thirty years after the death of Thackeray, a brief news item informed the world that Mrs. Thackeray had died in a *maison de santé* in the west of England. That Thackeray's widow had been living all that time was probably news to nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand, while a great number of persons with a respectable knowledge of *Vanity Fair* and *Esmond* had probably forgotten the fact that Thackeray had ever been married at all. In order to tell the story of the Brookfield correspondence clearly it is best to go back to the beginning, which, in this case, is the year 1836. On August 20th of that year, Thackeray, then twenty-five years old, was married in Paris to Miss Isabella Gethen Creagh Shawe, a daughter of Colonel Matthew Shawe, of a Bengal regiment. The young couple lived first in Paris (see the "Ballad of the Bouillebaisse"), and afterward in London. In 1840, after the birth of their third child, Mrs. Thackeray became very ill. The illness eventually affected her mind, and after many hopeless months it was found necessary to place her in seclusion. And in seclusion she passed the rest of her days. Thus Thackeray, at the age of twenty-nine, became practically a widower. It was inevitable that a second woman should come to play a part in his sentimental life, and this woman was Mrs. Brookfield, the wife of the Rev. William H. Brookfield, whom Thackeray had known when an undergraduate at Cambridge. Jane Octavia Brookfield was the eighth daughter of Sir Charles Elton, the his-

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THE PARIS HOME OF WILLIAM MAKEPEACE AND ISABELLA SHAWE THACKERAY JUST AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE

torian, a niece of Henry Hallam, and a cousin of Arthur Hallam. She survived Thackeray by thirty-three years, and Mrs. Thackeray by two years, dying in London very suddenly of heart failure in 1896. Her only daughter—whose birth is recorded in the course of the correspondence—married the elder brother of Richmond Ritchie, husband of Anne Thackeray, the Lady Ritchie of to-day. Her son was Charles Brookfield, the actor. Mrs. Brookfield is believed to have been the model for Rachel, Lady Castlewood in *Esmond,* and while *Vanity Fair* was appearing in monthly parts. Thackeray wrote to her, "You know you are only a part of Amelia, my mother is another half, and my poor little wife *y est pour beaucoup.*"

• • •

But before taking up these new Brookfield letters in detail, a word or two should be said about what may be characterised as the Thackeray humbug. In his introduction to *Pendennis,* Thackeray deplored the fact that since the author of *Tom Jones* died no English writer had been at liberty to depict, with his full power, a man, with all a man's weaknesses and subject to all a man's temptations. So the Thackeray humbug has seen to it that Thackeray the real man of flesh and blood, and selfishnesses, and irritabilities, has been kept very much in the background, while a lay figure is being dangled before the eyes of posterity. There has been any amount of sentimental twaddle about the "good grey head of Pall Mall." There has been much sloppy refutation of the theory that Thackeray was a cynic. The cue for that came from certain verses by Monckton Miles. A memorable line in the opening chapter of *The Newcomes* to the effect that at a certain time "Mr. Washington was leading the American rebels with a courage worthy of a better cause," has been made the basis of much disingenuous argument. Thackeray himself, with an eye to an American lecture tour, tried speciously to explain it away. He ascribes it to a young appren-

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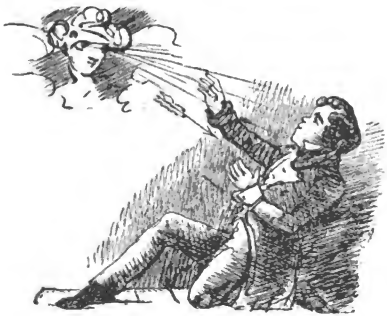

THACKERAY, SUSCEPTIBLE AT FIFTEEN AND FIFTY

tice coming to London between the years 1770 and 1780. "I fancy," he says, "the old society, with its hoops and powder—Barré or Fox thundering at Lord North asleep on the Treasury bench—the news readers at the coffee-room talking over the paper, and owning that this Mr. Washington, who was leading the rebels, was a very courageous soldier, and worthy of a better cause than fighting against King George." Stuff and nonsense! He said it, he meant it, and as an Englishman it was to his credit that he meant it. Perhaps our countrymen of the fifties were unduly sensitive. Certainly no American of this generation resents the sentiment, but we all of us like and esteem Thackeray a little the less because of the evasion. The same disingenuous attitude has been taken in regard to the newly published Brookfield letters. These letters have been summed up as revealing "an hitherto unknown side of Thackeray's private character, of his pure yet passionate love for his ideal of beautiful accomplished womanhood, of his utterly unselfish nature and his great charity, in fact they disclose all that a man could confide to a beloved married sister in whom he had the utmost confidence." Another substantial stone added to the edifice of the Thackeray humbug.

The anecdote is recorded that, a little before the end, one of his daughters asked Thackeray which of his friends he loved the best. He replied: "Why dear old Fitz, of course, and Brookfield." In his later years he must have changed radically in his feelings, for in September, 1852, in a letter addressed to Mrs. Brookfield, but sent to the convenient Miss Perry—somehow Miss Perry suggests the sentimental Miss Frisbee of *Pendennis*—he wrote of that dear friend Brookfield as follows:

The fact of your position makes it impossible to write almost. I am not to show that you are miserable. I am not to show that I think your husband is wicked and cruel to you. I am not to show that I think you know that you are unhappy and are treated with the most cruel tyranny. Nobody is to know anything of your misery. We are to go on grinning as if we were happy, because William's cough is certainly very bad, and he should not be disturbed in exercising his temper. . . . What hasn't she given up for that man? Youth and happiness and now her dearest friend—what a friend—and to what a man—a fellow that says to her face he ought to have married a cook and treats her like one. He'll do better now after this great shock and shows a great generosity on a great occasion. Good-bye;

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don't mind my cries and my rage. I shall be better soon.

• • •

Nor was his resentment directed at the husband alone. A week after the letter in which he suggested that Brookfield ought to have married a cook, and treated his wife like one, he sent another letter to Miss Perry, in which he did not spare the lady of his devotions—his "dear lady"—contending that he had been played with by a woman, and flung over at a beck from the lord and master.

I don't see how any woman should not love a man who had loved her as I did J.; I don't see how any man should not love a woman so beautiful, so unhappy, so tender; I don't see how any husband, however he might have treated her, should be indifferent at the idea of losing it. . . . I'm sure that one or the other on their side were wrong in not dismissing me. . . . I wish that I had never loved her. I have been played with by a woman and flung over at a beck from the lord and master—that's what I feel. . . .

THE LADY IN THE CASE. JANE OCTAVIA BROOKFIELD. FROM A DRAWING BY THACKERAY.

I was packing away yesterday the letters of years. These didn't make me cry. They made me laugh, as I knew they would. It was for this that I gave my heart away. It is "When are you coming, dear Mr. Thackeray?" and "William will be so happy" and "I thought after you had gone away how I had forgot, etc.," and at a word from Brookfield afterward it is, "I reverence and ad-

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MRS. BROOKFIELD AND HER MAIDS, TURPIN AND PAYNE.
FROM A DRAWING BY THACKERAY

mire him and love him with not merely a dutiful but a genuine love." Amen. The thought that I have been made a fool of is the bitterest of all, perhaps. . . . Goodbye. I wish it was my novel I'd been writing on all these pages.

• • •

But enough said of the ill-natured side of these letters. There are some of them that show Thackeray at his kindliest as a man, and at his best as a literary craftsman. After all, the scandal was not a great one. There was a certain amount of infatuation on Thackeray's part, discreet friendship and admiration on the part of the lady, and a natural jealous resentment—inspired by Hallam, for Brookfield left to himself was inclined to be complaisant—on the part of the husband. The whole affair recalls certain lines in Thackeray's own poem on "The Sorrows of Werther."

Charlotte was a married lady
  And a moral man was Werther,
And for all the wealth of Indies
  Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he pined and sighed and ogled
  While his passion boiled and bubbled.
Till he blew his silly brains out
  And by it no more was troubled.

Charlotte having seen the body
  Brought before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person
  Went on cutting bread and butter.

Fortunately, there was no disposition to emulate the rash youth of Goethe's story. The world offered too many material comforts and compensations. Pall Mall was too pleasant, there was too much good cheer and amusing company at the Athenæum and the Garrick, for this was long before the time of the squabble with Edmund Yeats and the resulting embarrassing coolness between Thackeray and Dickens. One cannot avoid the suspicion, however, that Thackeray's Charlotte might have shown herself quite as self-possessed and unruffled as the lady of the verses. Grim tragedy might have left her figuratively slicing her bread and butter.

• • •

Thackeray seems to have met Mrs. Brookfield for the first time about 1839. One evening Mr. Brookfield unexpectedly took the novelist home to dinner. There happened to be nothing in the house but a shoulder of cold mutton, and the embarrassed hostess was obliged to send a maid to a neighbouring pastry cook's for a dozen tartlets. The first letter in the correspondence was one written by Thackeray to M. Cazati in Paris, asking the latter to do the honours of the French capital for Mr. Brookfield. A second letter, written in 1845, is equally unimportant. But the third, dated February 3, 1847, begins to have a decided bearing on the story. Thackeray had evidently spoken with too much enthusiasm, and in too public a manner concerning his regard for Mrs. Brook-

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field, and had been called to account by her husband. In explanation he wrote to Mr. Brookfield:

Under the confessional seal in the railway. . . . Her innocence, looks, angelical sweetness and kindness charm and ravish me to the highest degree; and every now and then in contemplating them I burst out into uncouth rapture. They are not the least dangerous—it is a sort of artistical delight (a spiritual sensuality so to speak)—other beautiful objects in Nature so affect me, children, landscapes, harmonies of colour, music, etc. . . . My dear old fellow, you and God Almighty may know all my thoughts about your wife; I'm not ashamed of one of them, since the days of the dear old two penny tart dinner till now. . . . 'Evins! Here is Wimbledon Station. Well, I have opened my bowels to you. Indeed, there has not been much secret before; and I've always admired the generous spirit in which you have witnessed my queer raptures. If I had envy, or what you call passion, or a wicked thought . . . I should have cut you long ago.

• • •

The letter written to Mrs. Brookfield in February, 1848, from Young Street, Kensington, has no apparent significance, but the one sent from Brighton late in the same year, probably a second sheet continuing a letter of the previous day, is one of the most charming and characteristic of the entire collection. On the first page of this letter is a small pen-and-ink sketch of Mrs. Brookfield in an attitude of prayer. The letter in part reads

. . . I didn't read Dickens, only the 20 first pages, not having time. My mother did though and was very much moved. She says there's something in it will affect you personally. Mind my copy is only a loan; and you must give it me back when we meet next year. . . . Nobody to console me, but positively the Miss Smith—the Miss Smith and the Sea; welcome, welcome thou story whisper!—the talk of the eldest Miss S. is almost as ceaseless. I have been out to buy the *Haunted Man* for the younger one, the pretty one who made me the purse. . . . I have written one page of *P-nd-nn-s*, but can't go on because it is very near post time. . . . No dear lady we will do better; we will love each other while we may here and afterward; if you go first you will kneel for me in Heaven and bring me there; if I, I swear the best thought I have is to remember that I shall have your love surviving me and with a constant tenderness blessing my memory. I can't all perish living in your heart. That in itself is a sort of seal and assurance of Heaven. . . . Say that I die and live yet in the love of my survivors? Isn't that a warrant of immortality almost? Say that my two dearest friends precede me and enter into God's futurity spotless and angelical, I feel that I have two advocates in Heaven, and that my love penetrates there as it were. It seems to me that Love proves God. By love I believe and am saved.

• • •

Then there is a letter fleering at doctors as incompetents—this was before his experience with Dr. Elliotson—and another written on shipboard at Dover late in January, 1849, which hints at complications. Apparently there has been another calling to account on the part of the husband.

How long is it since I have written to you in my natural handwriting? But having just completed another very sentimental letter to you in the other penmanship I think best to cancel it and tell you simply that I am so far on my road to Paris. . . . As I get older I will grow so polite, calm and elegant in my behaviour that I will never at least offend you by too much abandon. Shall I begin and call you Mrs. Brookfield again? Ah, no. I have not got to that, dear lady. You shall be my dear lady always to me and I will be your affectionate grandfather.

• • •

During the next year or two Thackeray was busy on the writing of *Pendennis*, and his letters at this time are full of allusions to the story and its characters. Once the writing was interrupted by a long, serious illness, his recovery from which he ascribes—in the Preface to *Pendennis*—to the skill and

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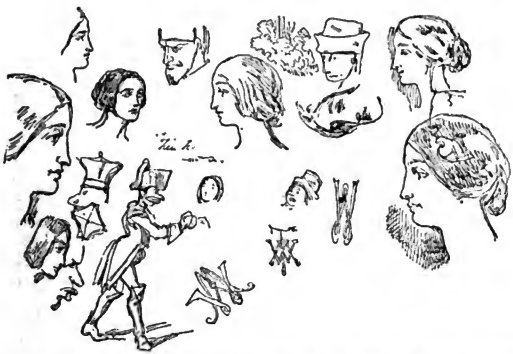
patient care of the aforementioned Dr. Elliotson. There are allusions to a Miss Gore, who claimed to have been the original of Blanche Amory, and a first reference to Miss Perry, who seems to have hinted at the novelist's infatuation. That that infatuation was becoming apparent to others is shown by the letter to Mrs. Brookfield, written January 3, 1850. Henry Hallam, Mrs. Brookfield's uncle, obviously did not relish the frequency of Thackeray's visits to his niece. What his attitude was is indicated by Thackeray's letter

> When H. Hallam spoke as he did to-night I'm sure he said what has been upon his mind for many months, that he was angry at my constant visits to you. But thank God, I have never concealed the affection I have for you. Your husband knows it as well as I do, and I think I have such a claim to the love of both of you as no relationship, however close, ought to question or supersede.

• • •

A great part of the year 1850 Thackeray spent in Paris. From there he wrote half a dozen times to Mrs. Brookfield, but these letters are, for the most part, on entirely impersonal matters. In one of them he tells of the President's ball and of the people that he met there:

> When I tell you, ma'am, that there were *tradesmen* and their wives present! I saw one woman pull off a pair of list slippers and take a ticket for them at the great-coat repository; and I rather liked her for being so bold. Confess now, would you have the courage to go to court in list slippers and ask the footman at the door to keep 'em till you came out? Well, there was Lady Castlereagh looking uncommonly 'andsome, and the Spanish Ambassador's wife blazing with new diamonds and looking like a picture by Velasquez, with daring red cheeks and bright eyes. And there was the Princess What-d'you-call-'em, the President's cousin, covered with diamonds too, superb and sulky. . . . The children went to church yesterday, and Minny sat next to Guizot, and Victor Hugo was there—a queer heathen. Did you read of his ordering his son to fight a duel the other day with the son of another literary man? Young Hugo wounded his adversary and I suppose the father embraced him and applauded him—and goes to Church afterward as if he was a Christian. . . . I am going to Gudin's to-night, being tempted by the promise of meeting



A PAGE FROM THACKERAY'S SKETCH BOOK. SHOWING MRS. BROOKFIELD AND OTHERS

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Scribe, Dumas, Méry, and if none of them are there, what am I to do?

• • •

Another happy letter is the one he wrote to Mrs. Brookfield from Philadelphia in January, 1853, when he was on his first lecture tour in America.

At present I incline to come to England in June or July and get ready a new set of lectures, and bring them back with me. That second course will enable me to provide for the children and their mother finally and satisfactorily, and my mind will be easier after that, and I can sing *Nunc Dimittis* without faltering. There is money-making to try at, to be sure, and ambition, I mean in public life; perhaps that might interest a man, but not novels, nor lectures, nor fun, any more. I don't seem to care about these any more, or for praise, or for abuse, or for reputation of that kind. That literary play is played out, and the puppets going to be locked up for good and all. . . . I believe I am popular, except at Boston among the newspaper men, who fired into me, but a great favourite with the *monde*, there and elsewhere. Here in Philadelphia it is all praise and kindness. . . . I can't live without the tenderness of some woman; and expect when I am sixty I shall be marrying a girl of sixteen or twelve, innocent, barley-sugar-loving, in a pinafore. . . . There's something simple in the way these kind folks regard a man; they read our books as if we were Fielding, and so forth. The other night some men were talking of Dickens and Bulwer as if they were equal to Shakespeare, and I was pleased to find myself pleased at hearing them praised. The prettiest girl in Philadelphia, poor soul, has read *Vanity Fair* twelve times. I paid her a good big compliment yesterday, about her good looks of course, and she turned round delighted to her friend and said *Ai most tallut,* that is something like the pronunciation. . . . One of the prettiest girls in Boston is to be put under my charge to go to a marriage at Washington next week. We are to travel together all the way alone—only, only, I'm not going. Young people when they are engaged here, make tours alone; fancy what the British Mrs. Grundy would say at such an idea. . . . I send my love to all who will have it, and my hand to William, whatever divides us, dear old times join us, whereof the memory can never be effaced, and out of which in the midst of present fever and unhappiness come constant running streams of old love and kindness.

• • •

Soon after this the direct correspondence came to an end, Mr. Brookfield having apparently asserted his authority as a husband. Thereafter Thackeray communicated with his "dear lady" through Miss Kate Perry and Mrs. Elliot, two sisters whom he had met at Brighton at the time that he was writing *Vanity Fair.** Mrs. Brookfield herself was not averse to using the same roundabout means of communication and had written a letter to a Mrs. Fanshawe about Thackeray, which Mrs. Fanshawe promptly sent on to the novel-

*An extract from Miss Perry's *Recollections of Mr. Thackeray.* "In the earliest days of our friendship he brought his morning work to read to me in the evening; he had just commenced *Vanity Fair,* and was living at the Old Ship Inn, where he wrote some of the first numbers. He often then said to me: "I wonder whether this will take, the publishers accept it, and the world read it?" I remember answering him that I had no reliance upon my own critical powers in literature; but that I had written to my sister, Mrs. Frederick Elliot, and said, "I have made a great friendship with one of the principal contributors to *Punch*—Mr. Thackeray; he is now writing a novel, but cannot hit upon a name for it. I may be wrong, but it seems to me the cleverest thing I ever read. The first time he dined with us I was fearfully alarmed at him. The next day we walked in Chichester Park, when he told me all about his little girls, and of his great friendship with the Brookfields, and I told him about you and Chesham Place." When he heard this, and my opinion of his novel, he burst out laughing, and said: "Ah! Mademoiselle (as he always called me), it is *not* small beer; but I do not know whether it will be palatable to the London folks." He told me, sometime afterward, that, after ransacking his brain for a name for his novel, it came upon him unawares, in the middle of the night, as if a voice had whispered, "Vanity Fair." He said, "I jumped out of bed, and ran three times round my room, uttering as I went, 'Vanity Fair, Vanity Fair, Vanity Fair.'"

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ist. Thackeray wrote back to Mrs. Fanshawe to inform her principal that even this roundabout correspondence ought not to be; "That her husband acting at this moment nobly and gently must be nobly and gently used, and until he authorised the correspondence none such must be." Yet two days later he was writing the letter quoted on a previous page in which he characterised the

THACKERAY'S DAUGHTERS AND MAJOR AND MRS. CARMICHAEL SMITH. MRS. SMITH WAS THACKERAY'S MOTHER. FROM A DRAWING BY THACKERAY

"nobly and gently acting" husband as a man who ought to have married a cook, following it within a week with the one in which he charged Mrs. Brookfield with having played with him and flung him over.

• • •

In a short time Brookfield and Thackeray were reconciled, the former attempted to apologise—though why he should have done so is a mystery—and Thackeray met him half way. Of this reconciliation Thackeray wrote:

This morning was spent in parleys and the inspector [a frequently used pseudonym for Brookfield] and I shook hands at the end, and I'm very thankful that the dear little heart is made tranquil on the score of our enmity at least. Friends, of course, we are not, but bear each other and in six months things may be better.

And again of Brookfield he said:

He is full of queer ceremonies, punctilios unheard of amongst men of a franker sort. He clings to the fancy that nobody knows anything about his interior; and I shall, of course, hold my wagging tongue and speak of his affairs as little as possible.

• • •

While the letters written to Miss Perry from New York in December, 1852, and from Baltimore in February, 1853, contain no allusions to the Brookfields, they are decidedly interesting to Americans, for the light that they throw on American life of that day, or rather, on that life as it appeared to Thackeray. It was all dollars and flattery, the people always exaggerating, and Thackeray a tremendous swell, who, however, was not going to make a book

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about it, because the goose was much too good a goosey to be killed. Of New York society he said:

It's the most curious varnish of civilisation. The girls are dressed like the most stunning French actresses, the houses furnished like the most splendid gambling houses. It's all gold and yellow brocade, and the little dandies are like little French shop boys, and the houses are all so new that the walls are not even papered, and on the walls in the midst of the hangings of brocade and the enormous gold frames and mirrors you see little twopenny pictures and coloured prints.

Then, two months later, from Baltimore:

Now I have seen three great cities, Boston, New York, Philadelphia. I think I like them all mighty well. They seem to me not so civilised as our London, but more so than Manchester and Liverpool. At Boston is very good literate company indeed. It is like Edinburgh for that—a vast amount of toryism and donnishness everywhere. That of New York the simplest and least pretentious, for it suffices that a man should keep a fine house, give parties and have a daughter to get all the world to him. The society was comprenez. I went to a ball lately at the house of one of the veriest order of counter jumpers. I mean not pretending to be anything but the commonest man, making money out of a dry goods store and (and a great deal of money, too); covering his walls with gilding and damask and his table with foie gras, canvasback ducks and the best wines. And the society all came—the very best society.

• • •

In his letter from Richmond, dated March 3, 1853, Thackeray alludes to his trouble with the Brookfields and then goes on to tell of his fatiguing lecture to and gives his impressions of the conditions of the Southern negroes. Richmond impressed him as the merriest and most picturesque of American cities.

I am getting so sick and ashamed of the confounded old lectures that I wonder I have the courage to go on delivering them. . . . The negroes don't shock me, or excite my compassionate feelings at all; they are so grotesque and happy that I can't cry over them. The little black imps are trotting and grinning about the streets, women, workmen, waiters, all well fed and happy. The place, the merriest and most picturesque I have seen in America, and on Saturday I go to Charlestown—Shall I go thence to Havannah? who knows. I should like to give myself a week's holiday without my demd lecture tour.

That was the last letter in the correspondence from America, but not about

MR. THACKERAY'S IMPRESSION OF THE "DOWN-TRODDEN" SOUTHERN NEGRO OF ANTE-BELLUM DAYS

Americans. In July of the same year he was in Switzerland, engaged in the task of writing *The Newcomes* for Mr. Arthur Pendennis. Writing from Vevay, he records that the Americans had quite conquered Switzerland and the Rhine districts and that the hotels were as the Astor House. "How pretty almost all the women are; and the men how awful!"*

• • •

Finally, there is the letter about Mrs.

*This sentiment Thackeray imparted generously in his letters. Writing to Mrs. Baxter, of New York (*Thackeray's Letters to An American Family*, The Century Company, 1904), he said, "Among the one hundred thousand Americans at Vevay." And again: "There's such a crowd of Americans at this hotel. Almost all the women pretty,

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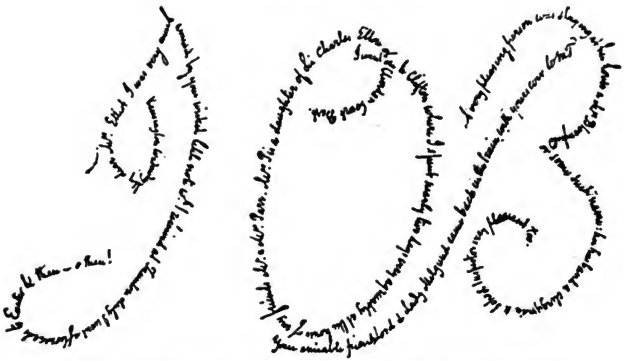

PERHAPS ANOTHER TRAIL IS SUGGESTED BY THE ABOVE LETTER WRITTEN BY THACKERAY TO MRS. ELLIOT. TO SAY THE LEAST, IT IS CERTAINLY DISINGENUOUS. THE NOTE TAKES THE FORM OF THE INITIALS OF JANE OCTAVIA BROOKFIELD. IT TELLS OF TWO DAYS SPENT BY THACKERAY AT THE HOUSE OF HIS FRIENDS, MR. AND MRS. PARR, MRS. PARR BEING A DAUGHTER OF SIR CHARLES ELTON, OF CLEVEDON COURT. NOW, MRS. PARR AND MRS. BROOKFIELD WERE SISTERS. ALSO, THACKERAY HAD KNOWN BROOKFIELD SINCE THE TWO WERE UNDERGRADUATES TOGETHER AT CAMBRIDGE. YET, FOR SOME REASON OR OTHER, IN THIS LETTER THACKERAY CHOSE TO BE MYSTERIOUS. HE ALLUDES TO MRS. BROOKFIELD AS A CASUAL ACQUAINTANCE OF WHOM HE HAS NEVER BEFORE HEARD AND WHOSE NAME HE HAS DIFFICULTY IN REMEMBERING. HE SAYS: "A VERY PLEASING PERSON WAS STAYING AT HER HOUSE (MRS. PARR'S), A MRS. BLOOMFIELD, OR SOME SUCH NAME; HER HUSBAND A CLERGYMAN AND SCHOOL INSPECTOR, VERY PLEASANT, TOO."

Brookfield written from Paris in December, 1853:

I admire human nature in thinking of her. I think I am nearer her when away than when sitting by her, talking of things I don't feel—with poor Tomkin's [Mr. Brookfield] restless eye ever and again trying not to look at us. . . . It's happier that we should love each other in the grave, as it were, than that we should meet by sham chance, and that there should be secrets or deceit. When you see her preach this to her again and again. Many and many a time a friend of mine whispers me (he is represented in pictures with horns and a tail), "My good friend, a quoi bon all this longing and yearning and disappointment; yonder gnawing grief and daily nightly brooding? A couple of lies and the whole thing might be remedied. Do you suppose other folks are so particular?" Behold, there are four children put their innocent figures between the devil and me; and the wretched old fiend shirks off with his tail between his hoofs. Go and wipe away her tear, you dear kind sisters of charity. My girls, I suppose, see all about it; but they love her all the same. . . . When I was in England I went and reconciled myself with Mrs. Procter (only those pitchers when mended wont hold water any more) and with Higgins, who had been offended, too,

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some of the men so awfully vulgar. I read in the Stranger's Book:

Name	Country	Profession	Whence From	Whither Going
Smith, J.	U.S.A.	Clergyman	Genêvre	Over the whole lot.

Fancy *Genêvre* and *"over the whole lot."* There it is in the Stranger's book.

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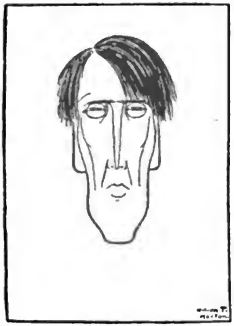

ANOTHER LECTURING VISITOR TO OUR SHORES

at my not going to him; and paid dutiful visits to all my step-father's relatives and my own; and bought a pretty house, 36 Onslow Square, Brompton, next door to Marochetti; and am to pay for it in three years, £700 a year or thereabouts. Whether we go to Rome or not is now undetermined, most likely not. I had some talk with another publisher about doing another kind of work, editing Walpole and writing a life of him. It rains money with me. I may make £5,000 pounds in the next year, think of that!

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Fifty years and two months after the death of Thackeray and fourteen years after the death of Mrs. Brookfield the knowledge of the contents of these letters becomes public property. Where have these letters been all this time, who have had access to them, how did they find their way to this country, and into the possession of Major Lambert? According to the catalogue of the sale they remained in the possession of the Brookfield family until 1897. Then James Russell Lowell was the American Minister to Great Britain, and to his judgment Mrs. Brookfield submitted the entire Thackeray correspondence, asking him to take out any letters that he thought should not be published. Mr. Lowell did so with so much care and discretion that very little of a private nature was included in the *Collection of Letters of Thackeray* issued in 1887. Such is the version of the catalogue. But Mr. Frederick S. Dickson, a very capable and distinguished Thackerayan, tells another story. According to him these letters were never shown to Mr. Lowell, nor were they ever, as another tale had it, in the possession of Lady Ritchie, who sold the letters one by one. Certainly that does not sound like Lady Ritchie, and, as Mr. Dickson points out, it is not customary for a father to make his daughter the custodian of his love letters, nor is the lady who receives them likely to select the daughter for so delicate a duty.* Mr. Dickson's version, and it is the version that we heard years ago and have always held to be the true one, is that Major Lambert purchased the letters, directly or through an agent, from Mrs. Brookfield's son Charles. The letters submitted to Mr. Lowell were those that appeared in *Scribner's Magazine* in 1887. The originals of these were bought in 1900 by Mr. Morgan at the Augustin Daly sale. The price paid was $16,200. To the unpublished letters Major Lambert clung tenaciously during his lifetime, and would listen to no proposition suggesting their publication. It was his pride that while Mr. Morgan owned the letters the public had read, he possessed the letters the public had never seen.

*As a matter of fact there is a letter to Mrs. Brookfield from Lady Ritchie that settles this question. Lady Ritchie wrote: "I am very glad to hear that you have made satisfactory arrangements for publishing your selections from my father's letters. I am, of course, unable myself by his expressed wish, to do anything of the sort. While I am glad to be spared the doubts and difficulties of such a work, I have often felt sorry to think that no one should ever know more of him. You know better than any one what we should like said or unsaid, and what he would have wished; so that I am very glad to think you have undertaken the work.

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More Stories of Stories

"The best story of American newspaper life that has ever been written," said Richard Harding Davis, himself the author of "Gallagher," of Jesse Lynch Williams's "The Stolen Story." And that is an opinion that has been pretty generally endorsed in Park Row of New York, and in fact in every newspaper row in the United States. In view of which it was quite natural that "The Stolen Story" should have been one of the tales selected for incorporation in the *edition de luxe* volume that is being issued by the Authors League of America. Here is the story of the writing of "The Stolen Story" as told by Mr. Williams.

• • •

"The Stolen Story"

"The Stolen Story" was written in the autumn of 1896, just after I had left newspaper work, and some time before I had ceased feeling called upon to tell every one I met how interesting the life was. I had yet to learn that all experiences of life are interesting—far more interesting than I had been led to believe by books. Now, in my own case, quite personally, the life of a reporter had been just as hateful as it had been interesting, like the horrible but absorbing day I once spent in a dissecting room. So, rejoicing that the instructive ordeal was over, I took a bright, sunny room as far above the noise and dirt of the city streets as I could find—the one away up at the top of the Judson Memorial tower on Washington Square—and began to write stories about editors and reporters, pleasantly amazed to find how much I knew about them, and looking down benignly upon the world below like Herr Teufelsdröckh. I had been informed that true literary artists always look down upon the world. Well, "The Stolen Story" was the first of these little sketches of Park Row. (But not the best. The best was the last of the series and the least known. It is called "The Old Reporter.") The plot, I believe, was founded upon fact. Something of this sort once happened to some one, though who and where it was I never knew. I had not met the original of my hero, Billy Woods, up to the time of publishing his adventures, but since then he has introduced himself to me frequently in Paris, London and Rome, as well as New York, Chicago and San Francisco. He is a versatile chap; in Rome he was short and fat and blond, with a huge gold tooth. In New York he is usually long and gaunt and dark, with a Southern accent. Indeed, the only characteristic they all have in common is that, by a striking coincidence, each happens to be temporarily out of funds.

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The most interesting thing to me about "The Stolen Story" is its own story. It, too, has had curious adventures and repeated recrudescences.

(1) It appeared as a plain short story in the "Fiction Number" of *Scribner's*, August, 1907.

(2) As the title story of the book of newspaper tales referred to, published by the Scribners in 1899.

(3) As the first of a series of syndicated stories in some of the newspapers.

(4) As a part of the second act and most of the fourth of a play of the same name produced by Mr. Savage in April, 1906.

(5) The same, revised and reproduced with a new company by the Schuberts in partnership with myself in 1906 and 1907.

(6) Previous to these interesting experiences, while waiting for a stage production, I "novelised" the drama and published it in *Smart Set* in 1905.

(7) This was published in book form by the Scribners in 1906. (The first, I believe, of the "novelised" dramas, which have since become a nuisance.)

(8) After the four-act play had run its course—two hundred performances in all—I was persuaded to make a one-act vaudeville sketch of it, which was produced in 1909 or thereabouts.

(9) And now, just when it seemed that at least the poor old overworked

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idea must assuredly be quite dead and decently buried in the two books referred to, in fading theatre programmes, in yellowing press notices, along comes an offer this very day, as it happens, from a moving picture firm to resurrect "The Stolen Story" through the quickening medium of the flashing films!

(10) And now, here it is again in this book! and very proud to be in such good society. This is the climax of its career—positively the last appearance (D. V.).

Unless, that is, it is turned into a comic opera or a narrative poem.

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"Pigs is Pigs"

In 1899 Mr. Ellis Parker Butler was in Cleveland, Ohio, staying at a hotel, and from the lobby window he could see the signs of half a dozen patent medicine houses. He had an hour or two, waiting for his train, and the signs suggested writing a short skit with the advertising man as the humourous character. So he wrote "Mr. Perkins of Portland." Mr. Perkins punched holes in sticky fly paper and sold it as porous plasters. That skit appeared in the Lighter Vein department of the *Century Magazine* in 1900. In 1904, Mr. Butler was writing a number of short stories for Ellery Sedgwick, then editor of *Leslie's Monthly,* and Mr. Sedgwick suggested a series of "Perkins" stories. Mr. Butler did them. The editor of *Judicious Advertising,* of Chicago, saw these stories and asked for a series of the same sort, and as the first of the series Mr. Butler sent on "The Injudicious Advertising of Mr. Cyrus Bobbs." That was the story of a man who discovered among his pet guinea pigs a pair with lopped ears—a great rarity—and, knowing how prolific guinea pigs are, he saw a fortune ahead and began advertising lop-eared guinea pigs. By the time the money was pouring in, the lop-eared pair died without offspring.

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Mr. Butler had clipped, from a Liverpool, England, newspaper, an anecdote about an Englishman who, returning from Africa with a tortoise, wished to carry it with him free of charge on an English train. Dogs, it seemed by the rules read by the Irish station master, were carried free, but the ruling of the Irish station master was "Dogs is dogs, and cats is dogs, and squirrels in cages is dogs, but that there animal is an insect and must pay." Mr. Butler had this clipping in his purse one day when Ellery Sedgwick said, "Butler, one of the boys at the office was reading your *Judicious Advertising* story, and he suggested that you could make a story of a man who ordered guinea pigs or rabbits by express and then went away and left them on the express agent's hands." "So there," says Mr. Butler, "is the story! I wrote it, and rewrote it twice, and the third time I ran in the 'dogs is dogs, and cats is dogs' term, changing it to 'pigs is pigs.'" Experience with claims against transportation companies while working in a wholesale grocery out West, gave him the red tape idea. Ellery Sedgwick gave him the guinea pig idea, and, finally, some one in the *Leslie's Monthly* office gave the story its title of "Pigs is Pigs," for Mr. Butler had given it the rather insipid one of "The Dago Pig Episode." The story was published in the first number of the *American Magazine* (formerly *Leslie's Monthly*) in October, 1905, and in book form in April, 1906.

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The Need of Change

No story of Julian Street's has called forth a keener response than "The Need of Change." The tale told of an American husband and wife travelling in Europe who fell in with an English clergyman and his wife. After two weeks of very pleasant acquaintanceship, the ways of the travellers parted, the English couple extending to the Americans a cordial invitation to visit them when they (the Americans) reached England. In the course of time the Americans found themselves in London preparing to accept the invitation of their companions on the Continent. The home of an Eng-

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lish clergyman and his wife, to their way of thinking, would be hospitable but limited, for the ideas of opulence and the cloth did not seem to go together. But to their astonishment, going forth expecting a cottage, and not even "a cottage with a double coach door," they found a castle. The resulting complications carried the tale through its whimsical course. As a matter of fact "The Need of Change" is, broadly speaking, true. Mr. and Mrs. Julian Street did meet "the Denbeighs" at a little hotel in the Austrian Tyrol. The name of the particular town was Cortina d' Ampezzo. There the four were together for ten days or two weeks. Later, in England, the Streets went to visit "the Denbeighs" in the latter's elaborate country place which happens to be in the county of Kent. Most of the details of the story are founded upon fact.

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"The Mysterious Card"

A tale of ten years or so ago that stirred readers to exasperation was Mr. Cleveland Moffett's "The Mysterious Card." It dealt with the adventures of an American visiting in Paris, and a card, which while perfectly blank to his eyes, made him an object or horror when it was shown to others. Yet according to Mr. Moffett this story, which provoked so many letters of furious curiosity from persons who insisted on being told what was written on the card, came into existence in the most commonplace way. There was nothing mysterious in its creation, nor was there any particular effort made in its execution. It was not even written by hand, but was dictated quickly and carelessly to a stenographer out in Chicago where Mr. Moffett had been sent by *McClure's Magazine* to do some real detective stories drawn from the archives of the Pinkertons. Every day he would spend several hours talking with these celebrated detectives, and in the evenings, at Mrs. Stewart's theatrical boarding house on Wabash Avenue, he would narrate some of the thrilling tales for the edification of various actor friends. Thus Mr. Moffett found himself in a story-telling vein and, on one occasion, he improvised what was the nucleus of "The Mysterious Card" story. Having lived in Paris himself, in connection with his work on the New York *Herald,* he laid the scene of this wild fancy in the French capital. He told the story several times with increasing success, each time inventing some new detail to prolong the suspense. Then one morning, as he was doing his daily job of dictating detective copy to the stenographer, he suddenly paused and told the girl to take down a little thing that might be worth printing. And so between two paragraphs of a real detective story, there came into being, in about twenty minutes, the final version of "The Mysterious Card," which attracted more attention and aroused more discussion than all the serious and painstaking work that Mr. Moffett did in the next two years.

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Mr. White Disillusioned

Mr. Stewart Edward White, back from Africa after having made lion marmalade of as many lions as were credited to the immortal Tartarin in the imaginative Press of the south of France, is now entertaining his friends with accounts of his exploits couched in the fine Tarasconian manner beginning "Once, you are to imagine, of an evening, out in the depths of the Sahara——." But Mr. White, in telling of his achievements, does not forget his humiliations. For example, he tells of a certain Jinks of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco, where his vanity encountered one of the cruellest shocks. He had been told that a United States Senator had come to the Jinks for the express purpose of meeting him and of asking him a question. The information was naturally flattering, and he prepared himself to receive the expected compliment with at least the appearance of modesty. In the course of time the celebrities were introduced. The Senator was most effusive. "This,

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Mr. White, is an opportunity that I have been long awaiting. I have read your books, all of them, and there is one very serious question that I want to ask you. How on earth did you ever persuade anybody to publish the stuff?" On another occasion Mr. White was to be the principal speaker at a dinner given in New York City. When the time came for him to begin his address the Chairman rapped for silence. The signal was completely ignored by a number of merrymakers at the far end of the table who kept on with their talk and clinking of glasses. After repeated rappings had failed the Chairman became slightly exasperated, and called out peremptorily, "Here, you fellows at the end of the table, stop having a good time, and listen to White."

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Gissing the Extraordinary

We refer again to Sir William Robertson Nicoll's *A Bookman's Letters,* this time on account of the chapter on George Gissing, which was provoked by Morley Roberts's curious *The Private Life of Henry Maitland.* The chapter is in many respects astonishing; and so was Morley Roberts's book, which was the true story of the life of George Gissing. Many persons have questioned the discretion of telling that story. But those who knew Gissing best, both as a man and as a writer, seem to think that he himself would have been the last one to have resented the telling. It is not a pretty story. It begins when he was a student, and a very distinguished classical student, in Owens College, Manchester. There, when a boy of less than eighteen, he formed relations with an unfortunate girl. He had to find money for her, and did so at first out of his scholarships. But in 1876 the students were much disturbed by a series of thefts in the common room, and from a locker room in which they kept their books and papers and overcoats. Books disappeared unaccountably, and so did coats. Money was taken from the pockets of coats left in the room. A detective concealed himself in a small room, and caught Gissing in the act of theft. There was naturally a tremendous uproar over the affair, and Gissing's academic career was ruined.

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Then Gissing came to America, where he was very unhappy. He found an opening in some of the Chicago papers, but he made little headway. However, it was a beginning. He had written fiction, which was thenceforth to be the poor support of his life. He returned to London and married the girl for whose sake he had ruined himself. The poor creature had addicted herself to drink. Gissing did his best to reclaim her, and they lived together in squalid London lodgings. Often she was almost insane with alcohol, and their rooms were poor, foul, and dirty. For years this went on, Gissing earning by his pen just enough to keep body and soul together. Then he became tutor to Frederic Harrison's son, where he became acquainted with Edward Clood and others who were kind to him. It was a terrible time, but Gissing was able to talk about the classics, and to cook such stuff as his few weekly shillings could buy. Morley Roberts and he were both of them at that time in great extremity, sitting with their overcoats on, and doing their best to be cheerful. The two went on a trip to Eastbourne. Of what happened while they were there is told in the words of Morley Roberts:

> It was the next night that the great news came. In spite of the dreariest weather we had spent most of the day in the open air. After our dinner, which this time was more of a success, or a. any rate less of a tragic failure, we were sitting hugging the fire to keep warm, when a telegram was brought in for him. H. read it in silence, and handed it over to me with the very strangest look upon his face that I had ever seen. It was unsigned, and came from London. The message was: "Your wife is dead." There was nothing on earth more desirable for him than that she should die, the poor wretch truly being like a destructive wind, for she had torn his heart, scorched his very

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soul, and destroyed him in the beginning of his life. All irreparable disasters came from her, and through her. Had it not been for her he might then have held, or begun to have hoped for, a great position at one of the universities. And now a voice out of the unknown cried that she was dead.

He said to me with a shaking voice and shaking hands, "I cannot believe it—I cannot believe it." He was as white as paper; for it meant so much—not only freedom from the disaster and shame and misery that drained his life-blood, but it would mean a cessation of money payments at a

THE LATEST LITERARY BRIDEGROOM. MR. THOMAS HARDY WAS MARRIED ON FEBRUARY 10TH TO MISS FLORENCE EMILY DUGDALE. MR. HARDY IS SEVENTY-FOUR AND THE BRIDE ABOUT THIRTY

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time when every shilling was very hard to win. And yet this was when he was comparatively well known, for it was two years after the publication of *The Mob*. And still, though his books ran into many editions, for some inexplicable reason, which I hope yet to explain, he sold them one after another for fifty pounds. And I knew how he worked; how hard, how remorselessly. I knew who the chief character was in *Paternoster Row* before *Paternoster Row* was

G. K. CHESTERTON AS THE JUDGE AT THE TRIAL OF JOHN JASPER FOR THE MURDER OF EDWIN DROOD. HE COMMITTED ALL PRESENT, EXCEPT HIMSELF, FOR CONTEMPT OF COURT

written. I knew with what inexpressible anguish of soul he laboured, with what dumb rage against destiny. And now here was something like freedom at last, if only it were true.

She was really dead, and she died in awful surroundings. It was a relief to her husband, but a terrible relief. When he was sure she was gone, he grieved for her, grieved for what she might have been and for what she was. But he was free. He was strangely quiet even in the first hours of his liberation. He went to the slum in the New Cut where she passed away, and said to Roberts: "My dear chap, she had kept my photograph, and a very little engraving of the Madonna di San Sisto, all these years of horrible degradation."

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"One might have imagined," comments Sir William Robertson Nicoll, "that Gissing would have made some wise use of his freedom." By this time he had something of a reputation, and was moving among intellectual people. John Morley, then editing the *Pall Mall Gazette*, offered to use as much matter as he could supply. But it was hard for Gissing to do anything practical, and he did not change his manner of life. His work was appreciated by James Payn, and he found his way on very moderate terms into the *Cornhill Magazine*. He worked incessantly, writing three of his best books in seven months. His strange nature found unexpected satisfactions. He delighted in barrel organs; and loved all things that were redolent of oil and grease and fatness. Living among the lower orders, he hated them violently, and so far as he was a politician he was a rabid Tory. Poor as his condition was, this was probably the most prosperous period of his life. It was characteristic of the man that he should complicate matters by a second marriage, which was even more disastrous than the first. He had been feeling lonely, and he made the acquaintance of a girl in the Marylebone Road. He said to Roberts: "I could stand it no longer, so I rushed out and spoke to the very first woman I came across." The girl was quite respectable, and Gissing resolved to marry her if she would agree. Roberts pointed out to him that the results would certainly be disastrous, and that he would repent the step most bitterly. His mind recognised the truth of everything, but he meant to have his way. So in spite of all warning, he carried through his purpose and married the young woman "who was to be his second wife, to bear his children, to torture him for years, to drive him almost mad, and once more make a financial slave of him." In the words of Morley Roberts: "From the very beginning it seemed impossible that she could ever become in any remote degree what he might justifiably have asked for in a wife. Yet she was not wholly disagreeable in appearance. She was of medium height, and somewhat dark. She had not, however, the least pretence to such

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FOR THE PAST YEAR OR TWO CONTROVERSY HAS BEEN BUSY WITH DICKENS'S UNFINISHED NOVEL, "THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD." HOW WAS THE STORY TO END? WHO WAS DATCHERY? WAS DROOD MURDERED? AND IF SO, WAS JOHN JASPER HIS MURDERER? MATTERS CAME TO A CLIMAX WITH THE TRIAL IN JANUARY, AT THE KING'S HALL, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, OF JASPER FOR THE MURDER. THE ABOVE ILLUSTRATION, FROM THE LONDON "SKETCH," SHOWS THE EMINENT JURY WHICH RETURNED A VERDICT OF "GUILTY." THE FIGURES ARE, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT (FRONT ROW) SIR EDWARD RUSSELL, W. W. JACOBS, PETT RIDGE, ARTHUR MORRISON, FRANCESCO BERGER, TOM GALLON, AND BERNARD SHAW; (BACK ROW) COULSON KERNAHAN, RIDGWELL CULLUM, WILLIAM DE MORGAN, JUSTIN HUNTLY MC CARTHY, WILLIAM ARCHER, AND THOMAS SECCOMBE. MR. SHAW, AS FOREMAN, SAID, "IF THE LEARNED GENTLEMAN THINKS A BRITISH JURY IS GOING TO BE INFLUENCED BY EVIDENCE, HE LITTLE KNOWS HIS COUNTRY"

beauty as one might hope to find even in a slave of the kitchen. She possessed neither face nor figure, nor a sweet voice, nor any charm—she was just a female. And this was she that the most fastidious man in many ways that I knew was about to marry. I went away with a sick heart, for it was nothing less than a frightful catastrophe and I had to stand by and see it happen. He married her on March 20, 1891, and went to live near Exeter."

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Phillips's Posthumous Work

A striking example of literary industry is shown in the amazing amount of posthumous work appearing under the name of David Graham Phillips. Since his death early in 1911, four or five novels from his pen have been published, while the book that he counted on most of all, the longest book that he ever wrote, a story running to more than three hundred thousand words, still remains in manuscript form. The other day we called up the magazine which has been publishing Mr. Phillips's work serially, and the publishing house which issues his books, to ask about this novel. Neither magazine nor publishing house could speak with any degree of certainty. The story presents some rather serious problems. There was the intimation, however, that the tale might begin its serial course some time during 1914. Even the title to be used is still a matter of debate. Mr. Phillips had in mind two titles, one *Susan,* and the other *A Woman of the Streets.* The suggestion for the story came from certain statistics published a short time before Mr. Phillips's death, regarding the influx of refined young Southern women into the life of New York, so many of them fated to be swept under by the surge of city life. He wanted to know whether such a girl could, by her own efforts, struggle up, out of the depths, to a position of independence and social standing. But, like all Mr. Phillips's other books, *Susan* got its first impetus, not from

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DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

economics, but from a trivial incident—a passing glimpse of a young woman seated in a wagon. The story of that incident was told in THE BOOKMAN a month after Mr. Phillips's death and is worth repeating.

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The incident in question occurred when the author was a lad of fourteen. It was in a Western town, where he chanced to be staying at the time; and the face of the young woman in the farm-wagon haunted him long afterward. It was a beautiful face, a face indicating breeding and culture, but it bore the stamp of dumb, hopeless tragedy. As he gazed at her, a gaunt, elderly man, rugged and toil-stained, with the hall-mark of the well-to-do farmer plainly legible upon him, climbed to the seat beside her, gathered up the reins and drove off. Mr. Phillips noticed how the girl shrank and whitened as her companion's shoulder touched her. He heard the girl's story afterward. She belonged to a family of local importance; but there had been a scandal, sordid, notorious, unforgettable. The girl herself was probably the one person in the community who did not know the facts. She could not understand why her people were shunned socially, nor why they welcomed the chance of providing for her by marrying her to an illiterate but prosperous old farmer who lived at a desirable distance from town. The girl's story has nothing to do with Mr. Phillips's book, but the suffering on her face was his inspiration after a quarter of a century.

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W. L. George

Some enthusiastic admirers have found a flaw in Mr. W. L. George's paper "Who Is the Man?" that appeared in the February BOOKMAN. They contend that the paper was incomplete, holding that Mr. George himself should have been mentioned among the young English writers who have shown signs of potential literary greatness. Candidly, we think that these critics are a little

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W. L. GEORGE

bit premature, and opinion based not on the quality of Mr. George's work, but on the quantity. There is no gainsaying the fact, however, that his is an exceedingly interesting personality, and that his reputation is likely to be considerably enhanced by the publication of his forthcoming *The Making of an Englishman*. Like Barty Josselin of Du Maurier's *The Martian*, W. L. George has had a kind of double nationality. That is indicated by the dedication of his book:

> To the Small French Boy who in 1894 called me "John Bull" and to
>
> The Young Englishman who in 1902 first addressed me as "Froggy."

Mr. George's *A Bed of Roses* was published in 1911 and *Until the Day Break* appeared last autumn. His forthcoming novel deals with a Frenchman who goes when but a boy to England to carve out his career. With his French customs and thought habits, he assails the uncompromising strongholds of the British business and social systems. Eventually his nature changes and begins to merge into the English character. Mr. George's writing career began when he left the University of Paris. Soon after (in 1902) he became London correspondent of the Paris dailies *Le Voltaire* and *La Politique Coloniale*. Out of this grew other news-

OLIVER ONIONS, AUTHOR OF "THE DEBIT ACCOUNT" AND "IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE EVIDENCE." MR. GEORGE, IN HIS ARTICLE IN LAST MONTH'S "BOOKMAN" ON "WHO IS THE MAN," SAID OF OLIVER ONIONS, "A LITTLE MORE TENDERNESS, A LITTLE MORE BELIEF THAT MEN CAN BE GENTLE AND WOMEN SWEET, A LITTLE MORE HOPE AND SOME PITY; AND MR. ONIONS WILL ARRIVE." MR. ONIONS'S EARLY AMBITION WAS TO BE AN ILLUSTRATOR AND HE STUDIED ART AT SOUTH KENSINGTON AND COLAROSSI'S IN PARIS, SKETCHING THE LONDON STREETS AND PARISIAN BOULEVARDS. HE WAS ASSOCIATED WITH THE "QUARTIER LATIN," A STUDENT'S PAPER. HE WAS AN "ODD JOB MAN"—POSTER DESIGNER, ADVERTISER, AND SKETCHER AT DRESS REHEARSALS. HE WAS A WAR CORRESPONDENT FOR A WEEKLY PAPER FOR WHICH HE DREW SKETCHES UNTIL OUSTED BY THE HALF-TONE AND THE CAMERA. AT LAST, LIVING IN A TINY ROOM NEAR PUTNEY BRIDGE, COOKING HIS OWN MEALS AND MAKING A TABLE TO EAT THEM ON, HE WROTE "THE COMPLEAT BACHELOR," A SERIES OF SKETCHES OF THE MONEYED AND LEISURE CLASSES

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paper work, and he has served as special correspondent for various Paris and London papers in different parts of the world.

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Mr. Creelman Astonishes

Two or three weeks ago there appeared in the columns of the New York *Evening Mail* an entertaining and rather astonishing article from the pen of Mr. James Creelman entitled "Tolstoy's Lost Story." Mr. Creelman was good enough to take the world into his confidence and impart the information that in his last walk and talk with Tolstoy at Yasnia Poliana, the great Russian told him of a novel he had written which was not to be published until after his death. This novel was *Hadji Murad* (Mr. Creelman calls it *Hadji Moura*), "a picture of

JAMES CREELMAN

Russian cowardice and treachery, drawn from real life." Said Mr. Creelman:

Since that dramatic deathbed scene in the desolate little shanty at Astapeva, when the soul of the master of Russian literature passed out of the world, there has been no hint of the existence of a work which he believed would stir up his own people more profoundly than anything else he had written.

What has become of that last message of Tolstoy to mankind?

Is it possible that any one has taken the responsibility of silencing the mightiest literary artist of his age, of robbing the world of a great prose masterpiece because its author lies mute in the earth?

We are rather sorry to say anything to spoil Mr. Creelman's fine rhetorical flourishes. But in this case simple fact forces us to exonerate the Russian government. Instead of being a suppressed book, *Hadji Moura* is quite as accessible as, let us say, *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch,* or *The Lady of the Decoration,* or *The Rosary*. The American edition of the book was published February 7, 1912, from the press of Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, of New York.

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Brand Whitlock's Memories

In an early chapter of *Forty Years of It,* Brand Whitlock gives a glimpse of the old Whitechapel Club of Chicago, which numbered among its members such men as Peter Finley Dunne, George Ade, Ben King, Opie Reed, Alfred Henry Lewis, Frederick Upham Adams, Thomas E. Powers, Horace Taylor, Wallace Rice, and Arthur Henry. The club was founded late in the eighties, and during the ten years of its existence it was one of the most remarkable of all Bohemian clubs. It had its rooms in the rear of a little saloon in Chicago's "newspaper alley." For a time the club was nameless, but one afternoon a group was sitting in one of the rooms when a newsboy passed through the alley and cried: "All about the latest Whitechapel murder." Charles Goodyear Seymour paused with a stein of beer half lifted, and said: "We'll call the new club the 'Whitechapel Club.'" Admission to the Whitechapel was obtained in a peculiar way. An applicant for membership had his name proposed, and it was then posted on a bulletin board. He was on probation for thirty days, during which he had to be at the club at least five days of the week, in order to become acquainted with the members. Within that time any member could tear his name down,

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and that ended his candidacy. When his name finally came up for voting it required the full vote of the club to get him in.

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In those days Finley Peter Dunne was a clever newspaper man, but not yet the celebrity who carried the name of Mr. Martin Dooley of the Archey Road to every corner of the English-speaking world. "We were all reading Kipling at that time," records Mr. Whitlock, "and Dunne was so clever in adapting his terse style to the needs of the daily repertorial life that when one night a private shot a comrade in the barricks at Fort Sheridan, and Dunne was detailed to report the tragedy, he found it in every detail so exactly like Kipling's story "In the Matter of a Private," that he was overcome by the despair of having to write a tale that had already been told. He resisted the temptation, if there was any temptation, nobly, and wrote the tale with a bald simplicity that no doubt enhanced its effect. He had not then

SAMUEL MERWIN, AUTHOR OF "ANTHONY THE ABSOLUTE"

ROSE CECIL O'NEILL, AUTHOR OF "THE KEWPIES; THEIR BOOK"

begun to report the Philosophy of Mr. Dooley, though there was a certain Irishman in Chicago responsive to the name of Colonel Thomas Jefferson Dolan, whom, in his capacity of First Ward Democrat, Dunne frequently interviewed for his paper without the cramping influences of a previous visitation on the Colonel, and these interviews showed much of the colour and the spirit of those Dooley articles which later were to make him famous. He already knew, of course, and frequently enjoyed communion with the prototype of Mr. Dooley, Mr. James McGarry, who had a quaint philosophy of his own, which Dunne one day rendered in a little article entitled "Mr. McGarry's Philosophy." The familiarity so wounded Mr. McGarry, however (he was a man of simple dignity and some sensitiveness), that Dunne thereafter adopted another name for the personage through which he was so long and so brilliantly to express himself.

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In the course of *Forty Years of It* Mr. Whitlock expresses some exceed-

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BRAND WHITLOCK AND A SMALL RELATION

ingly interesting literary opinions. Of Mr. William Dean Howells he says:

We owe Mr. Howells especially a debt in this land. He jeopardised his standing as an artist, perhaps, by his polemics in the cause of realism in the literary art, but he was the first to look about him and recognise his own land and his own people in his fiction; that is why it is so very much the life of our land as we know it and to me there came long ago a wonderful and consoling lesson, when in reading after him, and after Tolstoy and Tourgenieff, and Flaubert, and Zola, and Valdez, and Thomas Hardy, I discovered that people are all alike, and all like those about us in every essential.

• • •

For Joseph Conrad Mr. Whitlock's enthusiasm is boundless. He says:

I would not give *Lord Jim* for all the other sea tales that were ever written, not even if all the novels of Cooper and Scott and Stevenson and Dickens were thrown in.

• • •

The Democratic Spirit

Edwin Björkman in his introduction to the second series of the *Plays of Björnstjerne Björnson,* which has just come from the press of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, tells of an American incident which left a decided impression on Björnson's mind. Björnson came to the United States in September, 1880, and stayed here eight months. He was constantly struck by our democratic spirit. One day he was taken to visit the Massachusetts State Prison at Concord, his host and guide being Governor John Davis Long. A convict, hearing of the presence of the chief executive within the prison, asked the privilege of a talk with him in order that he might appeal for pardon. This talk took place in the warden's office, and to Björnson's intense surprise and delight the first thing done by the Governor was to make the convict sit down on a chair close to his own. Björnson wrote home of this scene, adding some memories of a very different nature: King Oscar seated at a dining table while his host, Count Wedel—the country's foremost citizen of the time—was waiting on him without being permitted to sit down once during the meal; a cabinet minister keeping an official from his department standing for thirty minutes while delivering a report; and so on.

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The Danger of Friends

Two or three years ago a young lawyer with some literary aspirations and very little practical experience in the business of writing, devoted certain leisure hours to the construction of a short story which was

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not absolutely devoid of interest and merit. In the course of time this story found its way to the hands of the editor of a magazine that made a specialty of fiction. The editor read it, and appraised it at its right value. He wrote the author, pointing out the improbability of a certain phase of the tale, suggested an easy way of eliminating the flaw, and making a reasonable offer for the serial rights of the story provided the suggested changes were made. The first feeling on the part of the author after receiving this letter was one of positive elation. It was his first story, the proffered price seemed to him a good one, he was on the point of replying with an appreciative acceptance of the offer—when he decided to take—advice.

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Now it happened that the lawyer numbered among his friends many writing men who had "arrived," and so it was to Mr. A. B., Mr. C. D., Mr. E. F. and Mr. X. Y. that he turned. "This is my story," he said to the first mentioned. "Blank of ———'s Magazine says that it is overdrawn and improbable in that place, wants me to change it, and offers me such a price if I will make the change. Now do you think that it is improbable, and don't you think that I should get more?" Now Mr. A. B. was an exceedingly polite man and an agreeable one. There was only one possible answer to such a question. "Improbable, my dear boy, not in the least, and I am sure that the story is worth twice as much as Blank offers you. Don't mention it, I am only too glad to be of any assistance." And he warmly returned his questioner's pressure of the hand. He was quite honest for the moment. He was not buying the story, nor was he confronted with the problem of selling it. So he was giving the answer that he thought would make for temporary happiness all round. Fortified by A. B.'s advice the young author sought C. D. Now, C. D. was neither excessively agreeable nor polite. To his interlocutor's story he gave scant attention or interest, but found a quick opportunity to impart the information that his own rate was ten cents a word, and woe to any one who had the impudence to offer him less. "The Dash people tried it last year, I don't think they will try it again in a hurry." Vague as was the impression the seeker for advice took away from this interview it added a little to his feeling of irritation against the offending editor Blank. He did not quite understand the purport of that ten cents a word talk, but it must have meant that somehow Blank was taking advantage of his inexperience. By the time the young author found E. F. and X. Y. the original tale had been quite forgotten. A. B. and C. D. had assured him that Blank's estimate of his story was ridiculous and the suggested price utterly inadequate. Did E. F. and X. Y. agree with A. B. and C. D? Of course they agreed. Like A. B. they were polite men and inclined to follow the line of least resistance. And they were not buying or selling the story. So having taken advice, the young author sat down and wrote to Blank in a vein of mingled indignation and sarcasm. "I have consulted in this matter Mr. A. B., Mr. C. D., Mr. E. F. and Mr. X. Y. I don't think you will be likely to question the soundness of their judgment. They are unanimous in pronouncing your criticism as childish and your suggested price as not worthy of consideration."

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All that was two or three years ago, Blank was not brought to better terms by the letter, the expected appreciation from other quarters has not materialised, the manuscript is still a manuscript and nothing more, and the young author is still indignant when he thinks of Blank's letter of conditional acceptance. Also there are moments when he questions the sincerity of the advice given him by his experienced friends. There, however, he is wrong. It was the advice that he wanted—that polite, flattering, consoling, friend's advice which is responsible for more disappointments, heartaches, and misunderstandings than anything

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else, save the writer's own self-esteem. In the case quoted above, the advisers were men who, through experience, should have been qualified to judge. But in eight cases out of ten the harm is wrought by the indiscriminate endorsement of the unqualified. How familiar these endorsements are in the offices of magazines and publishing houses! "This essay was read by me before a meeting of the ——— ——— of our city. My friends all urge me to have it published in your magazine." "I have shown the manuscript of this book to Mr. ———, Mrs. ——— and the Reverend Mr. ———, all excellent judges. They assure me it has all the quality of *Alice in Wonderland.* In view of this, etc." "I am astonished at the ignorance which must have prompted your rejection of my ——— ———. It has been read by several highly literary friends, who pronounce it far superior, etc., etc." As has been said, how familiar the tone is and how hopeless to attempt to explain. That manuscript which friends find so like *Alice in Wonderland,* somehow is not quite Lewis Carrol's masterpiece; that story, constructed with the manner of O. Henry so conscientiously in mind, falls a little short of "A Municipal Document." But the voice that points out these slight discrepancies is interpreted not as the voice of friendship, but as the voice of hostility. "Those rejection slips will eventually tell me all that," says one candid free lance of many years. "What are friends for except to lie unctuously and flatteringly?" But that free lance, out of his experience, has learned to take flattery for what it is worth. "Of course, A. B. is right in his estimate. Of course that story of mine is exceptional, and the price Blank offers is quite inadequate. But—I have just cashed the cheque, and, after all, there is consolation in remembering that Murger sold *Scenes de la Vie de Bohême* for one hundred francs, and that some of Poe's best tales were bartered for five dollar bills. The path is not strewn with roses, but the work has its compensations. You see, I have reached that state of wisdom where I ask friendly advice, not with any idea of taking it, but for the sake of hearing pleasant words. There was a time when I allowed it to influence me. But that was a luxury I found I could not afford. It was too disastrously expensive. It meant too many priceless manuscripts at the bottom of my trunk, and too many unpaid bills.

A NOTE ON THE FORELOPER

BY J. DE LANCEY FERGUSON

READERS will doubtless remember the strange story of the "lost" Kipling poem, "The Foreloper," which was disinterred from a scrap-book and published in the BOOKMAN of February, 1909. It will be recalled that Professor Meany, whose account of the transaction finally elicited the poem, had written to Mr. Kipling himself, sending the six lines which he had discovered, and had received the surprising answer that the attribution of authorship was correct, but that the author could not remember when or where the poem first appeared. That extraordinary collection of errors and omissions, the *Kipling Dictionary,* threw no further light on the subject, nor did the inclusion of the poem, under title of "The Voortrekker," in the volume called *Songs from Books,* do much toward solving the mystery, for there its source is given as "Collected." And so the matter rested, though the solution of the puzzle, together with a deal of other interesting Kiplingana, was to be reached at no greater cost than a few hours' dusty work among the crumbling files of the newspapers of two decades ago. And the solution is as follows:

In 1892 Rudyard Kipling journeyed

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to the Orient, and back again, by way of the Canadian West, and in the course of that journey, at irregular intervals from April to December, he wrote eight letters of travel. Four of these were published in *The Civil and Military Gazette*, of Lahore, and these four seem to be the only ones known, even by title, to bibliographers. But the entire eight are to be found in the files of the London *Times*, and in this country, in the New York *Sun*, though from the fact that one which was reprinted in *Current Literature* is credited to "Syndicate Press" it is probable that they appeared also in other papers throughout the country. Being copyrighted they have been safe from the raids of pirates, but it is nothing short of astounding that these letters which, taken as a whole, are vastly superior to the earlier series in *From Sea to Sea* should have been lost sight of so completely. Besides the first draughts of two or three of his poems they contain descriptive passages of more than average excellence. "The Foreloper" headed the American publication of the seventh of these letters, which appeared in the *Sun* of Sunday, November 27, 1892, under the caption "What Rudyard Kipling Saw On His Way Back from Japan—With Something about Out-land Adventurers and the Boom Spirit of the Great West." In the *Times* of November 23d, it was published, without the poem, under the title of "Captains Courageous." (It is remarkable that the letters as printed in this country contain a number of poems and verses which are, with one exception, suppressed in the English publication.) With the exception of one word ("nude" instead of "rude" in the sixth line) the version printed in the BOOKMAN is identical with that in the *Sun*. As it is given in *Songs from Books* there are several verbal changes of doubtful merit. But the mystery of the "lost" poem is a mystery no longer.

The letters themselves deserve some further notice, first in regard to the poems included in them, and then for some of the descriptive passages. The first draft of one of the most famous of all the poems, the *Envoi* to *The Seven Seas* ("When Earth's last picture is painted"), closes the letter called "Half a Dozen Pictures" as printed in America, but is not in the *Times*. But "Buddha at Kamakura" closes "The Edge of the East" in both its English and its American form, and the same letter which is headed with "The Foreloper" contains also the first sketch of "The Rhyme of the Three Sealers." Besides these poems which subsequently were collected there are in the letters as given in the *Sun* two other poems, or rather a fragment and some verses. The fragment heads "Our Overseas Men" and its reputed source is "King Euric":

For hope of gain or sake of peace,
  Or greed of golden fee,
Ye must not sell your galley slaves
  That row you over the sea.

For they come of your blood, of your own
    blood,
  By your own gods they swear,
So you must not sell them overseas,
  Because they rowed you there.

The verses conclude the same letter, and form a sort of foot-note to a famous line in "Mandalay":

The stumbling block of Western lore
  Is faith in old arithmetics—
That two and two are always four
  And three and three make ever six,
Whereas, 'neath less exacting skies
Those numbers total otherwise.

Equality of A to B
  Is interesting—Greenwich way,
But does not for a moment predicate the like twixt B and A,
For East of Suez, be it said,
B is the sum of X Y Z.

It may be heat or damp or dew
  That warps the numbers, one to ten, so
And twists the alphabet askew
  Disproving Euclid and Colenso;
Or else there must be people who
Don't think as other people do.

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The first and last letters of the series deal with Vermont in winter and summer respectively, and from them are taken two passages which seem to accomplish perfectly that most difficult of all descriptive tasks,—making the reader realise fully a condition of weather widely different from the one he is experiencing at the time. The first is from the letter entitled "In Sight of Monadnock":

Thirty below freezing! It was inconceivable till one stepped out into it at midnight, and the first shock of that clear, still air took away the breath as a plunge into sea water does. A walrus sitting on a woolpack was our host in his sleigh, and he wrapped us in hairy goat-skin coats, caps that came down over the ears, buffalo robes and blankets and yet more buffalo robes, till we, too, looked like walruses and moved almost as gracefully. The night was as keen as the edge of a newly ground sword; breath froze on the coat lappels in snow; the nose became without sensation, and the eyes wept bitterly because the horses were in a hurry to get home; and whirling through air at zero brings tears. But for the jingle of the sleigh bells the ride might have taken place in a dream, for there was no sound of hoofs upon the snow, the runners sighed a little now and again as they glided over an inequality, and all the sheeted hills round were dumb as death. Only the Connecticut river kept up its heart and a lane of black water through the packed ice; we could hear the stream worrying round the heels of its small bergs. Elsewhere there was nothing but snow under the moon—snow drifted to the level of the stone fences or curling over their tops in a lip of frosted silver, snow banked high on either side of the road, or lying heavy on the pines and the hemlocks in the woods, where the air seemed, by comparison, as warm as a conservatory. It was beautiful beyond expression—nature's boldest sketch in black-and-white, done with a Japanese disregard of perspective, and daringly altered from time to time by the restless pencils of the moon. . . ."

And the second is from "On One Side Only":

. . . The rivers were patched and barred with sun-dried pebbles; the logs and the loggers were drought-bound somewhere up the Connecticut; and the grass at the side of the track was burned in a hundred places by the sparks from the locomotive. Men—hatless, coatless, and gasping—lay in the shade of that station where only a few months ago the glass stood thirty below zero. Now the readings were ninety-eight degrees in the shade. . . . In truth, it is a tropical country for the time being. Thunderstorms prowl and growl round the belted hills, spit themselves away in a few drops of rain, and leave the air more dead than before. In the woods, where even the faithful springs are beginning to run low, the pines and balsams have thrown out all their fragrance upon the heat and wait for the wind to bring news of the rain. The clematis, wild carrot, and all the gipsy-flowers camped by sufferance between fence line and road net are masked in white dust, and the golden-rod of the pastures that are burned to flax colour burns, too, like burnished brass. A pillar of dust on the long hog-back of the road across the hills shows where a team is lathering between farms, and the roofs of the wooden houses flicker in the haze of their own heat. Overhead the chicken hawk is the only creature at work, and his shrill kite-like call sends the gaping chickens from the dust bath in haste to their mothers. The red squirrel, as usual, feigns business of importance among the butternuts, but this is pure priggishness. When the passer-by is gone he ceases chattering and climbs back to where the little breezes can stir his tail plume. From somewhere under the lazy fold of a meadow comes the drone of a mowing machine among the hay—the *wherr-ao* and the grunt of the tired horses. . . .

The publishers' announcements hint that the new limited edition of Kipling which is now in course of publication is to include the *Letters to the Family*,—the record of the Canadian tour which he made about five years ago. If these later letters are to be given permanent form it is all the more to be regretted that the earlier series remains uncollected, for

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they give that first view of Canada with which his later impressions are contrasted. To one unfamiliar with these early papers portions of the *Letters to the Family* are scarcely comprehensible. Here, for instance, is a winter picture from the description of western Canada in the letter called "From Tideway to Tideway":

That next morning brought us the Canadian Pacific Railway as one reads about it. No pen of man could do justice to the scenery there. The guide-books struggle desperately with descriptions adapted for summer reading of rushing cascades, lichened rocks, waving pines, and snow-capped mountains; but in April these things are not there. The place is locked up—dead as a frozen corpse. The mountain torrent is a boss of palest emerald ice against the dazzle of the snow; the pine stumps are capped with gigantic mushrooms of snow; the rocks are overlaid fifty feet deep; the rocks, the fallen trees and the lichens together, and the dumb white lips curl up to the track cut in the side of the mountain, and grin there fanged with gigantic icicles. You may listen in vain when the train stops for the least sign of breath or power among the hills. The snow has smothered the rivers, and the great looping trestles run over what might be a lather of suds in a huge wash-tub. The old snow near by is blackened and smirched with the smoke of the locomotives; and dulness is grateful to aching eyes. But the men who live upon the line have no consideration for these things. At a halting-place in a gigantic gorge walled in by the snows, one of them reels from a tiny saloon into the middle of the track where half a dozen dogs are chasing a pig off the metals. He is beautifully and eloquently drunk. He sings, waves his hands, and collapses behind a shunting engine, while four of the loveliest peaks that the Almighty ever moulded look down upon him. . . .

And, finally, here is a passage about the North Pacific which shows us the genesis of a poem:

It [the North Pacific] holds very few pictures, and the best of its stories—those relating to seal poaching among the Kuriles and the Russian rookeries—are not exactly fit for publication. There is a man in Yokohama who in a previous life burned galleons with Drake. He is a gentleman adventurer of the largest and most resourceful kind—by instinct a carver of kingdoms, a ruler of men on the high seas, and an inveterate gambler against death. Because he supplies nothing more than sealskins to the wholesale dealers at home the fame of his deeds, his brilliant fights, his more brilliant escapes, and his most brilliant strategy will be lost among sixty-ton schooners, or told only in the mouths of drunken seamen, whom none believe. Now, there sits a great spirit under the palm trees of the Navigator group,* a thousand leagues to the south, and he, crowned with roses and laurels, strings together the pearls of those parts. When he has done with his kingdom down there perhaps he will turn to the Smoky Seas and the Wonderful Adventures of Captain ———. Then there will be a tale to listen to, for is it not written:

Away, by the land of the Japanee,
    Where the paper lanterns grow,
And the crews of half the navies drink
    In the house of Blood-Street Joe;
At twilight, when the landward breeze
    Brings up the harbour noise,
And ebb of Yokohama Bay
    Swings chattering through the buoys,
In Corstadt's Naval Dining Rooms
    They tell the tale anew
Of an open sea and a running fight
When the Mistral took the Northern Light
    And the Stralsund took the two.

Herein lies the peculiar interest of these letters. For, as many of the earlier Indian tales seem, on rereading, to be merely preliminary sketches for scenes in *Kim*, so in these impressions of travel we repeatedly find hints and pictures that later were used in some of the "other stories." They are the note-books of a great writer, and the note-books of such a one always repay study.

*The reference is, of course, to Robert Louis Stevenson.

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KIPLING'S INDIA

BY ARLEY MUNSON

Author of "Jungle Days," "The Experiences of an American Woman Physician in India"

IN THREE PARTS. PART I—ANGLO-INDIA

I

ON the map of India, draw a line from Lahore southeast to Lucknow; and another from Lahore east to Thibet; connect the ends of these lines. The enclosed triangle will give you what may be called Rudyard Kipling's Anglo-India—the India of Mrs. Hauksbee and Mrs. Reiver, of the Gadsbys and of Wressley of the Foreign Office, in a word, the India of the scores of men and women who flit across the scene in the stories that make up the greater part of *Plain Tales from the Hills, Under the Deodars,* and *The Story of the Gadsbys.* Also within this triangle will be found bits of the India of *Kim*—for it was in Lahore that we first found him, astride of a gun, and it was through Lahore Gate that he and the lama took their way southward in the search for the River of the Arrow and the Red Bull on a Green Field. But principally this triangle has to do with Anglo-Indian social life rather than native life. That is the subject of these first papers. Later, the scribe will attempt to take you off to the Borderland on the trail of Dravot and Carnehan of *The Man who would be King,* of Jakin and Lew of *Drums of the Fore and Aft,* thence through the country of Nick Tarvin of *The Naulahka,* and on through Burma and along the haunting road to Mandalay.

There are probably many thousand readers of Kipling who have at some time or other laid aside the particular book that happened to be in the hand at the moment and asked mentally, "Just what sort of a place is this Simla? To what place in Europe or America does it most nearly correspond? What is its life, what are its charms, and what the reason of its existence?" That question the present scribe will attempt to answer in a paragraph or two. And before Simla itself, comes the way to Simla. So suppose, for example, you are a tourist in India—like Pagett, M.P. of the verses, though with qualifications, for "Pagett, M.P. was a liar, and a fluent liar therewith." At any rate, your ship has left you at Bombay, and you are proceeding to Simla by the Punjaub Express.

It is April, the beginning of India's hot weather, when all Anglo-India migrates to the Hills. This is not the weather for travel on the Plains; the breezes stirred up by the rush of the train seem to come from the depths of a furnace seven times heated. But the Indian railway coach is arranged to give all the comfort possible to the hot weather traveller. The tiny dressing-room at the end of the compartment provides a cool, comforting wash whenever desired, and the double roof of the coach has a projection on both sides which acts as a slight shield from the sun. Heavy shutters and stained glass in all the windows modify the glare, while in one of the windows is placed a disk-shaped curtain of scented grass which can be revolved by means of a small handle and which at each revolution dips into a concealed basin of water. The air, cooled by its passage through the wet curtain, delightfully refreshes the interior of the coach. Then, too, you are almost sure to have your coach to yourself, so you may lounge as lazily as you please on the long leather-cush-

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ioned seats, which, with the addition of pillow and rug, make excellent beds at night. At almost any station you can obtain delicious tea and toast, or, by telegraphing ahead, a very good and substantial meal.

Scarcely thirty-three hours after leaving Bombay, you come to Umballa and change there for the branch line to Kalka, for Kalka leads to Simla, the beloved, "where," writes Kipling, "all things begin and many come to an evil end."

From Kalka, the little train creeps slowly upward, curving round and round the mountain for fifty-five miles. Below you and almost constantly in sight lies the tonga road glistening white in the sunshine. Groups of men and drove after drove of camels climb slowly up the steep path; while the mail-tonga dashes past them at a furious pace. Great cactus-trees appear everywhere; then at last the pines show dark and rich and green close beside you and speak of the higher hills. So you pass through your one hundred and third tunnel, and, seven hours from the time of starting you reach Simla pahar, seven thousand feet above the sea.

Only the Viceroy and a few other privileged ones may drive in carriages at Simla, but there is no lack of conveyances. At the Simla station, a dozen 'rickshaw *jhampanies* rush toward you, a merry, bantering group of men, each *jhampani* loud in praise of his own 'rickshaw and equally loud in denunciation of the 'rickshaws of his rivals. A ride in a Simla 'rickshaw is a thrilling experience. With two of the strong, bare-legged *jhampanies* pushing, and two pulling your overgrown "perambulator," you fairly spin along the smooth, narrow path. The *jhampanies,* delighted into greater recklessness by your gasps of fear and surprise, whirl you at breakneck speed around some sharp corner or down a steep path, until with an extra flourish they stop at your destination.

Peliti's Hotel is a charming place and you will do well to put up there during your stay at Simla. In general, you will find it much like other first-class Indian hotels. In the large bedrooms, bare of all but necessary furnishings, the open fireplaces and the absence of mosquito curtains show you that you are in the Hills. The comfortable sitting-room invites you to read and dream in the great chairs, and the well-ordered café is of never-failing interest, for here, in the groups of laughing, faultlessly dressed English men and women, you find your true Anglo-Indian. Among them, the barefooted Indian waiters, in white trousers, long coats, and turbans, with wide sashes of bright-coloured silk, flit noiselessly to and fro with a machine-like devotion to their duties. From the veranda of the hotel, there is a magnificent view of the Himalayas, the great peaks, dark with pines and deodars (the Himalayan cypress) sweeping off into space, range on range, until limited at last by the snowy mountains towering twenty-two thousand feet above the sea.

The air is fresh and bracing with just the touch of chill, which makes you glad of the warmth of a light jacket; and the wild roses and honeysuckle, the soft, green grass, and the fruit-trees of a temperate climate abound on every hand. But you cannot forget that you are in the Tropics, for, walking along the quiet paths, it is no unusual thing to hear a crash of branches overhead, as a huge grey *langur* drops from the trees to the ground and scampers away on all fours. And the birds, too, are of the Southland. Parrots, cockatoos and other harsh-voiced birds of brilliant plumage, and the sweet-voiced little köil charming the ear with its song.

The pleasant cottages of the Anglo-Indians, the shops, many of which would do credit to London's greatest shopping district, the public buildings, and the hotels, are placed on terraces, one above the other, all down the steep mountainside. Many of these buildings overlook the Mall, the social and business centre of Anglo-Indian Simla. This is a broad road, like a great, treeless boulevard

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which slopes up from the Kalka tonga-road to the English church, the town hall, the post-office, and Jakko Hill, a thickly-wooded height rising a thousand feet above the town. From the broad road, five miles long, which winds around the base of Jakko, a branch road leads off to the higher Himalayas. Far to the north stands Elysium Hill and, six miles west of Jakko, at the opposite end of the town, are the grassy, treeless slopes of Prospect Hill and stately Viceregal Lodge, the summer home of the Viceroy, set well back in beautiful grounds. The various Vicereines have tried to make their Simla home as English as possible, and it might be England but for the presence of the grinning little Ghurkas, the Viceroy's Guard of Honour.

Viceregal Lodge occupies the finest view-point in Simla. Down below is a lovely little valley, Annandale, where the beautiful Annandale roses grow, and where the Simla sports are held; and somewhat apart stands Jutogh Hill, occupied by a battery of artillery. English men and women are everywhere, cantering through the Mall or under Jakko on horseback, or merrily greeting one another from their 'rickshaws. Occasionally you see Indians of high rank and always the Indian working people. Conspicuous among them are the Government chaprassis, with long scarlet coats and wide scarlet and yellow belts, the special chaprassi of the Viceroy being distingushed from the rest by the Viceroy's coronet and monogram embroidered on the breast of his coat.

II

In strolling through the town on the trail of the Kipling characters, you naturally begin at the Kalka tonga-road by which Mahbub Ali and Kim went up to Simla,

> the wandering road, climbing, dipping, and sweeping about the growing spurs; the flush of the morning laid along the distant snows; the branched cacti; tier upon tier the stony hillsides; the voices of a thousand water-channels; the chatter of the monkeys; the solemn deodars, climbing one after another with down-drooped branches; the vista of the plains rolled out far beneath them; the incessant twanging of the tonga-horns and the wild rush of the led horses when a tonga swung round a curve.

This tonga road was the scene of *As the Bell Clinks,* in which a lover tells of his thoughts and emotions and of how the tonga coupling bar gave him sage advice in regard to his courtship:

> It was under Khyraghaut I mused:—Suppose the maid be haughty—
> (There are lovers rich—and forty) wait some wealthy Avatar?
> "Answer, monitor untiring, 'twixt the ponies twain perspiring!"
> *"Faint heart never won fair lady,"* creaked the straining tonga-bar.
> *"Can I tell you ere you ask her?"* pounded slow the tonga-bar.
>
> Last, the Tara Devi turning, showed the lights of Simla burning,
> Lit my little lazy yearning to a fiercer flame by far.
> As below the Mall we jingled, through my very heart it tingled—
> The reiterated order of the threshing tonga-bar:—
> "Try your luck—you can't do better!" twanged the loosened tonga-bar.

In *An Old Song,* another lover brings his tonga road into his verse:

> So long as 'neath the Kalka hills
> The tonga-horn shall ring,
> So long as down the Solon dip
> The hard-held ponies swing;
> So long as Tara Devi sees
> The lights o' Simla town,
> So long as Pleasure calls us up,
> And duty drives us down,
> *If you love me as I love you,*
> *What pair so happy as we two?*

Under the tonga-office lamps at the end of the tonga-road, Mrs. Schreiderling met the newly arrived tonga of "The Other Man" (*Plain Tales from the Hills*), who sat in the back seat very

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THE HEART OF RUDYARD KIPLING'S ANGLO-INDIA. THE MALL AT SIMLA, WITH THE TOWN HALL IN THE BACKGROUND, AND JAKKO HILL BEYOND. THE THACKERAYAN IN PALL MALL OR RUSSELL SQUARE CONJURES UP THE GHOSTS OF THE PENDENNISES AND THE OSBORNES; THE DICKENSIAN IN THE BOROUGH HIGH STREET SEARCHES FOR SUCH STONES OF THE OLD MARSHALSEA PRISON AS EXIST TO RECALL THE FIGURES OF LITTLE DORRIT AND ARTHUR CLENHAM; THE BALZACIAN ON THE BOULEVARDS SEES IN IMAGINATION COUNTLESS CHARACTERS FROM THE COMEDIE HUMAINE. BUT FOR THE READER OF THE EARLY KIPLING THE SIMLA MALL SUGGESTS NOT TWO, OR TEN, BUT A HUNDRED MEN AND WOMEN, CAPTAIN GADSBY AND MINNIE THREEGAN, AND THEIR BEST MAN, JACK MAFFLIN, MRS. HAUKSBEE AND THE TRIPLE INTUITION OF THE WOMAN, HER DEADLY RIVAL MRS. REIVER, MORIARTY, STRICKLAND OF THE POLICE AND MISS YOUGHAL, JACK PANSAY, KITTY MANNERING AND MRS. WESSINGTON OF "THE PHANTOM 'RICKSHAW," PLUFFLES THE SUBALTERN, BARR-SAGGOTT, MISS BEIGHTON, AND YOUNG CUBBON, TARRION, PEYTHROPPE, THE CUSACK-BREMMILS, AND OTHERS TOO NUMEROUS FOR MENTION.

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square and firm, with one hand on the awning-stanchion and the wet pouring off his hat and moustache, . . . — dead." Then off to the west and Viceregal Lodge, the scene of numerous Kipling tales. It was here that Mellish, the inventor, explained to the curious and half-amused Viceroy the wonders of "A Germ Destroyer" (*Plain Tales from the Hills*), which so effectually broke up the entire Viceregal household.

At Viceregal Lodge, Miss Haverley in "Only a Subaltern" (*Under the Deodars*), gave her heart to Bobby Wick, the young Subaltern who so thoroughly won the love and admiration of his men that when he drifted away "on the easy tide of Death," Private Dormer expressed the sentiments of everybody who had known Bobby Wick, in the emphatic words,

Bloomin' orf'cer? . . . Hangel! Bloomin' Hangel! That's wot 'e is!

The Supreme Legislative Council of India were sitting in state at Viceregal

SIMLA FROM THE TARA DEVI
LAST, THE TARA DEVI TURNING SHOWED THE LIGHTS OF SIMLA BURNING.
LIT MY LITTLE LAZY GLARING TO A FIERCER FLAME BY FAR,
"AS THE BELL CLINKS"

THE ROAD DOWN ELYSIUM HILL. IT WAS HERE THAT, IN "THE PHANTOM 'RICKSHAW," DR. HEATHERLEGH DECIDED THAT JACK PANSAY WAS EITHER MAD OR DRUNK. FOR FIVE MINUTES PANSAY, ON HORSEBACK, HAD BEEN TALKING THE COMMONPLACES OF THE DAY TO THE THING THAT WAS QUITE INVISIBLE TO OTHER EYES

Lodge when little Tod of "Tod's Amendment" (*Plain Tales from the Hills*) broke in upon their solemn deliberations with his wild appeals for them to help him control his goat Moti who was dragging Tod, much against his will, over the lawn and across the flower-beds. At a dance at Viceregal Lodge, you meet Mrs. Hauksbee, the "Stormy Petrel,"

a little, brown, thin, almost skinny woman, with big, rolling, violet-blue eyes, and the sweetest manners in the world, . . . clever, witty, brilliant, and sparkling beyond most of her kind; but possessed of many devils of malice and mischievousness.

She attended this special dance as the result of the clever forgery of her friend Tarrion of "Consequences" (*Plain Tales from the Hills*), for whom she won favour and fortune by miraculously turning the wheels of the mighty East In-

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dian Government. "Three and—an Extra" (*Plain Tales from the Hills*) tells of another dance which Mrs. Hauksbee attended at Viceregal Lodge when she struggled with Bremmil's wife for Bremmil's attention and was ignominiously defeated. Before you return to the centre of town, you must visit Annandale, always the sporting ground of Simla. In the days when archery used to be the favourite pastime there, Kitty Beighton of "Cupid's Arrows" (*Plain Tales from the Hills*) shot her way out of her unsatisfactory connection with Barr-Saggott and into the happiness of true love.

Retracing your steps to the end of the tonga-road, you go down a slope to the Combermere Bridge, near the left railing of which Jack Pansay, staring with drawn, white face and horror-filled eyes, saw for the first time, *The Phantom 'Rickshaw,* "four jhampanies in 'mag-pie' livery, pulling a yellow-panelled, cheap, bazaar 'rickshaw," in which sat Agnes Keith-Wessington, her handkerchief in hand, her golden head bowed

THE HIMALAYAS FOR WHICH THE LAMA EXPRESSED HIS OVERPOWERING HOMESICKNESS IN THE CRY, "OH, THE HILLS AND THE SNOW UPON THE HILLS!"—"KIM"

"THE SOLEMN DEODARS, CLIMBING ONE AFTER ANOTHER WITH DOWN-DROOPED BRANCHES"—"KIM"

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on her breast, and her tremulous voice pleading, "Jack, Jack, darling! It's some hideous mistake, I'm sure. *Please* forgive me, Jack, and let's be friends again!" Peliti's Hotel is here and it was into Peliti's café that Pansay

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SIMLA FROM THE KALKA ROAD. OF THIS CITY OF THE HILLS THE KIPLING OF OTHER DAYS SAID, IN THE BEGINNING OF "THE EDUCATION OF OTIS YEERE." A TALE INVOLVING MRS. HAUKSBEE AND HER COMPLEX PHILOSOPHY: "HERE BEGINS THE STORY WHERE EVERY RIGHT-MINDED STORY SHOULD BEGIN, THAT IS TO SAY, AT SIMLA, WHERE ALL THINGS BEGIN AND MANY COME TO AN EVIL END."

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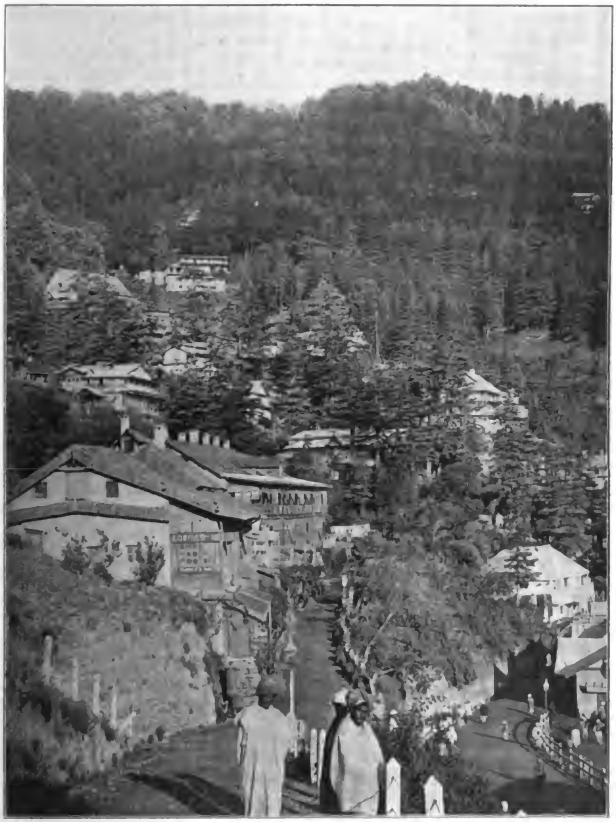

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SIMLA. THE HILLSIDE. HERE ARE THE COTTAGES OF THE ANGLO-INDIANS WHO ARE ABLE TO GET AWAY FROM THE HEAT AND DUST STORMS OF THE INDIAN DESERT. HERE WAS THE HOUSE OF MRS. HAUKSBEE, THE "STORMY PETREL," WHICH SHE SHARED FOR A TIME WITH MRS. MALLOWE. HERE, ON THREE-FOURTHS JACK BARRETT'S MONTHLY SCREW, REMAINED MRS. BARRETT, TO CONSOLE THE OTHER MAN, AND TO MOURN HER HUSBAND'S SUBSEQUENT DEATH AT QUETTA "FIVE LIVELY MONTHS AT MOST." HERE, TOO, IN THE PREHISTORIC DAYS, WAS THE LITTLE HOUSE OF DELILAH ABERYSWITH, "A LADY—NOT TOO YOUNG—WITH A PERFECT TASTE IN DRESSES, AND A BADLY BITTED TONGUE." ABOVE AND BEYOND ARE THE "WOODED HEIGHTS OF SIMLA" OF "THE MASQUE OF PLENTY."

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LAHORE. THE BAZAAR WHERE KIM, BY REASON OF HIS IRISH BLANDISHMENTS, AND HIS ROUT OF THE BRAHMINEE BULL, WON FROM THE LOW-CASTE VEGETABLE SELLER A WARM MEAL FOR HIMSELF AND HIS LAMA

rushed, half-fainting, to get the cherry brandy which should dispel the terrible illusion. It will be remembered that Mrs. Hauksbee and Mr. Bremmil of "Three and—an Extra" tiffined at Peliti's under the shocked gaze of the Simla public, while Mrs. Bremmil stayed at home turning over her dead baby's frocks and crying into the empty cradle. Just above is Hamilton's shop where Jack Pansay bought the engagement ring for Kitty Mannering. Now we are on the Mall, where Pansay used to walk beside the Phantom 'Rickshaw, deep in conversation with his "ghostly Light-o'-Love," "to the unspeakable amazement of the passersby." Mrs. Schreiderling, mourning vainly for her dead love, "The Other Man," "used to trot up and down the Mall on that shocking bad saddle looking as if she expected to meet some one round the corner every minute." On the Mall, "Wressley of the Foreign Office" (*Plain Tales from the Hills*), "the known, honoured, and trusted man among men," lost his heart to Tillie Venner, "a frivolous, golden-haired girl who used to tear about Simla Mall on a high, rough Waler, with a blue velvet jockey-cap crammed over her eyes,"—the girl with a pretty lisp, the girl who did not understand.

The miraculous shop of Lurgan Sahib, Kim's mysterious friend, is on the Mall, with its collection of horrid and grotesque devil-dance masks and draperies, quaint ornaments, and Oriental weapons of war. Near the upper part of the Mall is the English church where Minnie Threegan, "Little Featherweight" (*The Story of the Gadsbys*), "not afraid with any amazement," was married to Captain Gadsby.

At the end of the Mall is the Post-office, where the Tertiam Quid ("At

AN OLD GATE IN THE "WONDERFUL WALLED CITY OF LAHORE," THROUGH WHICH KIM AND THE LAMA PASSED ON THEIR SEARCH FOR THE RIVER OF THE ARROW AND THE RED BULL ON A GREEN FIELD—"KIM"

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"TIBETAN DEVIL-DANCE MASKS . . . HORNED MASKS, SCOWLING MASKS, AND MASKS OF IDIOTIC TERROR"—"KIM"

LAHORE, KIM'S CITY. A VIEW FROM THE FORT. LAHORE WAS ALSO THE "CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT"

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JAKKO HILL. "DEODAR CROWNED JAKKO," THE HIGHEST OF THE SIMLA HILLS.

PRINCESS, BEHOLD OUR ANCIENT STATE
HAS CLEAN DEPARTED, AND WE SEE
'TWAS IDLENESS WE TOOK FOR FATE
THAT BOUND LIGHT BONDS ON YOU AND ME.
AMEN! HERE ENDS THE COMEDY
WHERE IT BEGAN IN ALL GOOD WILL;
SINCE LOVE AND LEAVE TOGETHER FLEE
AS DRIVEN MIST ON JAKKO HILL!

A BALLADE OF JAKKO HILL.

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the Pit's Mouth") and the Man's Wife —"deadlily learned and evil-instructed" —used to mail a daily letter to the Man, "then stewing in the Plains on two hundred rupees a month (for he allowed his wife eight hundred and fifty), and in a silk banian and cotton trousers." Here on the Mall, Strickland, disguised as "Miss Youghal's Sais" (*Plain Tales from the Hills*), begged his friend for a box of cheroots. This was our old friend Strickland of the Police, whom people did not understand and could not appreciate, who was "feared and respected by the natives from the Ghor Kathri to the Jamma Musjid," "a quiet, dark young fellow—spare, black-eyed—and, when he was not thinking of something else, a very interesting companion." Simla Club stands on a terrace just above the Mall. It was there that Strickland, after his scene with the General, rushed into the Club in the clothes of Miss Youghal's sais and galloped off again with half the Club's wardrobe on his back, to the house of "old Youghal" and happiness. The Colonel and Platte, the Subaltern, dressing in a hurry, exchanged the "Watches of the Night" at the Simla Club, whereby arose a complication of circumstances which gave Mrs. Larkyn, righteously indignant with the Colonel's wife, a chance to avenge the wrongs of her friends. At the Club you again meet Jack Pansay of *The Phantom 'Rickshaw*. Here, after the doctor's explanation of "fits," Pansay recognised the fact that for the rest of his natural life he would be among but not of his fellows.

"The Foundry," the cottage of Mrs. Hauksbee and Mrs. Mallowe, also overlooks the Mall. From the veranda of "The Foundry" Mrs. Hauksbee and Mrs. Mallowe looked down on the world of Simla and gossiped concerning "The Education of Otis Yeere;" and there, when the "education" was complete, Mrs. Hauksbee wept out her chagrin and disappointment into the sympathetic ears of Mrs. Mallowe.

In "A Second-rate Woman" (*Under the Deodars*), the story that gives us better than any other the noble, womanly side of Mrs. Hauksbee's nature in her patient nursing of little Dora—"The Foundry" figures again as the scene of little Dora's peril. With the child choking to death and her mother and Mrs. Hauksbee helpless with fright, the "Dowd" stepped in, administered the saving medicine with a cool head and steady hand, and received the remorseful embraces of Mrs. Bent and Mrs. Hauksbee. Over the teacups at "The Foundry," Mrs. Hauksbee, who saved young Peythroppe of "Kidnapped" (*Plain Tales from the Hills*) from marriage with the "impossible" Miss Castries, again came to the rescue of a misguided youth, when she snatched Pluffles from the vampire hold of Mrs. Reiver, the woman about whom there was "nothing good unless it was her dress,"—the same Mrs. Reiver, by the way, who figures in the story "In Error" (*Plain Tales from the Hills*), as the unconscious saviour of Moriarty.

III

Leaving the Mall, you come to Jakko Hill, guarding the town on the east. It was near Jakko, just below the Town Hall, that Kim met the Hindu boy sent to guide him to the house of Lurgan Sahib:

> Together they set off through the mysterious dusk, full of the noises of a city below the hillside, and the breath of a cool wind in deodar-crowned Jakko, shouldering the stars. The house-lights scattered on every level made, as it were, a double firmament. Some were fixed, others belonged to the 'rickshaws of careless, open-spoken English folk, going out to dinner.

All Simla rides round Jakko Hill. "L'Envoi" in "A Ballade of Jakko Hill" breathes of the spirit of social life at Simla as Kipling saw it:

> Woman, behold our ancient state
> Has clean departed; and we see
> 'Twas Idleness we took for Fate
> That bound light bonds on you and me.

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Amen! Here ends the comedy
  Where it began in all good will,
Since Love and Leave together flee
  As driven mist on Jakko Hill!

A favourite place for the appearance of the "Phantom 'Rickshaw" was the Jakko Road. Jack Pansay and Kitty Mannering were riding together round Jakko when, after Pansay's well-grounded hope of relief from "the Horror," he saw again the Phantom 'Rickshaw; dragged Kitty by the wrist up to where the Phantom stood; revealed, in the insanity of his terror, the whole story of his relations with Mrs. Wessington; and received Kitty's dismissal in the lash of her riding-whip across his face. It was on the Jakko Road, too, that Pansay begged the ghost of Agnes Wessington to explain the meaning of her endless persecution of him, and there he had his answer and walked by her side as he might have walked "by the side of any living woman's 'rickshaw, deep in conversation."

On the Jakko Road, you again meet with Mrs. Hauksbee. It was while her 'rickshaw loitered round Jakko that Mrs. Hauksbee in "The Education of Otis Yeere," preached to Otis Yeere the Great Gospel of Conceit. Mrs. Hauksbee was riding round Jakko with the Hawley Boy when she met the "Dancing Master" and the "Dowd," whose unkempt appearance inspired Mrs. Hauksbee, when next she saw her bosom friend, Mrs. Mallowe, to a vast amount of scornful wit. The Jakko Road also knew well the "Man's Wife" and the "Tertiam Quid" ("At the Pit's Mouth"); and Jakko Road overlooks the little English cemetery where the "Tertiam Quid" gazed down into the grave which was so soon to become his own, "nasty and cold—horribly cold." This Cemetery is the "cool rest-house down the glen," of "Possibilities,"

His place forgets him; other men
  Have bought his ponies, guns, and traps.
  His fortune is the Great Perhaps
And that cool rest-house down the glen,
Whence he shall hear, as spirits may,
  Our mundane revel on the height,
  Shall watch each flashing '*rickshaw*-light.
Sweep on to dinner, dance, and play.

The Cemetery figures again in "An Old Song," as "those grim glades below."

Where heedless of the flying hoof
  And clamour overhead,
Sleep, with the grey-langur for guard
  Our very scornful Dead.

Away off beyond Jakko, the snow-crowned Himalayas tell us of *Kim*. "Far and far in the hills," Kim and his mild old lama and Hurree Babu adventured, the lama always longing for higher and yet higher hills. "Oh, the hills, and the snow upon the hills!" was his yearning cry while the plainsmen tried in vain to keep pace with him as "with steady, driving strokes from the loins, he strode upwards."

On your way about Simla, you must not forget Benmore, once a ball-room, now a Government office, and loved by all long-time residents of Simla for old sake's sake. "The Lover's Litany" is a witness to this affection:

Eyes of blue—the Simla Hills
Silvered with the moonlight hoar;
Pleading of the waltz that thrills,
Dies and echoes round Benmore.
  "Mabel," "Officers," "Good-bye,"
  Glamour, wine, and witchery—
  On my soul's sincerity,
  "Love like ours can never die!"

"The Plea of the Simla Dancers" expresses their plaintive indignation when Benmore was changed from a ball-room into a Government office:

  Too late, alas! the song
  To remedy the wrong;—
The rooms are taken from us, swept and
  garnished for their fate
  But these tear-besprinkled pages
  Shall attest to future ages
That we cried against the crime of it—too
  late, alas! too late!

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And, regarding the dead comrade in "Possibilities," we read,

> Benmore shall woo him to the ball
> With lighted rooms and braying band;
> And he shall hear and understand
> "Dream Faces" better than us all.

Miss Hollis of the quiet grey eyes, suddenly released from the spell of "The Bisara of Pooree" (*Plain Tales from the Hills*), learned at Benmore her terrible mistake and withdrew from her engagement to Pack. Benmore was still a ballroom when Strickland ("Miss Youghal's Sais") used to wait outside for Miss Youghal:

> Strickland's account of the agony he endured on wet nights, hearing the music and seeing the lights in "Benmore," with his toes tingling for a waltz and his head in a horse-blanket, is rather amusing.

On the road leading round Elysium Hill, Heatherlegh, "Simla's best and kindest doctor," first met Jack Pansay, who was talking to the invisible occupant of the Phantom 'Rickshaw, and down below the Ridge on which the English church stands, on the Blessington Lower Road, Agnes saved the lives of Pansay and the Doctor.

Climbing steeply downward below Jakko, you come to the Lower Bazaar, the Simla home of Mahbub Ali (*Kim*),

> the crowded rabbit-warren that climbs up from the valley to the Town Hall at an angle of forty-five. A man who knows his way there can defy all the police of India's summer capital, so cunningly does veranda communicate with veranda, alley-way with alley-way, and bolt-hole with bolt-hole. Here live those who minister to the wants of the city—jhampanis who pull the pretty ladies' 'rickshaws by night and gamble till the dawn, grocers, oil-sellers, curio-venders, fire-wood dealers, priests, pickpockets, and native employees of the Government; here are discussed by courtesans all the things which are supposed to be profoundest secrets of the India Council; and here gather all the sub-sub-agents of half the native States.

IV

Leaving Simla, and making your way down to the Plains, you again meet with memories of Kim at Lucknow, where Kim went "up to the Gates of Learning." Lucknow is the scene of the famous siege in the Mutiny, of which the ruined Residency, battered and torn, with the "banner of England" always flying from "the topmost roof," is a pathetic monument. The city, once the capital of Oude, is comparatively modern, with wide, beautiful parks scattered here and there and great buildings, richly ornamented—a city of kings, all green and white and gold. In the old days, the gates of the public parks were set with jewels, and one of the streets was paved with silver. The Great Imambara, in which stood the silver throne, bears witness to the magnificence of the Kings of Oude. The Great Imambara, built for a shrine in which to celebrate the Mahorum, the famous Mohammedan New Year's festival, is a most imposing structure, with vast halls of tesselated marble surrounding an open court. Another building, specially noticeable, is the Chutter Munzil, once the king's harem, now used as a Club House and Public Library, whose great domes look like golden umbrellas.

The native bazaars of Lucknow are thoroughly old-world and Oriental. The hot, narrow streets reek with the indescribable odour of native India, an oppressive but not altogether disagreeable combination of cheap tobacco, rancid butter, garlic, onions, currie powder, and cocoanut oil with roses, jasmine, spices, and musk. The shop-keepers lounge lazily amid their wares piled up on the floor of their little box-like stalls, and the gaunt pariah dogs sniff here and there in their occupation of city scavengers. A drive through Lucknow, seeing what Kim saw from his ticca-gharri, and we heartily endorse Kim's words, "a fair city—a beautiful city!"

> There is no city—except Bombay, the queen of all—more beautiful in her garish

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style than Lucknow, whether you see her from the bridge over the river, or the top of the Imambara, looking down on the gilt umbrellas of the Chutter Munzil, and the trees in which the town is bedded. Kings have adorned her with fantastic buildings, endowed her with charities, crammed her with pensioners, and drenched her with blood. She is the centre of all idleness, intrigue, and luxury, and shares with Delhi the claim to talk the only pure Urdu.

Travelling northward, still in the footsteps of Kim, you must stop at Lahore, for Lahore, the capital of the Punjaub, was Kim's home and is also the "City of Dreadful Night." This old walled city with its thirteen massive gates has been of great importance since the early days of Hinduism and flourished magnificently during the reign of the Grand Moghuls. It is now the centre of art and learning of the Punjaub; the Punjaub University is there and the Central Museum and School of Art. Among the modern residences and public buildings, and the clanging tram-cars of present-day civilisation, you find the ruins of ancient palaces and Hindu temples built before the Christian era; and splendid specimens of Saracenic architecture dating from the time of Akbar and of Jehangir. One of these buildings, now used as a church, was the tomb of Anarkali, a beautiful slave girl, who was buried alive by the emperor Akbar on the slight suspicion that she had been unfaithful to him with his son Jehangir, who afterward erected the tomb. Zam-Zammeh, the great gun which stands near the Art Museum, is one of the most interesting relics of those days of Mohammedan conquest, four hundred years ago. Lahore is a military command and the railroad station is built so that it may be used as a fort if need be.

Our first glimpse of Kim is playing king-of-the-castle atop of the gun Zam-Zammeh, that "fire-breathing dragon," the great green-bronze piece "which is always first of the conqueror's loot." Here he meets the lama, and here begins their pilgrimage. Close by, in the Art Museum, the lama and the curator of the museum, the original of whom is supposed to be Mr. Lockwood Kipling, Rudyard Kipling's father, discussed the wonders and beauties of the Buddhist religion, and Kim lay with his ear to the door to learn the mission of the lama. Near the outskirts of the city is the Mosque of Wazir Khan from whose tall minar the restless observer gazed out over Lahore City on a stifling August night.

Doré might have drawn it! Zola could describe it—this spectacle of sleeping thousands in the moonlight and in the shadow of the Moon. The roof-tops are crammed with men, women, and children; and the air is full of undistinguishable noises. They are restless in the City of Dreadful Night; and small wonder. The marvel is that they can even breathe. If you gaze intently at the multitude, you can see that they are almost as uneasy as a daylight crowd; but the tumult is subdued. Everywhere, in the strong light, you can watch the sleepers turning to and fro; shifting their beds and again resettling them. In the pit-like courtyards of the houses there is the same movement.

The pitiless Moon shows it all.

The bazaars of Lahore are much like those of Lucknow. It was in the Motee Bazaar that the good-natured, low-caste vegetable seller gave Kim his first meal for the lama. Far out near the railway station is the Kashmir Serai, the scene of Kim's first move in the Great Game, when Mahbub Ali bade him carry to Umballa "the pedigree of the white stallion." The Kashmir Serai is a

huge, open square over against the railway station, surrounded with arched cloisters where the camel and horse caravans put up on their return from Central Asia. Here were all manner of Northern folk, tending tethered ponies and kneeling camels; loading and unloading bales and bundles; drawing water for the evening meal at the creaking well windlasses; piling grass before the

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shrieking, wild-eyed stallions; cuffing the surly caravan dogs; paying off camel drivers; taking on new grooms; swearing, shouting, arguing, and chaffering in the packed square. The cloisters, reached by three or four masonry steps, made a haven of refuge around this turbulent sea. Most of them were rented to traders, as we rent the arches of a viaduct; the space between pillar and pillar being bricked or boarded off into rooms, which were guarded by heavy wooden doors and cumbrous native padlocks.

If, like Kim and the lama, you take a night train from Lahore, you come to "the fort-like railway station, black in the end of night," and see what Kim and the lama saw, "the electrics sizzling over the goodsyard where day and night they handle the heavy northern traffic," and the

gigantic stone hall paved, it seemed, with the sheeted dead—third-class passengers who had taken their tickets overnight and were sleeping in the waiting-rooms. All hours of the twenty-four are alike to Orientals, and their passenger traffic is regulated accordingly.

then, when the train roars in, the sleepers springing to life,

and the station filled with clamour and shoutings, cries of water and sweetmeat venders, shouts of native policemen, and shrill yells of women gathering up their baskets, their families, and their husbands.

• • •

Part II of Dr. Munson's series on Kipling's "India" will deal with the Borderland and the Desert. It will go over the roads travelled by the Man who Would be King, and his Companion, tell of the plain where Wee Willie Winkie rode to the rescue; of the battleground where the little drummer boys, Lew and Jakin, died while playing "The British Grenadiers," and where, inspired by their heroic death, the regiment came back to the charge to find that an Afghan attacked is far less dangerous than an Afghan attacking. It will tell also of the country of "The Strange Ride of Morrowbee Jukes," and of the scenes of "The Naulahka."

THE AMERICAN NOVEL IN GERMANY

BY GRACE ISABEL COLBRON

For some years past we have been concerning ourselves eagerly, and with a certain amount of sensitiveness, with the reception given by the English public to our American literary endeavours, be it as novel or as play. It might prove interesting to go still further afield, and ask how our national literature fares at the bar of public opinion in countries where we have to overcome not only a difference in gods, but the greater obstacle of an alien tongue. When we present our wares to the criticism of another nation in the disguise of a translation, then comes the test of how much bears the universal appeal of true art, and of how much is sufficiently national to be instructive and enlightening, to bridge the gulfs of racial misunderstanding. By such a test we sieve out the residue of what, at home, appeals only to the fad of the moment and means nothing else. Therefore, the question as to how our American "best sellers" of this and yesteryear fare in Germany might prove not only interesting but instructive as well.

There are several points of view from which the investigation must be made. We must find out how the books which

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are favourites with American readers have met the approval of the German public when presented to them in the original English; and in what measure they have been best sellers when published in the German translation. Were we dealing with foreign books in America the first proposition would be a negligible quantity. For the English-speaking portion of our population read but few books in any foreign tongue. In Germany, however, the situation is a different one. With the oftentimes pedantic, but as a rule very useful, thoroughness for which that nation is famed, the Germans realise that the fiction of any language presents the most valuable method of learning it, at least for everyday use. They are active readers of fiction in the original English and also quite active buyers of it. They do not import foreign publications, particularly not American books of fiction, to any great extent. Our publishers have so little export trade to Germany that it hardly counts in the sum of their production. The German English-reading public is served mainly through the medium of the Tauchnitz edition, and the records of that enterprising firm furnish a reliable guide as to popular taste in Germany when it calls for fiction written in English.

That we Americans are comparative newcomers in the field is shown by the fact that four hundred and twenty-two English novelists are recorded on the Tauchnitz lists to sixty-seven Americans. But it is characteristic of a coming change that the proportion of American books is larger in the newest catalogues. In the Tauchnitz list—as well as in the lists of translations with which we shall have to do later—Bret Harte reigns supreme. "When in doubt play Bret Harte, with Mark Twain as second choice" would be the advice of one who knows the field to a publisher desiring to issue works of American fiction in Germany, either in the original or in a translation. Bret Harte and Mark Twain, with the Californian somewhat in the lead, are still "best sellers" in Germany to-day in any form. Tauchnitz reflects this in a list of forty volumes from the pen of Bret Harte, some of them having gone through several editions.

Next comes Mark Twain with twenty-five volumes, taking in the very latest books, including the "Essays" on Christian Science, and on Shakespeare. American humour of to-day and to-morrow is slow in making its way into Germany, but Mark Twain is always popular. There is no doubt that Mr. Clemens's residence of a season or two in Berlin, some fifteen or twenty years back, stimulated renewed interest in his books. His white hair and genial manner made him a conspicuous and favourite personality in literary and social circles. He became so much of a privileged character that he could say whatever he wished to about the German language without offending his many friends to whom that tongue is native. While there is little difference in popularity among the various works of Bret Harte, *Huckleberry Finn* and *Tom Sawyer* outdistance all the other Twain books as general favourites.

Louisa Alcott and Thomas Bailey Aldrich hold their own well, *Little Women* and *Marjorie Daw* being good sellers in the Tauchnitz edition. Marion Crawford and W. D. Howells have scored a success of esteem with the few works by which they are represented. But the experiment of introducing Mr. Howells in the original English to the German public has evidently not warranted any continuance of it since 1905. Ambrose Bierce is represented by one volume only, but Henry James has received more generous treatment. Gertrude Atherton leads among American women writers, as the Tauchnitz edition has published eighteen of her books. But no one of them has had the widespread popularity attained by *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. The only serious rival to Mrs. Burnett's book has appeared in the last year or so in the person of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Kate Douglas Wiggin's charming heroine is rapidly winning the hearts of German readers

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both in the original English and in the translation.

Lafcadio Hearn has won serious attention and a fair measure of popular favour as well in Germany. Richard Harding Davis scores with *Gallagher,* both in the Tauchnitz sales and in German translations. The Williamsons are a new acquaintance for Tauchnitz readers. *My Friend the Chauffeur* appears to be the favourite. The late Frank Norris is represented by *The Octopus* and *The Pit,* while Jack London, much discussed, praised or reviled, appears with most of his later works in Tauchnitz. Another writer of yesterday, Richard Henry Savage, made for himself a good position in German favour and has a record of sixteen volumes in Tauchnitz. Edith Wharton is represented only by the *House of Mirth* and *The Fruit of the Tree,* and has not as yet been translated into German.

The popularity of a book in the Tauchnitz edition has a strong influence on its possible appearance, and also on its success, in a translation. When we come to consider the popularity, or lack of it, won by the German versions of American novels, we find some amusing contradictions. But they are contradictions under which German authors have to suffer also. There is a distinct and apparently unbridgeable gulf between what is considered "literature" in Germany and what is merely popular fiction. The line has not been drawn so definitely here and often a work of the latter class, through its great popularity, will command the attention of the literary critic. But the German species of the Genus critic is inexorable. The same literary journals which come out strong in praise of our classics, which give full meed of praise to Emerson, Hawthorne, Poe—which even to-day will print columns of serious discussion concerning Thoreau's *Walden*—these same journals turn with cold scorn from our newer writers. Until a few years ago American literature, in its modern form, began and ended with Bret Harte and Mark Twain as far as they were concerned. A short decade ago the writer of this article made a timid attempt to awaken some interest in the Berlin press and public for some of our newer writers. The attempt took the form of newspaper articles on Frank Norris, Gertrude Atherton and Hamlin Garland, just to mention a few. A translation by the writer of one of Mr. Garland's Middle West stories was published in a leading daily, and a native translator of ability, Mrs. Lise Landau, wife of the editor of the *Börsen-Courier,* was inspired to make a German version of Mrs. Atherton's *Senator North.* But the effort was exerted several years too early. It would be much easier to do the same thing now. German literary criticism is slowly awakening to the fact that a number of newer American writers have already become popular with German readers in translation as well as in the original. The greater part of them have made their way through the medium of the various "Collections," published by a number of firms. These low-priced, paper-covered books, be they modern fiction or classics, are far and away the heaviest sellers in Germany. The little pink books of the "Reclam Universal Library" are known all over the world and their catalogue is a good list of the best modern and classical literature of all countries. The Kürschner and Hendel collections are a trifle more expensive and somewhat larger in form, but still come under the head of popular low-price editions. The Engelhorn Library makes a specialty of modern fiction. The American "best seller" works of fiction are sold to such a large extent through the medium of these Libraries that the few books published separately by other firms cannot compare in numbers or results with them. But there are a number of American writers who have proved sufficiently popular in Germany to induce publishers to issue some of their works in a more expensive form.

Chief among these, as well as in the popular Libraries, we find again Bret Harte. Thirteen of his works have been

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translated into German and some of them are in each of the collections, notably the *Argonauts* and several volumes of short stories. For, incidentally, it may be remarked that German readers like volumes of short stories and the German publishers are not afraid to issue them. There are seven or eight of the Bret Harte books published in more expensive editions, and even the Engelhorn Library, purporting to deal only in the very newest fiction, has published six or seven volumes of Bret Harte. Mark Twain, represented mainly by *Huckleberry Finn* and *Tom Sawyer,* can be found in the Reclam, Kürschner and Hendel collections, although the Engelhorn library omits them. But Mark Twain is as well represented as Bret Harte in higher priced volumes by leading publishers. *My Official Wife,* by Richard Henry Savage, made a striking hit some years ago and still sells well in the cheaper editions.

Little Lord Fauntleroy, under his German name of *Der kleine Lord,* succeeded in various styles of publication and is still a standby in the cheaper editions, being in great demand as a Christmas gift book. For the latter purpose, however, as well as in general popularity, *Rebekka vom Sonnenbachhof* (which is *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* in her German dress) is running *Little Lord Fauntleroy* a close second, is in fact leading in the list of sales for the last year. The German public has taken these two classics of childhood to its heart with equal affection. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *Ben Hur* still find favour in the cheaper editions, in form for use in schools, and as Christmas gift books at a low price. The Lew Wallace book has been gaining recently on its older rival. *Gallagher* has been well liked in its German garb, and of books of a more recent date we find *My Friend the Chauffeur,* by the Williamsons, and *In the Bishop's Carriage,* by Miriam Nicholson, praised and recommended. Herman Knickerbocker Vielé, Anne Warner, and J. L. Vance are represented with one work each in translation in the Engelhorn Library. This same collection in its latest announcements promises more of Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin's books and also a German version of *Dawn O'Hara* by Edna Ferber. Lafcadio Hearn has been translated, and the seven or eight of his works which have appeared in the German version have received much attention. Marion Crawford is represented largely by *The Primadonna,* and there is no trace of any translation of a Gertrude Atherton book except the abovementioned *Senator North.* Edith Wharton is as yet unknown to that portion of the German public which does not read English, and O. Henry is an undiscovered country. But Jack London is being much discussed just at present. The interest taken in his work by the well-known German novelist, essayist, lecturer—(and ever so many more things)—Ernst von Wolzogen, has aroused public attention. Tauchnitz has published all the later works, and three volumes, *The Call of the Wild, The Sea Wolf,* and *Sons of the Wolf,* have appeared in German translations. Opinions are divided, but *The Call of the Wild* (*Wenn die Natur Ruft* is its German title) seems to find favour apart from the discussion concerning Mr. London's latest books. The late Friedrich Spielhagen, called the Father of the modern German novel, was much interested in newer American fiction. He contributed something to its popularity by his own charming translation (under the title of *Daphne*) of Julien Gordon's *A Diplomat's Diary.*

There is one form of literary endeavour which figures very largely in the lists of German publishers, both in higher priced and cheaper editions, to which America has as yet contributed very little, although there are signs that the turn of the tide has come. This is the printed play. Germany reads plays—yes, really!—reads them with eagerness and buys the books almost as much as it buys novels. When American publishers and American writers begin to trust the American public in this respect, they may begin to figure as largely in the lists

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of published dramatic works as they do now in the lists of novels. At present the Reclam Library, the largest collection of printed plays in low-priced books, has just three American works on its list. *Two Men of Sandy Bar,* by Bret Harte; *Miss Hobbs* and *The Stranger,* by Jerome K. Jerome, are the lone sentinels. Which reminds us that we have not mentioned the fact that Mr. Jerome's *Three Men in a Boat* is a large seller in Germany both in the English and German version. The general reading public in Germany seems to be as little influenced by the dictum of the literary critic as it is anywhere else. But credit is due to the work of several German journalists living in America who, for a number of years now, have been writing sympathetic criticisms of newer American literature to German magazines and newspapers and have helped much to bring about a better understanding of what we are doing here. The late Udo Brachvogel, and Mrs. Amelia von Ende have done much in this respect. There has always been, however, a respectful and serious consideration given to non-fiction literature in Germany, from whatever nation it may come. Some of our own good sellers have been much read there. As this article is pledged to deal largely with works of fiction there will be no lingering on the other kind. Just to mention one case, however, it is perhaps somewhat characteristic of two of our Presidents, that, both in the English original and in German translation, Theodore Roosevelt is represented by *Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter,* but Woodrow Wilson is best known through his book, *The New Freedom.*

GLIMPSES OF THE MOTHER LODE

BY ROBERT FULTON

In the summer of nineteen hundred and twelve a mining venture led the writer into the heart of the Sierras where Bret Harte and Mark Twain made common ground so many years ago. There lies the Mother Lode, the scene of the greatest activity and excitement in the "days of '49," to-day unknown to the tourist and forgotten by the newspapers. The way lay across the hot valley of the San Joaquin and through the rolling foothills,

Green where the pines fade sullenly away.

A picturesque railroad swings across the plains and through the canyons, forking at "Jimtown" to reach Sonora on the south and Angels Camp on the north. Table Mountain was crossed just as evening fell and the descent to the Stanislaus began. The forest grew denser and soon twilight came, although the mountain tops were still in sunshine. At Melones there was a highland welcome, and after a night in the heart of the old mining region, morning came with its views of famous mining camps on every hand. It was not difficult to imagine the adventurous multitude that invaded these solitudes two generations ago, almost in a night changing the primeval wilderness into a scene of unparalleled industry and enterprise. They were a strange and motley crew, but they had blood and brains and grit. All the conditions were new, the home ties loosened, the conventionalities broken up. The scholar rubbed shoulders with the labourer and so near to nature were they that each took the other at his true value, regardless of antecedents.

Among the throng that visited the early camps there was, perhaps, no one who viewed the activities with keener eye than Bret Harte. In his story entitled "How I Went to the Mines," he gives a vivid account of his early experi-

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SANDY BAR, 1913

ences and in his introduction to his works he says:

> The faith, courage, vigour, youth and capacity for adventure necessary for this emigration produced a body of men as strongly distinctive as were the company of Jason.

And in his introduction to Volume II:

> I was thrown among the strangest social conditions that the latter-day world has, perhaps, seen. The setting itself was heroic. The great mountains of the Sierra Nevada lifted majestic, snowcapped peaks against a sky of purest blue. Magnificent pine forests of trees which were themselves enormous, gave to the landscape a sense of largeness and greatness. It was a land of rugged canyons, sharp declivities and magnificent distances. Amid rushing waters and wildwood freedom an army of strong men in red shirts and top boots were feverishly in search of the buried gold of earth.

It is a mark of his genius that this homesick youth should have been able, in such a brief space of time and under such conditions, to absorb so much of the life of the times and of the spirit of the Argonauts. Certainly no man ever before stumbled upon an unworked mine so large and so rich. Calaveras had all the characteristics of pioneer times—plus. In the first place it had the richest ground in all the mountains and in the next it lay almost directly opposite the Golden Gate through which the tide of immigration surged. Men swarmed in from every corner of the globe, and they possessed all the adventurer's traits, good and bad. If any member of this red-shirted army had prophesied that in the ranks were those who, in after years, would sit in the seats of the mighty and others who would reach high social distinction, his words would have fallen lightly. Yet members of "The Society upon the Stanislaus" did become eminent as statesmen, as philanthropists and as men of wealth and power, as well as authors and poets.

The central point from which to contemplate the Mother Lode is the mining town of Melones, adjoining Robinson's Ferry, an ancient landmark, now replaced by a handsome concrete bridge across the Stanislaus. There, within a radius of a dozen miles, lie Sonora, Table Mountain, Jimtown, Roaring Camp, Sandy Bar, Columbia, Tuttletown, Angels Camp and other places made familiar in the writings of Twain

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TUOLUMNE, CALIFORNIA

and Harte. The writer's errand was not so absorbing as to obscure liking for their books, and no devotee of Wordsworth ever toured the English Lakes with more zeal than he climbed up and down the hills where the two young men gathered so much rich material in the days of their apprenticeship. At that success was only partial. The most earnest efforts failed to find the little country school taught by Bret Harte. He may have disguised it as "Smith's Pocket," the home of M'liss and her father. Harte could hardly qualify as Mr. Twing, who gave up his duties in the circus in order to become assistant to the pretty teacher of the Pine Clearing school, where the Pike County boys were in mutiny, nor as Mr. Ford of Cressy's band of assorted lovers.

An old railroad folder advertised Coppertown, now Copperopolis, as the scene of his pedagogical labours. There is a tradition that he taught at Tuttletown and it is said that he clerked in a store, kept by an uncle. The old stone building still stands beside the village street adjoining the residence occupied by the man who built and owned the store as long as it was used for that purpose. Following this clue led to the discovery of the oldest inhabitant in the person of Mrs. Swerrer, the widow of the storekeeper who has lived since 1857 upon the premises. She insists that Bret Harte never taught school in Tuttletown, never clerked in the store and never spent an hour in that village. Steve Gillis, another pioneer, substantiates her statements. He thinks that Harte taught one summer in the northern part of Calaveras, somewhere above Angels and crossed the Stanislaus for the first time when he came to take the stage on leaving the mountains.

Another account is that Harte walked from the valley to Sonora and opened a school. It is easy to see how confusion might arise over the comings and goings of young men like these, in a strange country where their stay was short. Even in an old settled community it would be difficult to trace any certain newspaper writer or a school teacher with the wandering foot.

Harte's writings are no great aid. Much of their geography is obscure. Dow's Flat seems to be mythical, and the same is true of Red Gulch, Monte Flat and Madrona Hollow. Peppermint Creek tumbles down the eastern slope of Table Mountain, but the name

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did not lend itself to literature, so it went into the discard along with Hog Mountain, Dogtown, Rawhide, Mormon Creek and Hell Hollow, all within hail. Roaring Camp stretched along the Stanislaus for a couple of miles above Robinson's Ferry, but has disappeared entirely. Poker Flat, where Harte sent the party that froze to death in the snow storm, lies among the orange groves ten miles below Robinson's Ferry and is now known as O'Byrne's Ferry. Bostwick Bar lies half way between the two. Simpson's Bar was over the ridge on the Tuolumne, Sandy Bar was on the Stanislaus three miles below Robinsons. Both have vanished. No road, no house, no sign of life appears. The bed of every stream was crowded with "Bars," many of them very rich in gold. As they were dug over or as floods drove by, they were swept away or torn to pieces. They had all sorts of names, which were frequently

OLD STORE AT TUTTLETOWN, WHERE BRET HARTE DID NOT SELL GOODS

changed. Sandy Bar, for reasons which can be imagined, was known as "Deadman's Bar" after the night "When the Waters were up at Jule's," and others lost their titles upon slight occasion.

Columbia was at one time the third largest town in California, and was talked of for the State capitol. It was the centre of a very rich gold region with over twelve thousand inhabitants. It now has about three hundred, with marble quarries as its leading industry. In a pamphlet written by Henry Wood, a forty-niner, the author says,

> Columbia was the prettiest camp I have seen in the mountains. Groves of pine trees all around the place and at night camp fires scattered everywhere, the miners resting after the day's work (that is the steady portion) in groups of five or six, telling over their trials and hardships either coming around the Horn or across the plains, while in the business portion of the town the great excitement seemed to centre around the gambling tables. The large blue tent was the attraction and Chris Lillie, the prize fighter, could be seen dealing faro or monte with all the grace of a professional.

There was a Poverty Flat in Calaveras County, between Moquolumne Hill and San Andreas, and it was there no doubt that the Lily

> Went down the middle with the man that shot Sandy McGee.

Fiddletown, Fideletown in the revised version, is in Amador. Angels Camp is on the map with good mines right under the town, machine works, prosperous homes and the usual proportion of saloons. It was in one of the latter that Ben Coon gave Mark Twain the story of the Jumping Frog. It had been told before in State papers by Sam Seabough, but it attracted little attention until Mark sent it East. The Camp was next heard from when a human skull was found nicely imbedded in the gold-bearing gravel a hundred and forty feet beneath the surface. "The Calaveras

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BRET HARTE'S HIGH SCHOOL AT ANGEL'S CAMP

Skull" proved a veritable bone of contention to the scientific schools. If it had been proven that it was deposited with the geologic drift all the established theories as to the age of man upon the earth would have been upset. The dispute waxed furious and learned men were sadly puzzled. Not so the poet, however. To him all was clear, and he closed his "Address to the Pliocene Skull" with these words spoken by the skull itself:

Which my name is Bowers and my crust was busted
Falling down a shaft in Calaveras County;
But I'd take it kindly if you'd send the pieces
Home to old Missouri.

Local gossip says the skull was planted to discredit Dr. J. D. Whitney, the State Geologist. It seems that he had made enemies by interfering with the plans of some resident financiers who were floating wild cat stocks. The skull was stolen from the office of Dr. Kelly, a physician of Angels, and carried to the spot where it was found by Ben Coon and a miner named Scribner. Dr. Whitney escaped the trap by classifying the gravel in which it lay, but not the skull. All students now agree that the Calaveras skull could not have belonged to a tertiary man and it never would have attracted much attention but for the fact that two immense teeth, half a foot across, had been found in the gravel on Texas Flat shortly before, thus connecting the gravel beds with prehistoric life, in the popular mind. The skull is now in the Peabody Museum.

Sonora is very real and entirely modern. It is the county seat of Tuolumne and has been famed from the first for its beauty of situation, handsome homes and shady streets. It was settled very early in the history of the State, almost entirely by Mexicans, who claimed that they dug gold there before Marshall went to Coloma to find it.

Table Mountain is a remarkable feature of the landscape, a thin ridge running south from Columbia for a dozen miles. It was thrown up, or rather thrown down, when the river system was entirely different from the present one. Its flat top is accounted for by the theory that a stream of molten lava flowed along the bed of an ancient river and as it cooled, the floods were turned aside and ages of storm and earthquake, wind and frost wore down the country on either side, leaving this big black mass five hundred feet high above the surrounding hills. The gravel in the old channel beneath has been mined out by means of tunnels, shafts and drifts, with rich returns.

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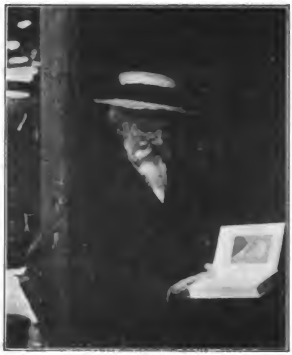

STEVE GILLIS, OF JACKASS HILL, IN 1912. PISTOL IN THE PICTURE IS ONE CARRIED BY MARK TWAIN IN THE MINES

To see that classic centre as it is today the writer made a trip to the top of Jackass Hill, upon the invitation of young Mr. Gillis, of the family that gave us William, the friend of Bret Harte, Steve, the friend of Mark Twain, and Truthful James, the friend of both. The Hill rises directly from the south bank of the Stanislaus on the Tuolumne County side, with Carson Hill opposite in Calaveras. Both are crossed by the Mother Lode and are peppered with gold mines, large and small.

> It was August the third
> And quite soft was the skies

and instead of climbing the slope on foot after the manner of the olden time, the journey was made up a graded road in a rubber-tired runabout behind a fine young thoroughbred raised on the range. The crest of the hill commands a fine view, ridge after ridge toward the valley and snowy fields on the East. A few groves of fine oaks and an occasional pine remain of once abundant forests. William Gillis was found on a well-tilled fruit ranche which he has dug out of the chapparal, and Steve a mile north of him giving all his attention to his pocket mine, which had broken into a rich deposit. They are a jolly pair. The writer knew them in Nevada, and while they are older now, the years sit lightly upon them and they did not take the visit seriously.

Both were in the old Virginia City crowd which boasted Mark Twain, Artemus Ward, Joe Goodman, and Daggett. Steve was the youngest of all, but was the leader in most of their pranks. Among his other offences he pleads guilty to writing his share of the duets which he and Mark sang lustily, standing before a mirror swinging their arms and stamping their feet, when all the neighbours wanted to sleep. In the ensuing talk, Steve said, "I thought the world of Mark Twain and we were the best of friends, but I did not bring him luck. I was always mixed up with the wrong side when he had any trouble. I was his second in Virginia City when he challenged Laird, and though they did not fight we had to leave Nevada in a hurry to avoid the stringent laws against duelling adopted as a sequence to the Broderick-Terry duel. We reached San Francisco all right, but had not been there long when I butted into a bar-room fight on the weaker side. The bruisers were favourites with the police, so I was arrested. Mark put up a bond for my appearance, and I did not go to jail, but I jumped my bail and returned to Virginia City. Jim was in town and took Mark to Calaveras with him, and thus it happened that Mark found Jackass Hill. Then it was I who fixed up the job to rob Mark after his lecture at Gold Hill, Nevada. I supposed that one who joked as much as he did could take a joke, but when he found that the whole thing was a hoax he got very angry. He finally forgave the others, but swore he never would forgive me, and he discharged Dennis McCarthy, who had been his agent up to that time. A few years ago he sent me a complete set of his works as a token of forgiveness.

"Mark got many a tale during his four months' stay at our camp. Jim had

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MRS. CARRINGTON'S CABIN. SHOWN TO STRANGERS AS MARK TWAIN'S

a great talent for fiction and 'The Jaybird and the Acorn,' 'Dick Baker's Cat,' 'The Burning Shame,' and still others were his. Dick Stoker, who lived in the cabin with Mark and Jim, made his second appearance as 'Dick Baker' in *Roughing It,* and Ruef Williams, a neighbour, was 'Scotty,' who so ably managed 'Buck Fanshaw's Funeral.'"

Albert Bigelow Paine visited Steve in 1907 and took the following message to his old friend: "Tell Sam that I'm going to die pretty soon, but that I love him; that I've loved him all my life and I'll love him till I die. This is the last word I'll ever send to him." This deeply touching expression must have brought vividly to the minds of these two friends, now old and grey, days spent together in their young manhood and the changing times in which they lived so long. Fickle fortune enabled Steve to throw off his ailments and was alive and well in the month of May, of the year 1913, years after Mark Twain was borne to his grave.

The Gillis boys were born in Mississippi. James N., the "Truthful James" of Bret Harte's books, and "the Sage of Jackass Hill" to Mark Twain, reached San Francisco the day before Christmas, 1849. and lived among the mines until his death in Sonora in 1907. His education was above the average and his natural talents, literary taste and abundant sense of humour would have made him a name if he had devoted his life to letters. In his biography of Mark Twain, Albert Bigelow Paine says that one day, long after he left the mountains, "Mark fell to talking of Jim Gillis, dwelling particularly on his astonishing faculty for improvising romances in endless grotesque yarns, with no guide but his own fancy."

Jim was, in fact, the typical pioneer; free of speech, easy in manner and generous to a fault. His door was always open and when Bret Harte was passing by on his way to the Coast Jim invited him to spend the night. He was half sick and said he had no money, but Jim insisted and he stayed for several days. When he took his departure the big-hearted forty-niner pulled a twenty dollar gold piece out of his pocket and handed it to him saying, "Take this and pay it back when you can." In later years nothing angered Jim so much as to be dubbed "Truthful James." He insisted that J. W. E. Townsend, a roving newspaper man, who, by the way, deserves a chapter to himself, was the man Harte had in mind. Speaking of those happy weeks, Mark Twain, in *Roughing It,* says:

We lived in a small cabin on a verdant hillside, and there were not five other cabins

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in view over the wide expanse of hill and forest. Yet a flourishing city of two or three thousand population had occupied this grassy solitude during the flush times, and where our cabin stood had once been the heart of the teeming hive, the centre of the city.

The cabin was of rough boards and battens set on end. It was broken down many winters ago, though it is still

A GROUP TAKEN IN 1864. MARK TWAIN IS IN THE CENTRE. ON THE LEFT IS A. J. SIMMONS, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE, NEVADA LEGISLATURE. ON THE RIGHT, WILLIAM H. CLAGGETT, LATER UNITED STATES CONGRESSMAN FROM MONTANA

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J. W. MACKAY U. S. GRANT, JR. GENERAL GRANT GOV. J. H. KINKEAD
MRS. M. G. GILLETTE MRS. U. S. GRANT MRS. J. G. FAIR COL. J. G. FAIR
YANADA
GENERAL GRANT AND PARTY AFTER COMING OUT OF THE BONANZA MINES

sought after by relic hunters. Steve Gillis recently encountered one such with a scantling upon his shoulder which he insisted came from the old cabin and would not be convinced to the contrary, though it was in reality from Mrs. Carrington's ruined home. He closed the conversation with the remark, "Nobody will know the difference. I'll cut it up into toothpicks and sell them for two bits apiece."

Steve and William Gillis came to San Francisco in 1852, and when the mines were discovered in Nevada both went there to work at their trade as printers. For a long time William was foreman on the *Territorial Enterprise* job office. Steve was equally at home in the editorial room, the composing room or at the case. His long years on morning newspapers confirmed his habit of late rising, and to this day he writes or reads until two o'clock in the morning, when he goes to bed and no one sees him again before eleven.

Without any pretence at wisdom Mark Twain and Bret Harte put a great deal that is of permanent value into their books, and the discriminating reader may get from them as correct an idea of a country and its people, of its scenery and its history as he would from the study of much more pretentious literature. In his preface to *Roughing It* Mark said:

> Yes, take it all around there is quite a good deal of information in the book. I regret this very much, but really it could not be helped: information seems to stew out of me naturally, like the precious ottar of roses out of the Otter.

Harte claimed that in only one instance did he draw upon his imagination for a character. However that may be, he certainly put a good deal of impossible geography before his readers. He seemed to regard the names of county seats and mining camps as of no more importance than the names he gave to the gamblers and prospectors who adorned his pages. So long as the characters were true to life and the scenery fitted to their adventures, nothing more was desired. In this he differed from Mark Twain, who drew his geography much more carefully.

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DISCORD IN THE DRAMA

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

It is seldom that we receive from a theatrical performance an impression that satisfies our sense of harmony. The elements that go into the making of an acted play are so many and so diverse that it is very difficult to blend them all into a composition that shall be free from any discord. The function of the stage-director has often been compared with that of the leader of an orchestra; but this comparison makes no record of the fact that it is immeasurably more difficult to produce a play than to conduct a symphony. What would the public think of the performance of a symphony if twenty of the instruments were out of tune, if half a dozen of the violinists played in different keys at once, and if a dozen of the other musicians paid no attention to the tempo of the leader? Harsh words would undoubtedly be spoken; and the conductor would be permitted to resign. Yet an impression that is precisely analogous to this is produced by more than half of the performances in the leading theatres of New York. Why is it that the public tolerates this arrant lack of harmony? One reason is that the majority of theatre-goers never notice it; and another, and a better reason, is that the minority of theatre-goers may probably suspect how very, very difficult—in the present state of the theatre in America—is the task with which the stage-director is confronted.

Suppose, for the sake of illustration, that a certain play be perfectly constructed and perfectly written. In that case, the final work of art has, at the most, been only half completed. Next, the piece must be perfectly cast: that is to say, a group of actors must be tactfully selected, each of whom is not only capable of playing his own part in conformity with the author's intention but is also able to assist all the other actors to achieve the best possible effect with the parts that are allotted to them. The members of the company must not only act well, as individuals, but they must also act together, as contributors to a collaborative work of art. A single performance that is out of key may disrupt the harmony of the entire composition. But, supposing that this perfect play be perfectly cast and perfectly acted, it may still fail of its effect unless it be perfectly staged. A red curtain hanging behind a pink evening gown, a misdirected spot-light that casts emphasis upon an insignificant detail, some minor incongruity of furniture, or any of a myriad other trivial details may introduce a discord that will utterly disrupt the illusion of the play.

It would be impossible to deny that the average performance in New York is less harmonious than the average performance in London or Paris or Berlin. The main reason, of course, is that the American theatre is conducted with a less sincere regard for art than the theatres of the foremost European nations. But another reason should be mentioned also, in justice to the half dozen American stage-directors who really care for art and try their best to call it into being. This reason is that our stage is more cosmopolitan than that of any European country. Nine-tenths of all the plays produced in France are set in France, are written by French authors, and are acted by French actors; but only a bare majority of the plays produced in America are written and acted by Americans. Our stage is very hospitable to plays from other lands. Those imported from Great Britain are usually performed for us by British companies; but all other European plays must be translated and must be played by native actors who find it very difficult to transform themselves into Frenchmen or Ger-

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"THE NEGLECTED LADY"

"The actors fall to quarrelling in earnest and become more noisy than before. The owner of the building comes down to put them out. As he enters, the husband seizes his wife by the throat and shakes her like a rat."

mans or Norwegians. But not only are our plays selected from a dozen different countries, but our actors, also, are recruited from many different climes. We have upon our stage many American actors who always talk American and many British actors who always talk British; we have a few actors, trained either in America or in Great Britain, who talk the standard language which betrays no locality of origin,—that rarely heard language which is known as English; and we have several foreign actors who speak British or American with a French or German or Russian intonation. From such heterogeneous elements as this it is very difficult to coördinate a harmonious performance.

In the present paper, in which attention is confined to plays produced in New York within a single month, it will be necessary to consider productions that are set in Russia, Spain, Wales, Persia, and Scotland, as well as in America. The Welsh play, having been written by a Welshman and acted by a company of Welsh players, produced a harmonious impression; but into all the other pieces set in foreign lands, innumerable discords were introduced by American actors who were required to attempt the impossible task of stepping off their own shadows.

"THE YELLOW TICKET"

A notable instance of this incongruity is offered in the performance of *The Yellow Ticket*. The action of this melodrama is assigned to Russia; but the piece was written by an American who lives in London. An English gentleman is played by a Scotchman, Mr. David Torrence. One Russian nobleman is played by an American, Mr. John Mason; and his nephew, another Russian nobleman, is played by a British actor educated in France, Mr. Julian L'Estrange. Mr. Emmett Corrigan, speaking American, plays a Russian police official; and Miss Florence Reed, speaking English, plays the Russian Jewish heroine. A secondary female character is represented by Miss Elaine Inescort, who speaks British. Mr. John Barrymore, playing an American newspaper correspondent, is required to speak

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"THE YELLOW TICKET"—ACT III

"The scene is set in the bureau of the 'Okrana,' or Secret Police." A Russian Jewess, who has murdered the Baron Andrey in defence of her virtue, is arraigned before a police official; and an American newspaper correspondent pleads with him to set her free.

lines that were evidently written in London. Here we have a cast of extraordinary competence, for each of these actors is an artist in his line; and yet the result of their concerted efforts is necessarily inharmonious, because they cannot possibly combine their very different styles to produce an impression of Russia, or of any other single country of the habitable globe. Yet these actors are so popular, because of past appearances for which they were properly cast, that the production of *The Yellow Ticket* crowds the theatre every night and is applauded by a public that never notices the many incongruities of the performance.

The play itself is very bad. It starts out with a well-made act that gives promise of an interesting melodrama; but instead of growing better as it goes along, it grows progressively less good, until it peters out in a chaos of absurdity. The second act is borrowed from that well-known passage of *La Tosca* in which Floria murders Scarpia; and this reminiscence of an "old, unhappy, far-off thing" seems less impressive than the first act, in which Mr. Morton was apparently endeavouring to tell a new story in a new way. But the third and last act of this highly successful melodrama is the most incongruous of all. The scene is set in the bureau of the "Okrana," or Secret Police. The presiding officer is Mr. Emmett Corrigan,—an excellent actor, who finds it somewhat difficult to assume the name of Monsieur Zoubatoff. Before him is arraigned Miss Florence Reed—one of the few good actresses in America—who is appearing as a Russian Jewess. In defense of her virtue she has slain Mr. John Mason—that is to say, the Baron Scarpia, called on this occasion the Baron Andrey; and the Baron's nephew, Mr. Julian L'Estrange, who wears the name of Count Nikolai Rostov, would like to have her sent quietly to Siberia. But in comes Mr. John Barrymore, playing an American newspaper correspondent. He would like to marry the murderess; and he therefore threatens to scandalise the world by sending to his paper a detailed account of the circumstances of the Baron's death unless Mr. Corrigan will set the lady free. The Russian police official is staggered by this threat. Thereupon the telephone rings; and we are informed that the American Ambassador

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"YOUNG WISDOM"—ACT III

"The comedy is closed with two marriages which seem eminently satisfactory to the audience, and with a general renunciation, on the part of all of the adventurers, of the half-baked philosophy of youth."

insists that Mr. Barrymore shall have his way. This brings about the happy ending. The Jewess is released, and promises to marry the American gentleman who has taken so much trouble to save her from Siberia.

"MARIA ROSA"

Maria Rosa, which was written by Angel Guimera, the author of *Marta of the Lowlands,* must have been a good play when it was originally acted in the Catalan dialect by a cast of peasant players; but it has suffered many subtractions on its long journey to the public of New York. First of all, it was translated into pure Castilian by Don José Echegaray; and, since an essential point of the play is that only one of the characters can read and write, the dialogue must have sounded less convincing in literary Spanish than in the local dialect of the original. Echegaray's version has now been translated into English by Wallace Gillpatrick and Guido Marburg; and by this process the flavour of Guimera's writing has still further been diluted.

The piece has been incongruously cast. One actor talks British, as a Spanish gypsy; and two actors talk the dialect of New England, as Catalan labourers. Miss Dorothy Donnelly is strenuously American in the part of the heroine; and Miss Maude Odell speaks that jolly language of the music-halls which is difficult to catalogue. The leading rôle is played by M. Lou-Tellegen, a Greek born in Holland, who has hitherto acted only in French. His enunciation of English is admirable, but he intones the language as if it were French. M. Lou-Tellegen has been trained in the traditions of the Théatre Sarah Bernhardt, and he plays this illiterate Catalan labourer precisely as if the part were Ruy Blas. His performance is as absolutely French as Miss Donnelly's performance is American; and neither of these artists is able to suggest the local Catalonian atmosphere that Guimera was trying to evoke.

It is therefore very difficult to estimate the value of this play. What is shown us in the theatre seems utterly unreal; and yet it was apparently the purpose of the dramatist to produce an impression of crude and stark reality. The husband of the heroine has been convicted of a murder, of which she knows him to be innocent, and dies in

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"THE KISS IN THE DARK"

"A girl, in a fit of jealous rage, has flung a bottle of vitriol into the face of her lover, putting out his eyes and horribly disfiguring his face."

prison. She is faithful to his memory; and it is with a sort of moral horror that she gradually finds herself falling in love with his best friend, Ramon. This man submits her to a continual besiegement of the senses and subtly argues away her religious scruples against a second marriage. At last she succumbs to him and marries him. At the wedding-supper Ramon drinks too deeply. The heady wine gets the better of him; and, left alone with his bride, he boasts that it was he who had done the murder and contrived to have his friend convicted, so that he might marry Maria Rosa. The heroine grabs a carving-knife from the table and stabs him dead.

"CHANGE"

The Yellow Ticket never made us feel that we were really in Russia, and *Maria Rosa* never made us feel that we were really in Spain; but *Change* really made us feel that we were in Wales. This play was acted by an imported company of Welsh players; and their performance was by far the most harmonious that has been witnessed on the New York stage for many, many months. The acting of this company was so simple and sincere, so real and true, that many of the newspaper reviewers thought that it was not acting at all and described it as "amateurish." It is rather sad to remark that, in the vocabulary of newspaper reviewers, this charming adjective has lost its original meaning of "loverly."

Change is the first work of a new author, Mr. J. O. Francis. From much of his dialogue it seems safe to predict that his name will not long remain unknown. To this piece was awarded the prize offered by Lord Howard de Walden for the best Welsh play by a Welsh author; and it was well received when it was produced by the Stage Society at the Haymarket Theatre in London. It

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"A HARD MAN"

"Desiring to avoid the scandal of a court-martial, the general hands the prisoner a pistol and tells him to go out and shoot himself." The traitor is his own son.

was not well received in New York. Many of the reviewers complained because the characters, being Welsh, did not seem to be American. "Why should we take any interest in Welsh working-people?" was their remark. Even so, many Americans have recently wondered why the late J. Pierpont Morgan should have taken any interest in Raphael and Rembrandt,—neither of whom ever painted a tired business man.

Another complaint that was registered against this play was—to state it in the clearest terms—that the plot was less important than the characters and the action was less interesting than the dialogue. One might as well complain of Keats, because poetry meant more to him than medicine. Doubtless many an apothecary would look upon the *Ode on a Grecian Urn* as a truant waste of time; but it is not necessary to consider art from the point of view of the apothecary. It is the first principle of criticism that a work of art should be judged in accordance with the intention of the artist. In *Change*, this new writer, Mr. J. O. Francis, has allied himself deliberately with that already well-established school of British realists who set character above plot and dialogue above action. A man is not to be sneered at because he chooses to set to work in accordance with the principles of Stanley Houghton, John Galsworthy, Githa Sowerby, and St. John Ervine, all of whom have written great plays; nor is he to be condemned for his evident unwillingness to insert a scene from Sardou into the fabric of his drama.

What Mr. Francis gave us was a sincere and sympathetic study of a dozen people, each of whom had a mind of his own and all of whom were worth knowing. Their interrelations with each other resulted inevitably in a crisis which, though not objectively theatrical, was deeply and poignantly dramatic. The dialogue was a luxury to listen to,—it was so absolutely real, so simply yet so eloquently human.

The theme of this play is the tragedy that results from the distressing fact that the elder and the younger generations can never understand each other. This theme has frequently been discussed in

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"IT CAN BE DONE"

"When, having locked the door into the car and disarranged her dress, the adventuress shrieks aloud and tells the conductor that the man has attempted to assault her, he merely calls the conductor's attention to the fact that the ash has not yet fallen from his long cigar."

the theatre in the last few years; but it is none the less new on that account, because there can be nothing either new or old about a theme which is eternal. The special poignancy of *Change* arises from the fact that, though the author stands apparently on the side of the younger generation, he has been scrupulously fair to the older people of the play and has presented their case with a sympathetic insight which is utterly unprejudiced.

It is always a concession to surrender to the mood of impatience; but it is difficult not to be impatient with that apparently incurable provincialism of our reviewers and our public which resulted in the failure of this play. *Change* was a beautiful composition, and it was beautifully acted; for Beauty *is* Truth, Truth Beauty—whatever the apothecaries say.

"OMAR, THE TENTMAKER"

It is difficult to criticise *Omar, the Tentmaker,* because a critic should always know what he is talking about, and, as this panorama is unrolled, the spectator wonders more and more what it is all about, until his wonderment

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lapses utterly into a mood of desperation. Either this play is about nothing, or else it is about so many things that one cannot possibly receive from it a coherent and harmonious impression.

Omar, the Tentmaker was written by Mr. Richard Walton Tully, who came near to making a good play in *The Bird of Paradise*. It purports to narrate the life-history of the Persian poet. The narrative is protracted through a period of sixty-three years and is arranged in five scenes. The plot is excessively intricate, and before we reach the middle of the play we no longer know nor care what any of the characters is doing. These characters are merely puppets, and reveal no recognisable relation to life. A harrowing discord is induced by weaving many of Fitzgerald's quatrains, with their rhythm ruined by elisions and interpolations, into the fabric of the author's pedestrian prose. One can easily imagine what Old Fitz would have said if he had listened to this dialogue.

The play has been lavishly produced by Mr. Wilfred Buckland. Mr. Buckland was formerly associated with Mr. David Belasco, and he has done his work in the Belasco manner. The first act, which exhibits a Persian garden at the sunset hour, is exceedingly beautiful and is admirably lighted. The production as a whole is excellent, according to its kind; and it seems a pity that it should have been wasted on a text that is devoid of meaning.

"KITTY MAC KAY"

Kitty MacKay, by Catherine Chisholm Cushing, represents an evident attempt to combine the appeal of *Peg o' My Heart* with the appeal of *Bunty Pulls the Strings*. It is one of the least original comedies of the present season; and, undoubtedly, this is the main reason why it is one of the most successful. The majority of theatre-goers laugh most easily at what they have grown used to laugh at in the past.

It is unnecessary to summarise the story, because everybody is familiar with it under its usual title of *Cinderella*. Cinderella's cottage is placed in Scotland, so that the actors may talk with a Scottish burr; and the prince's palace is placed in London, for the sake of contrast. The period is set in 1860, in order that the performers may wear the same sort of costumes that caught the popular eye in *Bunty*.

Though *Kitty MacKay* is devoid of value as a representation of life, it is entertaining as a fabric of the theatre. The dear old puppets and the dear old situations still amuse. Much of the dialogue, though obviously artificial, is genuinely humourous; and there is one actress in the company—her name is Margaret Nybloe—who gives a truthful and a beautiful performance.

"THE DEADLOCK"

It is not difficult to understand the failure of *The Deadlock*, a sincere and moving play by Margaret Turnbull. This piece was solidly constructed: the characters were true to life: and the dialogue was written with an earnestness that arrested and retained the attention of the audience. But the author made the mistake of choosing what Mr. William Archer has called a "blind-alley theme."

The hero, a young Roman Catholic, has been married to a Protestant woman before a Justice of the Peace. His father, who is a fanatical adherent to the doctrines of the Church, believes the young man to be living in a state of sin and deems it his duty to destroy the marriage. At a time when his son is separated from his wife by circumstances which need not be detailed, the old man contrives to convince each of the married lovers that the other is dead. The hero subsequently becomes a priest; and the heroine, under an assumed name, becomes a famous singer. She has a little boy, born a few months after her separation from her husband.

The play begins when the husband and wife meet face to face and discover that the old man has lied to them. The hero is now entangled in an intolerable situation. He is ordained a priest of the

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Church; and if he renounces his religion we must condemn him. He is also a husband and a father; and if he forsakes his wife and child we must despise him. There is no exit from this blind-alley which will not involve an act of moral cowardice that must set the audience out of sympathy with the hero. For this reason, the play could not possibly succeed and ought not to have been written.

"YOUNG WISDOM"

In *Young Wisdom,* Miss Rachel Crothers has written a very satisfying comedy, in which she satirises the dangerous tendency of very young people to tangle their minds up with ideas which they are not yet sufficiently mature to comprehend.

This play was written for Miss Mabel and Miss Edith Taliaferro, and the two leading characters are sisters. The elder sister comes home from college with her head seething with "advanced" ideas of love and marriage. One of these ideas is that people should live together before getting married, in order to test their adaptability to each other. Her younger sister is about to be married to a harmless young man whom she has known all her life; and she now persuades him, much against his will, to elope with her so that they may put into practice the theories that have been preached to her. But this elopement afflicts the elder sister with a consternation that had not been dreamt of in her philosophy; and, dragging along a young man whom she has been holding at arm's length because of her lack of faith in marriage, she dashes in pursuit of the younger and more impetuous pair. All four are reunited in a farm-house that is inhabited by an artist who looks upon life with the sagacity of a more extended experience; and this artist leads the truant girls home to their distracted parents. The comedy is closed with two marriages which seem eminently satisfactory to the audience, and with a general renunciation, on the part of all of the adventurers, of the half-baked philosophy of youth.

It is unnecessary to add that the dialogue of this play is sincerely and naturally and beautifully written. It was written by Miss Crothers.

THE PRINCESS THEATRE

It is a pleasure to record that the present bill at the Princess Theatre is by far the best that has yet been offered at this institution. In particular, the management should be praised for having renounced that ambition toward indelicacy which was manifested in several of the earlier productions. The catchword, "Come and blush," has been discarded from the advertising of the house. Each of the five little plays that constitute the present programme is interesting in its way; and the moods are so diverse as to afford the audience an enlivening impression of variety.

The Neglected Lady was adapted from the French of Max Maurey by Roi Cooper Megrue. The scene is set in a flat in the Bronx. The action opens with a violent altercation between a husband and his wife. This is interrupted by the intrusion of the janitor, who tells them that they are disturbing the other tenants. They then explain to the janitor (and to the audience) that they are actors, and have merely been rehearsing a scene in a play. After the janitor has gone, they fall to quarrelling in earnest and become even more noisy than before. The owner of the building comes down to put them out. As he enters, the husband seizes his wife by the throat and shakes her like a rat. The landlord considers himself a connoisseur of acting; and he is so delighted with this scene that, instead of evicting his tenants, he engages them to repeat the exhibition of marital infelicity at an entertainment he is planning for the following week.

The Hard Man, by Campbell MacCulloch, tells an anecdote that is constructed according to the formula of Guy de Maupassant. A British general in the Soudan has captured a traitor who, disguised as an Arab, has sold information to the enemy. Desiring to avoid the scandal of a court-martial, he hands the

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prisoner a pistol and tells him to go out and shoot himself. As the shot rings out, a newspaper correspondent asks the general who the prisoner was. "My son," he answers.

The Kiss in the Dark, by Maurice Level, is a study in crude horror, imported from the Grand Guignol. A girl, in a fit of jealous rage, has flung a bottle of vitriol into the face of her lover, putting out his eyes and horribly disfiguring his face. Under a pretence of forgiving her, he lures her to his rooms. Then he grabs her and deliberately pours acid into her own eyes, so that she may suffer the same agony that he has suffered. All of this is acted on the stage; and the effect is sufficiently horrible to startle the most sophisticated theatre-goer.

This exhibition of unmitigated savagery is followed by a quiet little idyll, by C. M. S. McLellan, entitled *The Fountain.* We find ourselves in a park in Paris that is lighted by "the first timid tremblings of the dawn." A forlorn old rag-picker flings faded flowers into the basin of a marble fountain that is surmounted by a female figure. He confesses to a gendarme that he had once been an artist and that his lost love had sat as the model for this statue. Then he falls asleep; and, in his dream, the statue comes to life and assures him that she is waiting for him in the future life. The play closes when the rag-picker awakes and wanders forth to gather more faded flowers on the boulevards.

It Can Be Done, by Lawrence Rising, is cleverly staged on the back platform of a Pullman car. A night express is racing at full speed from Rochester to Buffalo. A man who is carrying a large sum of money in his pocket is assailed by an adventuress who seeks to rob him. He is aware of her intention, and cleverly defends himself against her tricks. When, having locked the door into the car and disarranged her dress, she shrieks aloud and tells the conductor that the man has attempted to assault her, he merely calls the conductor's attention to the fact that the ash has not yet fallen from his long cigar. But, at the last moment, we are a little disappointed when the adventuress picks his pocket in the most commonplace way, as he is entering the car to get off at Buffalo.

It would be possible to indicate artistic flaws in all these little plays; but each of them is entertaining at the time, and the general effect of the programme is unusually satisfying.

GORDON BOTTOMLEY—A POET OF THREE MOODS

BY MILTON BRONNER

Some men take as much pains to avoid fame as others display in the effort to court it. These super-modest authors send forth their writings as if by stealth. They issue tiny booklets of verse in extra-limited editions that fall into few hands and reach few readers' eyes. Gordon Bottomley, a young English poet, is one of those who have very successfully avoided the gentlemen of the press. For sixteen years he has been writing verse and most of his books have come from obscure publishers who took no steps to enhance his reputation. You will not find his name in *Who's Who,* that compendium so careful to enumerate all the English army colonels, and the country vicars, and the sprigs of nobility.

All that can be vouchsafed after diligent inquiry is that Bottomley was born in February, 1874, at Keighley, a small manufacturing town in the West Riding of Yorkshire. In this region he presumably still dwells in a rustic home, for in

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one poem he speaks of living in the North in an

———old small house
'Twixt laurel boughs and apple boughs.

Now, it seems to us, that Bottomley is one of the most important of the younger poets, a writer who has studied and absorbed the culture of widely-varied lands, who has wooed the lyric muse and who has written some very fine blank verse. He is a poet of three moods. Indeed, his work is easily thus classified. There is the grey mood for his Icelandic studies, the white mood for England, and the rose mood for Italy.

I—GREY

Nothing gay has come out of Iceland. The sagas, so remarkable a manifestation of literary power in an era when much of Europe was producing nothing worthy of mention, are dour things as is the land itself. Perhaps there are sometimes blue skies and waving crops during the short summer, but one thinks of Iceland as a country of grey skies, grey fields, grey mountains, a land where—

Night is a winter long: and evening falls.
Night, night and winter and the heavy snow
Burden our eyes, intrude upon our dreams,
And make of loneliness an earthly place.

Once more to quote Bottomley—

This little land is no more than a lair
That holds too many fiercenesses too straitly,
And no man will refuse the rapture of killing
When outlawry has made it cheap and righteous.

In the case of John Masefield, at least, Mr. Bronner proved a true prophet. In a letter accompanying the present article Mr. Bronner writes, "Bottomley is another of my unknown English poets, concerning whom I have been writing for you. You will remember you used my paper on Masefield, in which we predicted great things for him, long before any publication on either side of the ocean devoted any consideration to him. I firmly believe that in time Bottomley, too, will be heard from.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

The sagas are records of these fiercenesses. They tell of a time before the Christian era in Iceland, prior to the year one thousand, a time when chieftain killed chieftain and made "atonement" by paying for human lives with pieces of silver, or by suffering banishment for a small term of years. Murder was apparently the usual thing; the cause of it often trivial; the punishment equally so. Occasionally in the case of a Helgi, a Gisli, a Grettir The Strong, a Gunnar, we find some man so defiant as to decline to make atonement; so in love with his own land as to refuse to be banished from it for even a short time; and then we have a record of his narrow escapes, his fights, and his final downfall, when it was lawful for strong bands to cut him down, or to burn him in his house.

The most famous of these stories is found in the saga which deals with Njal, but which tells exhaustively of the life of Gunnar. It is an unusually coherent tale with some unusual dramatic touches. Gunnar is depicted in his manly beauty and strength, and his unwillingness to take human life. Nevertheless, he is shown almost constantly in turmoil and battle. We see his wooing of Hallgerd, who as a little maid was denounced by a kinsman for having "thief's eyes." And here are the great final scenes in Gunnar's life when his enemies close in on him and he fights his last battle, perhaps the greatest in saga literature. Particularly vivid is the moment when his bowstring is cut and he asks his wife for strands of her bright hair that he may repair the damage. She refuses, reminding him of the time he struck her in the face. The strong man says he will not ask twice for a little thing and fights grimly and silently then until he is cut down.

It was this story of Gunnar, as told in plain nervous English by George Webbe Dasent, that fascinated Bottomley. Out of it he made his remarkable one-act tragedy *The Riding to Lithend,* whose title is the same as one of the chapters in the saga of Njal. Indeed, in

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many places Bottomley has employed almost the very words of Dasent's version. But he has done far more than tamely to copy the prose narrative. He has made a compact, high-strung, swiftly moving human tragedy out of the episode. He has taken the bare bones and clothed them on with tragic beauty. He has invented incidents that explain the action, as the saga does not. He has invented whole groups of people. He has made of Hallgerd a very woman instead of the lay figure the saga for the most part depicts her. As we see her in the play she is an ardent Icelandic Helen:

Dead men have told me I was better than fair,
And for my face welcomed the danger of me;
Then am I spent? Must I shut fast my doors
And hide myself? Must I wear up the rags
Of mortal perished beauty and be old?
Or is there power left upon my mouth
Like colour, and lilting of ruin in my eyes?

Or once again with superb pride:

I am a hazardous desirable thing,
A warm, unsounded peril, a flashing mischief,
A divine malice, a disquieting voice:
Thus I was shapen, and it is my pride
To nourish all the fires that mingled me.
I am not long moved, I do not mar my face,
Though men have sunk in me as in a quicksand.
Well death is terrible. Was I not worth it?

And this Helen—who has already cost two husbands their lives—makes a great lover of Gunnar. Her beauty inspires him too:

I like you when you bear your head so high;
Lift but your heart as high, you could get crowned
And rule a kingdom of impossible things.
You would have moon and sun to shine together.
Snow-flakes to knit for apples on bare boughs,
Yea love to thrive upon the terms of hate.

It is Gunnar's infatuation that leads to his fate in the play. When the curtain rises, he is already an outlaw, subject to murder at the hands of any hardy enough to try it. All this is explained by a group of housewomen Bottomley created. They serve as a foil for Hallgerd. They spur her on to mutiny and revolt. They urge her to leave this outlawed husband. And they are the means of revealing just what is in her heart,—pride in her beauty, bitter memory of the blow given her long ago, and yet, at the same time, love of Gunnar's strength and joy in his great fighting qualities.

Then comes another original phase of the play. During the stormy night, when the nerves of the household are racked by fears of what avenging bands may come, there is a knocking at the door, and there is finally admitted a group of three grisly jades, dirty, weather-beaten, streaming with rain-wet clothes. Nothing less than crude, stark lines that remind one of Rodin's sculptures will do in describing them. Gunnar says of them:

I think no mother ever suckled you:
You must have dragged your roots up in waste places
One foot at once, or heaved a shoulder up—

To which one of the crones, explaining their hard life, replies:

——in the harder wastes we stand upright,
Like splintered rain-worn boulders set to the wind
In old confederacy, and rest and sleep.

They are at once human and supernatural. They are weak old women and at the same time suggest the Norns. They add to the feeling that a terrible fate is impending for the head of this house. Then, of course, comes the great fight with which in the main the saga story of Gunnar ends. However, Bottomley adds a very fine scene. In his finale, when Hallgerd has fled, Gunnar lies bleeding and his mother is left alone to mourn. Here we have a more human and pathetic note than is found anywhere in the sagas, one of the finest pas-

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sages to be found in modern plays, displaying as it does the depth and the tenderness of mother love:

Gunnar, my son, we are alone again.
O, they have hurt you . . . but that is forgot.
Boy, it is bedtime; though I am too changed,
And cannot lift you up and lay you in,
You shall go warm to bed—I'll put you there.
There is no comfort in my breast to-night,
But close your eyes beneath my fingers' touch,
Slip your feet down, and let me smoothe your hands:
Then sleep and sleep. Ay, all the world's asleep.

It is not necessary to say, as did Lascelles Abercrombie, himself an accomplished poet, that in this drama Gunnar is a symbol of man fighting with his fate. All the cloudy talk about symbols can well be dropped. We have here the dramatic story of a man who was a great fighter and a great lover; whose passion for a wonderfuly beautiful woman kept him tied to his native land; and who met his death battling to the last, with the bitter knowledge in his heart that his love has been thrown away on one who never had and never would understand. It is not a play that lends itself to actual production, but it makes a wonderful impression upon the sympathetic reader. The same may be said of his other drama that owes its inspiration to Northern sources—*The Crier by Night.*

The mood in which the poet works may best be illustrated by a striking quotation from it:

No joy ever sank deep enough for singing;
Trouble and all the sorrowful ways of men
Must stir the sad unrest that ends in song;
Joy seeks but peace and silence and still thought,
But those who cannot weep must sing for ease
And in the sound forget the thought that smote it.

The theme of the play is simple enough. Hialti, a Northman, and Thorgerd, his wife, have an Irish bondmaid, Blanid. Thorgerd is a terrible vixen who hounds the thrall. Hialti, milder-mannered, resents such treatment, with the result that the maid loves him and the wife perceives this and redoubles her ill-treatment. In the depths of despair, Blanid calls up from the sea a mysterious figure, labeled "A Strange Old Man." Faust-like, she makes a bargain with him. He is to take the soul of Hialti, after which he can claim hers. Mysterious voices are heard in the night. Hialti goes forth to tender aid and never returns. Then the strange old man calls for Blanid, who fears him and repents of her bargain. She clings to Thorgerd's skirts for protection. Even ill-treatment seems better than the dreadful and the unknown. The curtain falls as the distracted maid goes out into the night, a prey to the supernatural.

The play is a curious production. It owes its sombre colour to the influence of the Icelandic sagas. It owes a certain slant in its treatment to the Celtic school. There are lyrics that would not have been written had Yeats not written. There are lines that admirably define the Celtic spirit as where Thorgerd scornfully refers to:

Your songs of faery and nameless kings
And things that never happened long ago—

to which Blanid aptly replies:

Things need not happen that they may be true;
Although impossible they may be true—
The things that matter happen in the heart.
All earthly truth is true but for a time,
Whilst ages may be altered by one dream—
The things that matter happen in the heart.

Celtic, too, is the pagan outburst:

Nay, but I touch toward my joy at last,
And Christ and all His Saints go out like candles
When mass is said and the priest's cup is wiped.

Now what makes these two poetic plays remarkable is not only their swift movement, their power to induce an

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eerie feeling in the reader, their ability to set forth a character in a few lines, but also the verses themselves, sombre, drenched with melancholy, and displaying a uniform greyness of tone in keeping with the theme:

The wind is all the souls of those sad dead
Who will not enter Heaven for love of earth,
And hither and thither surge to find the gate
They see and know not on its new strange side;
For they have learned too much to be let back—
Ah, some have learned too much before they die.

II—WHITE

England finds Bottomley in lyric mood. He dreams most often, one is tempted to say, of moonlight and lilies, of snow and of white-garbed maids. At times he achieves a very felicitous lyric or passage, but he also shows his weakness. He has often a faulty ear for rhymes. He is often too impatient to stick to that labour of the file, to do that little more which means perfection. He shows, too, his literary models, especially in his *Hymns* to touch, to form and to imagination. Here we have the rugged lines, the obscure passages that we find in some of the odes by George Meredith, by Patmore and by Francis Thompson.

But these derivative things are not the whole of or even the main part of *Chambers of Imagery*, issued in two small paper-covered books.

Every man "lives in the dark in the chambers of his imagery," and the chambers adorned by Bottomley's fancy are, to say the least, beautiful. There are rustic scenes where we behold English girls actively engaged at shearing time. We see the patient shepherd plodding across snowy fields at lambing time. We behold all the signs of an eager spring and hear a lover draw his lesson therefrom. There are little bursts of music in night and morning songs that celebrate the flitting of birds or that exclaim at the weariness of the wailing wind, or that moralise over famous, fair ladies. dead long since. But the best of these pictures taken from rustic England is the bird lyric, "Netted Strawberries":

I am a willow-wren:
I twitter in the grass on the chimney-top;
The apples far below will never drop
Or turn quite bright, though when

The aimless wind is still
I stand upon the big ones and I peck
And find soft places, leaving spot and speck
When I have munched my fill.

Apples and plums I know
(Plums are dark weights and full of golden rain
That wets neck-feathers when I dip and strain,
And stickys each plumy row),

But past my well-kept trees
The quick small woman in her puffy gown,
That flutters as if its sleeves and skirts had grown
For flying and airy ease,

Has planted little bushes
Of large cool leaves that cover and shade and hide
Things redder than plums and with golden dimples pied,
Dropping on new-cut rushes.

At first I thought with spite
Such heady scent was only a flower's wide cup;
But flower-scents never made my throat close up,
And so I stood in my flight.

Yet over all there sways
A web like those revealed by dawn and dew,
But not like those that break and let me through
Shivering the drops all ways.

Though I alight and swing
I never reach the things that tumble and crush,
And if I had such long large legs as a thrush
The web would tangle and cling.

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Certain designs by C. H. Shannon take the poet in fancy to an England that is an enchanted garden, an England seen with Maeterlinckian eyes. One centres the attention upon an old house amid the trees, silvered by the summer moon. There are mysterious night sounds and one beholds a group of fair, tired girls asleep on the floor, presumably guarding a bride, who is wakeful and who ponders over the free beautiful nights that have been hers. Shannon calls his various designs "The White Watch" and the poet thus responds:

Apple boughs lie in the eaves,
On windless nights the apple leaves
Chirp against the window panes
Slightly as a mist that rains.
Apple boughs lie on the roof;
Feet of more than one dove
(Doves asleep) stir at nights
Among the leaves as dark alights.
Summer nights, ah, summer nights
When she set the casement wide
With fingers like the leaves outside—
Like a moonbeam her white arm
Reached to winy apples, warm
As her bed already coddling:
While all the time she heard the lulling
Of the river sinking by,
Saw London's light pulse up the sky
Like darkness filtered pale and thin,
Like London's sound that hummed therein;
Lonely footfalls sounded thin
In the street below the wall.
Will you make so lone a call,
Summer nights to come no more?

It would be easy to point out certain flaws in rhyme and rhythm, to prove that he often has a defective ear, but, after all, he does secure a certain effect upon the reader. One is made aware of the white magic of the night, of the purity of this girl, of the whiteness of her dreams.

Bottomley is not what one would call a poet of the gracious and the fanciful. The Austin Dobson touch is alien to him most of the time. However, occasionally he displays a lightness of tone that relieves his more serious work. In most cases, singularly enough, this is in connection with art subjects.

"A Venezian Detail" is a charmingly jocular consideration of the problems a painter faced when he portrayed two angels sitting by the Virgin. The other deals with "Tanagret" and is worth hearing:

Dear lady of a tomb,
Her ashes' thin grey bloom
Wrinkled your frills with hue
Who once was you.

A lover of women tall
Made you so slim and small
To keep the shape and whole
Height of a soul.

O, madam, madam, please
I would cherish your little knees
Because she laughed at stir
Of silk on her.

Curved body of light earth
Filled for unending birth,
Your mastering god's hand-tips
Gathered your lips.

Dead fingers felt it sweet
Such bosoms to complete;
I desire to touch such tulles,
Turn women to jewels,

Hint skirts of pale large shawls,
Pompeian parasols
Grown unexpected hats,
Stroke women as cats—

It trances that a bland
And momentary hand
Should leave both hidden flesh
And its silk mesh.

An opaque amber death,
Dusty as with old breath,
Joins me with past things now,
Lady, in you.

His strongest things in these books are in blank verse and each dramatic in a sense. In "Babel" we have a striking picture of the builders of that famed tower, ending up with a description of their confusion of tongues. Here Bottomley has dared a very unusual device.

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He has portrayed in actual words his conception of the gradual loss of coherent speech by the workmen, until in the end they speak mere gibberish.

"The End of the World," like a certain recent Russian novel, pictures the passing of life on the earth. It tells of a globe that has grown cold and that is being blanketed with endless snow. Slowly but surely sign after sign of life is blotted out. The verse has a movement and variety that suggest the quiet falling of snow—soft, sure, and steady.

III—ROSE

Italy has never ceased to attract Englishmen. In every century from the Elizabethan period down there have been great poets and prose artists whose inspiration was derived, at least in part, from the golden land. Bottomley, too, has had his Italianate spell. Indeed, one is tempted to say that like a young Pater, gifted with song, he has treated of the very man the famous essayist and critic discussed so eloquently in a memorable chapter of his book on the Renaissance. "A Vision of Giorgione, Three Variations on Venetian Themes" is, so far, Bottomley's magnum opus. Here he has concentrated most of his love of beauty and the arts. Here he discourses upon painting and music. Here he has inserted his most successful lyrics,—songs filled with the real renaissance spirit. Here his blank verse is displayed at its best, suffused with colour, musical, varied, and flexible. Here, as everywhere in his blank verse plays, he shows his ability to write lines with a cunning repetition of phrases that gives a genuinely lyric touch to blank verse:

The sky's last rose falls into the water;
It sinks and melts and, melting, sinks once more.
The far bell tilts, and a stale star or two
Left over from last night blink like the bell.
A ceaseless fountain of flies is rising and falling—
They are as still as one more dimness falling
On the last water where my heart feels falling . . .
O, falling, falling, till the world is done.

It is in this play that he shows to the full his power to evoke a picture in a few keen, poignant lines:

A very fingered lady who shows thumb-marks
Where many men have skipped her pages.

And again:

There's midnight's Adriatic in her eyes,
I'll put its heaving passion in her heart.

In giving his version of the fate of Gunnar, Bottomley was somewhat hampered by the facts. Fortunately for the creative spirit of the true poet, the data in Giorgione's career are few and far between. We get almost all we really know about the personal Giorgione in two paragraphs from old Vasari: "He was of extremely humble origin, but was nevertheless very pleasing in manner, and most estimable in character through the whole course of his life. Brought up in Venice, he took no small delight in love-passages, and in the sound of the lute, to which he was so cordially devoted, and which he practised so constantly, that he played and sang with the most exquisite perfection, insomuch that he was, for this cause, frequently invited to musical assemblies and festivals by the most distinguished persons.

* * * * *

"At this time he fell in love with a lady, who returned his affection with equal warmth, and they were immeasurably devoted to each other. But in the year 1511 it happened that the lady was attacked by the plague, when Giorgione also, not aware of this circumstance and continuing his accustomed visits, was also affected by the disease, and that with so much violence that in a very short time he passed to another life." Bottomley takes these few lines and out of them weaves, shall we say a rich arras picture on an old rose background?:

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A company of shadowy presences
With fluttering gowns and lifted odorous hair,
Gowns hued like faded roses as though we walked
Under the light of some lost long-dead moon
Mid olives faint, uncertain grey and green.

The painter is shown in three episodes of his life—"A Concert of Giorgione," "A Pastoral of Giorgione," and "The Lady of Giorgione." The important thing is his meeting with that Lady Ilaria who was to stir him to the depths. We behold him when he gets his first glimpse of her in the dimly-lit concert room; we see him a-maying with a gay band of pleasure-seekers; and we close with the divine moment when, under a summer moon, the poet-painter is given the benison of her first deep kisses. And over all these scenes there plays that real spirit of the renaissance,—"love while you may, for old time is still a-flying."

Giorgione is shown as the skilled musician, the magic painter, the impassioned lover. These phases of him alone mattered. The arts and love aroused his eloquence. Hear him discourse upon music:

Ah, in the end we never come quite near
Ripe music's rippling rounding into rest.
Never the subtlest interfused wan colours,
Where varying hues are fainting undistinguished
Like mulberries and cream upon the palate,
Can meet like notes that clasp for happy chancing
And die within each other's loosening arms.
Though sound and sense lapse into a plangent poem,
Flowing in rainbow-foaming syllables,
Yet music adds another, ne'er worded grace,
And godhead holds no mightier difference.

Or turn to painting. Would you learn how weary Renaissance artists became of clerical rule? Hear Giorgione explain his distaste over the compulsion to paint saints and ever again saints, this full-blooded Venetian who so loved human sights and scenes:

If I must limn a lady in blue robes
To strike the dominant among grey meadows
And sigh a cadence from her burning hair,
Why should I have no choice yet but Our Lady,
When I had liefer limn my lovely lady
And never need to call her Mary Virgin
To win the populace to look on her?
Did not the Paphian trail robes of bright water
And ripple her sapphire skirts a league away
In her Thalassian theophany;
And is she less a goddess than the other?
Or is she less worth splashing with costly colour?
If I would jewel a garden for the sake
Of cooling some white lady's flushed carnations
When she has slipped her vesture, faint with heat,
It is not needful that the rainbow riot
Which echoes from the lady's gleaming shoulder
Be outraged into an annunciation,
The girl austered into a pallid angel.

And finally hark to him as he expounds his love-philosophy:

We have no time to wrangle how to love,
We have no time for anything but love,
No time, no time, for all men die too soon.
Sweet, sweet, and sweet, life is one poignant kiss
Earth gives to each man's spirit as it passes
From unknown places to unaccustomed light:
Sweet, sweet, and sweet, I bid you take life's counsel;
Your brow or side-turned cheek you would not offer—
Life says "the mouth"; abandon then your mouth.
For if we kiss, we kiss, whoever dies,
And if we love, we love, whate'er the way.

We dare affirm that in these three passages, so eloquently written by the young English poet, there is more of the real Giorgione than is to be found in any formal biography, more of the real man than is to be found anywhere outside of his few authenticated paintings.

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Also we dare affirm that the lyric with which this paper closes is as genuine an expression of renaissance thought and feeling as has been written in our time—haunting, musical, and all pagan:

Helen dwelt in old Troy city
All to sow the sad brave ditty
Of the wearifullest pity
Men have ever wrought;
Yet her years were long and painless,
All her lovers left her gainless,
Smiles she gave and grey eyes rainless,
Right good was her lot.

In her dim blue woollen cloaking
Slipped she through the may-dew's soaking
Till her little hands fell knocking
Nigh the well-house stair;
In a hawthorn's light she pondered
While dark dew her gleam-feet laundered:
Paris knew not that she wandered,
So he did not care.

Helen was the dearest lady,
Woodbined with deep tresses shady,
Eyes a-calling, arms a-ready,
Ever stirred men's verse;
Yet the highest king to-day
Liefer with my hands would play
And his mouth to mine would lay
Liefer than to hers.

THE WEAKEST SPOT AND SOME RECENT NOVELS*

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

WITH apologies to the genial Autocrat, it may be said that in the building of novels, as well as of chaises, there is always somewhere a weakest spot, and that if authors could only emulate the cleverness of the immortal Deacon, the simple remedy would be to make the weakest spot as strong as the rest. No one will dispute that the ideally perfect construction is where all the elements are nicely balanced, where plot, characters and environment have their relative proportion of attention, where the human interest is not outweighed by the moral or ethical central idea, nor dialogue neglected for the benefit of description. In theory this nicety of adjustment sounds very pretty and plausible and rather easy, like making cake: so much flour, so much sugar, so many eggs, etc., mix and bake. But in practice the author almost never gets his quantities quite right, some ingredient or other is sure to be measured out with too lavish a hand, and some other ingredient equally sure to run short, perhaps be wanting altogether,—as, for instance, the occasional highly important leaven of a sense of humour.

The difficulty, of course, is that this question of relative proportions of the elements which go to make up fiction is not one which may be reduced to a formula, like a chemical compound; so many molecules of plot, so many of character, so many of environment; you cannot even say that a certain fixed proportion goes to make the religious or political or historic novel, and a certain other proportion, the detective story and novel of adventure. It all depends upon the individual story, it is a matter of instinct,

*Angel Island. By Inez Haynes Gillmore. New York: Henry Holt and Company.
Children of the Sea. By H. de Vere Stacpoole. New York: Duffield and Company.
The Witness for the Defence. By A. E. W. Mason. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
Old Mole. By Gilbert Cannan. New York: Appleton and Company.
The New Dawn. By Agnes C. Laut. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.
From the Angle of Seventeen. By Eden Phillpotts. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.
All Men are Ghosts. By L. P. Jacks. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

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something inborn and next of kin to genius, to feel the mood of the story so keenly and surely as not to have a single paragraph out of key. In some stories the importance of the plot predominates, in others the importance of certain characters, while occasionally we find a story in which the emphasis seems to be laid, and rightly so, on environment, the effect of climate and atmosphere and propinquity upon one or more individual human lives. Yet it is easy to imagine two closely parallel stories, in each of which the plot is the main question of interest, while the environment must be treated altogether differently in the two cases. Suppose, for instance, that the characters are all New Yorkers, working out their personal problems in the familiar setting of their city life; they do not waste their time staring upward at the Metropolitan Tower or the Flat-iron Building, they do not marvel at the din and turmoil of crowded thoroughfares, — and consequently an abundance of description, no matter how well done, is likely to be an intrusion on the author's part, for it is out of tune with the lives and thoughts of his characters. But suppose that this self-same group of people were taking a winter trip up the Nile, although their personal problems still remain independent of foreign complications; in this second case a far larger element of scenic description would be not only permissible but essential, because the strangeness of it would be constantly present in the thoughts of the characters themselves, breaking in upon their intimate hopes and fears and in a measure colouring all their words and actions.

And similarly, there can be no working rule laid down as to the number of lines and pages of conversation that the reader has a right to expect in a volume of specified length. Aside from the author's prerogative of deciding for himself how much of his story he chooses to quote directly from his characters' lips and how much he prefers to give in oblique oration, the question of relativity again comes in: just how talkative are a given set of characters, and is it normal for them to be pouring out their inmost interests in an unstemmed flood? Now, if they belong to the higher social strata that have made conversation a fine art, the type of men and women whom it is Mr. Henry James's peculiar province to portray, and who are adepts at the trick of exchanging ideas by what they avoid saying rather than by what they say, the whole problem is entirely different from that offered by a story dealing with the peasantry, men slow of thought and whose few words are an effort.

It does not follow that a novel is negligible if it lacks that nicety of adjustment of which we have been speaking. There has been many a serviceable one-horse shay that broke down before the arrival of its centenary. Every experienced reviewer remembers scores of volumes,—and has forgotten scores of others,—in regard to which he has found himself indulgently writing that "although possessing little or no plot, it was altogether so charming in other respects . . . ;" or that, "although deficient in characterisation and atmosphere, yet the strength of its unusual plot saves it;" or again, "here is a book that should not be missed, if only for the charm of its woodlands and its sunsets." Yet all such appreciations are really in the nature of veiled criticisms. The Milo Venus, mutilated as she is, is worth a thousand ordinary and unblemished statues, yet if we are honest with ourselves we do not try to make a virtue of her defects.

Accordingly it is well to keep a keen outlook for the weakest spot, especially when a volume appeals to us to a more than usual extent. The weakness may be a comparatively small one, something that we are quite likely to overlook; and yet it is often this weakness which makes the difference between the fiction that is ephemeral and the fiction which endures.

"ANGEL ISLAND"

It is only natural to give *Angel Island,* by Inez Haynes Gillmore, the advantage of position in the current instalment of books, because it was the im-

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pression left after reading it of some defect lurking below the surface, that suggested the foregoing line of discussion. There can be no question that Mrs. Gillmore's new volume is a very unusual experiment, an impressive and rather daring allegory, yet treated in a vein of such poetic imagery and shown through such a rainbow mist of shimmering light, that one scarcely realises until sober second thought that it says things in regard to feminism which it would not be easy to say in print in any less indirect way. Briefly, *Angel Island* is a story of five shipwrecked sailors thrown on a remote island in mid-ocean, an island inhabited by women of a superior race, whose feet are too delicate to tread the earth and who glide through space, borne aloft on wonderful, iridescent wings, intertwining in the mazes of an aerial dance of indescribable beauty. Told at second hand, the mere epitome of this story conveys an impression of sheer absurdity, cheap and tawdry. But the curious thing is that Mrs. Gillmore achieves her effect; she carries conviction with her, she hypnotises us into believing in the reality of these super-women, half birds and half angels. And her initial trick is as simple as it is effective: the shipwreck has been a peculiarly terrible one, and she spares us not one detail of its ghastly horrors, nor of the dazed, stupid, half insane maunderings of the five survivors as they slowly struggle back to consciousness. Then, little by little, through the eyes of these men, not yet sure whether they are alive or dreaming, we begin to catch distant glimpses of strange, flying creatures,—and before we realise it, we are in full fairyland, believing as we have not believed since our early days of Grimm and Hans Christian Andersen. Of course, Mrs. Gillmore's allegory is fairly obvious: woman is but little lower than the angels, with a winged soul that raises her to a height unattainable to man; and men are all alike, in spite of surface differences; there is the primitive, cave-man type, that believes in employing cave-man methods, wings or no wings; there is the man with a thin veneer of chivalry, who would temporise; and there is the scholar and theorist, who will admit as an abstract proposition, that women should have their rights,—but one and all, when it comes to the personal question of the woman they happen to want, find themselves converted to cave-man methods. Such, at least, is the course followed by the strange drama enacted on Angel Island. And when the women have been captured and shorn of their bird-wings, Mrs. Gillmore's allegorical comment on woman's nature is that they are content; they miss the airy freedom of their former flights, but they accept the new burdens and restraints, and their one revolt comes later when the fierce mother instinct is aroused in defence of their children; when, as the author symbolises the idea, the fathers wish too soon to clip the wings of their daughters. There are many other ideas and arguments cleverly interwoven into the tissue of this fanciful and somewhat uneven achievement,—such, for instance, as the symbolic foreshadowing of the triumph of eugenics, in the birth of a son superior to his father, a son with wings. And yet some instinct tells us that, with all its cleverness, the volume has its weakest point. And that point would seem to lie in an over-insistence upon concrete, realistic details. One may accept the imagery of Cupid's bow, but it would be spoiled if antiseptic surgery were invoked to remove his arrow from a lady's heart; and so, when Mrs. Gillmore shows us man in the act of shearing the wings from the super-woman by means of an ordinary pair of scissors, and incidentally wiping the drops of blood from his hand, we feel that she is suddenly very far off the key. And this is only one of fifty little touches,—and bigger touches too, —that are sad blemishes on what came near to being a rather fine achievement. And the fault, we suspect, lies in a deficient sense of humour.

"THE CHILDREN OF THE SEA"

The Children of the Sea, by H. de Vere Stacpoole, is a story with a theme

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so grim and so repellent that it ought to haunt the memory like a hideous nightmare. The discovery that it fails to do anything of the kind is in itself sufficient to show that its weakest spot, whatever it may be, is a rather serious one. And this conviction is emphasised by the fact that barely a year ago another novel published in England and entitled, if memory is not at fault, *The Passion Flower,* handled the same theme, with the single difference that the victim was a woman instead of a man,—and handled with such unsparing frankness, such relentless insistence upon its physical ugliness that it haunted the reader's waking and sleeping hours alike. The present story is not one to be classed as immoral or unclean by any one with a broad outlook upon life: it is simply the story of a man who has enjoyed his life ruthlessly at the expense of many women, and who in the end pays a penalty so terrible that it might well serve to square accounts, not only for his own sins, but those of many another man besides. This is not an easy book to epitomise, chiefly because it is loosely constructed, a string of episodes held together like beads by a single slender thread. At the outset we are on board a vessel in Asiatic waters. It is manned by a very special crew and staff of experts, Scandinavian almost all of them, whose business it is to locate and repair breaks in submarine cables. In the course of half a dozen chapters we imbibe a vast amount of specialised instruction regarding this branch of electrical engineering,—only to discover that it has no structural importance, no direct bearing upon the specific story which Mr. Stacpoole has to tell. Among the cable experts is one giant, Ericsson by name, a man notorious for his almost hypnotic influence over women, and for the multitude of his conquests. Now, the particular Japanese island near which the latest break of submarine cable has occurred, is inhabited by a strange race, which the Japanese themselves regard as aliens, perhaps the descendants of aboriginal tribes. At all events, according to sailor gossip, the women of this tribe are amazons, big, finely formed, physically perfect women, who do a man's work in the sea, catching fish and diving for pearls, —while the under-sized little husbands remain at home, doing the cooking and family wash. Gossip adds that the husband who shirks his duties receives a proper spanking when the indignant wife returns home. Ericsson, hearing this yarn, is amused throughout the whole length of his six feet, six inches of bone and muscle; and he promptly makes a bet with one of his mates that if an opportunity occurs to go ashore, he will pick out the strongest, finest young woman of the tribe and publicly spank her, just to square accounts with her sex, and teach her what a real man is. This boastful purpose he carries out, to the vast entertainment of his shipmates and little group of Japanese telegraphic experts who receive them, and to the correspondingly great humiliation of the native women. Ericsson, however, relying on his past experience with women, all over the world, is happy in the conviction that his violent wooing must have made a deep impression; so he makes an appointment with his island Amazon to meet her that evening in her cottage. The meeting occurs in utter darkness, and it is not until he is leaving that some instinct of danger causes Ericsson to strike a match, and thus discover that the woman in the cottage is not the object of his pursuit, but a stranger whose disfigured face tells him that she is a leper. From this point forward, it is easy to build up in advance the inevitable sequence: Ericsson, of course, after having for years won the love of women, only to fling it carelessly aside, is foredoomed at last to fall victim in his turn, to know the one great, imperishable passion of his life. And on the very eve of the fulfilment of his hopes he is destined to discover, on hand, or wrist, or arm, a few small, tell-tale, greyish spots that will turn him numb with impotent horror, knowing that they mean a condemnation to the most frightful of human deaths. Unfortunately, Mr. Stacpoole digresses so far from the expected path,

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chats along so comfortably about his hero's abandonment of the sea and settling down to a home life in Iceland, his establishment of a prosperous fishery and a paying canning factory, that we practically forget that he has ever been in Japan at all. And so, when the blow falls, we look upon it, not as a deserved and inevitable nemesis, but as a sort of impertinence on the part of destiny, a breach of good faith, in raking up what author and reader have tacitly agreed to regard as a dead issue. The weakest spot in *Children of the Sea* is its looseness of construction, its failure to follow up the advantage gained.

"THE WITNESS FOR THE DEFENCE"

The Witness for the Defence, by A. E. W. Mason, offers an entirely different problem in the art of construction. Imagine the familiar, so-called triangle situation; a highly successful English barrister summoned professionally to India, runs across the love of his youth, whom in those old days he was too poor and too selfish to marry. She is now the wife of a middle-aged and somewhat apoplectic official in the civil service, a secret drunkard who not infrequently beats her in a jealous rage. The English barrister passes one evening with them, at the temporary encampment necessitated by the husband's official rounds. The wife, with finger-mark bruises still livid on her throat, is distinctly pathetic in the brief moments of private reminiscence with her former lover. The husband, left alone with his guest at the close of dinner, betrays a cowardly, half maudlin fear of the natives, who happen to know that he has evidence which will send one of their leaders to jail. A highly dramatic incident, intensified by the husband's alcoholism, hastens his guest's departure; but, returning for his pipe, purposely left behind, he has a final word with the woman, whom he realises that he still loves,—and he finds her cleaning and loading a rook-rifle. The next day, just as he is preparing to sail for England, the newspapers inform him that his host of the night before is dead, shot with a bullet which happens to fit the rook-rifle. The wife is accused of the murder. He postpones his sailing, and it is his testimony which saves her. He tells, under oath, of the fear that the deceased man had of the natives, due to his possession of dangerous evidence against a certain notorious Hindoo bandit, in the form of a tell-tale photograph which the witness now has in his possession. He further describes how, during that evening his host had suddenly sprung up and violently struck with a whip at the side hangings of the tent, because a long, brown arm and hand had crept in, snake-like, toward the desk where the photograph lay. Of course, the widow simply had to be acquitted on this evidence, for it furnished a motive; while the prosecution had no logical motive to offer,—a woman who has borne unspeakable indignities for eight years seldom turns, like the proverbial worm, in the ninth. At this point Mr. Mason is guilty of the same fault that we have just charged against Mr. Stacpoole, namely, he shifts the scene back to England, introduces us to an entirely new set of people and, after a considerable lapse of time, shows us the widow, ostracised in the home of her childhood, because public opinion is still sceptical of the verdict of the Indian court. Being still young and attractive, she quite naturally encounters a young man who correctly estimates her value as a woman and wishes to marry her. But his family, of the typically conservative British sort, interested first and foremost in preserving their social standing, insist upon making private inquiries; and while the manner of these inquiries would consume too much space in a brief review, the resultant facts may be summarised as follows: first, the lady did shoot her husband, not by accident, but quite deliberately, because she was goaded beyond the point of endurance; and secondly, the barrister perjured himself in giving his evidence; the deceased, indeed, had spoken of a brown arm; but it had existed only as a figment of his imagination, born of a whiskey-heated brain. And at this juncture, in the

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family council, which has met to decide whether or not the acquitted widow is fit to marry the son and heir, it turns out that the family council has had its trouble for nothing; first, because the pair are secretly married already, and secondly, because the young husband has had the miraculous shrewdness to guess the truth, although the wife has not mustered up the courage to confess. Now, this sort of story is good enough sport where the cards, so to speak, are all fairly dealt. But Mr. Mason is in the position of a gambler who has kept most of the trump cards up his sleeve. His delineation of character has been deliberately superficial; he has introduced us quite casually, and without a hint of warning, to a heroine who turns out to be a murderess; to a correct and amiable gentleman who is suddenly revealed as a self-confessed perjurer, and to a sadly uninteresting hero, who at the crucial moment manifests a degree of insight that ought to be the peculiar privilege of Omniscience. The Weakest Spot in this volume by Mr. Mason is unquestionably his failure to make us sufficiently acquainted with the personalities of his characters. He does not play the game fairly. It is as though he had given certificates of character to a choice selection from the Rogues' Gallery. And this is only one of the book's weak spots.

"OLD MOLE"

Mr. Gilbert Cannan, although a comparatively new author, with few novels behind him, is one of those enviable authors who are not handicapped by any very obvious weak points. His books are, all of them, quite frankly, studies of character, in each case the character of just one man. In his new volume now before us, we have the study of a man with latent possibilities for realising the joy of living, who nevertheless, up to the threshold of middle age has been side-tracked, in a seemingly hopeless rut as a teacher in an English preparatory school for boys. And then, one day, the liberating miracle occurs in the form of apparent disgrace. In an English railway coach, Herbert Jocelyn Beenham, of the Thrigsby Grammar School, familiarly known as "Old Mole," encounters a damsel in distress, is strangely stirred to pity and eagerly comes to her relief. His intentions, however, are misunderstood, and in a surprisingly brief interval he finds himself in jail, charged with an attempted assault. The subsequent career of Mr. Beenham is, of course, exceptional. There are thousands of men, and even this is an understatement of the case, who are more or less hopelessly in a rut and who stay in a rut to the end of their lives. The lucky few whom fate, in the shape of an earthquake, or a brain storm, or even an ignominious arrest, as in the case of Mr. Beenham, jostles out of their rut, are too exceptional to appeal to the large majority of readers; and consequently, this volume by Mr. Cannan is foredoomed to be caviar for the general. But there is sure to be a certain select and limited audience which will extract from the chronicle of Mr. Beenham's subsequent career, from the explosion born of his unconscious repression, his stagnation, his pent up energy, a keen and exuberant joy that is enjoyed very seldom in the course of a decade.

"THE NEW DAWN"

The New Dawn, by Agnes C. Laut, is an attempt, often made before, with varying degrees of success, to bring up for judgment the clash between the domestic and business interests of the American financial bandit. It traces the career of an American boy from the moment when he first attracts the attention of his employer, the head of a gigantic ship-building corporation, through all the ensuing steps of his career, the marriage with his employer's daughter, his own rise to supreme control, his mad dream of a vast consolidation, international and world-wide,—and then his slow enlightenment, the final dawning upon him that it had all really not been worth while, that he had missed the essentials of the joy of living and that, with fortune and

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wife, both deserting him, he might throw his life away just as well as not, to save a mere errand boy, amid the excitement of a strike, a riot, and a huge conflagration. The author chooses, as her own private touch of irony, to save the life of her hero, in spite of a twelve-story blaze, only to let him die of heart failure a few weeks later, with his truant wife racing homeward on a belated ocean greyhound. All of which goes to show that the weak point of the book is its divided interest. The author started to expound broadly the problem of American industry, commerce, and finance;—and she ended with the anti-climax of an individual destiny.

"FROM THE ANGLE OF SEVENTEEN"

Mr. Phillpotts is, among contemporary novelists, a conspicuous sinner in regard to the nicely balanced elements of fiction. In fact, he largely owes his reputation to his utterly irrelevant portrayal of Devonshire landscape,—just as Mr. Willam Black largely owed his to those inimitable accounts of struggles to the death with dour, tenacious salmon in the far-off lochs of Scotland. Throughout a long and deservedly successful career Mr. Phillpotts has for the most part adhered tenaciously to Dartmoor, and its familiar types,—and incidentally has rather overdone the local stage-setting,—the crags, the gorse, the mist and slanting lane. But, in the present volume Mr. Phillpotts seems to have reverted to the days of his youth. There is no reason,—or rather there are no valid grounds for assuming that the diary kept by his hero, Corkey,—a lad of seventeen, has anything to do with the author's own life, yet the fact remains that this entertaining and informing narrative of the daily drudgery of an under-paid clerk in a big London insurance office, dates back to the days when Mr. Phillpotts himself, if not actually in the office of his story, might well have been some one of his hero's intimate cronies. The whole thing is exceedingly well done. In fact, the technique of it is rather better than usual, for Mr. Phillpotts is quite apt to take liberties with technique, falling back upon the admitted license of the successful writer. At all events, in the volume entitled *From the Angle of Seventeen* he has done an admirable piece of work. Regardless of its supposed date and stage-setting, it is an admirable bit of psychology, depicting quite ruthlessly the blunders, the disappointments, and the absurdities of an insignificant, underpaid clerk in a big firm, utterly ignorant of proportionate values.

"ALL MEN ARE GHOSTS"

It is hard to decide whether this new volume by Mr. L. P. Jacks belongs to the realm of fiction or not. Strictly speaking, it is a borderline volume. Consequently there would be an obvious unkindness in dwelling upon its weakest spots. But its strongest spot is unquestionably its delightful indulgence in paradox. Take, for example, the initial episode, out of this collection of more or less independent recitals, — for why should a reviewer be required to discuss more than the title story, whether he has read the remainder or not?—we are transported, inch by inch, across that imaginary boundary which divides our prosaic lives from the spirit world. And forthwith the author proceeds to spin a most diverting series of paradoxes, all of which go to prove that the traditional ghost has quite as much right as we to complain; and that logically he has as much reason to doubt our existence, to be sceptical of our achievements, as we have to question his. Under the guise of light raillery, the author has some rather serious views to put forth. And the result is a volume so full of whimsical fancies, blended with wise philosophy, that it will bring to the chosen few a brief hour or two of very genuine enjoyment.

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SIX BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Henry Labouchere*

No one, perhaps, not even himself, ever quite understood Henry Labouchere. This biography by his nephew is entertaining, often illuminating; it touches skilfully upon the various aspects of his character and career; but it leaves him a riddle. He was honest and disinterested; he was faithful to the last to the Radical principles he adopted early in life. Yet the British public never took him quite seriously. Humour of the subtler kind is not appreciated by the middle classes, and cynicism is to them an eighth deadly sin. It may be said, of course, that Palmerston was popular. But he had the gift of seeming to be in earnest. Labouchere could better be compared with Melbourne. There is no occasion, however, to compare him with any one. He would not have been a phenomenon in French politics, but he was in English. He was French by birth, and Mr. Thorold says truly that he remained French until the day of his death. He was intellectual, not emotional; he had strong convictions, but he held them without enthusiasm. Furthermore, he was not a party man, and he constantly said and did things which party men resented. Nor could they comprehend his attitude of detachment. How could a man without strong feelings, a mocker of cherished beliefs and conventions, be sincere?

Doubtless Labouchere's cynicism was in part a pose, as cynicism usually is. He was capable of great generosity; he often displayed real kindness of heart; and he bore no grudges. When he attacked a man, in the House or in the pages of *Truth,* it was all a part of the day's work—an impersonal duty which left no bitterness. His own hatred of pretence made the pangs of wounded vanity ridiculous in his eyes, though these may outlast the pangs of disprized love. Yet it must not be supposed that he was without the power of inspiring affection and confidence. He had great charm, unflagging good spirits and sincere loyalty to a friend or a cause. When he retired from the House of Commons he had become, as Mr. T. P. O'Connor said, an almost essential part of it. Those who had differed with him most strenuously felt that it would not be the same place without him.

Labouchere's life was many-sided, and this is not the place to view it as a whole. His early years were passed in the diplomatic service, a part of the time at Washington; he always expressed the greatest admiration for American political institutions and cited them as examples to Englishmen. He was more or less of an elegant trifler in those days; gambling was about his only passion. Later he took an interest in journalism and the stage. But as member for Northampton he first revealed his capacity as a born fighter. His connection with *Truth,* the weekly journal which he founded and nominally edited, was coincident with his parliamentary labours. Nevertheless, although he succeeded in impressing his personality upon the pages of *Truth* in an extraordinary degree, and made it a potent instrument in the exposure of humbug and rascality, his greatest work was done in the House. In a sense he was not a journalist. He had scant love of work or regard for detail. He was a good reporter, when he was in the mood, as his letters from Paris during the siege showed; and he could write a stinging article certain to penetrate the thickest armour. But it is difficult to think of him in the daily grind of journalism. *Truth* has wrought much good by its exposure of abuses, and it was this possi-

*The Life of Henry Labouchere. By Algar Labouchere Thorold. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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bility which its proprietor valued most. He cared nothing for the money it brought him.

His interest in politics was quite another matter. In the House his cynical indifference was superficial; he was a zealous supporter of the Radical cause. And he exercised a greater influence behind the scenes than the public realised at the time. Indeed, the letters to Mr. Chamberlain in these pages, written at the time when Gladstone's Home Rule bill split the Liberal party, give a totally new impression of the extent and power of his influence. He had never really liked Gladstone—though it was he who first called him the Grand Old Man—and he had long regarded Mr. Chamberlain as the destined leader of a Liberal party thoroughly radicalised and the future Prime Minister of England. Now Mr. Chamberlain had been a constant friend of Ireland, and Labouchere could not believe that he would vote against the Home Rule bill. These letters show how fully the objections to the measure were discussed between them, and how earnestly Labouchere endeavoured to change Mr. Chamberlain's opinions. In the end there was a complete break between them, and Labouchere bitterly attacked his old-time friend, especially at the time of the Boer War. Yet Mr. Chamberlain's point of view was obvious. He was an imperialist as well as a friend of Ireland, and he could not support any scheme which conferred self-government on Irishmen at the cost of imperial unity. If any man could have convinced him it would have been Labouchere. It is curious to note in this correspondence how generally Parnell was disliked, even by his own followers. Labouchere disliked him as much as any one, but he played a large part in the exposure of the Pigott conspiracy.

Labouchere's Radicalism was consistent. He opposed Gladstone's Egyptian policy as sharply as Mr. Balfour's coercion policy. He flouted the House of Lords and professed no regard for the royal family as such. Perhaps it was inevitable that he should have been excluded from the Gladstone Ministry of 1892; but the slight was deeply felt, despite his professed indifference. In this case, as in many others, the Grand Old Man did not play fair. In the end Labouchere lost nothing by remaining outside of office; his temper was essentially critical, and as a critic his greatest opportunities came to him. He mellowed a little, no doubt, with the passage of the years. So far as that goes, he had never borne malice, no matter how hard he might hit. The impression left by Mr. Thorold's volume is, on the whole, that of a man naturally kindly, though impatient of human weakness and incapable of profound emotion. At all events he did well a work which no other man was precisely fitted to do. Is not this praise enough?

Edward Fuller.

II

John Morley's "On Politics and History"*

Few men now writing can speak with such authority on public questions as John Morley. His background of personal experience as an executive added to his ripe scholarship makes important any utterance. Gifted also with an unusual literary style, his thought gains in cogency because of his lucid phrase. Readers of his *Voltaire, Rousseau* and *The Encyclopædists* will not easily forget the calm philosophic spirit with which he discussed and interpreted these disputed figures in history; especially, when one recalls his own vigourous opinions uttered in *Compromise*. His *Burke* and *Gladstone* are, of course, the classic biographies of his own countrymen. The long list of critical essays, too, upon miscellaneous subjects indicate a catholic reading which is bound to give colour to the wide themes discussed in his latest volume.

Originally delivered at the University of Manchester, where he is Chancellor, *On Politics and History* has now, two

*On Politics and History. By John Morley. New York: Macmillan Company.

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years later, been expanded into a little volume, which reveals once more the grasp and insight of a masterful mind. It is not so closely knit a volume as one has come to expect from his pen, but he himself frankly admits that it does not aim at a rigid thesis on a single theme. Rather has he preferred to use this method to indulge in some comments more or less germane to politics in relation to history. Summary is therefore difficult, since the book itself is so finely pared and phrased.

He pleads throughout for an open mind and argues that to understand human feeling one must look at its varying motives not as vices but as properties of human nature, like heat and cold belong to the air. Politics is, of course, this feeling in action as regards government. We are to-day in process of change, but we must keep "a cautious sense of proportion." The old ideas and words are having new meanings, since national ideals are never the same. We must constantly bear in mind that "deeper than mere opinions are the sentiments and circumstances by which opinion is predetermined." It is the timeliness of a political book, for example, which makes it important; and so with many of the accidents which Morley calls "the fortuitous variations of history." This leads him to a comment on the "historical method" which is one of the most illuminating we have come across:

> Its sway is now universal in the field of social judgment and investigation. It warns us that we cannot explain or understand, without allowing for origins and the genetical side of the agents and conditions with which we have to deal. It substitutes for dogmas deduced from abstract regions, search for two things. The first, the correlation of leading facts and social ideas with one another in a given community at a given time. The second, the evolution of order succeeding to order in common beliefs, tastes, customs, diffusion of wealth, laws, and all the arts of life. Stripped of formality, this only expands the familiar truth that laws and institutions are not made, but grow, and what is true of them is true of ideas, language, manners, which are in effect their source and touchstone.
>
> It is easy to see that the ascendancy of the historic method has its drawbacks. Study of all the successive stages in beliefs, institutions, laws, forms of art, only too soon grows into a substitute for direct criticism of all these things upon their merits and in themselves. Inquiry what the event actually was, vital and indispensable as that of course must be, and what its significance and interpretation, becomes secondary to inquiry how it came about. Too exclusive attention to dynamic aspects weakens the energetic duties of the static. . . . It means, veto of the absolute, persistent substitution of the relative. . . . Even figures of high mark turn out political somnambulists.

A question which comes to all students of history is whether history has shown that progress is upward or whether there has been progress at all. As Mill has pointed out, progress may mean many things: certain it is that talent and strength of mind are equally to be found in an ignorant age as in a cultivated age, but that progress has been evident in feelings and opinions. Morley is inclined to disagree with this broad statement. He is struck with the decline of the Latin races in South America, along with the sustained vigour of the English, Scotch and Irish stocks. He thus thinks decay and progress are the hand-maidens of history. The thought of progress, too, has not permeated all literatures: the thought of retrogression is ever present. But "angles and distances make all the difference to the eagles and falcons who survey history." The great curse of the present is the insecurity of industrial life, though the tragedy of toil is lessened by the heroic efforts made to soften the hardships of mechanical invention. Morley's view of this broad question of progress is somewhat detached and suggestive, a balancing of the pros and cons, as to whether "the light burns ever upward." He calls Mommsen, Gibbon, Taine and Hatch to speak for the darker side. He is con-

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vinced, however, in picturing the Mohammedan conquests in the middle of the fifteenth century, that it was an "awkward reproof that civilised communities are necessarily bound somehow or another to be progressive." He questions very seriously in this connection, whether to-day the contact of Western races on those of the East will increase the sum of happiness. For, just as Christianity went through slavery, intolerance and "the degrading incidents connected with the seclusion of women," so the religion of Mahomet may work its way into the higher and purer light.

> On one thing, at any rate, optimist and pessimist agree, that progress is no automaton, spontaneous and self-propelling. It depends on the play of forces within the community and external to it. It depends on the room left by the State for the enterprise, energy, and initiative of the individual. It depends on the absence from the general mind at a given time, of the sombre feeling, how small a fraction is a man's share in the huge universe of unfathomable things. It depends on no single element in social being, but on the confluence of many tributaries in a great tidal stream of history; and those tides, like the ocean itself, ebbing and flowing in obedience to the motions of an inconstant moon.

To keep a constant open-mindedness, then, seems to be the real message of this book; possibly even a gentle scepticism toward all the posturers and pretensions of schools and doctrines. Basically it is hopeful, since Morley believes that while men have been conscious of the ironies of history, the underlying motive of all law givers has approximated some belief in mankind. At least he should love and respect mankind. We must not make the mistake of believing that factions are necessarily petty; for the jargon of political divisions frequently, beneath the surface, "mark broad eternal elements in human nature; sides taken in the standing quarrels of the world; persistent types of sympathy, passion, faith and principle, that constitute the fascination, instruction, and power of command in history."

George Middleton.

III

Clayton Hamilton's "Studies in Stagecraft"*

It is especially interesting to readers of The Bookman to see in consecutive form the valuable papers of Mr. Hamilton which they have read from month to month. In putting them together, the author has wisely discarded the recapitulation of individual plays which in a monthly review has pertinence; though at the same time their absence reveals that his prefatory theme was occasionally not of such importance or truth in itself as that it afforded a convenient blanket for the strange bedfellows it was designed to cover. It is inevitable, of course, that papers so prepared should contain much repetition and some inconsistencies not smoothed out. But far from quarrelling with paste pot and shears, one wishes there had been more of both; and that there had been displayed in the making of the book the seriousness of purpose manifested chapter by chapter. To articulate the scattered bones of the body of Mr. Hamilton's doctrine of the contemporary play is somewhat difficult; and it is a job no one can do as well as he himself could have done for us.

The technique of the drama, Mr. Hamilton tells us, has changed before our very eyes and we are confronted with an entirely new art of making plays. Every year or so the open-minded commentator is forced by some new playwright to alter his definition of the Drama; and every attempt to limit the content of the term "dramatic" has been rebutted by experiment—an evidence that we are living in a very vigorous period of dramatic art. The purpose of most of the experimenters has been to carry the drama more nearly into accord with actuality, by ignoring the traditions of the "well-made" play.

The chief reason why it is impossible

*Studies in Stagecraft. By Clayton Hamilton. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

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to measure the contemporary play by the critical standards of other ages, is that it possesses an element utterly new. This is setting. We derive from Greek and Elizabethan and classic French play no more definite sense of time and place than from the *Venus de Melos*. Now when an actor leaves the stage he goes somewhere and we know exactly where he is going, and when he comes back he must account for the time he has been away. The portion of the stage which we see occupies an exact locality in space. Thus, the modern theatre makes the setting tell as much of the story as it can be made to tell. Not only for this reason has the stage-director become of late so important, but also because there must be some one to harmonise the various arts which are assembled in the modern play. The arts of writing, acting, dancing, painting, sculpture, decoration, music, and illustrative illumination must all be coördinated by a dominant and central intelligence. The most obvious errors of this new business of stage-direction arise from the prodigality of the material at its disposal—the unnecessary cost which it imposes on the management, the dispersion of the attention of the audience, and its over-concreteness which limits their imagination.

This over-concreteness, he goes on to say, has indeed limited the imagination of all concerned. As the drama became less literary it became more pictorial. But its ambition has overleaped itself, and in giving up literary effects it has relinquished romance and poetry also. To bring them back again will require a freer handling of the categories of time and place, and less reliance upon the visual. Yet Mr. Hamilton appears to say at the same time that the very concreteness of the drama which intends illusion is better endowed than the drama of any other age to symbolise ideas essentially abstract—and if this is not the liveliest of stimuli to the imagination of the audience, one wonders what is. "Ten years ago our playwrights strove only to make their spectators believe what they saw, now they strive by visual suggestion to make them imagine much more than they see." This seems to be what the Elizabethans tried to do by aural suggestion; and as Shakespeare must constantly have failed to make most of his hearers understand by words the abstract ideas which now in our theatres none of the spectators can fail to see, it is difficult to be convinced by Mr. Hamilton's argument that our medium of expression deadens the imagination of the audience. Indeed, one may fear, rather, that the newest playwrights in returning to literature and placing less reliance upon visualisation in order to express psychology will return again to the explicitness of the novel, which leaves nothing whatever to the imagination of the reader except the childish exercise of granting the antecedent conditions he is asked to grant in order that the story may be told—an exercise which, though daily exhibited in every kindergarten, we are to believe made demi-gods of the Elizabethan audience.

Gazing upon the flux of things, Mr. Hamilton realises it is unsafe to dogmatise. Yet he cannot resist laying down the law even when he is laying down the law that there is no law. No one ever mixed up moods and styles more than Shakespeare, for instance, and yet no playwright has ever more secured a totality of artistic effect—thus to demand that a modern playwright keep emotion out of farce or farce out of tragedy or high comedy out of melodrama is to be quite hopelessly academic, though at the same time reckless of the models which have furnished the theories. He exhibits a similar recklessness when he announces that no play can be considered an important contribution to dramatic literature unless it proves itself to have been conceived and conducted in accordance with the admitted laws of life. What play of Sophocles or Shakespeare or Racine or Sheridan has by a strict analysis done this; and, with a similar looseness of interpretation, what poorest of contemporary plays has not? Yet these playwrights, Mr. Hamilton says, stimulated in their audiences a keener

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sense of truth than our own minute and timorous imitation of the actual. Since custom had as great an influence then as now, it would be interesting to know the grounds upon which so large an assumption can be based. As a matter of fact few people in the audience ask of a popular play, "Is it plausible?" and no critic asks of a classic "Is it true?" Many plays have deservedly survived as classics which are not in the least plausible or true. The old plays have survived for the same reason that the new ones are popular—because they are interesting and actable. Mr. Hamilton has much to say of truth, and that it is the purpose of every artistic endeavour to tell it. If so, artists have been willing from time immemorial to admit much for the sake of interest that is destructive of their purpose. People went to the theatre in Shakespeare's day no less than in Mr. William Winter's youth to be told lies about life—it merely happens that the liars of Mr. Winter's youth are no longer interesting. Shakespeare's plays, no less than Lester Wallack's, teach us that women are lovable in proportion to their ignorance and their capacity to forgive and forget, that every heroine or even marriageable woman is beautiful, that villainy always overleaps itself, and "other innumerable doctrines devastating to the mind." If any one has overlooked this in Shakespeare, it is because Shakespeare made him more interested in other things; granting similar compensations, it would be the same with any modern playwright.

Mr. Hamilton is at his best when he stops trying to measure the present by the past (the thing which he says is the purpose of this volume not to do) or by the future; and when he brings his stimulating mind down from its lofty Procrustean labours of fitting artistic history snugly into a moral generalisation, to the task (only apparently humbler) of beholding old things at new angles. His plea for melodrama, a brilliant and suggestive essay, is a case in point. "Since most of our life is casual rather than causal, the theatres must rely on farce and melodrama to complete its comment on humanity." He might even have gone further (did it not endanger moral generalisations!) and admit that this being the case, it is even more truthful to present the influence of action on character than the influence of character on action. Tragic characters are too clearly drawn to admit our putting ourselves in their place, and hence we lose in seeing a tragedy one of the great sources of interest. Furthermore, since we know that things will turn out well in the lucky world of melodrama, we permit ourselves to take the hero's place without reservation. *Graham Berry.*

IV

G. K. Chesterton's "The Flying Inn"*

The Flying Inn may be briefly characterised as a narrative comic opera. It follows the Gilbertian formula of satirising actual anomalies by carrying them out quite logically to burlesque extremes; and the resemblance is heightened by the serio-comic songs with which the characters regale one another throughout the story. Mr. Chesterton takes Prohibition for his point of attack, as it might have been Chancery or Æstheticism or the Admiralty; and his fantasy develops out of the ridiculous facts with the same methodical madness, the same wild precision of logic, which make *Patience* and *Iolanthe* and *Pinafore* a dithering delight. The aristocrat of the hour, becoming fanatical upon the subject of the Higher Orientalism, enacts that no alcohol shall be sold except under the sign of a licensed inn: which license is, of course, refused except to a few highly expensive establishments. But, just as the last inn of old England is about to be torn down, along comes a wild Irish captain who is a friend of the innkeeper; plucks up the sign, and away they go, taking with them a cheese and a keg of rum and a delectable bull-pup who rejoices in the name of Quoodle. They

*The Flying Inn. By G. K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane Company.

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scour the country, planting the sign momentarily in various embarrassing places; and where the sign is, there shall the drinks be also. At last, after most contemporary fads from Cubism to the Simple Life have come in for their share of satire, a democratic revolution restores the balance of things.

Now, the point of the whole caricature lies in its precise fidelity to the facts. Not one of them but is exaggerated in degree; not one but in quality and in essence is reproduced with literal accuracy. Prohibition is, in fact, a Mohammedan and not a Christian doctrine; our actual religion is taking an increasingly Oriental cast; the British Government is practically a family oligarchy, just as our own is practically an oligarchy of business; the left-handed legislation which decrees not the effect actually desired, but some incidental detail intended to result in that effect, and which, therefore, lends itself grotesquely to evasion, is perfectly characteristic of both nations. As in the case of Gilbert, the fun depends upon the wild sanity of the satirist; his vision has the grotesque actuality of an instantaneous photograph. But the trouble is that Mr. Chesterton is continually uneven in the scale and tone of his extravagance. Lord Ivywood is a serious caricature, Captain Dalroy a huge burlesque; and Lady Joan a wholly sober and realistic figure. And, as with the characters, so even more with the incidents, and with the style and manner of the writing. You may turn a page from capering extravaganza to profound and even passionate realism, from low comedy to high tragedy. And, however excellent either one may be, we do not take our oysters and ice-cream together, nor mix our Worcestershire and wine. Mr. Chesterton himself points out that no man is artistically justified in writing a tale which begins in the style of *The Rivals* and ends in the style of the *Iliad*. But he himself has done worse: he has written a tale wherein style, episode, and character fluctuate between these extremes continually and at will. Gilbert never makes that mistake. His every work is conceived upon an even plane of extravagance, written in one consistent key of absurdity: he changes all the signs of his equation, raises both terms to the same humourous power, so that its original value remains. Bunthorne and Patience are a proper pair, and the envy of Dick Deadeye is of a piece with Ralph Rackstraw's ambition. But *The Flying Inn* is as if Patience were constantly changing into Miranda and Rackstraw into Romeo. The same fault has appeared before in Mr. Chesterton's hyperbolic fiction: *Manalive* and *The Ball and the Cross* are both marred by it; but never to such an extent as here, where it almost spoils a better book than either. For the burlesque makes the romance sound merely sentimental, and the romance makes the burlesque appear merely untrue.

It is indeed worth questioning whether Mr. Chesterton's vein of philosophic comedy is not, for the present at least, worked out. *The Napoleon of Notting Hill* and *The Man Who Was Thursday* set a standard of real importance from which his later fiction has steadily retrogressed. There is much admirable fooling in *The Flying Inn*, and much human and divine wisdom; but of this last there is nothing that Mr. Chesterton has not already told us. And we know that he has more to tell, that may be better told directly than in parables. He is not a great artist: he is not even a very good artist; and he is the last man in the world to regret this particular limitation. He is a great humourist and a great philosopher; of whom we may not unjustly demand not merely a form of work that we find pleasant, but the form of work which he himself does best.

Brian Hooker.

V

W. L. George's "The Making of an Englishman"*

There are two ways of looking at Mr. George's novel. First, as a criticism of

*The Making of an Englishman. By W. L. George. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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the English people, and incidentally an arraignment of the French, and then as a simple love story; and in both ways his book deserves attention. A novel with so obvious a purpose as the criticism of a national life is likely to tell a tiresome story. Yet Mr. George has woven his "purpose" into his plot and made it an essential of the latter's development. With the first chapter we are plunged into a vital incident of England's life—a London mob celebrating the relief of Mafeking. Lucien Cadoresse, the young French hero, is getting his first experience of London life. He has just come from France to take a position in the London branch of his father's old firm, now the centre of the business. With all a Frenchman's traditions *behind him* and with a Frenchman's sensitiveness and also irritability, Cadoresse is continually in trouble, yet all the while making interesting discoveries into the lives and ideals of the people about him. We are taken into his boarding-house, where bourgeois England comes up for examination, and we are introduced to the landlady's daughter, soon to be Lucien's first love, and again to appear later in the story as "Mordedee" of the music halls. Then, because of his family, Lucien is taken into his employer's home and here upper-middle-class England is exploited and found to be a repetition of bourgeois England on a little grander scale—a difference in degree but not in kind. And here again is another daughter whose love affair with Lucien forms the main theme of the story. Edith is a type of the best that England has to offer, as her brother Hugh is a type of the best among its men. These people are an enigma to Cadoresse; of Hugh he writes: "The mystery of Hugh Lawton is the mystery of England, and it is insoluble. . . . I felt this English mystery as a reserve of power. I knew that Hugh Lawton would never give himself away, never lay himself open to attack. . . . I admire him impersonally as a statue, an opera or a principle . . . a western civilisation has made of him a finished product, and it may be that his existence is a presage of defeat; breeding cannot go higher, but it can go lower . . . he is the finest product of the average of his race, the apogee of the commonplace, and with him England stands in apotheosis." So our French hero goes on prying into the heart of England's life, misunderstanding her, quarrelling, getting into unfortunate situations, but ever grasping better and criticising the more keenly the significance of his adopted people. When catastrophe overwhelms his hopes for Edith, Maud, now "Mordedee," opportunely appears, and Cadoresse is dragged through London's disreputable Bohemia—a phase that Mr. George has handled with the more skill in that he has resorted less to didactic analysis and more to simple description. A return to France proves to Lucien that he is now more English than French and that France no longer wants him; and it is a chastened hero that goes back to England once more to plunge into the amalgamating process to come out eventually into fortune and happiness as a naturalised Englishman.

Something of the political campaign is treated that seems a little unnecessary; somewhat too much of feminine characterisation is delved into, and analysis, however keen and illuminating, has its limits with most novel readers. Mr. George, too, is inclined to labour over his canvases; he approaches them with some hesitation and uncertainty and makes many little dabs, trying from one side and then from another to get his result where a more experienced artist with a few well-directed strokes, would quickly obtain his effect. Maud and Edith, and in fact, all of the characters are distinct, living pictures when we finish the book, but our mental concept of them has been built up gradually and at some little trouble to ourselves. And this author seems also to have the knack of casting over his novels an atmosphere of sombre, serious thought anent the struggle for existence with little enough of the joy and exuberant hope there is in just being alive. He hears the grinding and gritting of the wheels of our com-

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plex civilisation above the music of their whirr and the hum of their latent promise. One cannot help but feel that the author has in some measure over-reached his "purpose." To criticise the life of a people is a tall undertaking and necessarily admits of but partial fulfilment. Yet Mr. George shows skill at his work and his criticisms and analyses seem as convincing as they are keen and well-founded. So that at the close, though all that stands for England triumphs in the story, yet the balance of criticism is *against* her and the inconsistency is fairly felt. For there is little doubt that Mr. George really premises that somehow the English are divinely fitted to be the dominant race—he is a true Britisher not only in that, but also—oh, for a little real humour to season this meaty dish withal!

Rex Glendining.

VI

Mrs. Hugh Fraser's "Italian Yesterdays"*

The two handsome volumes which bear this fragrant title will hardly bear out the author's hope that the reader will find the title justified. In them she says she has assembled her memories and her own experiences side by side with the stories of saints and sinners long passed away from the land where they played their part. But the great bulk of the work is unfortunately occupied by the last-named; and one fears that Mrs. Fraser will scarcely pardon the statement that of the three she is the better company.

Yet in her gentle way she herself is to blame for calling forth this defiant spirit. For a more aggressive controversial temper never spoke in softer accents. She deplores that no Catholic guide-book exists and even such valuable sweet-minded works as Augustus Hare's *Walks In Rome* seem anxious to be exonerated from the suspicion of sharing the pious beliefs of devout persons in miracles and relics. The world at large, she thinks, is recovering somewhat from the prolonged epidemic of materialism from which it suffered during the greater part of the nineteenth century, and many of the strongest scientific intellects are recognising supernatural "possession" as the only possible and rational explanation of certain cases of mental perversity. The real and serious study of history, she continues elsewhere, has become for all save a few a thing of the past. Legend and fact, faith and inspiration, are so intermingled that to separate them is impossible to any intelligence not directly inspired. She warns against taking Ruskin seriously in any other capacity than as a student of the beautiful; as philosopher and theologian he wrote appalling lies with complacency and assurance—as do all without the Church, even scientists, who venture to speak of Her. The few stories she tells which are not religious afford her a firm foundation of moralising; and the stories of the saints and popes she narrates not only with the sympathy but with the particularity of an eye-witness. For the rest, she tells them with good narrative effect; and neutralises her zeal with a sweet naïveté and with loving-kindness.

It is indeed unfortunate, however, on the positive as well as the negative side, that so little of the book is devoted to her personal experiences. These are charming and tender, and clad in rhythmic, eloquent prose accomplished yet spontaneous. The landscape in which they are set is a delight, as are also the peasant and rural figures that people it. Rome from the hour of her first hut has been loved with a personal passion that has not its like in the world's history; and Rome excepted, Verona is the world's most richly endowed city, with stirring memories of men and their deeds both good and bad. And all she sees through the rosy mist of her own memory—even the beggars at the church doors were in the days of her youth devout.

A. de Vivier.

*Italian Yesterdays. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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THE STORY OF AN EMPRESS

Part III—Marriage

The Queen and Prince Albert, as we know, much wished to keep the fact of the Princess's engagement a secret from the public. But rumour was naturally busy with the visit of the Prussian Prince to Balmoral, and on the day after his departure, that is on October 3d, there appeared in the *Times* a leading article, in which the proposed alliance of the Princess Royal was alluded to with anything but approval—indeed, in Germany the article was considered grossly insulting both to the King of Prussia and to Germany. Prince Albert was very much angered at the terms in which it was written, which he described as "foolish and degrading to this country."

But the article was really inspired by a consciousness of the violent dislike of England entertained by the Court of Prussia, and especially by the camarilla surrounding the then sovereign and his consort, and this was better realised by publicists than by Royal circles in England.

Amazing as it may seem to us now, it is nevertheless abundantly clear that neither Queen Victoria nor Prince Albert, well served as they were in some respects by the faithful Stockmar, had any idea of the real situation at the Prussian Court. The extreme youth of their daughter made them wish to postpone the marriage for a while, but there is no hint in any of the many letters and documents which have now come to light of the slightest fear that she would lack a good reception in that new country which she already loved as part of Prince Albert's fatherland. On the contrary, the Prince had evidently persuaded himself that his daughter's marriage would be very popular in Germany—more popular than it happened to be just then in England. Like most men of high, strong, narrow character, Prince Albert never allowed himself to perceive what at the moment he did not wish to see.

This view is entirely borne out by the letters which Prince Albert wrote then and later to the Prince of Prussia. Even when addressing one who was far older than himself, and already in the position of a ruler, he always assumed the attitude of mentor rather than of adviser; and as one glances over the immensely long epistles, dealing with a state of things of which the writer could know but very little, one wonders if the future Emperor William had the patience always to read them to the very end. Even were there no other evidence existing, these letters remain to show how curiously lacking Prince Albert was in that knowledge of elementary human nature which belongs to so many commoner types of mind.

The Prince Consort's misapprehension is the more extraordinary when we consider that his brother, Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, judged the situation with accuracy. In a letter published in his memoirs the Duke says:

"The family events at Balmoral and Stolzenfels [King Frederick William IV was staying at Stolzenfels when he received the news of the engagement of his nephew to the Princess Royal and of his niece, Princess Louise, to the Prince Regent of Baden] gave rise to all kinds of dissatisfaction in many reactionary circles of the Prussian capital. The more the Liberal papers of Germany applauded, the more disagreeably was the other side affected by the unpopularity of the circumstances which threatened to strengthen, at the Court of Berlin, the influence of the Royal relations whose sentiments were not regarded with favour. One of the peculiarities of Frederick William IV was that, with reference to his personal sympathies, he

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would not submit to any coercion from those who were familiar with politics and affairs of State, so that the secret opponents had to beware of expressing their displeasure at the new family connections."

As we have seen, the King of Prussia had kept his own counsel in the affair of his nephew's engagement, which he had only sanctioned in consequence of Prince Frederick William's strong personal appeal. His Queen was intensely pro-Russian, and as a result of the Crimean War had conceived a positive hatred for England and the English.

As for the Princess of Prussia, afterward the Empress Augusta, she was a woman of the highest cultivation, the old cultivation of Weimar and of the French eighteenth century, but she had not much influence in Berlin, where even then she was said to be strongly inclined to Roman Catholicism. The Prince of Prussia was himself not really popular. It was inevitable therefore, in all the circumstances, that the prospect of an English alliance should become a fresh cause of contention and division, in which the voices of disapproval decidedly prevailed.

Even after the engagement had been actually announced, Prince Frederick William told Lady Bloomfield, the wife of the British Minister in Berlin, that, though he was very much disappointed that the Queen and Prince Albert wished the marriage to be postponed as the Princess Royal was so young, it was perhaps a good thing, for by that time party spirit in Prussia would run less high. The strength of that party spirit was ominously shown on the occasion of the marriage of the Prince's sister, Princess Louise, when the great nobility of Prussia ostentatiously absented themselves from the festivities.

General von Gerlach, who as we have seen, extracted from the King of Prussia that dry admission that the rumours of the English engagement were well-founded, drew also a more interesting comment on the news from a very different personage. Bismarck, who was already regarded as a man with a future, and at the time held an important diplomatic post at the Diet at Frankfort, wrote to the General on April 8, 1856, a commentary which was in some ways extraordinarily prophetic:

"You ask me in your letter what I think of the English marriage. I must separate the two words to give you my opinion. The 'English' in it does not please me, the 'marriage' may be quite good, for the Princess has the reputation of a lady of brain and heart. If the Princess can leave the Englishwoman at home and become a Prussian, then she may be a blessing to the country. If our future Queen on the Prussian throne remains the least bit English, then I see our Court surrounded by English influence, and yet us, and the many other future sons-in-law of her gracious Majesty, receiving no notice in England save when the Opposition in Parliament runs down our Royal family and country. On the other hand, with us, British influence will find a fruitful soil in the noted admiration of the German 'Michael' for lords and guineas, in the Anglomania of papers, sportsmen, country gentlemen, etc. Every Berliner feels exalted when a real English jockey from Hart or Lichtwald speaks to him and gives him an opportunity of breaking the Queen's English on a wheel. What will it be like when the first lady in the land is an Englishwoman?"

Not less interesting in their way are the comments which Prince Albert's brother, Duke Ernest, made on his niece's betrothal:

"The Royal House of Prussia has long afforded in its genealogical history a singular spectacle of waverings between the West and East of Europe. While family alliances between Orthodox Russia and Catholic Austria were almost wholly excluded, the Protestant faith did not at all prevent the Hohenzollerns from having a strong leaning toward the family of the Tsars, and the connections which were thus made undoubtedly exerted their influence upon Germany. The Crimean War may be regarded as a political lesson on this con-

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catenation of circumstances. Was it not most extraordinary that, even before peace had been concluded with Russia, the Royal House of Prussia was, in its matrimonial aims, on the point of exhibiting a marked tendency toward the West of Europe? The union of a Prussian heir-apparent with a Princess of my House, with its numerous branches, was an event which at the time unquestionably seemed opposed to the Russian tradition.

"If we remember how at the end of the war every one looked upon my brother as the active force against Russia, though at the beginning this was by no means clear, the marriage of a Prussian Prince who was destined to the succession with a daughter of the Queen of England necessarily possessed a decided political character. My brother, however, loved his eldest daughter too well to be influenced entirely by political considerations in respect of her marriage; and I often had an opportunity of observing that the chief wish of his heart for many years had been to see his favourite child occupy some exalted position. With paternal ambition, he was wont to picture to himself his promising daughter, whose abilities had been early developed, upon a lofty throne, but, more than all, I know that he was anxious to make her also truly happy. The Prince of Prussia, above all other scions of reigning Houses, afforded the greatest hopes for the future."

There was another Court at which the news of the engagement was regarded with mixed feelings. The Emperor Napoleon at first received the Anglo-Prussian alliance almost with dismay. He feared that, by strengthening Prussian influence, it would have the effect of weakening, and possibly destroying, the French understanding with England. But he allowed himself to be reassured by Lord Clarendon, who declared that Queen Victoria's affection for the House of Prussia was private and personal, and had nothing to do with politics. Prince Frederick William, returning by way of Paris as a successful suitor, had brought the Emperor a letter from the Queen, and to it Napoleon replied, rather coldly:

"We like the Prince very much, and I do not doubt that he will make the Princess happy, for he seems to me to possess every characteristic quality belonging to his age and rank. We endeavoured to make his stay here as pleasant as possible, but I found his thoughts were always either at Osborne or at Windsor."

It was on this visit of the Prince's that the Empress Eugénie made the following comments in a letter to an intimate friend, which, in view of those later events in which Moltke played so great a part, possess a pathetic significance:

"The Prince is a tall, handsome man, almost a head taller than the Emperor; he is slim and fair, with a light yellow moustache—in fact, a Teuton such as Tacitus described, chivalrously polite, and not without a resemblance to Hamlet. His companion, Herr von Moltke (or some such name), is a man of few words, but nothing less than a dreamer, always on the alert, and surprising one by the most telling remarks. The Germans are an imposing race. Louis says it is the race of the future. Bah! Nous n'en sommes pas encore là."

There was also a neighbouring sovereign to whose opinion all those who appreciate the complex dynastic relations of that period will be inclined to attach importance. This was the King of the Belgians.

Though he was in no sense the noble, selfless human being Queen Victoria took him to be, King Leopold was nevertheless a very shrewd judge of human nature, and had evidently seen enough of the Princess Royal to note certain peculiarities in her character which had escaped the loving, partial eyes of her parents. This is clearly shown in a letter written by Queen Victoria in the December of 1856. In this letter there is a passage, prefaced by "Now one word about Vicky," in which the Queen protests that she has never seen her daughter

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take any predilection to a person which was not *motive* by a certain amiability, goodness, or distinction of some kind or other. She goes on to say: "You need be under no apprehension whatever on this subject; and she has moreover great tact and *esprit de conduite.*"

This surely makes it clear that King Leopold was aware of the sudden fancies which the Princess Royal, even at that early age, often showed to those who attracted her, and that for no sufficient reason. Probably in this case he was thinking of the Princess Royal's passsionate attachment to the Empress Eugénie—an attachment which lasted all through her youth, and which perhaps had more justification for it than some other of her enthusiasms for individuals.

In England, at any rate at first, the news of the engagement was received rather coldly, almost as if it was a *mésalliance,* though the knowledge that it was really a love-match did much to reconcile public opinion. The following passage from a letter written by Mr. Cobden, at this time the triumphant protagonist of the Anti-Corn Law League, reflects as well as anything the general feeling that the bridgegroom was indeed "a lucky fellow":

"It is generally thought that the young Prince Frederick William of Prussia is to be married to our Princess Royal. I was dining *tête-à-tête* with Mr. Buchanan, the American Minister, a few days ago, who had dined the day before at the Queen's table, and sat next to the Princess Royal. He was in raptures about her, and said she was the most charming girl he had ever met: 'All life and spirit, full of frolic and fun, with an excellent head, and a *heart as big as a mountain*'—those were his words. Another friend of mine, Colonel Fitzmayer, dined with the Queen last week, and, in writing to me a description of the company, he says that when the Princess Royal smiles, 'it makes one feel as if additional light were thrown upon the scene.' So I should judge that this said Prince is a lucky fellow, and I trust he will make a good husband. If not, although a man of peace, I shall consider it a *casus belli!*"

To the bride's parents, if not to herself and her betrothed, the fact that the marriage negotiations were not quite pleasantly conducted must have been not only painful but astonishing. It was actually suggested that the ceremony should take place in Berlin, but Queen Victoria very properly scouted the proposal, which was really in the circumstances disagreeably like an insult. She wrote in her emphatic, italicising way to Lord Clarendon, the Foreign Secretary:

"The Queen *never* could consent to it, both for public and private reasons, and the assumption of its being *too much* for a Prince Royal of Prussia to *come* over to marry *the Princess Royal of Great Britain* IN England is too *absurd,* to say the least. The Queen must say that there never was even the *shadow* of a *doubt* on *Prince Frederick William's* part as to *where* the marriage should take place, and she suspects this to be the mere gossip of the Berliners. Whatever may be the usual practice of Prussian Princes, it is not *every* day that one marries the eldest daughter of the Queen of England. The question therefore must be considered as settled and closed."

In view of all this and of what was to befall the Princess Royal in the land for which she even then cherished so fond an affection, and of which she had already formed so high an ideal, there is something intensely pathetic in the blindness of her parents to the real conditions of her future life. This blindness is shown with amazing clearness in the sentence, certainly inspired and very likely written by Queen Victoria herself, which concludes the chapter, in Sir Theodore Martin's *Life of the Prince Consort,* dealing with the betrothal of the Princess Royal:

"No consideration, public or private, would have induced the Queen or himself [*i.e.* Prince Albert] to imperil the happiness of their child by a marriage in which she could not have found scope to practise the constitutional principles in which she had been reared."

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The idea that the Prussia of that day, or indeed of any day, would have amiably afforded a foreign princess scope to practise constitutional principles of any sort seems extraordinary, and yet, as we shall see, there was some little justification for it at the time, though it was quickly swept away by the course of events.

The confirmation of the Princess Royal took place on March 20, 1856, in the private chapel at Windsor Castle. The Princess was led in by her father, followed by her godfather, the King of the Belgians, who had come to England on purpose, and the Royal children and most of the members of the Royal family were present, as were also the Ministers, the great officers of State, and many of those whom Disraeli was wont to describe as the "high nobility."

In fact, everything was done to make the rite a State ceremony—a striking contrast to the more recent practice by which the princes and princesses of England have all been confirmed privately, in the presence of their near relatives only.

The second Lord Granville, the statesman who shared with the Princess Royal the flattering nickname of "Pussy," wrote to Lord Canning this lively account of the confirmation. The inaudible Archbishop was J. B. Sumner; his Lordship of Oxford was the Samuel Wilberforce, called by his enemies "Soapy Sam," who played a conspicuous part in the Court and social life of the period:

"Had a slight spasm in bed; sent for Meryon. It was well before he came. He desired me not to go to Windsor for the confirmation of the Princess Royal. I went, and am none the worse; my complexion beautiful. It was an interesting sight. As Pam observed, 'Ah, ah! a touching ceremony; ah, ah!' The King of the Belgians the same as I remember him when I was a boy, and he used to live for weeks at the Embassy, using my father's horses, and boring my mother to death. The Princess Royal went through her part well. The Princess Alice cried violently. The Archbishop read what seemed a dull address; luckily it was inaudible. The Bishop of Oxford rolled out a short prayer with conscious superiority. Pam reminded Lord Aberdeen of their being confirmed at Cambridge, as if it was yesterday. I must go to bed, so excuse haste and bad pens, as the sheep said to the farmer when it jumped out of the fold."

There was certainly too much pomp about the Princess Royal's confirmation for the taste of another spectator, Princess Mary of Cambridge, afterward Duchess of Teck. She succeeds in drawing in a few words a remarkably vivid picture of what happened:

"The ceremony was very short (the service for the day being omitted) and not solemn enough for my feeling, although the anthems were fine and well-chosen. It was followed by a great deal of standing in the Green Drawing-room, where the Queen held a kind of tournée in honour of the Ministers, who had come down for the confirmation; after which dear Victoria, who looked particularly nice, and was very much impressed with the solemnity of the rite, received our presents on the occasion, and about half-past one we sat down to lunch *en famille* as usual."

It was on April 29, 1856, that the betrothal was publicly announced on the conclusion of the Crimean War, and in the following month the Princess appeared as a débutante at a Court ball at Buckingham Palace.

This spring "Fritz of Prussia," as his future father-in-law called him, came to pay a long visit to his fiancée. It is curious that Queen Victoria, in spite of her strong belief in love as the only right foundation for an engagement, had by no means the English notion of discreetly leaving the young people a good deal alone together. On the contrary, she seems to have entirely adopted the Continental practice of chaperonage; a passage in a letter written by her to King Leopold shows that she was always with them, and that she naturally found it very boring, but she endured it because she thought it was her duty.

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Prince Frederick William was still in England when in June the Princess Royal met with rather a terrifying accident, which is worthy of mention because it showed how strong was her character and how high her physical courage.

The Princess was sealing a letter at her writing-table, when suddenly the sealing-wax flamed out and the flames caught her muslin sleeve. Her English governess, Miss Hildyard, was fortunately seated close to her, and her music mistress, Mrs. Anderson, was also in the room, giving Princess Alice a lesson. They sprang at once to the Princess's assistance and beat out the flames with a hearthrug; but not before her right arm had been severely burned from below the elbow to the shoulder. She showed the greatest self-possession and presence of mind, her first words being: "Send for Papa, and do not tell Mamma till he has been told."

The Princess Royal had a long engagement, probably the longest that any lady of her rank has had, at least in modern times, but the months as they went by were fully occupied with her father's sedulous preparation of her intellect, as well as with the more frivolous preparations of her trousseau.

In May, 1857, Parliament voted for the Princess a dowry of £40,000 and an annuity of £4,000—a provision which does not now seem to have erred on the side of generosity. But it must be remembered that what economists call "the purchasing power of the sovereign" was considerably greater then than now, and to find the modern equivalent of these sums one would have to add probably as much as twenty-five per cent.

Prince Frederick William, attended by Count Moltke, paid another visit to England in June, and made his first public appearance with the Princess at the Manchester Art Exhibition. The young couple seem to have corresponded on quite the old-fashioned voluminous scale. After the Prince had gone home again in August, Moltke writes to his wife that the Princess had written a letter of forty pages to the Prince, and he adds the sarcastic comment: "How the news must have accumulated!"

Whatever the aide-de-camp may have thought, the Prince himself was certainly a happy lover in his own characteristically serious way. We find him a few months later writing to his French tutor, the Swiss Pastor Godet, a long and moving letter, in which he alludes very frankly to the difficulties which even then surrounded his position. Then, going on to speak of his coming marriage, he says:

"Yes, if you knew my betrothed you would, I am sure, thoroughly understand my choice, and you would realise that I am truly happy. I can but bless and thank God to have given me the happiness of finding in her everything which ensures the true union of hearts, and repose and calm in home life, for I do not care, as you know, for the world, which I find empty and with very little happiness in it."

The seventeenth birthday of the Princess Royal, the last she was to spend with her family before her marriage, was saddened by the death of Queen Victoria's half-brother, Prince Leiningen. The Royal family were all extremely fond of him, especially the Princess Royal, to whom he had ever shown himself a most affectionate and kindly uncle. This was the first time the Princess had come in close contact with death, and it made the more impression on her owing to the passionate grief which her grandmother, the Duchess of Kent, showed at the loss of her only son.

The wedding had now been fixed for January 25, 1858, and already in October the bride had taken leave of those places in Balmoral which were dear to her. Of this Prince Albert writes to the widowed Duchess of Gotha:

"Vicky suffers from the feeling that all those places she visits she must look upon for the last time as her home. The Maid of Orleans with her 'Joan says to you an everlasting farewell,' often comes into my mind." And in another letter: "The departure from here will be heavy

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for all of us, particularly for Vicky, who is going away for good, and the good Highland people who love her so much say: 'I suppose we shall never see you again,' which naturally upsets her."

These rather sentimental farewells had been going on for a long time. Queen Victoria, in a letter a fortnight before the wedding, says that her daughter had had ever since January, 1857, a succession of emotions and leave-takings which would be most trying to any one, but particularly so to so young a girl with such powerful feelings. The loving mother goes on to say that she is much improved in self-control, and is so clever and sensible that her parents can talk to her of anything.

Her other parent, in a letter to his grandmother, spoke of the frightful gap which the separation for ever of this dear daughter would make in the family circle, and then, with his characteristic optimism, he adds that in Germany people seem ready to welcome her with the greatest friendliness.

Here perhaps is the place to consider what sort of a country was the "Germany" whither Prince Albert was sending his cherished daughter as future Queen.

To begin with, it was not yet "Germany" at all; it was Prussia. We are well accustomed in the twentieth century to regard Germany as one of the Great Powers of Europe, with her enormous army and her expanding navy and mercantile marine, with all else for which the Fatherland stands in science, letters, and industry. It is necessary, however, to realise that the Princess Royal's marriage was to bring her to what was then a very different country. Prussia was, in fact, not to be compared in power, wealth, or security with the Princess's native land. Including Silesia, Brandenburg, and Westphalia, the country only had a population of some seventeen millions in 1858, or about that of England alone. The revenue was comparatively insignificant, but the army numbered 160,000 officers and men; the navy had 55 ships, 3,500 officers and men, and 265 guns; while the mercantile marine is given as 826 ships of 268,000 tons.

The Germanic Confederation had superseded the Confederation of the Rhine formed by Napoleon. It included Austria, as well as Prussia and the various German States, and by the nature of its constitution it was weak where it should have been strong. The jealousy felt by Austria for the hegemony of Prussia among the smaller German States, and the internal jealousies of those States among themselves, almost doomed the Confederation to impotence. Indeed, the primary object of the Confederation, namely, the maintenance of the external security of the States, was in constant danger, owing partly to the complicated regulations for voting in the Diet, partly to a military system which was full of compromises and certain to produce, on the outbreak of war, a maximum of confusion and a minimum of efficiency.

The constitutional liberties of the individual States had been gravely menaced by a series of feudal decrees passed between 1830 and 1840; while in 1850 the Confederation had actually suppressed the constitution of Hesse-Cassel. In Prussia itself the Manteuffel Ministry had been working, beneath the cloak of the constitutional reforms granted in 1850, to establish a centralised police State on the model of the French préfet system combined with typical Prussian mediævalism.

It was in 1847 that King Frederick William IV uttered the famous words that he would never allow a piece of written parchment to be placed, like a second Providence, between God in heaven and his country. Now the constitution of only two years later did seem to be such a piece of written parchment, but this was only in appearance, because it did not settle by organic laws the crucial questions of political liberty, but left them in practice to the Chambers which it called into existence. The task of Baron Manteuffel's Ministry, therefore, resolved itself into obtaining a sufficiently reactionary Parliament which

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could be trusted to remove the foundations of political liberty laid by the great constitutional lawgiver, Stein, and his follower, Hardenburg.

It was not till 1855, three years before the Princess Royal's marriage, that a thoroughly servile Chamber was obtained. The two principal reforms effected by Stein, namely, the localising of the administration and the independence of officials, were abolished, and the administration was carefully centralised on the French model, and the whole official class was made dependent upon the Government. This latter object was effected by an ingenious theory—that any opposition to a constitutional Ministry which enjoyed the confidence of the sovereign became constructively an offence against the Crown, and therefore punishable.

It is significant that it took five years before a really servile Chamber was obtained, even by these methods. The Prussian mediævalists did not altogether like the police supremacy established by the Manteuffel Ministry; but, on the other hand, by their alliance with the Ministry they had the satisfaction of staving off certain reforms which they especially dreaded, notably the equalisation of the land tax, the removal of the rural police from the control of the lord of the manor, and the liberal organisation of the rural communes. Moreover, they were given practical freedom to do what they liked in ecclesiastical and educational administration.

It must be remembered that, while England has had from time to time her mediævalists, they have, on the whole, failed to make any real impression on politics, and have exerted their influence only in the province of religious belief and in that of art. It was different in Prussia, where feudalism as a practical system had a much longer life.

Numerous small States within the kingdom of Prussia, with their feudal powers and rights, had to be broken up by the Great Elector as a first step toward a Prussian nationality. It was really by continuing the Great Elector's work in this respect that Stein had aroused that national movement which eventually threw off the French yoke. But Frederick William III had set himself to reorganise the provincial States on the basis of a strict observance of their historical rights. This reorganisation did not satisfy the mediævalists, because it failed to provide any real check upon the bureaucratic character of the remaining part of the King's administration.

At the time of the Princess Royal's marriage there still survived an extraordinary number of little States, each with its ruling family, and for the most part as poor as they were proud.

II

It is the universal testimony that at the time of her wedding the Princess Royal was at the height of her youthful beauty and charm. This is not the mere flattery of courtiers, to whom all Royal ladies are beautiful as a matter of course; it is the opinion expressed by a multitude of observers in contemporary private letters, diaries, and reminiscences. And of all the descriptions of her at this time in existence the most lifelike we owe to a German lady of rank, one of the Princess's future ladies-in-waiting, Countess Walpurga de Hohenthal, who afterward married Sir Augustus Berkeley Paget, British Ambassador in Rome and Vienna. This lady gives in her book of reminiscences, *Scenes and Memories,* this vivid vignette of her Royal mistress as she looked just before her marriage:

"The Princess appeared extraordinarily young. All the childish roundness still clung to her and made her look shorter than she really was. She was dressed in a fashion long disused on the Continent, in a plum-coloured silk dress fastened at the back. Her hair was drawn off her forehead. Her eyes were what struck me most; the iris was green like the sea on a sunny day, and the white had a peculiar shimmer which gave them the fascination that, together with a smile showing her small and beautiful

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teeth, bewitched those who approached her. The nose was unusually small and turned up slightly, and the complexion was ruddy, perhaps too much so for one thing, but it gave the idea of perfect health and strength. The fault of the face lay in the squareness of the lower features, and there was even a look of determination about the chin, but the very gentle and almost timid manner prevented one realising this at first. The voice was very delightful, never going up to high tones, but lending a peculiar charm to the slight foreign accent with which the Princess spoke both English and German."

As we have already seen, Queen Victoria felt strongly that it was not every day that even a future King married the daughter of a Queen of England, and she was resolved to surround the ceremony with all possible pomp and circumstance. The reader may for the most part be spared the details of these functions. What is interesting to us, looking back on that age which seems so remote from our own, is the curious note of tearful sentiment, which some would now call by a harsher name, yet mingled with high hopes and pathetic confidence in the future.

The Court spent the early part of January, 1858, at Windsor Castle, and on the 15th, the day of the departure for London, the Queen wrote in her diary:

"Went to look at the rooms prepared for Vicky's 'Honeymoon.' Very pretty. It quite agitated me to look at them. Poor, poor child! We took a short walk with Vicky, who was dreadfully upset at this real break in her life; the real separation from her childhood! She slept for the last time in the same room with Alice. Now all this is cut off."

And we may quote, too, a characteristic passage from a letter written to the Queen by her sister, the Princess of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, with reference to another young Royal bride:

"Poor little wife now! I have quite the same feeling as you have on these dear young creatures entering the new life of duties, privations, and trials, on their marrying so young. Alas! the sweet blossoms coming in contact with rude life and all its realities so soon, are changed into mature and less lovely persons, so painful to a mother's eye and feeling; and yet we must be happy to see them fulfil their *Bestimmung* (destiny); but it is a happiness not unmixed with many a bitter drop of anguish and pain."

By the 19th all the Royal guests had arrived in London, among them the King of the Belgians with his sons, the Prince and Princess of Prussia, and Princes and Princesses in such numbers that the accommodation of Buckingham Palace was taxed to the uttermost. "Such a house-full," said the Queen in her diary. "Such bustle and excitement!" Between eighty and ninety sat down to dinner at the Royal table daily. "After dinner," says the same record, "a party, and a very gay and pretty dance. It was very animated, all the Princes dancing."

The first of the public festivities was a performance at Her Majesty's Theatre of *Macbeth*, by Helen Faucit and Phelps, while Mr. and Mrs. Keeley appeared in a farce. This was the first of four representations, organised at the Queen's command in honour of the marriage, and each was made the occasion of an extraordinary popular demonstration. A great ball, at which over a thousand guests were present, was given at the Palace, and there was also a State performance of Balfe's opera, *The Rose of Castille*.

Prince Frederick William arrived on January 23d, and on the next day Queen Victoria writes:

"Poor dear Vicky's last unmarried day. An eventful one, reminding me so much of mine. After breakfast we arranged in the large drawing-room the gifts (splendid ones) for Vicky in two tables. Fritz's pearls are the largest I ever saw, one row. On a third table were three fine candelabra, our gift to Fritz. Vicky was in ecstasies, quite startled, and Fritz delighted."

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More magnificent presents kept on arriving, and the Queen goes on:

"Very busy—interrupted and disturbed every instant! Dear Vicky gave me a brooch (a very pretty one) before Church with her hair; and, clasping me in her arms, said: 'I hope to be worthy to be your child!'" At the end of the day the Queen and the Prince "accompanied Vicky to her room, kissed her and gave her our blessing, and she was much overcome. I pressed her in my arms, and she clung to her truly adored papa with much tenderness."

Of the wedding itself Queen Victoria made herself the historian for all time, and we cannot do better than quote her vividly emotional account of the scene:

"Monday, January 25th.—The second most eventful day in my life as regards feelings. I felt as if I were being married over again myself, only much more nervous, for I had not that blessed feeling which I had then, which raises and supports one, of giving myself up for life to him whom I loved and worshipped—then and ever! Got up, and, while dressing, dearest Vicky came to see me, looking well and composed, and in a fine quiet frame of mind. She had slept more soundly and better than before. This relieved me greatly. Gave her a pretty book called *The Bridal Offering*."

Before the procession started for the Chapel Royal at St. James's Palace, the Queen and the Princess were daguerreotyped together with Prince Albert, but, says the Queen, "I trembled so, my likeness has come out indistinct." Her Majesty continues:

"Then came the time to go. The sun was shining brightly; thousands had been out since very early, shouting, bells ringing, etc. Albert and Uncle, in Field Marshal's uniform, with bâtons, and the two eldest boys went first. Then the three girls in pink satin trimmed with Newport lace, Alice with a wreath, and the two others with only *bouquets* in their hair of cornflowers [the favourite flower of Queen Louise of Prussia and of all her children and descendants], and marguerites; next the four boys in Highland dress. The flourish of trumpets and cheering of thousands made my heart sink within me. Vicky was in the carriage with me, sitting opposite. At St. James's took her into a dressing-room prettily arranged, where were Uncle, Albert, and the eight bridesmaids, who looked charming in white tulle, with wreaths and bouquets of pink roses and white heather.

"Then the procession was formed, just as at my marriage, only how small the *old* Royal family has become! Mamma last before me—then Lord Palmerston with the Sword of State—then Bertie and Alfred. I with the two little boys on either side (which they say had a most touching effect) and the three girls behind. The effect was very solemn and impressive as we passed through the rooms, down the staircase, and across a covered-in court.

"The Chapel, though too small, looked extremely imposing and well,—full as it was of so many elegantly dressed ladies, uniforms, etc. The Archbishop, etc., at the altar, and on either side of it the Royal personages. Behind me Mamma and the Cambridges, the girls and little boys near me, and opposite me the dear Princess of Prussia, and the foreign Princes behind her. Bertie and Affie, not far from the Princess, a little before the others.

"The drums and trumpets played marches, and the organ played others as the procession approached and entered. There was a pause between each, but not a very long one, and the effect was thrilling and striking as you heard the music gradually coming nearer and nearer. Fritz looked pale and much agitated, but behaved with the greatest self-possession, bowing to us, and then kneeling down in a most devotional manner. Then came the bride's procession and our darling Flower looked very touching and lovely, with such an innocent, confident, and serious expression, her veil hanging back over her shoulders, walking between her beloved father and dearest Uncle Leopold, who had been at her christening and confirmation.

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"My last fear of being overcome vanished on seeing Vicky's quiet, calm, and composed manner. It was beautiful to see her kneeling with Fritz, their hands joined, and the train borne by eight young ladies, who looked like a cloud of maidens hovering round her, as they knelt near her. Dearest Albert took her by the hand to give her away. The music was very fine, the Archbishop very nervous; Fritz spoke very plainly, Vicky too. The Archbishop omitted some of the passages."

Sarah Lady Lyttelton, too, noted the calm and rather serious, though happy and loving, expression of the Princess's look and manner—"not a bit of bridal missiness and flutter."

Another eye-witness of the scene supplies a moving touch: "The light of happiness in the eyes of the bride appealed to the most reserved among the spectators, and an audible, 'God bless you!' passed from mouth to mouth along the line."

The Queen's description proceeds:

"When the ceremony was over, we both embraced Vicky tenderly, but she shed not one tear, and then she kissed her grandmamma, and I Fritz. She then went up to her new parents, and we crossed over to the dear Prince and Princess [of Prussia], who were both much moved, Albert shaking hands with them, and I kissing both and pressing their hands with a most happy feeling. My heart was so full. Then the bride and bridegroom left hand in hand, followed by the supporters, the 'Wedding March' by Mendelssohn being played, and we all went up to the Throne Room to sign the register. Here general congratulations, shaking hands with all the relations. I felt so moved, so overjoyed and relieved, that I could have embraced everybody."

The young couple drove off to Windsor for a honeymoon of only two days, as was then the custom with Royal personages.

"We dined," says Queen Victoria, "*en famille,* but I felt so lost without Vicky." In the evening, however, there came a messenger from Windsor with a letter from the bride, containing the news that the Eton boys had dragged the carriage of the Prince and Princess from the railway station to the Castle, and that they had been welcomed by immense crowds and with the greatest enthusiasm. All London, too, was illuminated, and there were great rejoicings in the streets. The Duke of Buccleuch made it his business to mingle with the humblest people in the crowds, and he afterward greatly pleased the Queen with his account of their simple, hearty enthusiasm.

Of those two days at Windsor, the bride, thirty-six years later, when she was already a widow, spoke to her old friend, Bishop Boyd Carpenter. She received the Bishop in the red brocade drawing-room which overlooks the Long Walk, a room which awakened memories: "We spent," she said, "our honeymoon at Windsor. This room was one of those we occupied. It was our private sitting-room. I remember how we sat here—two young innocent things—almost too shy to talk to one another."

The Court moved to Windsor on the 27th, and on the following day the bridegroom was invested with the Order of the Garter. On the 29th the Court returned to town, and in the evening the Queen and Prince Albert, and the bridal pair, went in state to Her Majesty's Theatre. The audience demanded the National Anthem twice before and once after the play, two additional verses appropriate to the occasion being added. Prince Frederick William led his bride to the front of the Royal box, and they stood to receive the acclamations of the house.

On January 30th, the Queen held a Drawing-room, at which there were no presentations, "only congratulations," and the Princess wore her wedding dress and train. In the evening the eight bridesmaids, with their respective parents, came, but though there were no young men, they all danced till midnight.

The dreaded separation was fast approaching. Those were days in which people of all classes seemed to give freer

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play to their natural emotions than they do now, and the actual parting at Buckingham Palace may almost be described as agonising. "I think it will kill me to take leave of dear Papa!" were the words of the Princess to her mother. "A dreadful moment, and a dreadful day," wrote the Queen. "Such sickness came over me, real heartache, when I thought of our dearest child being gone, and for so long—all, all being over! It began to snow before Vicky went, and continued to do so without intermission all day. At times I could be quite cheerful, but my tears began to flow afresh frequently, and I could not go near Vicky's corridor."

Even the less emotional but not less warmhearted Princess Mary of Cambridge writes in her diary of February 2d:

"A very gloomy, tearful day! At eleven-thirty we drove to the palace to see poor dear Vicky off. It was our intention to wait downstairs; but we were sent for, and found dear Victoria [the Queen] surrounded by a number of crying relations in the Queen's Closet. It was a sad, a trying scene. We all accompanied her to the carriage, and, after bidding her adieu, Mamma and I hurried to one of the front rooms to see her drive up the Mall."

There exists a private photograph, or rather a daguerreotype, taken of the Princess Royal that morning, her face unrecognisable, swollen with tears.

It may be imagined how delighted the populace were when they saw that, though it was snowing hard, their Princess had chosen an open carriage for her drive through the London she even then loved so well, and went on loving to the very end. The route taken was through the Mall, Fleet Street, Cheapside, and over London Bridge, and in spite of the terrible weather, enormous crowds gathered to see the last of the bride. The stalwart draymen of Barclay and Perkins's brewery shouted out to the bridegroom in menacing tones, "Be kind to her—or we'll have her back!"

The Princess was accompanied by her father and her two elder brothers; and at Gravesend, where the Royal yacht, the *Victoria and Albert,* was waiting to take her and her bridegroom across the Channel, the scene was again most affecting. The Prince Consort was deeply moved, but he was determined to appear composed, and he kept his look of serenity. Not so the Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred; they wept openly, and their example was followed by many, for there was something profoundly moving in this departure of the Daughter of England—as Cobden had called her—for a country of which the great majority of Englishmen and Englishwomen at that time knew little or nothing.

Perhaps the general feeling among the educated classes of the England of that day is best reflected in a leading article in the *Times,* which said:

"We only trust and pray that the policy of England and of Prussia may never present any painful alternatives to the Princess now about to leave our shores; that she will never be called on to forget the land of her birth, education, and religion; and that, should the occasion ever occur, she may have the wisdom to render what is due both to her new and her old country. There is no European State but what changes and is still susceptible of change, nor is this change wholly by any internal law of development. We influence one another. England, indeed, has ever been jealous of foreign influence, and she would be the last to repudiate the honour of influencing her neighbours. For our part, we are confident enough of our country to think an English Princess a gain to a Prussian Court, but not so confident to deny that we may be mutually benefited, and Europe through us, by a greater cordiality and better acquaintance than has hitherto been between the two countries."

III

The bridal journey to Berlin was in the nature of a triumphal progress, and it was well that the Prince and Princess were both young and full of healthy vi-

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tality. At Brussels they were present at a great Court ball given in their honour, but early the next morning they were again on their route, and all the way there were receptions, addresses of congratulations, etc., to be received and answered.

It was probably at Brussels that the Princess received a touching letter from her father, written on the day after her departure from England:

"My heart was very full when yesterday you leaned your forehead on my breast to give free vent to your tears. I am not of a demonstrative nature, and therefore you can hardly know how dear you have always been to me, and what a void you have left behind in my heart: yet not in my heart, for there assuredly you will abide henceforth, as till now you have done, but in my daily life, which is evermore reminding my heart of your absence."

Three days later Prince Albert again wrote to her:

"Thank God, everything apparently goes on to a wish, and you seem to gain 'golden opinions' in your favour; which naturally gives us extreme pleasure, both because we love you, and because this touches our parental pride. But what has given us most pleasure of all was the letter, so overflowing with affection, which you wrote while yet on board the yacht. Poor child! well did I feel the bitterness of your sorrow, and would so fain have soothed it. But, excepting my own sorrow, I had nothing to give; and that would only have had the effect of augmenting yours."

To Stockmar, whose son, Baron Ernest Stockmar, was appointed Treasurer to the Princess Royal on her marriage, he wrote:

"Throughout all this agitated, serious and very trying time, the good child has behaved quite admirably, and to the mingled admiration and surprise of every one. She was so natural, so childlike, so dignified and firm in her whole bearing and demeanour, that one might well believe in a higher inspiration. I shall not forget that your son has proved himself in all ways extremely useful, and takes and holds his ground, which, among the Berliners, is no easy matter."

The progress to Berlin was, at any rate, by no means dull; it was marked by plenty of incident, sometimes not of a pleasant nature. For instance, when the bridal pair were entertained at a great Court banquet at Hanover, whether by malice, or more probably by sheer stupidity, the feast was spread on the very gold dinner-service which had been a subject of dispute between Queen Victoria and King Ernest, a dispute which had been decided by the English law officers of the Crown in favour of Hanover. The Princess Royal, who knew all about the affair, felt deeply hurt, but she did not allow this to be noticed except by her intimate entourage.

In Magdeburg Cathedral the crowd became so obstreperous in their eager desire to see the Princess that shreds of her gown, a dress of tartan velvet, were actually torn off her back.

Just before Potsdam was reached, the famous Field-Marshal Wrangel, who had played so great a part in the Revolution of 1848, jumped into the train. After he had complimented the Royal bride, he sat down on a seat on which had been placed an enormous apple-tart which had just been presented to the Princess at Wittenberg, a town noted for its pastry. Fortunately the old soldier took the accident in good part, and joined in the hearty laughter which accompanied the efforts of the Princess and her ladies to clean his uniform.

The whole of the Prussian Royal family assembled at Potsdam to greet the bride and bridegroom, who made their State entry into Berlin on February 8th. It was a fine day, but the cold was of an intensity never before experienced by the Princess. Nevertheless, she and her ladies were all in low Court dresses, and, by her express wish, the windows of the State carriages were kept down, so that the eager populace might be the better able to see inside.

The drive lasted two hours and ended at the Old Schloss, where the Prince

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and Princess found once more the whole of the Prussian Royal family assembled, headed by the then King and his Queen. As the Queen embraced the bride, she observed coldly: "Are you not frozen?" The Princess replied with a smile: "I have only one warm place, and that is my heart!"

It is a curious fact that on that night of the State entry into Berlin, when every house, and especially every palace and embassy, was brilliantly illuminated, the English Legation alone remained in darkness. This was simply because the gas company had undertaken to do more than it could accomplish, for gas had never been used in Berlin before that night for public illumination. Still, the circumstance was long remembered by the more superstitious of the Berliners.

The youthful bride made a very favourable impression on those who saw her on that first day in Berlin. Her manner was singularly quiet and self-possessed, and she found a kind and suitable word to say to every one. Yet, even so, feeling ran so high in Prussian society, and especially at the Court, that Lord and Lady Bloomfield, the then English Minister and his wife, made a point of avoiding the Princess Royal, so desirous were they of giving no cause of offence to the King and Queen.

Meanwhile, the loving parents in London were kept busy in reading the accounts, which poured in on them from every quarter, of their daughter's reception in her new home. Thus, Queen Victoria's sister, the Princess of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, writes from Berlin on February 17th:

"You know of everything that is going on, and how much she [the Princess Royal] is admired, and deserves so to be. The enthusiasm and interest shown are beyond everything. Never was a Princess in this country received as she is. That shows where the sympathies turn to, certainly not toward the North Pole."

This was perhaps a little too *couleur de rose*, and when Prince Frederick William telegraphed to his parents-in-law, "The whole Royal family is enchanted with my wife," Prince Albert's dry comment, in writing to his daughter, was that the telegraph must have been amazed at the message. Nor did the anxious father fail to seize the opportunity for a little sermon. In this same letter, dated February 11th, he writes to the Princess:

"You have now entered upon your new home, and been received and welcomed on all sides with the greatest friendship and cordiality. This kindly and trustful advance of a whole nation toward an entire stranger must have kindled and confirmed within you the determination to show yourself in every way worthy of such feelings, and to reciprocate and requite them by the steadfast resolution to dedicate the whole energies of your life to this people of your new home. And you have received from Heaven the happy task of effecting this object by making your husband truly happy, and of doing him at the same time the best service, by aiding him to maintain and to increase the love of his countrymen.

"That you have everywhere made so favourable an impression has given intense happiness to me as a father. Let me express my fullest admiration of the way in which, possessed exclusively by the duty which you had to fulfil, you have kept down and overcome your own little personal troubles, perhaps also many feelings of sorrow not yet healed. This is the way to success, and the *only* way. If you have succeeded in winning people's hearts by friendliness, simplicity, and courtesy, the secret lay in this, that you were not thinking of yourself. Hold fast this mystic power; it is a spark from Heaven."

Admirable advice in a sense, but unfortunately too general to be of much service to the warm-hearted, impulsive Princess, before whom lay so many unsuspected pitfalls. Prince Albert believed, as he had said to his son-in-law, that his daughter possessed "a man's head and a child's heart," an allusion to the poet's words, "In wit a man, sim-

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plicity a child." But Prussia was not Coburg, and even from Coburg Prince Albert had now been away for nearly twenty years. He does not appear at all to have appreciated either the situation which now confronted the Princess Royal, or how little adapted she was by her temperament and her training to meet it.

In the Princess of Prussia (afterward the Empress Augusta) her English daughter-in-law ever had a true friend and ally, and during the forty years which followed, the two ladies were on far better terms than any one could have expected, considering how entirely different had been their upbringing and outlook on life.

For example, Princess Augusta had been taught as a child to *tenir cercle* in the gardens of the Palace at Weimar—that is to say, she had to make the round of the bushes and trees, each of which represented for the moment a lady or gentleman of the Court, and say something pleasant and suitable to each! In this curious but extremely practical fashion was inculcated one of the most fundamentally important duties of Royal personages, and it may be suggested with all respect that the future Empress Frederick would have benefited if she had had some similar training.

The Princess who was to become Queen of Prussia and the first German Empress had been brought up at Goethe's knee. She belonged, in an intellectual sense, to the eighteenth rather than the nineteenth century. She knew French as well as she knew German—indeed, it is said that she often thought in French, and perhaps her chief friend, at the time of her son's marriage to the Princess Royal, was Monsieur de Bacourt, the French diplomatist to whom the Duchesse de Dino's diary-letters were for the most part addressed. Among her intimates were many Catholics, and for many years it was believed in Berlin that she had been secretly received into the Roman Church. As a young woman she was full of heart and warmth of feeling, but she soon learned, what her daughter-in-law never succeeded in mastering, the wisdom of circumspection and the painful necessity for prudence. She early made up her mind to remain on the whole in shadow. While never concealing her point of view from those about her, she yet never took any public part in the affairs of State.

During the Crimean War, when the whole of the Prussian Court was pro-Russian, the Princess of Prussia had been pro-English—a fact which naturally endeared her to Queen Victoria, but which had made her Prussian relatives very sore and angry. When the Princess Royal arrived in Berlin as the bride of the King of Prussia's heir-presumptive, the Crimean War was already being forgotten. Among the Liberals there was what may be called a pro-English party, and the joyous simplicity and youthful charm of the Princess silenced criticism, at any rate for a time.

It must be remembered that the Princess Royal had left a young Court. At the time of her marriage her parents were still young people—she made them grandparents when they were only thirty-eight. But the Court in which she now became an important personage was composed of middle-aged men and women, with some very old people. There was still living in the Court circle a lady who was said to remember Frederick the Great. This was the Countess Pauline Neale, who had been one of Queen Louise's ladies-in-waiting. She could recollect with vivid intensity every detail and episode associated with Napoleon's treatment of the King and Queen.

Of great age, too, was the gigantic Field-Marshal Wrangel, who had actually carried the colours of his regiment at the battle of Leipzig.

Another interesting personality in the Princess Royal's new family circle was her husband's aunt, Princess Charles, sister of the Princess of Prussia, who afterward became the grandmother of the Duchess of Connaught. She still bore traces of the wonderful beauty for which she had been famed in the 'twen-

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ties, but was, of course, no longer a young woman.

Not long after the Princess Royal's arrival in Berlin, a German observer wrote to the Prince Consort: "She sees more clearly and more correctly than many a man of commanding intellect, because, while possessing an acute mind and the purest heart, she does not know the word 'prejudice.' "

Less than a month after her marriage, on February 17th, the Prince Consort sent his daughter a letter full of wise warning:

"Your festival time, if not your honeymoon, comes to an end to-day; and on this I take leave to congratulate you, unfeeling though it may sound, for I wish for you the necessary time and tranquillity to digest the many impressions you have received, and which otherwise, like a wild revel, first inflame, and then stupefy, leaving a dull nerveless lassitude behind. Your exertions, and the demands which have been made upon you, have been quite immense; you have done your best, and have won the hearts, or what is called the hearts, of all. In the nature of things we may now expect a little reaction. The public, just because it was rapturous and enthusiastic, will now become minutely critical and take you to pieces anatomically. This is to be kept in view, although it need cause you no uneasiness, for you have only followed your natural bent, and have made no external demonstration which did not answer to the truth of your inner nature. It is only the man who presents an artificial demeanour to the world, who has to dread being unmasked.

"Your place is that of your husband's wife, and of your mother's daughter. You will desire nothing else, but you will also forego nothing of that which you owe to your husband and to your mother. Ultimately your mind will, from the over-excitement, fall back to a little lassitude and sadness. But this will make you feel a craving for activity, and you have much to do, in studying your new country, its tendencies and its people, and in overlooking your household as a good housewife, with punctuality, method, and vigilant care. To success in the affairs of life, apportionment of time is essential, and I hope you will make this your *first* care, so that you may always have some time over for the fulfilment of every duty."

Baron Stockmar had also been watching the details of the Princess's reception in her new country with anxious interest. He, too, saw the danger of a reaction, and he wrote a letter to the Prince Consort, in reply to which the father, after commending the Princess's tact, said:

"The enthusiasm with which she seems to have been everywhere received exceeds our utmost calculations and hopes, and proves that the people approved the idea of this alliance, and have found Vicky in herself answer to their expectations. It is only now, indeed, the difficulties of her life will begin, and after the excitement of the festivities a certain melancholy will come over the poor child, however happy she may feel with her husband. With marriage, a new life has opened for her, and you would have marvelled at the sudden change and development which even here became at once apparent.

"We, that is she and I, have, I think, remained, and I believe will remain, the same to one another. She continues to set great store by my advice and my confidence; I do not thrust them upon her, but I am always ready to give them. During this time of troubles she has written less to me, and communicated the details of her life, and what she is doing, more to her mother. I had arranged this with her, but I hold her promise to impart to me faithfully the progress of her inner life, and on the other hand have given her mine, to take a constantly active part in fostering it. You may be sure I will not fail in this, as I see in it merely the fulfilment of a sacred duty.

"What you say about an early visit had already been running in my head, and I will frankly explain what we think on this subject. Victoria and I

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are both desirous to have a meeting with the young couple, somewhere or other in the course of the year, having moreover given them a promise that we would. This could only be in the autumn. A *rendezvous* on the Rhine—for example, at Coblentz—would probably be the right thing. This does not exclude a flying visit by myself alone, which, if it is to be of any use, must be paid earlier in the year. How and where we could see each other I have naturally weighed, and am myself doubtful whether Berlin is the appropriate place for me. I have therefore come to the conclusion that I might go to Coburg, and give the young people a *rendezvous* there."

The Princess Royal spent her first winter in Berlin in the Old Schloss. The castle had not been lived in for a considerable time, and to one accustomed to the even then high standard of English living and hygiene, it must have seemed almost mediæval in its lack of comfort, and of what the Princess had been brought up to regard as the bare necessities of life—light, warmth, and plenty of hot water.

The young couple were allotted a suite of splendidly decorated but very dark and gloomy rooms; and none of the passages or staircases were heated. The Princess, who had always been encouraged to turn her quick mind to practical matters, and who delighted in creating and in making, found her way blocked at every turn, owing to the fact that nothing could be done in the Old Schloss without the direct permission of the King. Not only was Frederick William IV in a very bad and mentally peculiar state of health, but to him and to his Queen any attempt to change or modify anything in the ancient pile of buildings where his predecessor had lived savoured of sacrilege. To give one instance, King Frederick William III had died in the very suite of rooms allotted to the Prince and Princess, and his children had piously preserved the "death-chamber," as it was still called, in exactly the same state as it was on the day of his death. This room was situated next to the Princess's boudoir, and every time she went to her bedroom or dressing-room she was obliged to pass through it.

The Old Schloss was widely believed to be haunted, not only by the "White Lady," but by other ghosts, and the door between the Princess Royal's boudoir and the "death-chamber" would sometimes open by itself. One winter evening, the Princess and one of her ladies were sitting together in the boudoir. The lady, who was reading aloud, raised her eyes and suddenly saw the door of the death-chamber, which was covered, like the walls, with blue silk, open noiselessly, as if pushed by an invisible hand. She stopped reading abruptly. The Princess asked nervously, "What's happened? Do you see anything?" The lady answered, "Nothing, ma'am," and, getting up, shut the door.

But it would be absurd to suppose that the Princess allowed the ungraciousness of the King and the material discomforts which surrounded her at this time to cloud the beginning of a singularly happy married life. She threw herself with eager zest into her husband's interests, and for the time she seemed completely merged in him. Having regard to the mental equipment and demands of the Princess, it is obvious that she found in her husband great intellectual gifts. The theory that the Prince was wholly influenced by his wife, who took the lead in all, cannot be maintained. He was nine years older than the Princess, who was little more than a child when they married, and his character and outlook were formed long before. His uncle, Duke Ernest, testifies, on the contrary, to the influence which the Prince exerted over his wife.

It must, however, be acknowledged that Prince Frederick William, especially in these early days, agreed with the Princess in regarding England as a perfect country with a perfect constitution. He was deeply grateful to her for having left an ideally happy home to become his wife, and his entire devotion was shown in many ways. Indeed, the

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only thing in which the Prince Frederick William of these days seems to have ever withstood the Princess Royal was in his refusal to give up his solitary evening walk in the streets of Berlin. The Princess used to go to bed quite early, and then the Prince would go out and walk about quite unattended.

Years later, in reference to her domestic happiness, the Empress wrote feelingly to a friend: "The peace and blessed calm that I ever found in my home, by the side of my beloved husband, when powerful influences from outside were first distressing me, are blessings which I cannot describe."

Some of the conditions of the Princess Royal's new life were undoubtedly very irksome to her. The tone of the Prussian Court in matters, not only of religion and politics, but also of etiquette, was very much narrower than that of the English Court. She seems to have found it impossible to guard her tongue, to conceal her convictions, or to hold aloof from political discussion. At "home," as she soon very unwisely began to call England, she had been used to say everything she thought from childhood upwards, sure of not being misunderstood, and reticence would have seemed to her mean, if not absolutely dishonest.

It is difficult to say when the Prussian reactionary party first became aware that in the bride of Prince Frederick William they had a determined and a brilliant opponent. It must, however, have been fairly early, for it is on record that during that first winter in Berlin "the very approach of a Tory or a reactionary seemed to freeze her up."

Nor is it easy to see how much her father, watching anxiously from England, knew of this. She continued with unabated enthusiasm those historical and literary studies to which the Prince Consort had accustomed her, and she wrote him a weekly letter, asking his advice on political questions. She wrote to her mother daily, sometimes twice a day, but it was her father's influence which really counted with her, and that remained quite unimpaired. It is reasonable to suppose that he attributed whatever seemed to annoy and distress her in Prussian public life to the still paramount influence of the dying King. But he evidently did not at any time realise that, though factious persons might be ready enough to use her in their own interests, no one in Prussia really wanted to see a Princess dabbling in politics at all. Thus, we find the Prince writing to Stockmar in March, 1858:

"From Berlin the tenor of the news continues excellent. Vicky appears to go on pleasing, and being pleased. She is an extremely fortunate, animating, and tranquillising element in that region of conflict and indecision."

And again:

"Brunnow had reckoned upon Moustier from Berlin, whom he would have had in his pocket, and through him Walewski. Now he gets the Duke of Malakoff! He has not yet been able to realise the position, and is by way of being extremely confidential; it is he alone who has made Vicky's marriage popular in Berlin, where it was at first very unpopular, and he weeps tears of emotion when he speaks of her!"

To the Princess herself he wrote also in March:

"You seem to have taken up your position with much tact. The bandage has been torn from your eyes all at once as regards all the greatest mysteries of life, and you stand not only of a sudden before them, but are called upon to deal with them, and that too on the spur of the moment. 'Oh! It is indeed most hard to be a man,' was the constant cry of the old Würtemberg Minister, von Wangenheim, and he was right!"

The Prince was generally philosophising, but even so, the following, written a few days later, seems an extraordinary letter for any father to write to a girl not much over seventeen:

"That you should sometimes be oppressed by home-sickness is most natural. This feeling, which I know right well, will be sure to increase with the sadness which the reviving spring, and the quick-

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ening of all nature that comes with it, always develop in the heart. It is a painful yearning, which may exist quite independently of, and simultaneously with, complete contentment and complete happiness. I explain this hard-to-be-comprehended mental phenomenon thus. The identity of the individual is, so to speak, interrupted; and a kind of Dualism springs up by reason of this, that the *I which has been,* with all its impressions, remembrances, experiences, feelings, which were also those of youth, is attached to a particular spot, with its local and personal associations, and appears to what may be called *the new I* like a vestment of the soul which has been lost, from which nevertheless *the new I* cannot disconnect itself, because its identity is in fact continuous. Hence the painful struggle, I might almost say the spasm, of the soul."

To the faithful Stockmar the Prince confided his belief:

"As to Vicky, unquestionably she will turn out a very distinguished character, whom Prussia will have cause to bless."

The Prince's cherished scheme of a visit to Coburg began to take shape, and he writes:

"My whole stay in Coburg can only be for six days. To see you and Fritz together in a quiet homely way without visits of ceremony, etc.—I dare not picture it to myself too strongly. Talk it over with Fritz, and let me know if I can count on you, but do not let the plan get wind, otherwise people will be paying us visits, and our meeting will lose its pleasant private character."

Another letter, dated April 28th, is interesting as showing that the Prince was beginning to perceive some of the difficulties in his daughter's path:

"What you are now living through, observing, and doing, are the most important experiences, impressions and acts of your life, for they are the first of a life independent and responsible to itself. That outside of and in close proximity to your true and tranquillising happiness with dear Fritz your path of life is not wholly smooth, I regard as a most fortunate circumstance for you, inasmuch as it forces you to exercise and strengthen the powers of your mind."

Nothing that concerned her but was of moment to her father:

"I am delighted to see by your letter that you deliberate gravely upon your budget, and I shall be most happy to look through it, if you send it to me; this is the only way to have a clear idea to one's self of what one has, spends, and ought to spend. As this is a business of which I have had long and frequent experience, I will give you one rule for your guidance in it, namely, to set apart a considerable balance *pour l'imprévu.* This gentleman is the costliest of guests in life, and we shall look very blank if we have nothing to set before him."

During the first summer of their married life, the Prince and Princess set up quite a modest establishment at the Castle of Babelsberg, and this made the Princess very happy.

(*To be continued*)

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THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of January and the 1st of February:

FICTION

City	1st on List	2d on List
New York, Downtown	The Devil's Garden	Peg o' My Heart
New York, Uptown	The Devil's Garden	The Witness for the Defence
Albany, N. Y.	Light of Western Stars	It Happened in Egypt
Atlanta, Ga.	The Inside of the Cup	Laddie
Baltimore, Md.	The Inside of the Cup	Pollyanna
Birmingham, Ala.	Pollyanna	Laddie
Boston, Mass.	The Witness for the Defence	It Happened in Egypt
Boston, Mass.	T. Tembarom	It Happened in Egypt
Buffalo, N. Y.	The Inside of the Cup	T. Tembarom
Chicago, Ill.	The Inside of the Cup	Laddie
Chicago, Ill.	The Inside of the Cup	Peg o' My Heart
Cincinnati, Ohio	On the Seaboard	Light of Western Stars
Cleveland, Ohio	The Inside of the Cup	Pollyanna
Dallas, Texas	Laddie	Pollyanna
Denver, Colo.	It Happened in Egypt	The Broken Halo
Detroit, Mich.	The Inside of the Cup	Laddie
Detroit, Mich.	The Inside of the Cup	T. Tembarom
Indianapolis, Ind.	The Inside of the Cup	The Devil's Garden
Jacksonville, Fla.	The Inside of the Cup	T. Tembarom
Kansas City, Mo.	T. Tembarom	The Inside of the Cup
Los Angeles, Cal.	The Door That Has No Key	The Witness for the Defence
Louisville, Ky.	Light of Western Stars	A People's Man
Memphis, Tenn.	Laddie	The Dark Flower
Milwaukee, Wis.	T. Tembarom	The Inside of the Cup
Minneapolis, Minn.	A People's Man	It Happened in Egypt
Minneapolis, Minn.	T. Tembarom	The Inside of the Cup
New Haven, Conn.	It Happened in Egypt	The Light of Western Stars
New Orleans, La.	Peg o' My Heart	T. Tembarom
Norfolk, Va.	Laddie	The Custom of the Country.
Omaha, Neb.	Vision of Joy	The Inside of the Cup
Philadelphia, Pa.	It Happened in Egypt	T. Tembarom
Philadelphia, Pa.	The Witness for the Defence	The Devil's Garden
Portland, Me.	T. Tembarom	The Inside of the Cup
Portland, Ore.	Laddie	The Inside of the Cup
Providence, R. I.	The Inside of the Cup	T. Tembarom
Richmond, Va.	It Happened in Egypt	The Inside of the Cup
Rochester, N. Y.	The Inside of the Cup	Pollyanna
St. Louis, Mo.	The Inside of the Cup	Laddie
St. Paul, Minn.	The Inside of the Cup	Laddie
San Francisco, Cal.	The Inside of the Cup	The Dark Flower
San Francisco, Cal.	The Dark Flower	T. Tembarom
Seattle, Wash.	The Inside of the Cup	T. Tembarom
Spokane, Wash.	T. Tembarom	The Inside of the Cup
Toledo, Ohio	The Inside of the Cup	The Woman Thou Gavest Me
Toronto, Canada	T. Tembarom	The Inside of the Cup
Waco, Tex.	Laddie	The Valley of the Moon
Washington, D. C.	T. Tembarom	Laddie
Worcester, Mass.	The Woman Thou Gavest Me	The Inside of the Cup

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(Continued)

FICTION

3d on List	4th on List	5th on List	6th on List
The Inside of the Cup	Garden Without Walls	The Iron Trail	The Way Home
It Happened in Egypt	T. Tembarom	Fortitude	Sale of Lady Daventry
The Devil's Garden	The After House	Home	Westways
The Dark Flower	T. Tembarom	The Iron Trail	The White Linen Nurse
T. Tembarom	Laddie	Garden Without Walls	Making Over Martha
Peg o' My Heart	Hagar	Call of the Cumberlands	The Inside of the Cup
A People's Man	Light of Western Stars	The Devil's Garden	The After House
The Inside of the Cup	Pollyanna	General John Regan	The Honourable Mr. Tawnish
Pollyanna	Light of Western Stars	The Devil's Garden	The White Linen Nurse
Pollyanna	T. Tembarom	The Woman Thou Gavest Me	It Happened in Egypt
A People's Man	The Woman Thou Gavest Me	Laddie	Eagle's Mate
A Fool and His Money	Custom of the Country	The White Linen Nurse	T. Tembarom
T. Tembarom	Westways	Making Over Martha	The Iron Trail
Hagar	The Dark Flower	T. Tembarom	The Woman Thou Gavest Me
Hagar	The Coryston Family	A Person of Quality	
Pollyanna	It Happened in Egypt	T. Tembarom	Peg o' My Heart
Westways	Down Among Men	The Dark Flower	A People's Man
The Dark Flower	Light of Western Stars	Westways	T. Tembarom
The Woman Thou Gavest Me	The Light of Western Stars	It Happened in Egypt	A People's Man
V. V.'s Eyes	Laddie	Custom of the Country	Gold
The Dark Flower	It Happened in Egypt	Clutch of Circumstance	Van Cleve
T. Tembarom	The Inside of the Cup	The Dark Flower	Laddie
Pollyanna	Custom of the Country	The Tinder Box	The White Linen Nurse
Laddie	The Woman Thou Gavest Me	The Butterfly	The Dark Flower
The Inside of the Cup	The After House	Light of Western Stars	Story of Waitstill Baxter
Westways	The Dark Flower	The Passionate Friends	Behind the Beyond
Home	Witness for the Defence	A People's Man	The Inside of the Cup
The Dark Flower	The Inside of the Cup	Laddie	The Woman Thou Gavest Me
The White Linen Nurse	The Dark Flower	Pedgin Island	The Broken Halo
Pollyanna	Laddie	T. Tembarom	Gold
The Inside of the Cup	Light of Western Stars	The Woman Thou Gavest Me	A People's Man
A People's Man	The Flying Inn	The Butterfly	Old Mole
Pollyanna	Westways	Laddie	Custom of the Country
Pollyanna	T. Tembarom	Garden Without Walls	The Iron Trail
Story of Waitstill Baxter	Westways	Witness for the Defence	The After House
Pollyanna	The Butterfly	T. Tembarom	Witness for the Defence
T. Tembarom	Laddie	Westways	Making Over Martha
Pollyanna	The Dark Flower	Peg o' My Heart	The Woman Thou Gavest Me
The Dark Flower	Custom of the Country	The Way Home	T. Tembarom
Custom of the Country	T. Tembarom	Gold	The Passionate Friends
The Inside of the Cup	The Iron Trail	The Way Home	Within the Law
The Iron Trail	The Valley of the Moon	Laddie	The White Linen Nurse
The Iron Trail	Story of Waitstill Baxter	The Dark Flower	Light of Western Stars
Light of Western Stars	T. Tembarom	Otherwise Phyllis	A People's Man
The Woman Thou Gavest Me	Laddie	The Broken Halo	Westways
Custom of the Country	In Search of a Husband	Hagar	The Way Home
The Inside of the Cup	The House of Happiness	Witness for the Defence	Pollyanna
Pollyanna	T. Tembarom	Laddie	It Happened in Egypt

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SALE OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The New York Public Library Circulation Department reports books most in demand excluding fiction, as follows:

For the week ending January 7th:

1. The Promised Land. Antin.
2. Story of My Life. Keller.
3. The Montessori Method. Montessori.
4. Scott's Last Expedition. Scott.
5. Plays. Ibsen.
6. Mexico. Baerlein.

For the week ending January 14th:

1. The Plain Man and His Wife. Bennett.
2. Across Unknown South America. Landor.
3. Panama. Fraser.
4. Modern Gasoline Automobile. Page.
5. My Wanderings. Barnabee.
7. John Barleycorn. London.

For the week ending January 21st:

1. The Promised Land. Antin.
2. Our Eternity. Maeterlinck.
3. Woman and Labour. Schreiner.
4. Pacific Shores from Panama. Peixotto.
5. Plays. Wilde.
6. Home Furnishing. Hunter.
7. Poems. Noyes.

For the week ending January 28th:

1. Scott's Last Expedition.
2. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett.
3. Crowds. Lee.
4. Germany and the Germans. Collier.
5. Plays. Strindberg.
6. Poems. Tagore.
7. Cost Accounting. Nicholson.

Books—Non-fiction—in Demand—from the Bookseller' Lists

Crowds. Lee.
Gitanjali. Tagore.
Our Eternity. Maeterlinck.
The Promised Land. Antin.
Autobiography. Roosevelt.
Paris Nights. Bennett.
Memories. Li Hung Chang.
Spell of the Yukon. Service.
John Bright. Trevelyan.
Poems. Noyes.
Familiar Spanish Travels. Howells.
The Truth About Woman. Hartley.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see chart, pages 110 and 111) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book	standing	1st	on	any	list	receives	10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	4

SEE HINTS FOR BUYERS
PAGE 40, ADVERTISING SECTION

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50	312
2. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40	246
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35	172
4. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25	122
5. It Happened in Egypt. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35	104
6. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35	

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THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

APRIL, 1914

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

The Stevenson Heritage

THE will of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, who died in February, showed an estate amounting to something more than one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. The figures surprised a great many people, some wondering how they happened to be so large, and others expressing astonishment that they were so small. "Just about what five years should have brought in from R. L. S.'s books," suggested one ardent Stevensonian, who estimated that the royalties were yielding in the neighbourhood of twenty-five thousand dollars a year. But that computation is unquestionably very much too high. The number of living men of letters in this country and England who are earning twenty-five thousand dollars a year from their books could probably be counted on the fingers of both hands.

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The McClure Memoirs Again

Last autumn we had Miss Gilder picturing Mr. S. S. McClure "discovering" Stevenson in 1893, and, figuratively speaking, Mr. McClure purring complacently before the picture. Now, in jotting down his *Autobiography,* Mr. McClure seems to recall that it was not in 1893 that he introduced "R. L. S." to the world, but in 1887, which presents the whole matter in a vastly different light. In a way, Mr. McClure shares credit with Mr. Irving Bacheller and Mr. Charles de Kay, for it was Mr. Bacheller who stirred Mr. McClure to the realisation that, for the first time, there was intelligent and dangerous competition in the syndicate field, and moved him to make that trip to England in February, 1887; while it was Mr. de Kay who called his attention to Stevenson's *Kidnapped.* Mr. McClure did not succeed in finding Stevenson in England, but one day, the following summer, a young man visited the offices in the Tribune Building in New York, introduced himself as Lloyd Osbourne, and said that Stevenson was staying at the Hotel St. Stephen in Eleventh Street. There Mr. McClure found him. He was in bed, "very much in the attitude of the St. Gaudens medallion." Of course he was; it would not have been a conventional Stevenson interview otherwise. In Miss Gilder's version Mr. McClure spoke of the Scotsman as just emerging from obscurity in 1894; in his later account he says that by reason of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* he was already famous in 1887.

• • •

Then Stevenson made his trip to the Adirondacks, and there Mr. McClure followed him in October, 1887. Three of Stevenson's stories had been printed in *Henderson's Weekly,* an English

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paper, something like the old New York *Ledger*. These were *Treasure Island, Kidnapped* and *The Black Arrow*. He had received one hundred pounds apiece for them, and they had appeared as the work of "Captain North," a pseudonym adopted at the suggestion of some of his English literary friends, who thought that the association of Stevenson's own name with adventure stories might compromise his future. *Kidnapped* and *Treasure Island* had been issued in book form, but *The Black Arrow* had never been resurrected. So at Saranac Mr. McClure offered to publish the last-named story in the syndicate and to pay a good price for it. Later Mr. McClure expressed the wish to omit the first five chapters of the tale, and Stevenson readily gave his consent. Referring to this, Mr. McClure expresses opinions on a subject that is of decided significance, a subject that we propose to discuss very fully before long. Of Stevenson's acquiescence in the scheme for condensation, he says:

> Like all writers of the first rank, he was perfectly amiable about changes and condensations, and was not handicapped by the superstition that his copy was divine revelation and that his words were sacrosanct. I never knew a really great writer who cherished his phrases or was afraid of losing a few of them. First-rate men always have plenty more.

• • •

While there is unquestionably a certain amount of soundness in these ideas, there is also a certain amount of danger in their free expression. But they seem to be Mr. McClure's pet hobby, for he returns to it again, quoting Stevenson as lamenting that Balzac did not have some one to edit and condense his novels for him. Then, when Stevenson began sending in his *Letters from the South Seas:*

> He told me to use my own judgment about editing them, and to cut wherever I thought it would be advantageous. After the series was well started in the syndicate, he wrote and asked me why I was not cutting the stuff down more. I have mentioned this willingness to be edited before, and I have said that all of the really first-rate writers I have known have been similarly open-minded. I must mention it again, because, somehow, young writers often have the idea that they are lowering their flag if they consent to any changes in their manuscript—that there is a mystic power in a certain order of words. My experience has been—and I think all other editors have had the same experience—that only writers of inferior talent and meagre equipment feel that way.

• • •

Happening to read *The Study in Scarlet* on a train journey from Scotland to London, Mr. McClure tells us that he decided that he wanted Conan Doyle for the syndicate, and bought the first twelve Sherlock Holmes stories, paying sixty dollars apiece for them. But at first they were not at all popular with editors, on account of their somewhat unwieldy length. It was not until nearly all the first twelve had been published that the public began to take interest. Then Mr. McClure bought the American serial rights of *The White Company* for three hundred and seventy-five dollars, but that, too, went begging, until Mr. Laffan of the New York *Sun* took it off Mr. McClure's hands. Then Mr. McClure gives a somewhat different account of the "discovery" of Rudyard Kipling from that chronicled last autumn:

> I was lunching one day with Sidney Colvin at the British Museum, where he was in residence as Curator of Prints and Engravings. Colvin told me about a new writer who seemed to have red blood in him, and who had done a good deal of work out in India that was beginning to be talked about in London. His name, Colvin said, was Rudyard Kipling. The name was so unusual that I had to write it down to remember it.
>
> Shortly after this I paid my first visit to George Meredith. I went to Box Hill to see him about getting the right to syndicate sev-

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eral of his novelettes, such as *The Tale of Chloë*, which had never been published in book form and were unknown in America. During the course of our conversation I said:

"Mr. Meredith, Mr. Colvin thinks very highly of a new writer named Rudyard Kipling. He believes he is the coming man. Do you know anything about him?"

"The coming man," said Meredith emphatically, "is James Matthew Barrie."

• • •

Conan Doyle again figures in the April instalment of Mr. McClure's *Autobiography*. When Dr. Doyle was in the United States in 1894 on his lecturing tour, *McClure's Magazine* was in its precarious infancy. It was running at a loss of a thousand dollars a month, and it was found necessary to cut the text of the magazine from ninety-six to eighty-eight pages, and to reduce the size of the illustrations. Five thousand dollars was owed to English authors, and every apparent source of capital had been gradually exhausted. One day in this dark period Mr. McClure paid a visit to Dr. Doyle at the Aldine Club in New York City, where the latter had been staying. In apologising for apparent neglect he explained that he had been upset by business anxieties, remarking incidentally that he had to finance the magazine as well as edit it. Conan Doyle then said that he would like to put some money into the business himself, if it was needed; that he believed in the magazine and in McClure. After lunch the two went to the office of the magazine, and there Dr. Doyle wrote out his cheque for five thousand dollars, exactly the sum that was owed to the English authors. That cheque put new life into the office staff.

• • •

Readers of the early numbers of *McClure's* may remember the "Human Documents" series which was such a feature of the first years of the magazine. That feature, which was so successful that it would have been kept up forever if the supply of great men had held out, was christened by no less a personage than Alphonse Daudet. When Mr. Jaccaci, the art editor of *McClure's*, was in Paris, he explained one day to the creator of Tartarin the intention of publishing in each number of the magazine a series of photographs of some noted man or woman, from his or her childhood up. "*Veritables documents humaines*," exclaimed Daudet; and that was the title adopted for the series. The "Human Documents" led to many interesting personal contacts. In 1895 Mr. McClure went to Germany to get a series of the best portraits of Bismarck, and spent two days with his son, Count Bismarck, at his great farming estate, Schaffhausen. He tells of there being shown a cabinet photograph of the present Emperor taken when he was a boy, and sent by him to Bismarck while his grandfather was still on the throne and his father was an apparently sound man with the prospects of a long reign before him. On this photograph was written, in young William's hand, "*Cave adsum*."

Count Herbert called my attention to this photograph, but neither by word nor manner did he comment upon it. When I asked him what his father had said when he received this picture, Count Herbert replied imperturbably: "My father said nothing that it would have been unbecoming to say of his future Emperor."

• • •

Mr. McClure considers that the first distinguished series of short stories published in the magazine was Anthony Hope's *The Heart of Princess Osra*. Once, when Mr. McClure was in London, Robert Barr, who often gave him valuable advice, told him that he would make a mistake if he left England without seeing Anthony Hope Hawkins, a new man who was doing remarkably interesting work. Then one day Mr. Hawkins presented himself at the magazine's London office with a black valise full of his manuscripts and published works. Mr. McClure was in a hurry, being about to sail for New York the following day, so he told the novelist that

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he wouldn't bother about the manuscripts then, but that he would gladly take the books along and read them on the steamer. On that trip across the Atlantic Mr. McClure read *The Prisoner of Zenda,* and as soon as he reached New York he cabled Mr. Hawkins to send over all the manuscripts he had. The next time the American was in London Mr. Hawkins sent him eight "Princess Osra" stories in a bunch. "Mrs. McClure and I were staying with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Barr then. I took the manuscript to his house, and after dinner in the evening, Mr. and Mrs. Barr and my wife and I sat down in the library, and each of us took a 'Princess Osra' story to read. Very soon some one exclaimed and then some one else exclaimed. Each of us declared that the story that had fallen to his lot must be the best of the collection."

• • •

In the April version of the *Autobiography* Mr. McClure tells us that he first met Kipling soon after the latter's arrival in London, when he was writing *The Light That Failed,* for which Lippincotts paid him eight hundred dollars. Kipling was then writing still with the free pen of the unknown man. Indeed, comments Mr. McClure, so far as the market was concerned, Kipling went very slowly. For a long while his prices remained very moderate. He returned to England and began to be talked about there in 1889; "but as late as 1893 I was offered one of the Jungle Book stories for one hundred and twenty-five dollars. Five years later I paid twenty-five thousand dollars for the serial rights of *Kim.*" We are inclined to ask whether this is not another of those little inaccuracies which have been lending so much piquancy to Mr. McClure's narrative, inaccuracies which we very much enjoy pointing out, but which do not seriously reflect upon the value or the very genuine interest of the *Autobiography* as a whole. Five years after 1893 would have been 1898. *Kim* was published in 1901, and, unless we are very much mistaken, finished a very short time before its serial publication began.

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Mr. McClure records that he never saw the perverse side of Kipling that the American press at one time exploited, and doubts whether any one but a reporter has ever seen that side. Kipling always resented newspaper interviews, refusing to take himself as a public man, and therefore feeling that he ought to be exempt from interviews. His brusqueness with reporters Mr. McClure considered to be really an expression of his modesty. "I have always found him cordial and tolerant of other people's interests. I remember he once told me, in London, that when I went to see him in Vermont I had 'talked *McClure Magazine* to him for eight solid hours.' And he bore it! He used to say to me: 'McClure, your business is dealing in brain futures.'

"Once, when I went to see him at Lakewood, he asked me whether I had read *David Harum.* I replied: 'No. He's dead.'

"Kipling laughed and said: 'That's right, McClure. The mark of genius is to eliminate the unnecessary.'"

• • •

Another memory of these pages is George Meredith. Mr. McClure first went to see him in 1890, and arranged to publish several of his "novelettes" through the Syndicate. A short time before he had read all of Meredith's published novels in rapid succession. He had always heard of Meredith as a man very difficult to read; his novels were spoken of as quite unattainable to the man of average intelligence.

I had imagined that to read one of his novels would be something like reading a very obscure work on philosophy and psychology in one. Stevenson was the first man I ever heard speak of them as if they were interesting as well as profound. Once, when I was on the road, I bought a cheap copy of *The Egoist,* and read it with the most intense interest. Then I read *Richard Feverel,* after which I bought the set of eleven

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AN OXFORD UNDERGRADUATE'S IMPRESSION OF KIPLING IN THE PROSPEROUS DAYS

volumes in a box, and went straight through them. I was living then on Sixty-first Street. I read them on the elevated—before breakfast—while I was eating my lunch at the Astor House. I went through them in about six weeks, and had never read any novels with more interest or delight.

• • •

Sydney Colvin gave Mr. McClure a letter to Meredith, and Meredith wrote extending an invitation to visit Box Hill and spend the night. Mr. McClure went down from London on New Year's Day of 1890. Meredith met him at the gate, and even then walked very slowly, because of his nervous malady. Mr. McClure remembers particularly the novelist's clear ringing voice and says that his conversation was very like the dialogue in his novels; one had the feeling, when he talked, that there were swords flashing in the air. After dinner that night guest and host went up a steep hillside to the châlet where, before a roaring fire, they sat until two o'clock in the morning, talking of the novels, going from book to book, and from character to character. During this talk Mr. McClure asked Meredith how, in the light of his own experience, he would define genius. As nearly as Mr. McClure can remember, he said:

> It is an extraordinary activity of mind in which all conscious and subconscious knowledge mass themselves without any effort of the will, and become effective. It manifests itself in three ways—in producing, in organising, and in rapidity of thought.

• • •

William James

It is the late William James who stands forth in the brightest light from the pages of Mr. Henry James's latest reminiscences, happily entitled *Notes of a Son and Brother*. In all the charming circle, so characteristic of a closed period in the development of our national manners, to which this book is devoted, his is the fig-

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ure that bears the authentic stamp of genius. His high spirits, his quick, eager mind, the wide range of his talents, marked him for great things even in the early days of which his brother here preserves the record. "Willy James is one of the very few people in this world that I love," writes one of his friends of those days. "He has the largest heart as well as the largest head." And from the same witness, in one of a series of letters the most personally appealing and touching of any included in this record: "What a *real* person he is! He is to me in nearly all respects a head and shoulders above other people." Without genius William James might easily have been betrayed into an obscure mediocrity by the variety and wide reach of his interests. It is not altogether easy to realise that the man who, after undergoing the training first of a chemist and biologist and then of a physician, became first a great psychologist and then perhaps the most world-famous of American philosophers, was first of all dedicated to the artistic career. As a child he displayed a remarkable facility in drawing, and a long sojourn of the family in Europe was actually cut short that the eldest son might undertake the serious study of painting under the tutelage of William Hunt, at that time one of the most distinguished of American artists. Mr. Henry James does not fail to comment on the fine irony of a family deserting Paris for the advantage of art study in Newport, Rhode Island. But at the same time he bears witness—and he may be conceded a sufficient and unprejudiced authority—to the genuineness of his brother's talent, the cultivation of which was so early abandoned. "No stroke of it that I have recovered but illustrates his aptitude for drawing, his possible real mastery of the art that was yet, in the light of other interests, so utterly to drop from him; and the example is rare of being so finely capable only to become so indifferent."

• • •

Mr. Henry James is not alone in testifying to the high quality of his brother's talk and familiar correspondence; and, though he gives promise of a future publication of letters, the present volume is happily not without interesting fragments. Some of W. J.'s early letters to members of the family, dating from the first days at Harvard, convey enlightening as well as amusing pictures of the Cambridge and Boston of that day—the early Sixties.

I am going to Boston to-night to hear Agassiz lecture (twelve lectures on *Methods in Natural History*), so that I will only tell you that I am very well and my spirits just getting good. Miss Upham's table is much pleasanter than the other. Professor F. J. Child is a great joker—he's a little flaxen-headed boy of about forty. There is a nice old lady boarder, another man of about fifty, of aristocratic bearing, who interests me much, and three intelligent students. At the other table was no conversation at all; the fellows had that American solemnity, called each other Sir, etc. . . . F. J. Child impresses one as very witty and funny, but leaves it impossible to remember what he says. . . . Professor Eliot, at the School, is a fine fellow, I suspect; a man who if he resolves to do a thing won't be prevented. . . . Eliot I have not seen much more of; I don't believe he is a *very* accomplished chemist, but can't tell yet. . . . As Wilky has submitted to you a résumé of his future history for the next few years, so will I of mine, hoping it will meet your approval. Thus: one year Chemistry, then one term at home. Then one year with Wyman, followed by a medical education. Then five or six years with Agassiz; after which probably death, death, death from inflation and plethora of knowledge. . . . I like Miss Upham's very much. Dark, "aristocratic" dining-room, with royal cheer. "Fish, roast beef, veal cutlets, pigeons!" says the splendid, tall, noble-looking, white-armed, black-eyed Juno of a handmaid as you sit down. And for dessert a choice of three, *three*, darling Mother, of the most succulent, unctuous (no, not unctuous, unless you imagine a celestial unction without the oil) pie-like confections, always two platesful—my eye! She has an admirable chemical, not mechanical, combina-

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tion of cake and jam and cream which I recommend to Mother if she is ever at a loss. . . . This Sweester family is worthy of Dickens. It consists of a Mr. and Miss S., Mr. S.'s three gushing girls, a parrot and a maniac. The maniac is very obstreperous. Her husband left her boarding here three months ago and went to Cuba. When she got mad he was written to, but has sent no reply, and they are keeping her. For the Aunt's sake I keep my door locked against her at night. Old Sweester is a riddle I hope to do justice to at some future time, but can't begin now. His sister shakes like an aspen whenever she is spoken to. Oh, I forgot the most important character of all, the black wench who "does" the room. She is about twenty years old and wears short frocks, but talks like Alice Robeson and has an antediluvian face about as large as the top of a flour-barrel.

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Here is the future pragmatist's account of a Christmas morning in Boston:

I have been in Boston the whole blessed morning, . . . found myself in for following the innocent lamb Lily up and down for two hours, to hold bundles and ring bells for her; Wilky and Tom having vanished from the scene. Clear, sharp, cold morning, thermometer five degrees at sunrise, and the streets covered with one glare of ice. I had thick, smooth shoes and went sliding off like an avalanche every three steps, while she, having India-rubbers and being a Bostonian, went ahead like a swan. I had, among other things, to keep her bundles from harm, to wipe away every three minutes the trembling jewel with which the cold *would* with persistent kindness ornament my coral nose; to keep a hypocritic watchful eye on her movements lest she fall; to raise my hat gracefully to more and more of her acquaintances every block; to skate round and round embracing lamp-posts and door-scrapers by the score to keep from falling, as well as to avoid serving old lady-promenaders in the same way—to cut capers four feet high at the rate of twenty a second, every now and then, for the same purpose; to keep from scooting off down hills and round corners as fast as my able-bodied companion; often to do all these at once and then fall lickety-bang like a chandelier, but *when* so to preserve an expression of placid beatitude or easy nonchalance despite the raging fiend within; oh, it beggars description! When finally it was over, and I stood alone, I shook my companion's dust from my feet, and biting my beard with rage, sware a mighty oath unto high heaven that I would never, while reason held her throne in this distracted orb, never, NEVER, by word, look or gesture, and this without mental reservation, acknowledge a "young lady" as a human being. The false and rotten spawn might die before I would wink to save it. No more Parties now?—at last I am a Man, etc., etc.!

• • •

Of others in the James circle or touching it at this or that point there are glimpses through the fine haze of retrospect that Mr. Henry James interposes.

John La Farge became at once, in breaking on our view, quite the most interesting person we knew, and for a time remained so; he became a great many other things besides—a character, above all, if there ever was one. . . . I see him at this hour again, see him, jacketed in black velvet or clad from top to toe in old-time elegances of cool white and leaning much forward with his protuberant and over-glazed, his doubting, yet all-seizing vision, dandle along the shining Newport sands in faraway summer sunsets on a charming chestnut mare.

From a letter of his father, bearing date of November, '67, he quotes: "What a charming impression of Dickens the other night at the Nortons' dinner! How innocent and honest and sweet he is maugre his fame! Fields was merely superb on the occasion, but Dickens was saintly." And there is this admirable tribute from the elder craftsman to his younger contemporary, the late F. Marion Crawford. "The most endowed and accomplished of men Frank Crawford, so that I have scarcely known another who had more abundantly lived and wrought, about whom, moreover, there was more to be said, it struck me,

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A SKETCH OF LOUIS OSBOURN. DRAWN BY WILLIAM JAMES

than at all found voice at the time he might have been commemorated."

• • •

Far back to another generation we are taken by another letter of that amiable, eccentric, paradoxical man, the elder Henry James:

Hawthorne isn't to me a prepossessing figure, nor apparently at all an *enjoying* person in any way; he has all the while the look—or would have to the unknowing—of a rogue who suddenly finds himself in a company of detectives. But in spite of his rusticity, I felt a sympathy for him fairly amounting to anguish, and couldn't take my eyes off him all dinner, nor my rapt attention; as that indecisive little Dr. Hedge found, I am afraid, to his cost, for I hardly heard a word of what he kept on saying to me, and resented his maliciously putting his artificial person between me and the profitable object of study. (It isn't, however, that I *now* feel any ill-will to him—I could recommend any one but myself to go and hear him preach. The thing was that Hawthorne seemed to me to possess human substance and not to have dissipated it all away like that culturally debauched,—or even like good, inoffensive, comforting Longfellow.) John Forbes and you kept up the human balance at the other end of the table, but my region was a desert with H. for its only oasis. It was pathetic to see him, contented, sprawling Concord owl that he was and always has been, brought blindfolded into that brilliant daylight and expected to wink and be lively, like some dapper Tommy Titmouse. I felt him bury his eyes in his plate and eat with such voracity that no one should dare to speak to him.

• • •

Algernon Blackwood

In Mr. W. L. George's paper on "Who Is the Man" in the February issue, there was an allusion to Mr. Algernon Blackwood that was tantalising in its brevity. Two or three years ago Mr. Blackwood's name attracted some attention in this country largely on account of a very ingenious poster that was made in England, and widely circulated, for the purpose of exploiting *John Silence*. The book itself appeared in a small American edition, and the story of that edition is said to involve a curious story of international publishing history. Now a systematic attempt is being made to win

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for Mr. Blackwood an American reputation. *John Silence* has been reissued, and four or five of Mr. Blackwood's other books are announced for publication early next autumn. We are not inclined to venture any prophecy as to what the result of this campaign will be, beyond pointing out that there is to-day a group of exceedingly clever English writing men who for some odd reason have remained in comparative obscurity both in this country and in their own land. It is not too much to say that Mr. Blackwood belongs to this group.

PENCIL DRAWN PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM JAMES BY HIMSELF, ABOUT 1866

• • •

We have often had occasion in these pages to jot down the stories of men of letters who have had singular careers. Few if any of them have undergone greater diversity of experience than Algernon Blackwood. First there were the early years in a Moravian Brotherhood School in the Black Forest, a background of which he afterward made use in *John Silence*. Then, at twenty, unable to decide upon a career, he was sent to a farm in Canada. There, after a brief period on a Methodist magazine, he started a dairy farm with a partner. The partner did not last very long, and neither did the dairy farm. With the remnant of his resources Mr. Blackwood bought a hotel. This time his partner was a young Oxford undergraduate. Six months in this venture brought them to the end of their resources, after which there were six penniless months in the backwoods, until a little welcome money came from England, and Mr. Blackwood journeyed to New York.

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In New York Mr. Blackwood, as he expresses it, "went through the mill." For a living he posed to artists, among them Gibson, Cox, and Zogbaum; for a short time he was on the stage; he taught French and German and the violin; he translated short French stories for the daily papers. Finally he found a post

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THE STEVENSON FAMILY GROUP. SHOWING R. L. S., MRS. STEVENSON, MRS. STRONG, LLOYD OSBOURNE, AND STEVENSON'S MOTHER. MRS. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON DIED IN FEBRUARY, 1914

ALGERNON BLACKWOOD

as a reporter on the New York *Evening Sun*. The life was distasteful, because for the first time he saw crime and vice at close quarters. His salary at the beginning was meagre, and dependent upon him were two other Englishmen in much more unfortunate circumstances than himself. They lived three in a room, cooking on gas, and often eating nothing but dried apples and raw rice. Finally revolting, Mr. Blackwood went to the Rainy River Gold Fields; with the assistance of a railway pass as far as Duluth. All these years he had no desire to write, nor any idea that he could write.

• • •

Beyond various adventures, life in the West brought Algernon Blackwood nothing, and returning to New York, he found employment on the New York *Times*, where he remained for two years. Several fellow-workers on the paper urged him to try his hand at fiction. He did so, and at first failed. Then he became the private secretary of James Speyer, of Speyer Brothers, and in 1898 he returned to England. But it was not until 1905, while he was interested in the dried-milk business, but getting nothing out of it, that he suddenly began to write. Angus Hamilton, the step-son of Pinero, who had been a fellow-reporter with Blackwood in the old days on the *Evening Sun*, came across his path again, carried off some old ghost stories from a cupboard, and a few weeks later *The Empty House* appeared. It was followed by *The Listener* and *John Silence*, in two succeeding years, and then by *Jimbo* (which went first, however, to fourteen publishers in vain) and he decided to try to take up writing seriously. Since 1905 he has been travelling, taking his work about with him, happily possessing the faculty of being able to write anywhere. He claims no abiding place and no possessions, not even a room in London. All he owns three trunks can hold, and he takes his home about with him:—in the winter to Switzerland and to Egypt; and in summer wandering somewhere—to the

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Caucasus (where he wrote *The Centaur*), to the Jura Mountains (*Pan's Garden* and *The Human Chord*), to the Dorsetshire pine woods (*Education of Uncle Paul*) and to the Alps (*A Prisoner in Fairyland*).

• • •

Robert Dunn

A first novel by an American author that is reviewed in this number is *The Youngest World*, by Robert Dunn. This book is said to indicate an unusual personality in its author. Certainly Mr. Dunn's career is not without interest. While at Harvard, he and a companion joined the historic Klondike rush of 1898, choosing to travel overland on the trail from Edmonton in the Canadian northwest, on which no less than twenty per cent. of its argonauts perished, and fewer reached the Yukon. Dunn was among the latter, but in four months completed a journey of fifteen hundred miles through the wilderness, much of it travelled absolutely alone, finally arriving in Vancouver from the lake region of northern British Columbia.

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Back in New York he went to work on the old New York *Commercial Advertiser*, now the New York *Globe*, at a time when Lincoln Steffens was the city editor of the paper. Dunn was a good reporter, but his ways were not the ways of the other reporters and he was soon at loggerheads with the rest of the staff. Steffens did his best to keep him, but at last reached the conclusion that the environment of the *Commercial Advertiser* office was too tame for the young firebrand. So he sent him to the New York *Evening Journal* for a year of discipline, and Dunn was assigned to Police Headquarters between the hours of nine in the evening and seven in the morning with orders to be responsible for every crime, fire and violence in Manhattan. When he had got his fill, he felt the North calling to him again, and went to Alaska, where he made the first attempt to climb the Wrangel Volcano—the highest active cone in North America—and completed a journey of some six hundred miles on foot, arriving in Dawson City in midwinter at the height of that camp's splendour. His writings and experiences from this trip led the notorious Dr. Cook to seek him and ask his help in organising the first Cook Mt. McKinley expedition, on which Dunn was Cook's chief aide. It was on this trip that Dunn wrote his *Shameless Diary of an Explorer*, a book unique in the annals of exploration, and which gives a succinct and pitiless analysis of the character of the famous Doctor.

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Robert Dunn's extraordinary activities can best be indicated by telling the story of the last fifteen years chronologically. The years 1899 and 1900 were those of his newspaper experiences in New York. In 1901 he went to Alaska as special correspondent for the *Commercial Advertiser*, and proved that a certain Mount Tillman, 16,600 feet high, which was down on all maps, did not really exist. In 1902 he went on the Dixie Expedition to Mount Pelee and ascended to the crater between eruptions. The next year he was with Dr. Cook. In 1904 and 1905 he was in Japan and Korea and with the Japanese fleet off Port Arthur for the New York *Globe* and the London *Post*. 1906 was devoted to a special yachting expedition, as a result of which he wrote a series of articles for *Outing* called "On the Chase for Volcanoes." In the same year he made the first ascent of Perry Peak, which had emerged from Bering Sea only three months before. In 1907 he made the tour around the world with the United States fleet on the battleship *Rhode Island*, reporting it for the New York *Evening Post* and for *Harper's Weekly*. 1908 was spent in Seattle and Alaska. He now succeeded in making the first ascent of the Wrangel Volcano—fourteen thousand feet high, and told the story of the trip in *Harper's* for February, 1909. 1909 was spent in Hol-

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land, and there he began work on his book, *The Youngest World*. 1910 found him in Canada muckraking the Hudson Bay Company for *Everybody's Magazine*, and 1911 in Mexico, where he divided his time between mountain-climbing and working on *The Youngest World*. Six months of the year 1913 were spent in northeastern Siberia, where Dunn made the first ascent of the Kluchefskaya volcano, seventeen thousand feet, and the second highest active cone in the world. His two hobbies are mountain-climbing—he has done valuable geological work for the United States Geological Survey—and naval ordnance and tactics. He has often attended as observer the target practice and summer manœuvres of the Atlantic Fleet, and has written a number of fiction stories based upon them. His home is in Newport, Rhode Island.

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What Rhodes Read

Mr. Gordon Le Sueur, in his *Cecil Rhodes, The Man and His Work*, recently published by McBride, Nast and Company, recalled the fact that the late Cecil Rhodes was an omnivorous reader. Like Macaulay, he would throw himself down with half a dozen books and dip first into one and then another. "Besides his favourite Gibbon, he read books of history with zest, and also biography: while *Plutarch's Lives* were a source of never-ending pleasure. Among other books that appealed to him were such as Bryce's *American Commonwealth*, Milner's *England* in Egypt and the works of Mahan on the influence of Sea Power, while he now and again read some modern novel, a selection of which used to be sent out to him by Hatchards, of Piccadilly. He had a few of Thackeray's works and one or two of Dickens, but on somebody asking him once whether he ever read Dickens, he replied that he was "not interested in the class of people Dickens wrote about." He had a large number of books on Federation and Constitutional Government,

ROBERT DUNN

but they were usually on the shelves of the library. He once gave Miss Mary Brailsford a copy of R. L. Stevenson's *Treasure Island*. "You ought to read it," he said; "it's a very good book—very instructive." "Have *you* read it, Mr. Rhodes?" she naïvely inquired. "Now you run away and play," was Rhodes's answer, turning and smiling at Brailsford. He did not care at all for poetry, nor did he read many novels, but he had nearly all Kipling's works in his library; he was very fond of Rudyard Kipling, he said, because "he writes

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such charming letters." He had the "Woolsack" built like Groote Schuur in old Dutch architecture, on the Groote Schuur estate, and Kipling spent a portion of each year there.

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MRS. THOMAS HARDY

Mrs. Thomas Hardy

To Mr. Shorter's page in the London *Sphere* we are indebted for information about the new Mrs. Thomas Hardy. The former Miss Florence Dugdale is a native of her husband's beloved Dorsetshire; she was born at Wareham, which town plays a great part in the Wessex novels. Contrary to the account published in the American papers at the time of the marriage, she has never been Mr. Hardy's secretary as the term is usually understood. For years she has been a close friend of Mr. Hardy's two sisters, who live in the neighbourhood of Dorchester, where Mrs. Hardy has often stayed with them. Mr. Shorter speaks of her as a writer of decided talent and a sincere lover of literature.

"The Story of a Passion"

Some twenty years ago there were a number of New York newspaper men who had the habit of dining at the same table. They met at Mouquin's, Pedro's, or some like place in the neighbourhood of Printing House Square. Stephen Crane, Charles K. Gaines, Edward Marshall, Willis B. Hawkins and Irving Bacheller were members of this cheerful company. A little club grew out of the association which became rather famous in its time as "The Sign of the Lanthorne." In a part of William Street, New York, known as Monkey Hill, they found their club house—a sort of Swiss châlet approached by a hanging stair that ascended the brick wall of an iron monger's shop. The little house was really an upper rear extension of this shop. Its doorstep rose from the broad roof that covered a stable yard. Inside it was furnished in the fashion of a ship's cabin. It was supplied with many cheerful accessories; there were fine old bits of mahogany and rosewood; leathern window seats, easy-chairs, and all kinds of lanterns. A passage-way connected with the kitchen over the iron shop. There the group ate luncheons and had a dinner every Saturday night, and there read to one another little tales and sketches, dealing mostly with local colour and character. Criticism was freely offered and received in good part. The only applause allowed was silence. Some tales which have become famous were read there and many great men sat by the fireside and spent cheerful and careless nights with the company. One of the stories selected for incorporation in the book of Short Stories projected by the Author's League of America is Mr. Irving Bacheller's "The Story of a Passion." That little sketch of an old shop and violin maker was first read and duly jumped upon at "The Sign of the Lanthorne."

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The old violin shop of the tale was on the Bowery. Mr. Bacheller called there one day and had an interesting chat with the wife of the violin maker. She told

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him of a wonderful old Maggini which her husband had been looking after for years. A certain old gentleman had been coming into the shop every day for weeks to look at the Maggini. They, supposing he might be a customer, allowed him to look at the instrument and try its tone. The old gentleman seemed to have fallen in love with it. He thrummed and fondled it every time he visited the shop. The dear old lady explained how one day when this old gentleman was trying the instrument she stepped into the back room for a moment, and on her return man and Maggini had disappeared. She told in her simple way of the panic they fell into over this calamity. When her husband returned she told him what had happened. "He stood in the door and looked at me and went a lead colour." There was much talk in the newspapers of this theft, but the Maggini was never recovered. There is another point which perhaps ought to be mentioned in connection with the tale. Violin makers say that every good violin has a certain individuality. Its tone differs from that of any other violin in the world. In that respect it resembles the voice of a human being. The original of the old violin maker of "The Story of a Passion" once showed Mr. Bacheller a remarkable instrument with a marked richness and individuality of tone. He said, "I was showing it one day to a connoisseur." "Great Scott," said he, "I never heard anything like that quality of tone in a violin but once, and that was when I was visiting in New Orleans in 1860." "This violin was there at that time," I told him, "and it was undoubtedly the same violin that he had heard."

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Alastair

In an edition limited to five hundred copies for both England and America, the John Lane Company are issuing a book made up of the drawings of Alastair, a Continental artist who seems to have drawn his inspiration from Beardsley, Walter

THE LADY OF THE CAMELIAS. BY ALASTAIR

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Crane, and Edmund Evans, and the Frenchman, Cheret. Alastair, according to the introduction of Mr. Robert Ross, claims to have Russian, Spanish, and English blood in his veins, and his permanent home is in Germany. He is now twenty-four years of age, and is a musician and dancer. To quote from Mr. Ross's introduction:

Alastair's art is also quite untouched by the contemporary and, I believe, only temporary tendencies evinced by the later technique of Matisse and Piccasso, though the influence of those artists is widespread all over Europe. Such immunity appears to be an indication of strength and individuality, however much one may admire the new Byzantinism. The Cubists and the Futurists and the rest have passed him by: he has minded his own business.

CARMEN. THE END. BY ALASTAIR

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Sand and De Musset Again

Again the old story of George Sand and Alfred de Musset reappears, this time flaunting in a new dress, and involving an interesting point of literary ethics. It seems that a playwright of no particular importance formed the idea of presenting the story on the stage. He drew from the famous correspondence, he followed Madame Sand and De Musset to Venice, he exposed the motives of their separation, and brought in Dr. Pagello, who played, as is known, an important rôle in the drama. He did not, however, seek the authorisation of the heirs of either hero or heroine, nor disturb himself over the possible annoyance that the work might cause them. The play written, he offered it to a theatrical manager. The latter, impressed apparently by the subject and the celebrity of the characters, produced the piece. Its success was only mediocre. The critics found it weak, and the public tiresome. Its life was short. But the quick failure did not appease the granddaughter of George Sand. She protested against what she considered a sacrilege, and took the matter to the courts.

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In a way the question is an important one and a writer in *Les Annales*, of Paris, allows his imagination to play about the probable arguments that would be adduced by the lawyers for the contending parties. He pictures the representative of the dramatist as contending: "What! you reproach my client with indiscretion? Has he revealed anything that was not known? The material that he has used, he has drawn, not only from the letters exposed to general curiosity by the relatives of the two illustrious lovers, but from the books written by the lovers themselves, for these books exist, and you cannot say that they have been kept secret. You have read *Elle et Lui, Lui et Elle, La Confession d'un Enfant du Siècle!* The sobs of *La Nuit d' Octobre* have moved you! Twenty other volumes followed them. A vast literature has been born of this episode. The loves of Sand and of De Musset belong to history like those of Petrarch and Laura, of Dante and Beatrice, of Abelard and

COVER DESIGN. BY ALASTAIR

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Heloise, of Henry IV and Gabrielle d'Estrées, of Louis XIV and LaVallière, of Bonaparte and Josephine, of all the kings and all the favourites. Take care that in invoking the respect due the sentimental weaknesses of the great dead you do not condemn the work of Shakespeare, of Walter Scott, of Alexander Dumas, of Victor Hugo, of the great artists who have made the past live again."

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Then the writer in *Les Annales* goes on to fancy the reply to this argument: "In the first place, my dear colleague, I beg to point out that your client's name is neither Hugo, nor Dumas, nor Walter Scott, nor Shakespeare, and that writers of dominant genius have always enjoyed privileges that have been denied to lesser men. The granddaughter of George Sand might have tolerated the public dissection of the heart of her grandmother by a great artist. It is repugnant to her that so delicate a subject should have been abandoned to the clumsiness of the first comer. And again, consider that this is not an affair of remote events, but of happenings quite near to us; remember that the plaintiff was brought up near this grandmother, that she loved her, that the sound of her dear voice still rings in her ears, and consider how painful to her it is to see her memory vulgarly materialised on the boards of a theatre. It is like the violation of a tomb. Mme. Lauth-Sand has not taken time to reflect. She has yielded to a spontaneous revolt. She begs you to protect her, to protect those who might be exposed to a like danger from these posthumous profanations."

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Writing "The Ancient Mariner"

It is an old story, but one worth while being retold, and Professor Knight retells it in his recently published *Coleridge and Wordsworth in the West Country*. To posterity "The Ancient Mariner" has come down as the work of Coleridge, and justly so, but it must not be forgotten that Wordsworth had a share in its invention. Of actual lines Wordsworth contributed only a few; but the discussions which the two poets had on the subject were such that the poem may legitimately be regarded as a joint production. In the autumn of 1797 Coleridge, Wordsworth, and the latter's sister started on a short journey, and as their united funds were very small, the two poets agreed to defray the expense of the tour by writing a poem to be sent to the *New Monthly Magazine*. The result was "The Ancient Mariner," founded on a dream, as Coleridge said, of his friend, Mr. Cruikshank. Much the greater part of the story was Coleridge's invention, but certain parts Wordsworth suggested; for example, some crime was to be committed which would bring upon the old Navigator—as Coleridge afterward delighted to call him—the spectral persecution as a consequence of that crime,—and his own wanderings. "Suppose," said he, "you represent him as having killed an albatross on entering the South Sea, and that the tutelary spirits of these regions take upon them to avenge the crime." The incident was thought fit for the purpose, and adopted accordingly. Wordsworth also suggested the navigation of the ship by the dead men.

Coleridge's Cottage: Nether Stowey

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THE GHOSTS OF DRURY LANE

BY AGNES LEE

And I dozed a little. And the dream began.
Settling close beside me was a quaint and curious man.
Painted, patched and powdered, from his wide peruke
He the flaxen ringlets on a perfumed air outshook.

And my soul avowed him, knew him past deny,—
Cibber, Colley Cibber, of the estimating eye,
As a treble quavered: "Lo, the stage whereon
A Bracegirdle hath been, sir, and alike a Woffington!"

"Laureate," I ventured, "now tell me of your time,
You, a court's familiar, you, a wit of camps sublime!"
"More than court," cried Cibber, "more than court or camp
Was the stage my tutor, and its golden lamp my lamp.

"Ah, we strove, as you strive, to preserve it pure
From the furious fustian, from the gaudy garniture,
To disprove the ailing sophists who proclaim
The downward path of virtue, the upward path of fame."

"Know you then," I queried, "how stands the stage with us?"
"Truth, I know," cried Cibber, "and O truth, 'tis marvellous!
Yet my heart hangs after the little mellow ring
Where Barry fired with love, sir, and where Betterton was king.

"Rays have wrought you riches. Fathomed lies the sea.
Deep may call to deep and world to world at your decree.
From earth's limitation leaping far and high
Over mist and mountain sail your orchids of the sky.

"Wonders, wonders, wonders, wherever eye may glance,—
Romance's very tentacles. But where is your romance?
Where are your tendernesses? Where is your love to-day?
You cannot say it all, sir, there is so much else to say!"

Ere I made him answer, icy winds arose
Rocking wild the house. The curtains parted to disclose
Forth-advancing figures, faded, jaded all,
Belle and buskined hero, moving blurred, fantastical.

"Who are these come hither to a stage forgot?
What is all the meaning?" Colley Cibber heard me not.
Down the aisle he hastened, down the hurricane.
Down the dim he vanished with the ghosts of Drury-lane.

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PERSONAL MEMORIES OF WEIR MITCHELL

BY ELLIS P. OBERHOLTZER

It is now more than ten years since Dr. Mitchell helped in founding the Franklin Inn Club, of which he was always the president, and during those years the writer of these "Memories" has been its secretary. Dr. Mitchell's home was at 1524 Walnut Street, in the city which he had called "The Red City," set as it was by William Penn upon the red clay fields, lying between the Delaware and Schuylkill Rivers. It had been in the heart of the most desirable residence section of the city, in that little belt of territory running east and west, which has long been associated with the idea of aristocracy in Philadelphia. To north of it and to south of it is barbarian ground. But in recent years the shopkeeper has been intruding, and milliners and jewelers, tailors and upholsterers have opened their doors and hung out their signs. Dr. Mitchell protested the westward advance of the tradespeople, but he used to say that the neighbourhood would serve him for the days he had for this earth. Then he cared little what was done with Walnut Street, so old and dear to every Philadelphian. Chestnut Street had been surrendered to trade, and Walnut Street might follow.

For years it had been Dr. Mitchell's custom to leave the city about June 1st and return to it about November 1st. When June came he would go salmon fishing in Canada, and it was a rare summer, in recent years, when he failed to send to the Franklin Inn Club a great fish in proof of his catch. He would address a card in his own hand, stating the place of capture and the weight of the fish. That which came last June was the largest ever received. Its weight was thirty-nine pounds. The steward's ovens would not hold it, and it was cut into parts before it could be baked for the use of the members, who at such times were assembled by letter and telephone to enjoy the feast. From the fishing grounds Dr. Mitchell went to his summer home, "Far Niente," at Bar Harbor, where most of his reading and writing, undisturbed by the calls of patients, went on with rapidity. He was an ardent pedestrian, often compassing many miles in a day. Far more remarkable than any other one of Dr. Mitchell's characteristics was his exuberant youth. He seemed to have drunk at its fountain. His bright, blue, twinkling eyes, his full head of hair not yet wholly gray, the well-filled skin upon his face, his active step and alert mind, were all eloquent of the joy of living. Is there record anywhere of another man far past the age which the psalmist allots to us picturing with delicate fancy the loves of young men and women? At seventy-five Dr. Mitchell wrote what is regarded as his strongest work of fiction, *Constance Trescot*, and at eighty-four *Westways*, a novel which the critics were still reviewing at the time of his death.

As his vacation came to an end in Maine, he was likely to make his way with Mrs. Mitchell to the Hot Springs of Virginia for a fortnight, and then resume the regular routine of his life in the Walnut Street home. Here, when he was ready to receive visitors, a sign bearing the word "In" was hung outside the door; when he was in New York or Washington, or was ill, or for any reason was not accessible, the word "Out" appeared. Within, the chairs were often more than filled by patients; friends waiting for an audience; school girls come to ask for his autograph; visitors from cities in the West who, while they were in town, having seen Independence Hall and Betsy Ross's flag-house, would now see Dr. Mitchell,

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and finish their day in Philadelphia; and the beggars and pests of every prominent man's office. He had had a busy and popular physician's long experience with the world. He knew human nature, well ordered and disordered, in nearly all its forms and phases through his wide practice as a neurologist. When he opened the door, which led to his inner room, and surveyed the company before him, it was with great acuteness that he guessed the errands of those who were gathered here, and took inside those whose business interested him. In this inner room, on Saturday nights he received his friends. Hither came prominent men of the city to greet him and to discuss literary and other topics with him and with each other. The company was often distinguished, and Dr. Mitchell very reluctantly accepted any invitation calling him out of the house at this time. "It is the night upon which I receive my friends," he would say, "and I cannot be away."

In the early morning he was likely to be occupied with his correspondence, with the coachmen and servants in the house, which adjoined the office, and who came in upon him from time to time. Then the young physicians who had cases in association with him were likely to come in, and the callers in the general course of business until about one o'clock, when he would lunch in the house with Mrs. Mitchell. Later he would go, perhaps, to the Franklin Inn, the College of Physicians, the Philadelphia Library, or the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. His quick step upon the streets of Philadelphia up to within a few days of his death, his bright eye and his kind speech, as he stopped a friend in passing, were a part of the afternoon life of the city. Many a younger man on a cold day would be dressed more warmly than he, as he walked with alert observation and erect strength. A few days before his death, at a business meeting in the Franklin Inn Club, when he proposed some changes in the by-laws, to make its character more similar to that of the Tavern Club in Boston, he lingered, standing with a few friends. "Now I must go to see my patients," he said. One and another expressed his admiration. He bowed and kissed his hand to us, and was away alone with the self-reliance he had ever had.

His social engagements were always many. He and Mrs. Mitchell were the kindest of hosts; in their home presidents, ambassadors, poets and historians had been entertained in that manner which was to them both a valued inheritance from a better time in the social history of Philadelphia and of America. For it must be known that Dr. Mitchell had some of the punctilio which is in peril of going out of our life. To him, manner was much. He had come of a family which had the traditions of that time, in the nineteenth century, when Philadelphia had the most eminent physicians and lawyers, and when it was still regarded as the literary, as it so long had been the financial, centre of the country. The society of that day in Philadelphia was the best that the country could provide, and Dr. Mitchell's studies, as well as his native instincts, made him an aristocrat. He pondered the life of Washington, of which he wrote so much and so well; and he had some of Washington's dignity, without nearly all of his austerity. Whoever came into Dr. Mitchell's presence felt some of the hesitation about putting a hand upon his shoulder which even his closest friends are reported to have felt when they met General Washington, an incident which Dr. Mitchell often related in illustration of the character of his hero. In his home, correct manners were known and practised. The good social traditions of Philadelphia which are a by-word survived here, for he was their defender and embodiment; his home set the conservative standards of the city.

II

Dr. Mitchell was the third of nine children. He was named for Silas Weir, a prominent citizen of the day in

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Philadelphia, a friend of his father, and was in youth of a delicate constitution, as indeed his slight form betokened throughout his life. When some friends in the Franklin Inn Club, a few years ago, went to him with a signed address, on the occasion of his seventy-fifth birthday, he told them something of his young manhood. He was usually averse to dinners and attentions of whatever kind upon his birthday anniversaries. Their recurrence served to remind him of the passing of a life which was full of serene enjoyment. "Bother with the birthday," he would say. "Why do you wish to mark it?" But he said on this occasion that it was "very sweet" of us to extend to him our good wishes. He explained that he had been a student at the University of Pennsylvania in the class of 1848, but he was obliged to relinquish his studies before graduating, since he was threatened with tuberculosis. Later he took up the study of medicine in Jefferson College, where his father was a member of the faculty. After finishing his course in this school he went to Paris for a year, where he was ill for a time with varioloid. Upon his return home he was for ten days unconscious as a result of sunstroke. Twice in his life he suffered from attacks of diphtheria, and from one of them he was not expected to recover. Altogether he had spent eighteen months of his life on beds of sickness. With all this in view, he observed, as the address was borne to him on the day when he had reached the age of seventy-five, "It seems to me that I am growing stronger and stronger every year."

In the past five years Dr. Mitchell had thought much of his possible going from the world, though he was not often or for long times in depression about it. His religious faith had always been strong, and he lived not without a hope for the future. The death of Henry C. Lea in 1909, while Dr. Mitchell was absent from the city for the summer, deeply affected him. The historian had said, as they had parted in the spring, that they would probably not see each other again. "You must take care of yourself, Lea," said Dr. Mitchell. "You and Furness and I are all that are left." Then, when Dr. Furness died in 1912, Dr. Mitchell said, "I shall be the next." One morning when the writer called, after he had been dwelling on grave subjects, he spoke of Francis Thompson's *The Hound of Heaven*. "Here is poetry," he said. "If you do not know it, you have a great land to explore. The *Hound of Heaven* is one of the greatest poems I ever read. You must have a copy. I have one here, and will inscribe it for you. I wish you to read it this evening."

Two years or more ago Dr. Mitchell remarked that there was at the time only one man alive, outside of his family circle, who called him by his first name, or had the right to do so. His generation had passed, but he drew around him younger men for their and his own enjoyment. He was inestimably kind. His patronage meant much to them in the advancement perhaps of their literary or scientific ambitions, or, it may be, in gratifying some social interest. When his confidence was gained and his friendship given, they were heart-whole. Sometimes he met with ingratitude, but he never complained very bitterly of this. He was loyalty itself to the members of his family and to his friends. To his two sons he was a brother as well as a father. He rejoiced in their professional and literary successes, as if they had been his own. To Owen Wister he was one of the tenderest of friends. His interest and oversight was nearly parental in its intimacy.

III

The genus journalist and the species reporter were always a good deal of a trial to Dr. Mitchell. He often enjoyed speaking of the distinction which was his of being the only man in America who had never been interviewed. When Mr. Bryce, Mr. Taft or some other distinguished person was his guest he most carefully guarded his house from intruding reporters. He considered their

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prying, sleuth-like ways very discourteous. He had the standards of another day on these subjects, and much and long and consistently decried the methods of the modern seeker after news. Once, a few years ago, when he was retiring from a place he long had held as a trustee of the University of Pennsylvania, the writer made a morning call at his office. "Have you seen this? The newspapers are wonderful. But I cannot find it. It is not in this one," he said, reading a clipping from some gazette. "At any rate it is here somewhere. The fellow says that I have resigned from the board of trustees because I am becoming deaf." Once, when a sum of money was being raised for some purpose, he asked for the privilege of paying his share at once. "I cannot bear to be in debt," he said. "I am the unhappiest man alive when I owe anything." The writer inadvertently remarked that he would obtain the "balance" by appeals to others. "Remainder, not balance," he interrupted. "That is newspaper English. I once made a glossary, but I have lost it. They always say banquet for dinner. A fire is a conflagration. Then they speak of an ovation and a probe. Undesirable conditions are always to be probed."

It was his absolute rule that the proceedings in the Franklin Inn Club should be kept from the knowledge of the newspaper men. Once, when a burlesque was presented after the annual dinner on Franklin's birthday, a night set aside every year for "high jinks," the "book" fell into the hands of a reporter by some means never satisfactorily explained. The revelations were very much disliked, as prominent literary men were concerned in the entertainment. "Do you wonder that I loathe the creatures?" Dr. Mitchell said while the displeasure was fresh upon him. The reporter, who was known, wrote a letter explaining his point of view. The world, he said, was his fair prey. He got what he was sent to get, and he would be the judge of his own methods. "The ethics of a ragpicker!" exclaimed Dr. Mitchell, with unabated disgust. The reporter met with another rebuke at his hands one day, when, after he had visited the dying couch of Archbishop Ryan, certain extraordinary statements were published concerning the meeting. Dr. Mitchell went to pay his respects to the distinguished prelate, whom he long had known. "Is there any thing at all I can do for you?" asked the Archbishop. "Well I do not know," replied Dr. Mitchell, as he bent upon one knee before the dying man. "Since you are blessing so many people, you might perhaps bless me. One old man's blessing upon another old man should be gratefully received." "May blessings rest on you and all of your house, now and forever," said the Archbishop. Then the young doctors who had witnessed the scene told the reporters that Dr. Mitchell had been blessed, and they hurried off to tell the world that the distinguished novelist and physician had been received into the Catholic Church.

Yet Dr. Mitchell was not inattentive to what the newspapers said of him and his movements. Their reviews of his books were read, and, if they were inadequate in length or unfavourable in their judgments, they were not more respected by him than such articles are respected by most other authors in a similar case. If the criticism were very unfair, in his opinion, he would write complaining of the treatment he had received, which might perhaps be remembered for another time. When one notably false statement was made in a critical review the editor was asked for the name of the reviewer. The book had been sent out of the office to a school teacher in some small village in Long Island. Dr. Mitchell requested a correction, but the editor told him it was too late, a case which he had pleasure in citing to illustrate the methods of critics.

It was very interesting to hear Dr. Mitchell relate his experience of lunatics, with many of whom he had been brought into close contact in his medical practice. The topic was suggested by

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the assassination of David Graham Phillips. Dr. Mitchell said he had been in real danger for his life only once. Then a Native American leader, named Levin, whom he had caused to be confined for lunacy, escaped and confronted him one evening at his desk in his office. The man held a pistol and threatened to discharge it. Catching him off his guard, Dr. Mitchell seized the weapon and threw the lunatic to the floor. The pistol was then turned upon the intruder, who begged piteously for his life: "You would not kill a man, would you?" "I should do so at once," said Dr. Mitchell, "and shall do so if you do not get out of my office." The man crawled away, and, as he reached the door, the physician, then still a young man, kicked him with some vigour into the street. As he still lingered about the door, Dr. Mitchell kicked him again, knowing very well that his life would not be safe in future unless the man could be given a great fright, cowardice being a well-known trait in the insane. Ever afterward, when Levin saw Dr. Mitchell, he would "run like a deer." In another case he said that he had held a lunatic two or three hours, until aid came, by suggesting that they together should kill imaginary cockroaches with a silver fork. They crawled around under the bed, and Dr. Mitchell averred that he had never been so weary in his life as at the end of this adventure. Another story, told at this time, related to a lunatic in the old Pennsylvania Hospital. Samuel Coates, long its president, had gone out upon the roof to give some attention to the building. An insane patient followed him and took his arm on the edge of the roof, suggesting that they together jump down. "No," said Mr. Coates, with great presence of mind; "I think it would be more fun to go down and jump up," and with this object in view both entered the house and the man was made fast again.

IV

Dr. Mitchell's sympathies, political, social and literary, were all conservative. He had helped to support Walt Whitman in that man's old age in Camden, New Jersey. But to him Whitman was a "poetic tramp." He often used these words to describe this "odd stick," as some one else, Charles Godfrey Leland, once called him. Dr. Mitchell could be only a qualified admirer of this poet, though surrounded often by those who became nearly fanatical in their adhesion to him and to his libertine views of life. To Dr. Mitchell Kipling's note was rude and journalistic, and one day, with Masefield's "Dauber" on his table, he said, "Power is not poetry." The work he found to be "unregulated, disordered narrative, in something which suggests, but which is not, poetic form. There is a line," he said, reading it, "which is poetry; but it is not true."

Of his own work those who have known him well have often heard him speak with freedom. A few years ago a friend said to him that of all his novels *The Adventures of François* seemed to deserve the highest rank. "You are right, sir," said Dr. Mitchell. "And next, I think," said the friend, "comes *Far in the Forest.*" "You are right again, sir," said Dr. Mitchell. But in more recent years *Constance Trescot* was his favourite. "That," he said one day, "is my great book." And, strangely enough, the case which he discusses in this novel so interestingly and with so much faithful regard for the psychological requirements of the situation was taken, not from his own note-book, but from the experience of a brother physician.

While they lived, Dr. Mitchell was accustomed to submit the manuscripts of his novels to Mrs. Owen J. Wister, Owen Wister's mother, a daughter of Mrs. Frances Kemble Butler (Fanny Kemble), and Mrs. A. L. Wister, the well-known translator, a sister of Dr. Horace Howard Furness. The advice of these highly gifted women he felt to be of the greatest use to him in the work of giving correctness to his characterisations. From them he got the woman's view of other women, and their recent

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THE FRANKLIN INN CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA, OF WHICH DR. MITCHELL WAS SO LONG THE PRESIDENT, AND TO WHICH HE WAS SO MUCH ATTACHED

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deaths were not the least of the losses which had been his portion in the few past years.

The pleasure which he had recently found in the study of the Civil War, reflected in the writing of *Westways,* published only a few months before his death, quite equalled the satisfaction he earlier got out of his studies of the Revolutionary period, whose products were *Hugh Wynne, The Red City* and *The Youth of Washington.* He spoke often of his reading of the material about the battle of Gettysburg, and gave us his estimates of Lincoln, Grant, Lee, Meade and other leaders of the war. He could not bring himself to like the recent tendency to glorify the Southern Confederacy and its leaders, and shared the feeling of men who passed through the time as to the gravity of this great attack upon the life of the Government. One day he was heard to say that he had found a man who believed Lee a greater one than Grant. But he, Dr. Mitchell, would say that this was not so. Grant must always seem the greater—for had he not conquered both liquor and Lee? Stonewall Jackson's aberrations gave him much entertainment. From a family in Philadelphia related to Jackson he got the story of the general's belief that at one time he had a glass leg, and that everything he eat (Dr. Mitchell properly pronounced this old preterite form "et") and drank went into it.

As illustrating the faith of the South in its cause, he would tell of a long-bearded old Southerner whom he had confronted with what he supposed must be a crushing argument against their course in seceding from the Union. "Washington would not have been a secessionist," said Dr. Mitchell. "He was a—Federalist," the man replied. "I suppose he would have been on the side of the North." But what Dr. Mitchell better liked than any anecdote which he found in his investigations into the Civil War period was one told him by General Horace Porter, and used in *Westways.* It is that concerning a soldier in General Grant's army whose offence gravely concerned a Southern woman. The general was in some doubt as to the punishment which should be meted out to the offender. He therefore determined to tie him to a tree and put upon his breast a paper describing the nature of the crime. Under it were written the words, "Left to the justice of General Lee.—U. S. Grant." The Northern army moved on, the rebel army followed it. Dr. Mitchell often wondered what was that man's fate.

THE OLD GERMANTOWN MARKET PLACE, WHICH PLAYS A CONSPICUOUS PART IN DR. MITCHELL'S "HUGH WYNNE"

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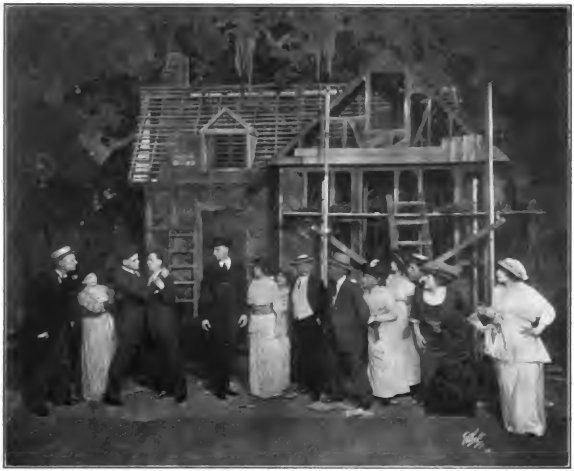

"TOO MANY COOKS"—ACT II

"In the second act, when the wooden framework of the house has been completed, the conflicting desires of so many outsiders embroil the hero and the heroine in an altercation which leads to the breaking of their engagement."

EMOTIONAL CONTAGION IN THE THEATRE

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

THERE are two traits in the psychology of crowds which must always be considered in estimating the chances of success or failure for a play. The first point is that a crowd feels an interest in itself, apart from the purpose for which it has convened; and the second point is that a crowd is easily susceptible to emotional contagion.

These points may be vividly observed on the occasion of a world's-series baseball game. It would be very difficult to make an individual enjoy even so imaginative an experience as the pleasure of anticipation, sitting all alone for four hours on an uncomfortable wooden bench. Anybody would grow restless waiting lonely for so long at a railway junction, even if the station were on the road to Rome. But thirty thousand people waiting four hours for a ball game to begin never notice the discomfort of the benches and forget the ticking of the clock. Each of them is interested in the crowd of which he forms a part, and each is kept alert by that common thrill of anticipation which sweeps through all the thirty thousand and reduces them to one.

After the game is started, the sensation evoked by every play is vastly multi-

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"ALONG CAME RUTH"—ACT I

"The little town of Oldport was as sleepy as a little town could be, until Ruth came along. But, as soon as she secured employment in the 'Furniture Emporium' of Israel Putnam Hubbard, she proceeded to wake the town up to a sense of its opportunities."

plied by the emotional contagion of the crowd. It is not at all remarkable that a pitcher with such habitual control as Mathewson's should put the first ball squarely over the plate: for over ten years he has done the same thing nine times out of ten: yet the fact becomes remarkable when thirty thousand people simultaneously seize upon it as the occasion for a cheer. From the technical standpoint, a world's-series game is frequently inferior to a contest in mid-season, because the players are excessively nervous and often play below their form; but the occasion seems more interesting to the gallery, because to the enjoyment of the game itself has been added the interest that a great crowd derives from the contagion of its own emotions.

People in the mass nearly always show a tendency to behave like a flock of sheep. If three or four men should suddenly start running down Fifth Avenue at the crowded hour of three P.M., crying, "Look there! Look there!", they would soon be followed by a hundred others, who would imitate the common action of the crowd without pausing to investigate its cause. This fundamental fact explains the reason why success begets success in the theatre and failure begets failure. The crowd naturally flocks to a crowded house, and very few people can enjoy a play if half the orchestra is empty. The judgment of the audience is easily influenced by that atmosphere of success or failure which permeates the house before the curtain rises.

Consider, as an illustration of this point, the continued success of Mr. Hartley Manners's comedy entitled *Peg o' My Heart*, which has already passed its five hundredth consecutive performance. This piece possesses very little

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"THE RULE OF THREE"—ACT III

"The third husband of the heroine naturally is annoyed at the interruption of his hoyenmoon by his two predecessors."

merit as a play, and its early performances were made impressive to the public only by the charming acting of Miss Laurette Taylor; but as soon as its success had been established, the reputation of its popularity increased at once the potency of its appeal. Any one who buys a ticket to it now is ushered into an auditorium that is crowded with people whose minds are already made up to enjoy the play; and even if the piece were less considerable than it is, no individual could combat against the contagion of that communal predisposition to be entertained. Since this play was first presented, many other comedies have been produced which in themselves were much more entertaining; and some of the very best of these, like *The Great Adventure*, have failed to interest the public. Apparently the only reason why people did not flock to see Mr. Bennett's exceedingly diverting comedy is that they had vaguely heard that people were not flocking to see it.

It seems to be a fact that most people "go to the theatre," as the phrase is, without caring very much whether they see one play or another; what they want chiefly is to enjoy the emotion of immersing themselves in a theatre audience. To the majority, a good audience appeals more potently than a good play. The crowd follows the crowd. This is especially true, in New York, of the large percentage of people from out of town who "go to the theatre" merely as one phase of their metropolitan experience. They inquire at Tyson's for tickets to "the most successful show in town," and never ask whether it has been written by Arnold Bennett or Hartley Manners, John Galsworthy or Bayard Veiller.

This is the reason why a play must fill the house during the first three weeks of its career if it is to enjoy any subse-

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"THE LAST RESORT"—ACT III

"News that the hero has been elected governor is flashed through the iron grating of his window by a search-light that has been rigged up for this purpose."

quent success. *Hindle Wakes* ran for several months in Chicago because the house was crowded in the first week by people who had taught themselves to watch for what is best in the theatre of to-day; but it failed in New York because the first few performances were attended mainly by people too weary to be interested in life or in the sort of art that holds the mirror up to nature. Such helpful organisations as the Drama League of America have recognised the fact that their support of worthy plays, if it is to be at all effective, must be delivered not later than the first or second week, in order that it may contribute to the contagion of success.

An unusually entertaining farce is now running at the Harris Theatre; but it has to fight its way against a contagious sense of failure inspired by the fact that no piece has succeeded in this theatre since longer than the public can remember. As people enter the auditorium, they look about them at an audience that appears to be resigned already to a wasted evening. There is no sense of that pleasurable (though often unwarranted) illusion of anticipation which is always to be noted, for example, in the Belasco Theatre.

A few weeks ago, a friend of mine attended a performance of *Change,* which was one of the most interesting plays and one of the most complete failures of the current season. There were only thirty or forty people in the orchestra; and each of these looked sadly at the others until everybody wondered why the rest had come. My friend perceived that both the play and the performance were unusually good; but he reported afterward that he had not enjoyed the evening, because of a besetting sense that none of the other people in the theatre were having a good time.

The impression that an evening in the theatre has been well or badly spent re-

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"HELP WANTED"—ACT I

"All that the hero ever does—for eight hours a day—is to engage stenographers, seduce them, and instruct his lawyer to settle with them out of court when they enter suits against him for damages to their moral character."

sults not merely from the merits or defects of the play itself, but also from the mental atmosphere of the audience. A good audience may make us overestimate a play; a bad audience may make us underestimate it; and few minds are capable of such critical detachment as to remain immune from the contagion of success or failure which seems to hover in the very atmosphere of the auditorium.

During the first act of a play an audience usually makes up its mind to settle down to an evening of enjoyment or an evening of boredom; and it is therefore highly necessary that the playwright should exert himself to win the favour of the audience at the very outset of the evening. No audience will laugh at the third act of a comedy, however witty it may be, if the two preceding acts have disseminated an atmosphere of dulness; but an audience already accustomed to the experience of laughter may enjoy a comparatively dull last act without discovering its deficiencies.

"TOO MANY COOKS"

Mr. Frank Craven has recently shown us how a first-night audience may be captured by assault at the very outset of a comedy; and the subsequent career of *Too Many Cooks* may be accepted as an illustration of the principle that success begets success in the theatre. It is very easy to enjoy this play; because the house is always filled with an audience that is expecting to be entertained.

Mr. Craven won his victory by inventing a novel device of stage-direction to serve as the frame-work for his comedy. The scene is set in a suburban landscape. In the first act, the brick foundations of a house about to be erected occupy three-quarters of the stage. In the second act, the wooden

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"WHAT WOULD YOU DO?"—ACT III

"The hero offers the stolen $300,000 to his wife, and tells her how he got it: but when she accepts it, he throws her around the room and complains that she is not an honest woman."

framework of the house has been completed; and in the third act, the entire house is finished. No less than twenty actors are cleverly moved about and grouped in the few square feet of available space left vacant on the stage.

This house is being built by the hero of the comedy, a young clerk who is engaged to be married and is planning to settle down as soon as the house is ready. He has always wanted to have a home; and he has stinted himself for years in order to save the five thousand dollars which he has invested in the house we see before us. He has met his fiancée romantically in a lunch-room, and he is not yet acquainted with her family. Her name is Alice Cook. In the first act, she brings her relatives out to see the foundations of the house. The little party consists of her father and mother, two aunts, two sisters, an uncle, two brothers, and a girl who is her best friend. All these individuals begin to give advice about the building of the house; and no two of them agree. Several of the assembled Cooks express a willingness to come out and live with the young couple; and the hero ruefully discovers that, instead of marrying a girl, he is expected to marry a family.

In the second act, the course of true love is further complicated for the hero by the interference of his own best friend and the unexpected intrusion of his uncle and guardian, who wants him to marry another girl. The conflicting desires of so many outsiders ultimately embroil the hero and the heroine in an altercation that leads to the breaking of their engagement.

In the last act, a "For Sale" sign is nailed to the now completed house; and the hero's best friend, who has decided to marry the heroine's best friend, offers to buy it. But, of course, the heroine re-

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turns before it is too late; and, renouncing her entire family, agrees to settle down with the hero in the little house which they have so fondly dreamed of as their home.

The actual house which is erected on the stage symbolises, of course, that larger House of Life which young lovers must always build for themselves, without any interference from relatives and friends. The characters of this comedy are singularly true to life; and the lines are both witty and sagacious. The piece appeals to everybody who is married and suggests a warning to everybody who is not. All in all, this first play of Mr. Craven's is the most entertaining comedy of American authorship which has been presented in New York this season.

"THE RULE OF THREE"

A clever idea has been developed by Mr. Guy Bolton in his farce-comedy entitled *The Rule of Three*. The heroine has three husbands. Two of them have been relegated to the retired list; but she is the sort of woman who finds it easy to keep on friendly terms with the husbands that she has divorced.

We meet her on her honeymoon with Husband Number Three. She brings him to a certain summer hotel in the mountains of Vermont, because she has found it such a pleasant place on her two preceding wedding-trips. Evidently her second husband has also preserved a pleasant recollection of this hotel; for they find him stopping there when they arrive. Shortly after this encounter, Husband Number One turns up with the distressing news that a question has arisen concerning the validity of his divorce and the legality of the heroine's two subsequent marriages. Because of the difference between the laws of the various States in which the heroine has been married and divorced, the whole tangle seems more complicated the more it is looked into by the lawyers. For some time the heroine is kept in doubt as to which of the three men is her legal husband at the moment, until finally the enigma is cleared up in favour of Husband Number Three.

Meanwhile this third husband naturally is annoyed at the interruption of his honeymoon by his two predecessors, and at the maternal solicitude which still prompts the heroine to take an interest in their personal concerns. The ten-year-old daughter of this thrice-married woman is also present in the hotel. This *enfant terrible* calls the first husband "father," the second husband "daddy," and the third husband "papa," and is equally friendly with all three.

In developing this pleasantly satiric theme, Mr. Bolton has displayed considerable ingenuity. He has invented many entertaining incidents; he has sketched his characters with sufficient fidelity to fact; and he has written innumerable lines that are genuinely witty. It is unfortunate that so sprightly a composition should have to contend against the grave-yard atmosphere of the Harris Theatre.

"ALONG CAME RUTH"

La Demoiselle du Magasin is a homely little comedy of middle-class life by two Belgian playwrights, MM. Frantz Fonson and Fernand Wicheler. This piece has been Americanised with quite extraordinary skill by Mr. Holman Day, who has localised the action in the little town of Oldport, Maine, and altered the title to *Along Came Ruth*. Mr. Day's adaptation shows no traces whatsoever of its Belgian origin; it reveals, instead, a family resemblance to so essentially American a product as Mr. Winchell Smith's *The Fortune Hunter*.

The little town of Oldport was as sleepy as a little town could be, until Ruth came along. She was fresh from a Normal College; but, instead of teaching school, she wanted to do great things. So, as soon as she secured employment in the "Furniture Emporium" of Israel Putnam Hubbard, she proceeded to wake the town up to a sense of its opportunities. Before long she developed the "Furniture Emporium" into a thriving department store and started a boom for

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the entire town which resulted in its incorporation as a city, with Israel Putnam Hubbard as its first mayor. But, in the last act, she is still treated as a shop-girl by the men whose fortunes she has made. They class her as "hired help" and refuse to regard her as a social equal, until the son of Israel Putnam Hubbard insists on making her his wife and establishing her as the leading lady of the city.

Here we have a pleasant fairy-tale which is told in terms of realism. The piece reveals considerable humour of characterisation; and the amusing dialogue is rendered, with studious exactitude, in the local dialect of Maine.

"HELP WANTED"

The hero of *Help Wanted,* by Jack Lait, is a middle-aged business man with offices in a New York skyscraper. He tells us frequently, in his lines, that he is extremely busy; and evidence is offered us that he has amassed a large fortune. For two acts of the play, we watch this busy man at work: and this is what we learn about his business.—

All that he ever does—for eight hours a day—is to engage stenographers, seduce them, and instruct his lawyer to settle with them out of court when they enter suits against him for damages to their moral character. This revelation of the daily routine of business life is very instructive to spectators who have never been in business. How easy it is to amass a large fortune, after all! All that you have to do is to rent a suite of offices and insert a "Help Wanted" advertisement in the newspapers. Who would have thought—unless he had been told by this veracious dramatist—that seduction, even on a wholesale scale, could be so profitable to the seducer?

The particular stenographer whose experience is detailed in this play is a preternaturally innocent young woman. She is innocent of stenography, although she has been through a course in a business-college; and she is innocent of the wicked wiles by which big business men lead little girls astray. So her middle-aged employer comes near to accomplishing his fell purpose. But the heroine is rescued just in time by the step-son of this experienced philanderer, who outbids him for her affections with an offer of honourable marriage.

This play is advertised as "A Danger Signal That Every Girl Seeking Office Employment Ought to See." It teaches a Noble Moral Lesson:—namely, that business is not business, after all, and that if a stenographer is unable to manipulate a typewriter, a rich and nice young man is sure to marry her.

"THE LAST RESORT"

Mr. George Scarborough also teaches us many serviceable lessons about life in his melodrama entitled *The Last Resort.* In the last act of this veracious chronicle, the hero is in jail, serving a sentence for contempt of court that has been confirmed by the highest tribunal in the State. After his incarceration, he has been nominated for Governor on an independent ticket. We visit him in his cell on the evening of Election Day. A great many other people also visit him. In fact, his capacious and well-appointed cell is a very pleasant place, where people pop in and out to pass the time of day. One of his callers is the corrupt political boss of the opposing party, who does not happen to be busy elsewhere on Election Night. Another is the heroine, who comes in handcuffed. In an adjacent room of the jail she has just been tried and convicted on a trumped-up charge of burglary. It is very instructive to be informed by Mr. Scarborough that criminal trials are held upon a legal holiday; but it seems a pity that the author did not tell us if the jurors were allowed a recess in order to cast their votes. News that the hero has been elected Governor is flashed through the iron grating of his window by a search-light that has been rigged up for this purpose by "the boys." Since the hero's secretary is living with him in his cell, and is allowed to come and go at any time, we wonder why the hero could not have been informed of his election

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without recourse to this elaborate device. We wonder also how he is going to get out of jail in time to take the oath of office, and whether or not his citizenship will have to be restored before he is inaugurated. The author is teaching us so much that we never knew before, that he cannot find time to clear up all these points; but in walks the Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals, who assures us that he will fix everything up as we desire and will even officiate at the wedding of the hero to the heroine.

It might also be interesting to analyse the two preceding acts, which are almost equally efficacious to revise our hitherto mistaken views of life. It is very instructive to be told, for instance, that a girl wearing one of the tight skirts that are in fashion at the present moment could climb through a window several stories in the air at the hour of one A.M., or that a great lawyer, acting on mere hearsay evidence that has just been whispered to him, would immediately stand up in court and accuse the presiding judge of corruption. But space is lacking to detail all the lessons which might be learned from the mirror which Mr. Scarborough has so honestly held up to nature.

"WHAT WOULD YOU DO?"

The question which Mr. Augustin MacHugh has asked in the title of his latest play invites several flippant answers which it is a virtue to resist. The piece starts out as a faithful imitation of Mr. Eugene Walter's melodrama entitled *Fine Feathers;* but before long it begins to tell us things about life that nobody—not even Mr. Scarborough—had told us before.

The hero is a young bank-clerk with a small salary; and his wife wants more money. Therefore he steals $50,000 from the bank, and speculates, and loses. His best friend is a muck-raking magazine writer who has been depicted for two acts as the Soul of Honesty. This friend now advises him to steal half a million more and to continue to speculate until he comes out ahead. The hero does so; and, in an incredibly short time, he finds himself $300,000 to the good. He replaces the stolen securities in the vaults of the bank; and then he wonders what to do with the money he has won. He offers it to his wife, and tells her how he got it; but when she accepts it, he throws her around the room and complains that she is not an honest woman. Then he leaves her, and goes out to live alone on a five-acre farm in New Jersey. But his wife soon decides that she doesn't want the $300,000, after all, and returns it to him. Thereupon he resolves to spend it in erecting and endowing a Home for Crippled Children. This charitable deed woos his wife to discard her hopes of living high and to return to his bosom.

Of the six plays that have been noticed in the present article, three are worth seeing, and one of these three is unusually worthy; but there is no apparent reason why the other three plays should have been presented in New York. If the managers could find no better pieces than these travesties of life, it would surely have been a charity to the theatre-going public if they had closed their houses for the season.

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WHERE IS THE MAN?

BY ELIZABETH REDFIELD KENDALL

In any consideration of the school of younger English novelists the question, "Who Is the Man?" is the natural one. There is in England, as Mr. George demonstrated in his survey of the field in the February Bookman, a group of men possessed alike of talent and the knowledge how to use it, who stand ready to take the places of the elder novelists whose laurels are, at least in part, already won. The problem is not what will happen in English fiction so much as who will happen. But when we come to turn the limelight upon what should be a "school" of younger American novelists the result is entirely different. It is not that we lack evidences of talent. Where we fail is in the way that talent finds its vent; our neophytes have lost themselves in the mazes of a strange philosophy. Can we honestly say that we have in any proper meaning of the term a school of young novelists producing work which, however faulty in detail, shows a comprehension of the purpose of the art of novel-writing? Have we—to get down to hard and sometimes stupid facts—a single writer under forty who can be taken seriously as the American novelist of the future? Have we even a writer belonging to that indeterminate period, middle age, who can write a novel comparable, as a novel pure and simple, to the better works of Marion Crawford? Or are we compelled, reluctantly enough, to admit that the question is not "Who Is the Man?" but "Where Is the Man?"

Many years ago, in a tiny village in the White Mountains, a worthy minister, whose ardour for righteousness was greater than his learning, preached a sermon against the use of intoxicating liquors. He ended his plea for total abstinence by saying: "And, my friends, I am sure that if you knew, as I know, the perils of alcohol, you would flee from it as you would from the bite or the sight of an incubus." The story—which happens to be a true one—occurs to the mind instinctively in connection with any attempt to orient one's self toward the future of fiction in the United States. If it be true that there is something essentially wrong with the temporary trend of the American novel, what is the nature of the trouble? If the insidious germ can be discovered, will not our novelists flee from it as they would "from the sight or the bite of an incubus"?

We are suffering at the moment from a peculiar malady; yet it is one which a shrewd enough æsthetic physician might have prognosticated as likely to follow in the wake of another disease. Ten years ago the tenor of American fiction was sensationally entertaining. It matters not that we had Mrs. Wharton and Mrs. Deland and Mr. Churchill and a half-dozen other writers of an entirely different character. The general tendency of the novel of a decade ago was to pique not the emotional or the intellectual, but the sensitory interest. The "Best Seller" is not an artistic criterion; but there is no good purpose served by ignoring its meaning. It may be only the manifestation of a back-wash; but it always signifies something. The "Best Seller" of ten years ago was not merely of the earth, earthy; it was, speaking by and large, meretricious. The entertainment provided was not wholesome; its keyword was sensationalism.

But, if the American people are not sufficiently an artistic people to recognize the cheapness of the fiction which, if it were not actually vulgar, was assuredly common; if they have not turned from this particular form of brummagem because of its lack of art, they have turned from it for other reasons. We are not serious enough; if we were, we should

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have a finer appreciation of the art of Nonsense and a slighter respect for the science of Sense; but we are, after all, capable of getting below the surface occasionally. And as a perfectly natural and inevitable consequence of the popularity of the novel designed to amuse sensationally, we have to-day the novel which is designed to instruct sensationally. We have the didactic novel—the novel in which art is no less effectually subordinated to purpose, though that purpose be different, than it was in the heyday of Mr. Chambers and Mr. MacGrath.

It is, then, didacticism which is the "incubus." Didacticism has fastened its tentacles upon the very life of the American novel. If our younger writers do not have the courage to free themselves from its death-dealing grip, a grip which has extended to the work of many of the older writers, there can be no hope for the future. But what, it may be asked, is the horror of didacticism? Must not all art be didactic to a certain extent? Aye, but there's the rub. We have passed the boundary. And when in speaking of didacticism as a curse the writer means by the word such an undue aggrandisement of the teaching purpose in fiction that art is merged in pedagogy. It may be socialism or feminism; it may be religion or a vague "uplift" philosophy; it may be any one of a dozen admirable subjects for study which so far usurps the function of the novel that this species of the art of fiction ceases to fulfil its artistic obligations. The didactic novel may be fertile as a source of ethical inspiration. It is none the less sterile as a work of art. And if we take the point of view that art is the most serious matter in the world—as we must if we are ever really to live at all—then we must certainly think it is more vital than any of the aspirations after betterment, physical, mental or ethical which are labelled "serious" by the literary pharmacist. It is more vital and more serious than any of these things, because it is the essence of the best in them all—the essence of all that makes life bearable.

The essence, yes; and in an essence every flavour must be so perfectly blended that the whole effect is smooth yet stimulating. To change the figure to suit a particular rather than a general art, one might compare the art of novel-writing to that—scarcely inferior—of compounding a salad-dressing. The common mixture is made up of only four elements, oil and vinegar, salt and pepper. But some people like to add a little mustard, This is excellent—always provided that the mustard is not allowed to preponderate over the other condiments. If it does, the effect is, to say the least, unpleasant. The unfortunate person who has to swallow the nauseous dose is reminded sensibly of unhappy experiences in the nursery. Didacticism is the mustard of fictional salad-dressing. A little of it is not bad, if it be so mixed with the oil of artistic construction that it is an essential component part of the whole; but if it be not, then the whole object of the novel—which is, after all, to tell a story—is stultified. We have in the didactic novel a hybrid form of literature which is bound in the end to suffer the natural fate of the hybrid; it cannot be prolific.

It will, of course, be said that, in calling didacticism the "incubus" of the American novel, proof should be offered of the contention. There is only one way to consider the matter. In this case exemplification is not difficult. What are the novels of the past year that have really made an impression upon the American mind or are likely to make an impression? Probably most people will admit that the two novels that have had the largest circulation among thinking readers—speaking only of books by American writers—are the *The Inside of the Cup* and *The Custom of the Country*. Probably no one would deny the preponderance of didacticism over story in the first; and, in vastly different kind, Mrs. Wharton's brilliant study of the American woman is no less written more to point a moral than to adorn a tale.

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There is a third novel which many persons would doubtless place higher in the estimation of the thoughtful—though probably without sufficient reason—than either of these. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that that novel is *V. V.'s Eyes.*

We have mentioned only the three most conspicuous examples of didactic fiction published in the past year. A half-dozen more of the most notable novels published in 1913 are easily ranged in this class. There are Mr. Herrick's *One Woman's Life,* Miss Johnston's *Hagar,* Mr. King's *The Way Home,* Mr. London's *The Valley of the Moon,* Mr. Sinclair's *Sylvia,* and somewhat below these in general popular influence, perhaps, Mr. Albert Edward's striking *Comrade Yetta* and Miss Ellen Glasgow's rather disappointing *Virginia.* We may also, possibly, include among the influential novels of the year that unpleasant book, *Hagar Revelly,* by Daniel C. Goodman. Here is a vast variety of texts; but the plan of the "preachment" is surprisingly similar in each case. That the sermon overpowers the story in every one of the so-called novels cited will only be denied by critics who conceive the novel as a genre midway between a tract and a legal document.

There are two much-read novels of the past year which may perhaps be claimed by American fiction, though in neither case is the author an American except by adoption. And only one of these two could have any possible influence upon the future of the American novel. But one is glad to think that it has been possible to turn from the dreary pages of hortatory fiction to Mrs. Burnett's cheerful *T. Tembarom,* and still more is one grateful for that delightful oasis in a desert of imaginative aridity, Mr. Coningsby Dawson's charming *The Garden Without Walls.* It could scarcely be said that this talented young Englishman, who has so recently come to this country, is a representative American novelist; though we must hope that we may be able in the future to keep some lien upon his work. And certainly Mrs. Burnett's agreeably old-fashioned tale is out of the running as in any sense characteristic of the tendencies of American fiction. Possibly Mr. Rex Beach's *The Iron Trail,* which is, of course, not preceptive, whatever else it may or may not be, ought to make a third exception to the statement that the strikingly conspicuous novels of the year are all didactic.

The very fact that so many of the older school have become impregnated by the malignant germ is perhaps even more discouraging than the prevalence of didacticism in the younger ranks. With the exception of two writers, the list of those who have produced during the past year the novels just mentioned includes all of those novelists who may reasonably be supposed to exercise a marked influence upon the novel of the future. Such men as Mr. Howells, Mr. Hopkinson Smith or Mr. Page, who have left middle age behind them, can scarcely be placed in this category. Mrs. Deland is, happily, a witness for the defence. Mr. Theodore Dreiser, on the contrary, is a striking exemplar of the cult of the hortatory. Despite the fact that *Sister Carrie* and *Jennie Gerhardt* are vastly over-rated novels and that Mr. Dreiser's name has a literary significance only among a certain following, his influence can scarcely be ignored. And he has so recently passed the age when he could be called a "younger" novelist that to fail to mention him as a factor in the power of the "incubus" would be inexcusable neglect.

II

The three men under forty who may be said to represent the direction taken by the American novel are Mr. London, Mr. Sinclair and Mr. Harrison. We have plenty of other writers who can turn out a passably amusing story; the average production of this type is marred by minor slips in taste and plausibility calculated to irritate the sensitive reader; but it serves its purpose. Yet surely no one would contend that the lucubrations of Mr. McCutcheon, or even of Mr. Nicholson—to mention two of the best

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of the writers in this class—could be regarded seriously as works of art. One feels sure that their authors would claim no such distinction for them. Once or twice, it is true, Mr. Nicholson has led us to fancy that he might abandon the primrose path. But *Otherwise Phyllis* makes it apparent that he will not be likely to do so now. In a specialised direction, Mr. Rex Beach and Mr. Stewart Edward White are writing books which make a large but not general appeal. But Mr. Beach has not grown since his first book was published, and Mr. White has, quite regrettably, rather deteriorated. Neither furnishes any real impediment to the progress of didacticism, because neither has grasped the fundamental law that the injection of "red blood" into a commonplace story will not cause an example of the art of novel-writing to live. There was a time when we should have expected better things of Mr. White; but, so far at least, he has not lived up to the hopes of his more discriminating public. Mr. Will Levington Comfort is the only other of the younger novelists who needs mention, and only that to say that he cannot be considered influential. The over-sentimentality of his attitude toward life and the purple-patchiness of his style make him, though happily not a didacticist, a *lucus a non lucendo.*

What, then, is to be hoped for from the three men who seem to be our only prophets? Mr. London and Mr. Sinclair are both under forty; but they have been writing for a considerable period. Neither has ever succeeded in getting away from himself. And neither has a literary personality with which it is agreeable to associate at too close quarters. This, however, must be granted to be a matter of personal taste. That each has a measure of genuine, if misdirected, power will hardly be denied by any one who is not hopelessly prejudiced. Let us take, first, the case of Mr. London. *The Son of the Wolf* was published in 1900, when the author was twenty-six years old; but the book which made his reputation was *The Call of the Wild,* which came out three years later. Since then Mr. London's best work has been a repetition of the spirit of these tales, but he has striven more than once to work a different vein. The most serious attempt at a novel that he has ever made is *The Valley of the Moon,* and this is a book that, with all its artistic blemishes, gives evidences of possibilities in Mr. London that many of us would hardly have believed to exist. But it is utterly, hopelessly, didactic. In the moment when we wonder whether Mr. London may not yet do something of abiding excellence in novel-writing we feel that he never will unless he can escape from the new peril that has come upon him to take the place of an unregenerate passion for "strong" situations which has vulgarised so much of his previous work.

How about Mr. Sinclair? *The Journal of Arthur Sterling* was rather a remarkable book, though it owed much of its interest to purely adventitious causes. So was *The Jungle* remarkable, but hardly for reasons that need detain us in the consideration of Mr. Sinclair's position as a worker in the art of fiction. Everything that he has written since then has been practically negligible in its effect upon his artistic reputation; yet he has given occasional glimpses of potential gifts, and never more so than in *Sylvia,* crude as the book is in many respects. He has written with at least an effort at artistic seriousness; but to his native fondness for superficial and sometimes inaccurate portrayal of conditions of which he knows little he has added a false conception of the meaning of the novel. The former defect might be conquered; the latter is far graver. It seems unlikely that the "incubus" will ever release Mr. Sinclair.

There remains Mr. Henry Sydnor Harrison. Unlike the works of Mr. London and Mr. Sinclair, Mr. Harrison's two striking novels have been altogether free from the taint of vulgarity in any form. There are many minor artistic solecisms—though there are admirers of this gifted writer who would deny this—in both *Queed* and *V. V.'s*

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Eyes. The former is far the better novel, and it deserved its vogue; but it was obviously the work of a 'prentice hand. Every one who read it looked with profound interest for the next novel by Mr. Harrison. And what was the next novel?—a sociological tract, enlivened by certain moments of emotional power and beauty, and disfigured by an ignoring of the probabilities that can only be regarded as deplorable. Mr. Harrison is firmly clutched by the deadly tentacles; yet there is still chance for him to escape. He has lost a precious opportunity; he is for the moment a lost leader, though certainly not in the sense that Browning so unjustly stigmatised Wordsworth. We have only to compare *V. V.'s Eyes* to such a novel as Mr. Hugh Walpole's *Fortitude* to realise how completely Mr. Harrison, who occupies in American fiction a position not dissimilar to that of Mr. Walpole in English fiction, has failed to distinguish between the use and the abuse of a serious theme in his fundamental misinterpretation of the nature of the novel. Yet we must have the faith to believe that so much high talent will not be pigeonholed, that Mr. Harrison will eventually gain a deeper understanding of his art, and so justify the hopes that were aroused by the finer elements in *Queed*.

Yet, with every desire to be optimistic, it is impossible honestly to say that, at this moment, the future of the American novel paints itself in rosy colours to those who least wish to take the gloomy view. The root of the whole matter lies far back of the immediate peril, didacticism; it lies far back of "red blood" or "strong meat," or any of the futile battle-cries of the ragged army of pseudo-realistic writers. The American novelist has, with a few rare exceptions, been building his house on the sand for ten years and more. He has ignored the need for background; or, perhaps, we ought rather to say, he has lacked the perception to realise its vital necessity. He has utterly despised that imminent law of all art which Frith's London scene-painter put so perfectly into a single word—"wista." Least of all arts can the art of novel-writing live without "wista." The large point of view, the subordination of detail, the seeing life steadily and seeing it whole, are essential. With this background once established, we might have as great a novel, with its *mise-en-scène* in any centre of the uplift movement in the United States, as in Thackeray's London. But we have it not. Where is the man who will give it to us?

AS THE GREEN SEA IN FISHERS' NETS

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

In some dark sea that through us ebbs and sweeps,
One day this body dips where great tides fret.
When the sun falls, and when the fisher sleeps,
Shall I be with the sea, or but the net?

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THE SNOWY PEAKS OF THE HIMALAYAS. "CHANGELESS SINCE THE WORLD'S BEGINNING, BUT CHANGING TO EVERY MOOD OF SUN AND CLOUD, LAY OUT THE ETERNAL SNOW."—"KIM"

KIPLING'S INDIA

BY ARLEY MUNSON

IN THREE PARTS—PART II—THE BORDERLAND AND THE DESERT

REFER again to the map of India. Lahore, the city just left behind, is the centre of a great square whose boundary lines, north, south, east, and west, run through the countries to be described in this paper, the Great Indian Desert of Rajputana; the Borderland between India and her Northwestern neighbours, Afghanistan and Baluchistan; and the Himalaya Mountain country which separates India from mysterious Thibet. All three of these regions are crowded with the children of Kipling's fancy.

Turning sharply to the south from Lahore, and travelling now by metre gauge and now by the broad, regular line of the Indian railway, you find yourself after three or four hours in the heart of the Rajputana Desert. Rajputana is your true desert country, with all its solemn grandeur and all its bitter desolation. Miles and miles of yellow sand stretch away to the horizon, broken only by great boulders, ragged camel's-thorn bushes and little scrubby trees, or, perhaps, a whirling dust-cloud which rises high in air, scatters and settles again. Here and there the waters of a lake or river, blue and sparkling in the blazing sunshine, refresh the eye; or low hills misty purple in the distance, grow larger, clearer, and less fascinating as you near their bare, brown ridges destitute of verdure. Again, you see a great patch of forest-land with thatched-roofed native huts peeping out from flaunting, bright-coloured foliage, and some self-appointed guide tells you that among the rocks and trees tigers and leopards and wolves abound. As everywhere else in India, monkeys romp and chatter among the trees, little striped squirrels dart into sight and off again, and the green parrot regards you critically from a distant bough. Occasionally, a solitary camel, the jaws and brow of its rider bound tightly against the dust, weaves across the plain; a country bullock-cart creaks dismally along with its burden of men or cotton; or a band of gypsies, with wild, dark eyes, splendid bodies, and rainbow attire, pass slowly by, driving their cat-

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tle; the ornaments of the women, bone and iron and brass, clanking loudly. The heat is tremendous and you wilt visibly in mind and body and apparel; the blazing sunshine blinds your eyes and you are glad indeed when the waning light brings relief and the much-vaunted colouring of the desert—amber, gold, opal, silver-blue, and crimson—spreads over the landscape. This is the country

—where the wild dacoits abound
And the Thakurs live in castles on the hills,
Where the *bunnia* and *bunjara* in alternate streaks are found,
And the Rajah cannot liquidate his bills.

The trackless desert of Upper Rajputana, far from the railway line, was the scene of "The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes" (*Under the Deodars*), the Civil Engineer who in the delirium of fever rode madly over the sandy plain, brandishing his hog-spear at the moon and shouting challenges at the camel's-thorn bushes, and plunged without warning into the terrible village inhabited by "the Dead who did not die but may not live."

The events told of in "At the End of the Passage" also took place in this desert country. It was there that Hummil, the Assistant Engineer, and his three friends, who had ridden so far for the sake of seeing a white man's face—"they were lonely folk who understood the dread meaning of loneliness"—spent doleful hours together in the terrific heat of an Indian summer on the plains,—

The sky is lead and our faces are red,
And the gates of Hell are opened and riven,
And the winds of Hell are loosened and driven,
And the dust flies up in the face of Heaven,
And the clouds come down in a fiery sheet,
Heavy to raise and hard to be borne.
And the soul of man is turned from his meat,
Turned from the trifles for which he has striven
Sick in his body, and heavy hearted,
And his soul flies up like the dust in the sheet
Breaks from his flesh and is gone and departed,
As the blasts they blow on the cholera-horn.

And there poor Hummil, maddened by the heat and loneliness, became the victim of "terror beyond the expression of any pen"—hunted to death by the "blind face that cries and can't wipe its eyes."

In an insignificant little town of Eastern Rajputana the policemen of "At Howli Thana" (*Soldiers Three*) concocted that marvellous story of the Dacoity attack which should save them from deserved punishment, and which failed so completely before the smile and the "many eyes" of Yunkum Sahib, the Assistant Commissioner, "Tiger of Gokral-Seetarun."

II

Gokral-Seetarun was the province where Nick Tarvin, of Topaz, Colorado (*The Naulahka*), a gallant nineteenth-century knight, championed so loyally and successfully his lady-love and the pathetic little Maharaj Kunwar in the midst of the intrigues of a gypsy queen; and learned the invaluable lesson that

—it is not good for the Christian's health to hustle the Aryan brown,
For the Christian rifles and the Aryan smiles and he weareth the Christian down;
And the end of the fight is a tombstone white with the name of the late deceased,
And the epitaph drear: "A fool lies here who tried to hustle the East."

Chitor (Gunnaur) is the Dead City where, in the "Gau-Mukh" or "Cow's Mouth," Nick sought the Naulahka, the priceless necklace of crown jewels which he afterward saw during the wedding pageant of the Maharaj Kunwar.

It blazed with the dull red of the ruby, the angry green of the emerald, the cold blue of the sapphire, and the white, hot glory of the diamond. But, dulling all these glories, was

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THE TOWER OF VICTORY, CHITOR. "—THE CITY OF THE DEAD. TALL-BUILT, SHARP-DOMED PALACES . . . REVEALED THE HORROR OF THEIR EMPTINESS AND GLARED AT THE DAY THAT PIERCED THEM THROUGH AND THROUGH. THE WIND PASSED SINGING DOWN THE EMPTY STREETS, AND, FINDING NONE TO ANSWER, RETURNED, CHASING BEFORE IT A MUTTERING CLOUD OF DUST, WHICH PRESENTLY WHIRLED ITSELF INTO A LITTLE CYCLONE-FUNNEL, AND LAID DOWN WITH A SIGH. . . . GIGANTIC RESERVOIRS DRY AND NEGLECTED, . . . HOLLOW GUARD-HOUSES THAT STUDDED THE BATTLEMENTS, . . . TIME-RIVEN ARCHES THAT SPANNED THE STREETS, AND, ABOVE ALL, THE CARVEN TOWER WITH A SHATTERED ROOF THAT SPRANG A HUNDRED AND FIFTY FEET INTO THE AIR, FOR A SIGN TO THE COUNTRYSIDE THAT THE ROYAL CITY . . . WAS NOT DEAD, BUT WOULD ONE DAY HUM WITH MEN." —"THE NAULAHKA"

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ELEPHANTS IN STATE DRESS. AS THEY APPEARED IN THE WEDDING PAGEANT OF THE MAHARAJ KUNWAR.—"The Naulahka.

the superb radiance of one gem that lay above the great carved emerald on the central clasp. It was the black diamond—black as the pitch of the infernal lake, and lighted from below with the fires of hell.

The thing lay on the boy's shoulders, a yoke of flame. It outshone the silent Indian stars above, turned the tossing torches to smears of dull yellow, and sucked the glitter from the cloth of gold on which it lay.

Chitor is on the railway line from Ajmere to Mhow. It was once the glorious capital of the kings of Mewar and for hundreds of years was the scene of some of the greatest dramas in Indian history. At the close of the thirteenth century, Ala-ud-din Khilji, the Pathan emperor, having determined to capture the Rajput queen Pudmini, said to have been the most beautiful woman India has ever known, besieged the city of Chitor. When the Rajputs could no longer hold the place, all the thousands of women of the city, among them Queen Pudmini, voluntarily went to their death on funeral pyres in the subterranean chambers of the palace, while the men dashed out of the gates into the very arms of their enemies, who entered over their dead bodies into possession of a dead city. Chitor is of remarkable shape and situation. Three miles in length, it stands on the summit of a huge rock five hundred feet above the plain, the massive loopholed walls and sculptured gates giving the city the appearance of a great battleship. New Chitor, a comparatively modern town of grain merchants and armourers, nestles at the base of the fortress, but within the old city there is no sign of human life. The beautiful palace of Pudmini, the fine old temples, the big, empty reservoirs, and the wind-swept houses are given over to the birds and beasts of the jungle. The trees and the elements have torn great rents in the walls and many of the houses and tombs are ruined. In the midst of this ancient grandeur stands the old Jain Tower of Victory, one hundred and fifty feet high, and close by is the "Gau-Mukh," a sacred shrine built in the side of a huge pit surrounded by trees and ruined tombs and a flight of old stone steps; and ornamented with heroic stone figures of gods carved in high relief. The Gau-Mukh takes its name from a spring issuing from one side of the pit through a crude bit of carving supposed to resemble the mouth of a cow, and falling into a reservoir filled with slimy purple water. From the Gau-Mukh, a passage leads into the subterranean chambers of Pudmini's palace, where the queen and her loyal women went to their death. It was in this passage that Nick Tarvin's foot crashed into a skull and he retreated from the gruesome heaps of human bones and the savage, emerald-eyed guardian of the place.

Rajputana contains some of the most conservative, fanatical Hindus of India. It was in Rajputana that infanticide was practised to the greatest extent, and it was here that the custom of suttee, the burning of the living widow on the pyre of her dead husband, survived longest. In Western Rajputana "The Last Sut-

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THE RAJPUTANA DESERT. THIS DESERT IS A FACTOR IN NUMEROUS KIPLING TALES. IT WAS THE SCENE OF "THE STRANGE RIDE OF MORROWBIE JUKES," THE CIVIL ENGINEER WHO, IN HIS FEVER, RODE INTO THE TERRIBLE VILLAGE INHABITED BY "THE DEAD WHO DID NOT DIE BUT MAY NOT LIVE." IT IS ASSOCIATED WITH THE EVENTS RELATED IN "AT THE END OF THE PASSAGE." IT PLAYS A CONSPICUOUS PART IN "THE NAULAHKA." IT KNEW CARNEHAN AND DRAVOT OF "THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING." MILES AND MILES OF YELLOW SAND STRETCH AWAY TO THE HORIZON, BROKEN ONLY BY GREAT BOULDERS, RAGGED CAMEL'S-THORN BUSHES AND LITTLE SCRUBBY TREES, OR, PERHAPS, A WHIRLING DUST-CLOUD WHICH RISES HIGH IN AIR, SCATTERS AND SETTLES AGAIN. HERE AND THERE THE WATERS OF A LAKE OR RIVER, BLUE AND SPARKLING IN THE BLAZING SUNSHINE, REFRESH THE EYE. IT IS THE COUNTRY

—WHERE THE WILD DACOITS ABOUND
AND THE THAKURS LIVE IN CASTLES ON THE HILLS,
WHERE THE "BUNNIA" AND "BUNJARA" IN ALTERNATE STREAKS ARE FOUND,
AND THE RAJAH CANNOT LIQUIDATE HIS BILLS.

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tee" took place; when, as the dead Rajput king lay on his funeral-pyre and

—the death-fire leaped
From ridge to river-head,
From the Malwa plains to the Abu scaurs,

the Queen, disguised as a dancing-girl, escaped from the palace and, fearing the flames but longing to share the death of her lord, besought the baron guarding the pyre to kill her and burn her with the king.

He drew and struck; the straight blade drank
The life beneath the breast.
I had looked for the Queen to face the flame,
But the harlot dies for the Rajput dame—
Sister of mine, pass, free from shame.
Pass with thy King to rest!

The black log crashed above the white:
The little flames and lean,
Red as slaughter and blue as steel,

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A TURN IN THE KHYBER PASS SHOWING THE MOUNTAINS "TALL AND BLACK" AND "BITTER COLD" THROUGH WHICH DRAVOT AND CARNEHAN MADE THEIR TOILSOME WAY TO KAFIRISTAN.—"THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING"

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ROPE BRIDGE OVER A MOUNTAIN TORRENT. IT WAS SUCH A ROPE BRIDGE AS THIS THAT THE KAFIRS CUT, SENDING DRAVOT TO HIS DEATH.—"THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING"

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That whistled and fluttered from head to heel,
Leaped up anew, for they found their meal
On the heart of—the Boondi Queen!

It was near here, in Pali, that the twins of "Gemini" (*Soldiers Three*) were born, the money-lenders of Isser Jang, whom Durga Dass, one of the twins, described so accurately when he portrayed his brother:

—a swine and a night-thief, a taker of life, an eater of flesh, a jackal-spawn without beauty, or faith, or cleanliness, or honour.

III

Here in Western Rajputana, we come on the trail of Peachey Carnehan and Daniel Dravot of "The Man who would be King." Nasirabad is an unimportant little town on the metre gauge line of railway running from Ajmir to Mhow; and it was here that the newspaper correspondent made the acquaintance of Carnehan, "a big, black-browed gentleman in shirt-sleeves,—a wanderer and a vagabond,—but with an educated taste for whiskey," who "told tales of things he had seen and done, of out-of-the-way corners of the Empire into which he had penetrated, and of adventures in which he risked his life for a few days' food," and who finally sent a message by the correspondent to his friend Dravot at Marwar Junction. Just to the west, on the railway line of the Bombay Mail, lies Marwar Junction, another town of no special importance, where in the second-class railway carriage the correspondent obligingly sought out Dravot, the man with "a flaming red beard" and "a great and shining face," and gave him the mysterious message, "He has gone South for the week." Following close after the clever adventurers, you find them in some large city of the Punjaub, probably Lahore, seeking in the hot newspaper office of the friendly correspondent information concerning Kafiristan which, with consummate impudence and boundless ambition, they have decided to conquer and rule as kings, according to their "Contract" with each other:

This Contract between me and you persuing witnesseth in the name of God—Amen and so forth.

(One) That me and you will settle this matter together; *i.e.*, to be Kings of Kafiristan.

(Two) That you and me will not, while this matter is being settled, look at any Liquor, nor any Woman black, white, or brown, so as to get mixed up with one or the other harmful.

(Three) That we conduct ourselves with Dignity and Discretion, and if one of us gets into trouble the other will stay by him.

Signed by you and me this day.

PEACHEY TALIAFERRO CARNEHAN,
DANIEL DRAVOT,
Both Gentlemen at Large.

Then comes the departure from the Serai (probably the Kashmir Serai of Lahore), Dravot disguised as a mad native priest and Carnehan as his servant, travelling on camels ostensibly "to the North to sell charms that are never still to the Amir," but carrying, concealed beneath the camel-bags, twenty Martinis and "ammunition to correspond." At Peshawur, a large British military station only a few miles from the Afghan frontier, Carnehan and Dravot joined the caravan of the trader going through the Khyber Pass to Kabul, the capital of Afghanistan.

For more than six hundred miles, India is bordered on the northwest by Afghanistan, the savage country of a savage race—large, muscular, warlike Mohammedans,—often called "Pathans"—unruly and fanatical—which, ever since the early nineteenth century, has been at war, more or less constant, with British India. No European is allowed to enter the country, which is made to act as a "buffer" state between Russia and India; the Amir, as the King of Afghanistan is called, being guided in all foreign affairs by the Indian Government, from which he receives an annual subsidy.

Afghanistan is a country of violent contrasts. Day after day, the traveller

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THE KHYBER PASS BELOW THE FAMOUS FORT OF ALI MASJID, SHOWING THE KHYBER RIFLES ON THE MARCH. IT WAS THROUGH THIS CRUEL BORDER COUNTRY THAT AUSTIN LIMMASON OF THE WHITE HUSSARS, "THE MAN WHO WAS," FORCED HIS WAY IN HIS TERRIBLE FLIGHT FROM SIBERIA. THIS IS ALSO THE COUNTRY OF THE BATTLE DESCRIBED IN "DRUMS OF THE FORE AND AFT," OF "THE LOST LEGION," OF "LOVE O' WOMEN," OF "WEE WILLIE WINKIE," AND OF "WITH THE MAIN GUARD."

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fights his way through the rough, narrow defiles of lofty, jagged mountains, cold and bleak and desolate, or over sandy, fever-stricken deserts, suddenly to find himself in the midst of a pleasant summer valley whose fertile orchards and vineyards produce some of the finest fruits in the world. Ten miles west of Peshawur, in a group of marvellous caves, begins the Khyber Pass, "that narrow sword-cut in the hills," which runs back fifty miles to the centre of Afghanistan. This famous mountain pass, which sometimes narrows to the bed of a tiny rivulet, the cliffs on each side rising almost perpendicularly to the height of six or seven hundred feet, is the highway for the caravans coming from Central Asia into India.

Along this mountain pass, Carnehan and Dravot made their way with the Afghan traders, the amusing antics of Dravot, "the mad priest," making him a welcome guest among the simple, friendly natives. Leaving the caravans just below Jagdallak, a little mountain town between Peshawur and Kabul, they made their toilsome way through the mountains, "tall and black" and "bitter cold," "with never a road broader than the back of your hand," past the hostile villages, "dispersed and solitary," and so to Kafiristan.

Kafiristan, a small tract of land in the northwestern part of Afghanistan, is but little known to the civilised world, whose only source of information is the account of the few Mohammedan traders who have entered the country. From these it has been learned that Kafiristan, whose mountains are the higher peaks of the Hindu Kush, is a far more attractive country than the rest of Afghanistan. The hillsides, thickly wooded with oak and pine, and the green valleys, rich in gardens and orchards and rolling meadows, resemble the Himalayan country, while the people, a pure type of Aryans, are remarkable for strength and beauty, many of the Kafirs—in strange contrast to their neighbours on every side—being as fair as Europeans, with yellow hair, blue eyes and pink cheeks. The women especially are said to be the handsomest women of the Orient. The Kafirs ("Kafiristan" meaning "the country of unbelievers in Islam") have resisted all attempts to convert them to the Moslem faith, clinging tenaciously to their ancient form of worship, which closely resembles the old Vedic religion. While the people are barbaric in many ways, using bows and arrows for weapons, and dressing chiefly in goat's skin and goat's hair, they sit on stools after the manner of Europeans and have several other European customs.

Into this country of Kafiristan Peachey and Dravot suddenly precipitated themselves before the simple natives, who received them as gods; here by masterly stratagem they won their sovereignty; and here the tragic farce ended with the murder of Dravot, hurled to death from the rope bridge, and the journey of Peachey, hopelessly maimed and mad and bearing with him the crowned head of Dravot, back to the hot newspaper office in India to tell his piteous tale.

IV

Through the cruel Border country, Lieutenant Austin Limmason, of the White Hussars ("The Man Who Was"), somehow forced his way to Peshawur in his terrible flight to Siberia, until "like a homing pigeon, he had found his way to his own old mess," who were entertaining royally but reluctantly Dirkovitch, the Russian; and proved his right to be there by the mechanical, accurate response of his poor crazed brain to the old and honoured toast to the Queen:

> —the colonel rose, but his hand shook, and the port spilled on the table as he looked straight at the man . . . and said hoarsely, "Mr. Vice, the Queen." There was a little pause, but the man sprang to his feet and answered without hesitation, "The Queen, God bless her!" and as he emptied the thin glass he snapped the shank between his fingers.

Peshawur and the Border saw the mutiny of the Native Irregular Cavalry

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("The Lost Legion"), who were afterward hunted to their death by the Afghans while they rode "stumbling and rocking in their saddles, and howling for mercy . . . from hill to hill, from ravine to ravine, up and down the dried beds of rivers and round the shoulders of bluffs, till it disappeared as water sinks in the sand—this officerless rebel regiment," and all because the Pathans "desired their clothes, and their bridles, and their rifles, and their boots,—more especially their boots, . . . a great killing—done slowly." And many years later, among the Border hills, when the long-suffering British Government moved at last against the outlawed Gulla Kutta Mullah, the ghosts of the Lost Legion, stumbling about among their own graves, won an easy victory for the British.

Near the Edwardes Gate in Peshawur lived Suddhoo's son ("In the House of Suddhoo"), whose attack of pleurisy cost his father so many rupees and brought upon his father's friends so much perturbation of spirit, all through the cunning machinations of the seal-cutter.

On the road to Peshawur, the sight of the simple, honest love between Mulvaney and his Dinah Shadd, with the "flower hand, foot av shod air, an' the eyes av the livin' mornin'," brought an agony of remorse and shame to "Love-o'-Women" (*Many Inventions*) of the Black Tyrone, a "gentleman-ranker," such as those who are told of in "Gentleman-Rankers,"

We have done with Hope and Honour, we are lost to Love and Truth,
  We are dropping down the ladder rung by rung,
And the measure of our torment is the measure of our youth.
  God help us, for we knew the worst too young!
Our shame is clean repentance for the crime that brought the sentence,
  Our pride, it is to know no spur of pride,
And the Curse of Reuben holds us till an alien turf enfolds us
  And we die, and none can tell Them where we died.
We're poor little lambs who've lost our way,
  Baa! Baa! Baa!
We're little black sheep who've gone astray,
  Baa-aa-aa!
Gentleman-rankers out on the spree,
  Damned from here to Eternity,
  God ha' mercy on such as we,
  Baa! Yah! Bah!

And it was in Peshawur later on that same day that the death of "Love-o'-Women" and of his "Diamonds and Pearls" in each other's arms closed their tragic story—"a lamentable tale of things done long ago and ill done."

The tale of "Silver's Theatre," where "Love-o'-Women" tried so hard to die but failed, was told by Mulvaney ("With the Main Guard") to "blandandher" his suffering comrades through "a stifling June night" when "the heat under the bricked archway was terrifying," when "a puff of burning wind lashed through the wicket-gate like a wave of the sea," and "the dust-devils danced on the glacis and scoured the red-hot plain." "Silver's Theatre" was the name given by Mulvaney and his friends to "'a gut betune two hills, as black as a bucket, an' as thin as a girl's waist,'" where the British and the Afghan soldiers "'just rushed into each other's arrums, an' there was no firing for a long time, nothin' but knife an' bay'nit when we cud get our hands free: an' that was not often'—knee to knee—breast to breast—'breathin' in each other's faces and swearin' powerful.'" Terence Mulvaney, John Learoyd and Stanley Ortheris are described by their friend, the special correspondent, as "three men who loved each other so greatly that neither man nor woman could come between them—in no sense refined, nor to be admitted to the outer-door mats of decent folk, because they happened to be private soldiers in her Majesty's Army; and private soldiers . . . have small time for self-culture . . . their duty" being "to keep themselves and their accoutrements specklessly clean, to refrain from getting drunk more often than is necessary, to obey their superiors, and to pray for a

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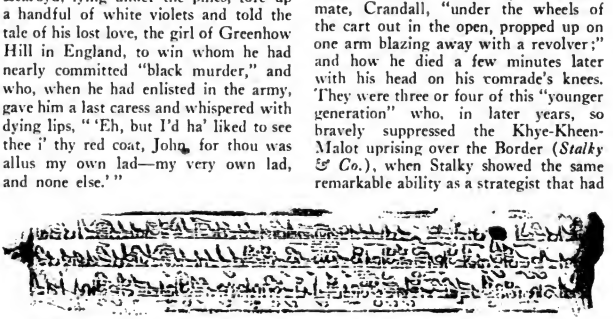
war . . . the worst men in the regiment so far as genial blackguardism goes." These "Three Musketeers" stood firm in the crush at "Silver's Theatre," Mulvaney with his "bay'nit, wid a long reach, a double twist—an' a slow recover," Learoyd with the rifle-butt "used exactly as a man would use a dagger," and little Ortheris with his "breech that's wore out a bit, an' hamminition one year in store, to let the powder kiss the bullet" while Captain O'Neil—the beloved "Cruikna-bulleen"—led his men on with a cheery laugh; while the Sergeant of the Tyrone sat on the head of the weeping and cursing "little orf'cer-bhoy" to save him alive for his mother in Ireland; and the Black Tyrone fought "like sowls in tormint," for they had seen their dead mutilated with the soul-sickening mutilation that the Afghan women inflict on the dead and wounded of their enemy.

Ortheris had a still better chance to show his skill with the rifle when from a pine-grove near the Border, he shot the deserter of the Aurangabadis ("On Greenhow Hill") "seven hundred yards away and fully two hundred down the hillside." That was the afternoon that Learoyd, lying under the pines, tore up a handful of white violets and told the tale of his lost love, the girl of Greenhow Hill in England, to win whom he had nearly committed "black murder," and who, when he had enlisted in the army, gave him a last caress and whispered with dying lips, " 'Eh, but I'd ha' liked to see thee i' thy red coat, John, for thou was allus my own lad—my very own lad, and none else.' "

V

Mulvaney, Learoyd and Ortheris appear again in that Border tale where Lord Benira Trig ("The Three Musketeers") made himself obnoxious to the regiment by desiring the garrisons to be turned out for his inspection on a holiday when "he would—dine with the Officer Commanding, and insult him, across the Mess table, about the appearance of the troops." This was at Helanthami Cantonment on the Frontier and the three friends devised a scheme, which proved most successful, to have Lord Benira "dacoited" by mischievous Buldoo and his friends who were to pose as Pathans, and "gallantly rescued" by themselves, all that the objectionable Earl might be made unfit to inspect troops until their holiday should be past.

Fort Pearson, near Kalabagh, is another Frontier fort, and there took place the events told of by Crandall, Major, the young Subaltern (*Stalky & Co.*), as he lay in the darkness of the college dormitory and "spoke to the generation he could not see,"—how Duncan, of the old college, in command of a cart-load of rupees to pay off the troops, was attacked by the Pathans, deserted by his Sepoy escort and found by his schoolmate, Crandall, "under the wheels of the cart out in the open, propped up on one arm blazing away with a revolver;" and how he died a few minutes later with his head on his comrade's knees. They were three or four of this "younger generation" who, in later years, so bravely suppressed the Khye-Kheen-Malot uprising over the Border (*Stalky & Co.*), when Stalky showed the same remarkable ability as a strategist that had



THE BUDDHIST PRAYER-PAPER. SUCH A PAPER AS THOSE TIED IN GREAT BUNCHES TO THE TREES OF THE BUDDHIST VILLAGE WHERE KIM AND THE LAMA WERE ENTERTAINED BY THE WOMAN OF SHAMLEGH. IT BEARS THE INSCRIPTION, WRITTEN OVER AND OVER AGAIN, "OM MANI PADMI OM!" (HAIL TO THE HOLY ONE [BUDDHA] WHOSE JEWEL IS THE LOTUS, HAIL!)—"KIM."

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distinguished him in his boyhood days at college.

It was a Border scuffle in which George Cottar, "The Brushwood Boy" (*The Day's Work*), engaged when the effectiveness of his training which "had taught him how many were the 'things no fellow can do,'" showed in the condition of the men of his troop whom he had guided with so much tact and skill:

They were fit—physically fit beyond the other troops; they were good children in camp, wet or dry, fed or unfed; and they followed their officers with the quick suppleness and trained obedience of a first-class football fifteen.

Another Frontier scrimmage brought to an end "The Mutiny of the Mavericks" (*Life's Handicap*), the Irish Regiment which Mulcahy, the Irish-American, "devoured with blind, rancorous hatred of England," had tried with so much effort and beer to entangle in a conspiracy against the British Empire. On the field of Marzun-Katai, Horse Egan and Dan Grady, "for the honour of the

THE LAND OF NAMGAY DOOLA, WHERE MOST OF THE MILES STOOD ON END OWING TO THE NATURE OF THE COUNTRY. IT WAS HERE THAT THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOUND THE RAJAH WITH HIS STANDING ARMY OF FOUR MEN, THE RED-HEADED REBEL WITH HIS RED-HEADED BROOD, AND LISTENED, PUZZLED, TO THE STRANGE CHANT WHICH HAD SUCH A FAMILIAR RING.

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Regiment," urged the trembling, cowardly Mulcahy into the front ranks of the fight against the Afghans, until "the panic excess of his fear drove him into madness beyond all human courage. His eyes staring at nothing, his mouth open and frothing, and breathing as one in a cold bath, he went forward demented, "to deeds of wild heroism;" then "tore on, sobbing," and alone into the midst of the retreating Afghans, until the "straight blade" of an Afghan "went home through the defenceless breast."

The 195th Regiment was stationed near the Border when "Wee Willie Winkie" (*Under the Deodars*), the Colonel's six-year-old son, saw Miss Allardyce cross the river into the dangerous Afghan territory, and promptly rode to the rescue, because Miss Allardyce belonged to his faithful friend and ally, "Coppy" (Lieutenant Brandis). The rescue was effected on the Afghan side of the Border when Wee Willie Winkie manfully faced the "Bad Men" until his regiment arrived, thus proving himself a "*pukka* hero," and winning the right to his own name, "Percival William Williams." Fort Jumrood on the Frontier is the background of that other story where a Colonel's son is a hero ("The Ballad of East and West") when Kamal, the Border Chieftain, stole the Colonel's favourite mare and rode away. He was hotly pursued into his own territory beyond Jumrood by the Colonel's son, whose rash courage was so greatly admired by Kamal that, although he held the boy's life at his mercy, he not only spared him, but took with him the Oath of Blood-Brother."

They have looked each other between the eyes, and there they found no fault,
They have taken the oath of the Brother-in-Blood on leavened bread and salt;
They have taken the oath of the Brother-in-Blood on fire and fresh-cut sod,
On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife, and the Wondrous Names of God.

Oh, East is East and West is West, and never the two shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth.

"The Lament of the Border Cattle Thief" is also the tale of a Jumrood robber chief:

They have taken away my long jezail,
My shield and sabre fine,
And heaved me into the Central Jail
For lifting of the kine.

And God have mercy on the Jut
When once my fetters fall,
And Heaven defend the farmer's hut
When I am loosed from thrall.

Ride hard, ride hard to Abazai,
Young *Sahib* with the yellow hair—
Lie close, lie close as khuttucks lie,
Fat herds below Bonair!

The one I'll shoot at twilight tide,
At dawn I'll drive the other;
The black shall mourn for hoof and hide,
The white man for his brother!

This section of country appears again in "The Head of the District" (*Life's Handicap*). On the banks of the Indus River, near Peshawur, the dying Yardley-Orde, Deputy Commissioner of the Kot-Kumharsen District, bade good-bye to his friends and eagerly watched the approach of the boat carrying his wife, who arrived just one hour too late, "the grimmest practical joke ever played on a man." Kot-Kumharsen, the District which was deprived of the wise and kind guidance of Yardley-Orde and left in the hands of a South country Babu, lies under the Khusru Hills of the Frontier. Here it was that the Khusru Khevl, urged on by the fiery eloquence of the Blind Mullah of Jagai, mutinied and made their unsuccessful attack on the lowland villages; while the South country Babu fled in terror and fever-stricken Tommy

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Dodd bade his fever-stricken men go forth with the words,

O men! If you die you will go to Hell. Therefore endeavour to keep alive. But if you go to Hell that place cannot be hotter than this place, and we are not told that we shall there suffer from fever. Consequently be not afraid of dying. File out there!

And here Tallantire, the Assistant Deputy Commissioner who knew "the talk and the heart of his people," ended his scathing denunciation of Khoda Dad Khan, chief of the mutinous tribes, with the words, "Rest assured that the Government will send you a man;" and received from the Chief the praise he so richly deserved,

Ay . . . for we also be men. . . . And by God, Sahib, may thou be that man!

From the Hurrum Hills over the Border, Jones ("A Code of Morals") heliographed to his wife the love messages and warnings concerning her moral welfare, which were so inopportunely read off by General Bangs, riding with his Aide and Staff,—

For clear as summer lightning flare, the husband's warning ran:
"Don't dance or ride with General Bangs—
a most immoral man."

All honour unto Bangs, for ne'er did Jones thereafter know
By word or act official who read off that helio;
But the tale is on the Frontier, and from Michni to Mooltan
They know the worthy General as "that most immoral man."

Kurram Valley, referred to in "Arithmetic on the Frontier," is a beautiful bit of level, fertile country over the Border whose inhabitants are among the wildest and most faithless of the Afghans.

A great and glorious thing it is
To learn for seven years or so,
The Lord knows what of that and this,
Ere reckoned fit to face the foe—
The flying bullet down the Pass,
That whistles clear:—"All flesh is grass."

Three hundred pounds per annum spent
On making brain and body meeter
For all the murderous intent
Comprised in "villanous saltpetre!"
And after?—Ask the Yusufzaies
What comes of all our 'ologies.

• • • • •

One sword-knot stolen from the camp
Will pay for all the school expenses
Of any Kurrum Valley scamp
Who knows no word of moods and tenses,
But, being blest with perfect sight,
Picks off our messmates left and right.

By their pitiful retreat, during a battle with the Afghans on the Frontier, "The Fore and Fit Princess Hohenzollern - Sigmaringen - Anspach's Merther-Tydfilshire Own Royal Loyal Light Infantry, Regimental District 329A" earned the title of "The Fore and Aft" ("The Drums of the Fore and Aft"), and were saved from everlasting disgrace by little Jakin and Lew, the twelve-year-old drummer-boys who all alone on the great plain strewn with the dead and wounded, marched stiffly with fife and drum into the face of the foe, calling on their panic-stricken regiment to return and meet the enemy.

And in bitter mockery of the distant mob, the old tune of the Old Line shrilled and rattled:

"But of all the world's great heroes
There's none that can compare,
With a tow-row-row-row-row-row,
To the British Grenadier!"

And the sullen regiment responded with terrible disaster to the Afghans,

"But some say, . . . that that battle was won by Jakin and Lew, whose little bodies were borne up just in time to fit two gaps at the head of the big ditch-grave for the dead under the heights of Jagai."

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THE INDUS RIVER, NEAR QUETTA

"JACK BARRETT'S BONES AT QUETTA
ENJOY PROFOUND REPOSE;
BUT I SHOULDN'T BE ASTONISHED
IF NOW HIS SPIRIT KNOWS
THE REASON OF HIS TRANSFER
FROM THE HIMALAYAN SNOWS."
—"THE STORY OF URIAH."

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Down through the Khyber Pass to Peshawur came our gruff and kindly friend Mahbub Ali ("The Ballad of the King's Jest") with his caravan.

Lean are the camels but fat the frails,
Light are the purses but heavy the bales,
As the snowbound trade of the North comes down
To the market square of Peshawur town.

In a turquoise twilight, crisp and chill,
A kafila camped at the foot of the hill.
Then blue smoke-haze of the cooking rose,
And tentpeg answered to hammer-nose,
And the picketed ponies shag and wild,
Strained at their ropes as the feed was piled;
And the bubbling camels beside the load
Sprawled for a furlong adown the road;
And the Persian pussy-cats, brought for sale,
Spat at the dogs from the camel-bale;
And the tribesmen bellowed to hasten the food;
And the camp-fires twinkled by Fort Jumrood;
And there fled on the wings of the gathering dusk
A savour of camels and carpets and musk,
A murmur of voices, a reek of smoke,
To tell us the trade of the Khyber woke.

And there Mahbub Ali told his friend of the "King's Jest," how the young lad, Wali Dad, sought favour at court by reporting as a fact that which was but a vague rumour, the coming of the Russians and of how Abd-ur-Rahman, the Amir, determined to crush forever such empty reports, commanded the young man to sit in a peach-tree overlooking the road to Kabul and there to remain until the Russians should actually come.

Watch from the tree. Thou art young and strong,
Surely thy vigil is not for long.

* * * * *

Wait and watch. When the host is near
Shout aloud that my men may hear.

* * * * *

A guard was set that he might not flee—
A score of bayonets ringed the tree.
The peach-bloom fell in showers of snow,
When he shook at his death as he looked below.
By the power of God who alone is great,
Till the seventh day he fought with his fate.
Then madness took him, and men declare
He mowed in the branches as ape and bear,
And last as a sloth, ere his body failed,
And he hung as a bat in the forks, and wailed,
And sleep the cord of his hands untied,
And he fell, and was caught on the points and died.

"Ford of Kabul River" is a ballad of the Border.

Ford, ford, ford of Kabul river,
Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!
Gawd 'elp 'em if they blunder, for their boots'll pull 'em under,
By the Ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

The tragedy of the man from Little Malikand ("Dray Wara Yow Dee") and his wife, who had been a maid of the Abazai, took place across the Border near Peshawur. From Little Malikand, the dishonoured husband, his "'heart dried up with sorrow and shame,'" began his search for the author of his misery "'and the head of the woman of the Abazai was before me night and day, even as it had fallen between my feet! . . . *Dray wara yow dee! Dray wara yow dee!* The body without the head, the soul without light, and my own darkling heart—all three are one—all three are one. . . . If my vengeance failed, I would splinter the gates of Paradise with the butt of my gun, or I would cut my way into Hell with my knife, and I would call upon Those who Govern there for the body of Daoud Shah. What love so deep as hate? . . . *Ahi! Ahi! Alghias! Ahi!*'"

Journeying southward along the Border, you come to the important frontier station of Quetta, a modern Indian city, prosperous but very unhealthy, located in the Assigned British District of Baluchistan. Quetta, you will remember, was where Jack Barrett (in "The Story of Uriah") was sent while his wife re-

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mained at Simla "on three-fourths his monthly screw;" and when Barrett died "ere the next month's pay he drew," "mourned for him five lively months at most."

Jack Barrett's bones at Quetta
Enjoy profound repose;
But I shouldn't be astonished
If now his spirit knows
The reason of his transfer
From the Himalayan snows.

And when the Last Great Bugle Call
Adown the Hurnai throbs,
When the last grim joke is entered
In the big, black Book of Jobs,
And Quetta graveyards give again
Their victims to the air,
I shouldn't like to be the man
Who sent Jack Barrett there.

Southeast of Quetta, near Chachuran, is "Arti-goth" ("Bubbling Well Road"), where grew the patch of the plumed jungle-grass, that turns over in silver when the wind blows, from ten to twenty feet high and from three to four miles square, in which the hunter of pig and Mr. Wardle, his terrier, becoming lost, stumbled on the horrid mystery of the Bubbling Well and the evil priest of the Arti-goth, "whose most pressing need" was "a halter and the care of the British Government."

Leaving the Afghanistan and Baluchistan frontiers and following the Border around to the East, you come to the Himalaya Mountains, one of the most delightful regions on the face of the globe. Warm green valleys, all sunshine and soft air and flowers and bird-songs, sweep upward with astounding abruptness to great forests of pines and deodars swathed in moss and fern where cloud-wreaths chase each other in the high wind and the edelweiss hides among the rocks; and up and up to giant glaciers and ice-bound peaks that pierce the very sky. Once enthralled by the spirit of the Himalaya Mountains you will hardly escape, for it is the spirit of enormous distances, tremendous heights and terrific depths, the spirit of loud laughter of mountain torrent and the solemn stillness of densest woodland, of damp earth-smells, of black impenetrable shadow and blazing, blinding light; the spirit of glorious colour on plant and bird and beast, on rock and cloud and snow.

Small wonder that Captain Gadsby and his bride ("The Garden of Eden"), spending their honeymoon in the Himalayas near the Fagoo Hills, thought themselves in the Garden of Eden, and that they had "appropriated all the happiness in the world!" The Himalayas saw another interview between Captain Gadsby and a lady when there was not so much happiness abroad. Naini Tal in the Himalayas, a charming little summer resort, was the place where Captain Gadsby, during an agonising dinner hour, "explained things" to the incomparable Harriet Herriott.

"Shamlegh" is one of the many Himalaya Mountain villages of rude little huts "perched on the edge of all things," where the trees are filled with fluttering strips of paper bearing the inscription, written over and over again, *"Om mani padme, om!"* (Hail to the Holy One (Buddha) whose jewel is the lotus, hail!). It was here that the Woman of Shamlegh (*Kim*), "a fair-coloured woman . . . aught but unlovely . . . with turquoise-studded headgear," so hospitably entertained Kim and the Lama when Kim "stalked" the Rusian spies. Shamlegh is not far from Kotgarh, which is near the Sutlej River—famous for its "bhujjis" (boats made of buffalo-skins) —and where there is a little colony of English people, an English mission and a telegraph station. The Woman of Shamlegh was probably that "Lispeth" (*Plain Tales from the Hills*), the Christian girl of the Kotgarh Mission who was "beautiful like the Princesses in fairy tales," and who returned to her own people because an English *Sahib* had betrayed her trust.

Just out of Kotgarh is "The Pass called Muttianee" ("The Truce of the Bear") through which "Matun, the old blind beggar," went down to hunt the bear and just beyond which he responded

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so disastrously to the truce of the bear. Chini is not far from Kotgarh. Dumoise, the Civil Surgeon of Meridki, in the Punjaub ("By Word of Mouth"), after the death of his wife and just before he died of cholera at Nuddea in Bengal, went on a walking-tour to Chini.

—and the scenery is good if you are in trouble. You pass through big, still, deodar-forests, and under big, still cliffs, and over big, still grass-downs swelling like a woman's breasts; and the wind across the grass and the rain among the deodars say—"Hush—hush—hush!"

Just beyond, in Bagi, a cold, lonely little hill-station, Ram Dass, the bearer, saw the dead Mrs. Dumoise

walking on the road to the village. She was in a blue dress, and she lifted the veil of her bonnet and said: "Ram Dass, give my salaams to the *Sahib*, and tell him that I shall meet him next month at Nuddea."

At a village of the Himalayas near Donga Pa—The Mountain of the Council of the Gods—Athira, wife of Madu, the charcoal-burner, "one-eyed and of a malignant disposition," and Suket Singh, Sepoy of the 102d Punjaub Native Infantry ("Through the Fire"), learned to love each other "better than life" and, because of an evil fate forbidding that love, they chose death by their own hands rather than separation. The men of Donga Pa across the valley saw "a great fire . . . winking and blazing through the night, and said that the charcoal-burners of Kodru were getting drunk. But it was only Suket Singh and Athira . . . burning—burning—burning."

"On the road to Thibet, very many miles in the Himalayas" lay a certain Kingdom, "eleven thousand feet above the sea and exactly four miles square; but most of the miles stood on end owing to the nature of the country." There, "between the tail of a heaven climbing glacier and a dark birch-forest" was the hut of "Namgay Doola ("Life's Handicap"), "whom his fellow villagers called "the outlander," because of his flaming red hair and his merry blue eyes, and because he worshipped the strange God of the Crucifix. It was this Namgay Doola who refused to pay revenue, who stirred up treason among his fellow-villagers and who committed "sacrilege unspeakable against the Holy Cow," until the King's English guest, who understood Namgay Doola and his race, solved the problem and set the matter straight. He learned that Namgay Doola was the son of Tim Doolan, an Irish soldier in an East India regiment, and knew that Namgay Doola's acts were prompted by the hereditary instincts of that "quaint, crooked, sweet, profoundly irresponsible and profoundly lovable race that fight like fiends, argue like children, obey like men and jest like their own goblins of the rath through rebellion, want, woe or war." Wherefore, the King, on the advice of his friend, raised Namgay Doola, the rebel, to the position of Commander-in-Chief of the Army "with honour . . . and full allowance of work . . . and liquor from certain bottles" but not "a tuft of grass for his own."

(*To be concluded*)

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HEARN SEN-SEI

Memories of Lafcadio Hearn

BY MOCK JOYA

I

It was a warm Sunday afternoon of October that we were passing through the narrow lane of Waseda, the suburb of Tokyo. The leaves were just beginning to turn from bright green to reddish yellow, and on both sides of the lane, as far as we could see, farmers were bending low gathering the harvest of their rice fields. Suddenly my companion stopped and tugged at my sleeves.

"There comes Lafcadio Hearn," he whispered.

I looked up and saw a short foreigner walking slowly toward us. I had heard of Lafcadio Hearn, but I never had seen him. I watched him intently as he came nearer. His dress was shabby and he wore a soft outing shirt. A black tie that almost faded into brown was tied carelessly and loosely under the soft collar. He was walking with his eyes directed to the ground. He did not look over the beautiful scenery nor did he seem to be aware of the busily working farmers in the fields. He approached us silently and slowly as if deep in meditation. As he neared us, he took a large reading glass with a short handle from his coat pocket and placing it closely before his face, he looked at us with a curious and penetrating look. Then I thought that he was the ugliest and queerest foreigner I ever saw.

That was the first time I saw Lafcadio Hearn. About one year later I had the opportunity to see him closely. I listened to his lectures, I saw him in his study, I took walks with him and I told him many stories of old Japan. As I began to know a little more about him, he became to me quite a different man from what I had seen on the Waseda road. Standing in the lecture hall, or pondering over his books at night in his study, his eyes would sparkle and his face light up with enthusiasm and interest. He was no longer dull nor ugly. The spark of genius and talent covered his ugly features. He was a man of vigorous activity when his inward talent was awakened.

But my first impression that he was the queerest and ugliest foreigner I ever saw has not been shaken even by all I know about him. Closely as I was associated with him, I found myself at a loss to understand him or to know him thoroughly. He was always a mystery. Many things he did, and some of the opinions he expressed, were so queer that they were almost unbelievable. Strange to say, while he was not good looking, his body was a beautiful specimen of a perfectly developed body. During his long stay in Japan, he never took any form of exercise except his daily walk, but he used to keep in splendid physical condition. He was almost never sick in bed. But the greatest surprise was when I saw him swimming almost naked at Yaidzu. He was the most wonderful swimmer I ever saw. Although the fishermen of the little fishing village were all expert swimmers, they recognised in Lafcadio Hearn a supernatural swimmer. They said that they never saw anybody so natural and easy in water. He used to say that he had invented a special way of teaching others to swim and that by his method he could teach anybody to swim in two days. He regretted that he could not teach me by his method because I could already swim.

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II

When he decided to live in Japan, Lafcadio Hearn disappeared from the world. It was his desire to be unknown and not to be disturbed from without, and he accomplished what he desired. He secluded himself, and lived in his study with his own thoughts, books, and his Japanese pipes. He lived in the dream of the ancient Japan, the beauty and quaintness of which he tried to picture before him as he sat in his Japanese house. The public learned his existence only through his books and published articles.

He could not bear to have anything break his seclusion, and he dreaded meeting people and making friends. Consequently, he had only a few friends and he had no desire to make more. Nor did he try to keep the friendship of anybody, and if any of his friends deserted him, he took no notice. Many people of fame and reputation, both Japanese and others, admired him and wished to see him, but he fled from them and refused their invitations and turned them from his house. Whom he would see and whom he would not see was an impossible problem to solve. He seemed to act on the moment's impulse. One day he would welcome even his Japanese pupils to his house and for hours would talk with them cheerfully; the next day he would not recognise them on the street.

Once the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, to which magazine he often contributed articles, visited Japan, and several times called at Hearn's house and tried to see him, but Hearn Sen-sei never saw him. Ernest Fenollosa, the famous art critic and the authority on Japanese paintings, was his friend for many years. When Fenollosa came to Japan, Hearn was glad to see him, and often invited him to his house. But when Fenollosa called upon Hearn just before he sailed back to America, he was refused the meeting.

"I am going back home soon. And I would like to see him even for a short moment before I go back," Fenollosa said to the servant when he went to the house of Hearn for the last time.

But Hearn told his servant. "Tell him I am out and that you do not know when I will be back."

It was different in Yaidzu, where he used to spend his summer vacations. In that small fishing village he saw everybody who cared to see him, and he was glad to speak with any fisherman, although it was hard for him to understand the fishermen's language. What pleased him most at Yaidzu was the fact that everybody there liked him. Everybody, young or old, girls or boys, greeted him with pleasant smile and salutation whenever they saw him. There he was sociable, and he became very friendly with many old sailors and fishermen, and all the children of the village. Almost every evening he used to gather many old sailors and hear their tales of shipwrecks and dangers of the sea. He was never tired of hearing the same stories over and over again. And not only many sea stories, but innumerable traditional tales, he heard from those hardy, rugged sailors and fishermen. He was known by all the villagers as Sen-sei, which means teacher or master. Nobody there knew him by any other name. The spring after Sen-sei died I had occasion to visit Yaidzu again. An old sailor asked me, "Do you all miss Sen-sei in Tokyo?" I replied that those who were fortunate enough to have known him missed him very much.

Then after a pause, the old sailor said, "Here in Yaidzu everybody misses him, and you do not know how much we miss him."

At Yaidzu he never hated to see anybody and he was happy to be in company with others, whoever they might be. And during the years I knew him, I never found him so sociable as he was in Yaidzu. There he was not treated as a genius nor a great writer. The fishermen and children did not treat him as a foreigner, but they regarded him as a kind neighbour. They respected him, but they never thought he was a genius, and he was only their good friend. And

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it is not an exaggeration nor a fancy to say that he had more and truer friends among the fishermen and children of the village than he had among all the educated people who respected him and admired him as a great genius and writer.

III

Neither rain nor snow stopped him from going out for his daily walk. But nobody saw him with an umbrella. If he came upon a temple or a shrine, he never failed to enter and investigate. Every temple and shrine situated near his house received his frequent visits. Some of the temples of which he became very fond, he visited innumerable times. Whenever he found a temple he had never seen before, he tried to find out its history and to have a talk with the priest and learn if there was any special tradition. In that manner he became friendly with many of the priests, who were willing to tell him everything they knew about the temples and their quaint customs. Among the temples of Tokyo, there were several which received his almost weekly visit.

A short distance from his house in Tokyo, there was an old temple known as "Kobudera," to which he was particularly attached. Every morning and evening he used to visit there and walk through the garden shaded by many ancient trees.

He wanted to live in the temple, and many times he asked the old priest to allow him to do so. But the priest explained to him that the temples could not have boarders. One morning when he entered the temple yard as usual, he found three big cedars lying on the ground. He hurried home excited and angry.

"Why have they cut down the trees?" he shouted, "I know the temple is poor, and they need money. But why didn't they tell me. I should be glad to give some money. What a long tedious time it must have taken to grow so large from the tiny seed. I have become a little disgusted with that old priest recently. It is a great pity that he does not have money enough. Poor trees! I feel so sad to-day. Go and ask the priest to cut no more trees."

And he mourned for those poor trees as though he lost his own children, and after that incident he never visited the temple ground. Without the three big cedar trees, which spoke to him the history of many centuries, it was too sad a scene for him.

Among those tall cedar trees which shot straight into the blue sky, he used to walk slowly and meditate. And for many years the temple yard and cemetery were his places of meditation. And of the temple yard he wrote in *Exotics and Retrospectives.*

There is a very delightful story about the Kobudera that is believed by almost everybody of the neighbourhood. It was Hearn Sen-sei's greatest regret that he did not know the traditional story when he wrote *Exotics and Retrospectives,* as the story gave him a new light upon the temple.

"Why did not that old priest tell me that story?" he said.

I answered that it was because the story was merely a rumour.

"But how do you know that it is not true?" he said. "You say that you heard the story from your uncle when you were a little boy. I wish I heard the story from your uncle. The story fits the temple and its character much better than the history. Your story must be true."

It was like him to believe the tradition and to put aside authentic history.

When Hearn died, his funeral service was held in the Kobudera, and the old priest was called to preside at the ceremony, although at that time he was the head of another temple in Tokyo. In that odd-looking, quaint temple, his funeral service was performed in the ancient fashion of the Buddhist temple, and almost to the letter what he wrote in *Kwaidan* regarding his funeral was followed. Only his body was not buried in any of the ancient graveyards, as the Board of Health would not allow any more burials in the graveyards of tem-

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ples within the city limits. His ashes were buried in a public cemetery. But as he wished in *Kwaidan,* his remains are within the hearing of the peals of the temple bell.

IV

At home he was a loving husband and a kind father. He left household affairs to his wife. Whenever she consulted him upon any domestic matter, he used to say: "Mama-san, you know more about those things than I do. Do it as it pleases you, and I am satisfied." He loved his wife dearly and what he missed through lack of friendship, he gained at home from his wife and children. Whenever Mrs. Hearn went to theatres or other places, he used to urge her to return early.

"Mama-san, come home early, as without you home is nothing."

At home he was quiet and pleasant, and when he was not closed up in his study reading or writing, he was always talking and laughing with his children. He was never particular about what he ate, and he always preferred to have the Japanese dishes. Out of his house, he was seldom seen without a cigar in his hand. At home he smoked Japanese tobacco in long Japanese pipes, of which he had almost one hundred.

"My only luxuries are tobacco and wine," he used to say. But he drank only very little of whiskey and Japanese sake. After a couple of glasses of wine, he seemed to be greatly affected, and was much happier than at other times. Later, however, when his health began to fail, he stopped drinking whiskey and drank only wine.

He was forgetful and careless. Sometimes he was so absentminded that he took whiskey for wine and put salt in his coffee. Many a time when he was writing in his study, the supper was announced. His children used to go upstairs to announce the supper. "Come, down, Papa. Supper is ready," they shouted. And he always answered back promptly, "All right, sweet boys." But many times he did not come down. And when Mrs. Hearn went up and told him that the children were waiting for him, he could not understand why his children were waiting for him. He had forgotten all about the supper. But at meals he was happy. He enjoyed them very much and after they were finished he laughed, danced, and sang with his children.

He was exceedingly fond of insects and plants, and he felt almost the same feeling toward them as he did for human beings. And if he saw anybody hurting an insect or cutting a tree, he would mercilessly lecture the offender. He always said that the insects and plants could feel. Once a frog came to the window of his study. He looked at it for a while and then he concluded that it would not be safe on the window. And gently he said to the frog. "It is dangerous for you to be here. I will place you in a safe place. Would you permit me to touch your body for a moment?" So saying he tenderly placed the frog upon a tree out in his garden. And when he tried to leave it there, the frog fell down from the tree to the ground. "That is your fault. Do not blame me for that," he said almost apologisingly. He did not like to have flies in his house, and he always chased them, but he never killed one fly. And he was always telling his boys to love small insects and not be cruel to them.

He paid no attention to his clothes, and he did not care what he wore. But his underwear and hats he always ordered from the United States. He was particular about these. But he did not care what he had over his underwear. At home he always wore the Japanese kimono. And as soon as he returned from college, he changed to it. He had a great interest in the family crests of the Japanese, which the Japanese printed upon their clothes and other personal things. He decided to have one himself, and designed a crest for his family. It was a conventionalised design of a heron. I asked him why he selected a heron. "My name is 'Heron' and that's why I

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selected the bird for the crest," he said. He pronounced his name something like "Heron" and did not pronounce it "Hearn." The design is printed on the title page of *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan*.

V

He was a kind and painstaking teacher, and he took a sympathetic interest in the work of the students. Most of the foreign teachers were proud and indifferent, and it was a great contrast to see Hearn teaching the Japanese students English and English literature. He put his entire self into his lectures. But sometimes he became so interested in the subject of his lecture that he often forgot that he was lecturing to the Japanese students and went into the subject beyond the comprehension of the audience.

He was not only interested in the students' progress in the lessons, but he was interested in the mental and spiritual conditions and development of the students.

Hearn was so loved by all the students of the college that when the news that he was about to leave the University of Tokyo at the expiration of his contract with the Government, reached their ears, they immediately planned a movement to keep him in the college. The plan adopted was to send a committee to the Dean of the college to persuade him to retain Hearn, and another to Hearn to request him to stay. The committee that saw the Dean reported that he promised to consult with Hearn and do his best to have him remain. The committee that went to Hearn was twice refused before they saw him. But when they saw him and told him their errand, and of the love and esteem of the whole college, he said: "Even though I should leave your college, I should never forget your kindness."

What became of the conference that was held between the Dean and Hearn? What became of the promise of the Dean? Nobody could tell and nobody knows. For many days there was a disposition among the students to start a movement to denounce the authorities of the University. Their anger became greater when it was learned that personal antagonism was responsible for Hearn's departure. Some hot-headed students wished to expose the true facts and take violent measures.

But at Hearn's request the students became quiet. He did not wish to have any disturbance. The students were reluctant, but their respect for Hearn was so great that they dropped the matter.

I have heard and read many misstated reports about this matter in this country and also in Europe. It was believed widely that the Japanese Government did not wish to keep Professor Hearn because his salary was too big, and others are saying that Hearn was not comfortable in his position at the University and he had no desire of remaining. Those reports and rumours are all false. The Japanese Government was willing to keep him, but some of the authorities of the University objected to him on personal grounds. When Hearn died, many of his former students and his friends said that the authorities of the Tokyo University had killed him.

VI

What he loved and admired in Nippon was the quaint old Japan. It pained him to see western civilisation overthrowing the old traditions and customs of the land. He attacked Christianity for destroying the past, and he did not like to see his pupils and other young men of the country going to the Christian churches. He even hated to hear the hymns. He said to the students who sang hymns, "Why you sing such foolish songs?" He hated Christianity not only as the destroyer of the beauty of Japan, but it was understood that he also had some personal reasons. However, the reasons he always refused to tell.

He disliked anything Occidental, and anything that had the touch of the Occidental civilisation; above all, Occidental music. But he loved some of the popular songs of Japan. During the Russo-

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Japanese War, there was a popular song called "The Death of Commander Hisore." Commander Hisore was killed in the bombardment of Port Arthur. He was the hero of the hour, and the song was very popular at the time of the war. Hearn used to sing the song loudly often and enjoy it immensely. And whenever he saw the bright red evening sun going behind the western mountain, he used to join his boys and other children of the neighbourhood and sing the old Japanese song of the setting sun. It was a plain old children's song, and the children sing it even at present together when they see the burning red setting sun against the western sky.

As he was so fond of the old Japan and her quaint customs and habits, it is strange that Hearn never saw the inside of the Japanese theatre. Twice during his stay he visited small country theatres, but these were of such a poor class that he really never saw a Japanese play. Nor did he ever see the Japanese wrestling match, although he saw almost all other customs and habits of the country. Nobody could give the reason why he did not see any Japanese drama, nor the wrestling match, both of which still retain the old customs of centuries ago. But the fact remains that he never saw them. That he hated to be in any place where he would be the centre of curious eyes, might have something to do with the fact that he never visited those places.

He hated the civilised Japan, and he tried to keep away from the Western civilisation. Once there was a big banquet at which high Government officials, army officials, and other dignitaries were present. Everybody came in evening dress, and the army officers in their full uniforms. When all the guests were assembled, from one end of the room appeared a man in the strict Japanese costume, making a striking contrast to the rest of the gathering. The man was Hearn Sen-sei, and he was the only foreigner present at the banquet. And he wore the Japanese dress while all the Japanese present wore Western evening clothes. He was always delighted when he was addressed in Japanese, and he never liked to be spoken to in English. Once he went to a store and asked a shop girl a question in Japanese, and she answered him in English. That so angered him that he turned on his heel, and left the shop.

VII

As Hearn loved only the old Japan, the materials of his story came usually from the old books and old traditional tales. They did not represent the modern Japan. He never told the readers that he was telling the ancient tales of many centuries ago, and so many readers thought that his stories were too imaginary. But he saw only the ancient Japan and what he heard about the quaint old Japan looked to him real, and even many fairy tales, he did not treat as fairy tales, but as facts. His students were the source of his materials. He gave various subjects upon which to write essays and stories, and from those compositions and essays he obtained the first-hand information regarding Japanese ideas and customs. Almost all literary material which came into his hand was collected by his students. He used to give them such tasks as collecting a certain kind of old Japanese poems and translating them into English. Thus he gathered a large number of fairy tales and folk stories. Quaint traditional stories of the country came to him in the same way. Other material he obtained from the farmers, fishermen, priests and barbers with whom he became friendly. But Mrs. Hearn should not be forgotten. The world knows little of the help and assistance Mrs. Hearn gave to the literary work of her husband. Many of the stories written by Hearn were collected by her. That was particularly so of *In Ghostly Japan.* She went through many old books and manuscripts and picked out what was unusual and what she thought would interest her husband. He did only some editing of the translation of the stories.

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In fact the book should have been published under the joint name of Lafcadio Hearn and his Japanese wife. She understood his tastes and peculiarities perfectly and at a glance she knew whether a story would interest him or not.

At night she used to tell him stories she had read or had heard. She always had many ghost stories, as they were his favourites, and when she told the ghost stories, it was always on dreary nights with the lamp purposely dimly lighted. He never listened to a story as a story. He believed every word of it, and ghosts and other impossible things seemed to him real. While listening he held his breath and turned pale as if he really saw the ghosts. First she told him the skeletons of the stories, and if he found them interesting, he made notes of them in his notebook. He often imagined that he was the hero of the story.

Often he was so interested in what he was writing or thinking of and his whole attention and soul were so much in the work that the least disturbance gave him great pain.

AMERICAN AUTHORS AND THEIR PUBLISHERS

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

Part I—When Bryant Came to Town

Over the publication of the first book in what has since become the United States there seems to have been no friction whatever between publisher and author. It was the Psalms, and it was published at Cambridge in 1640. And when Eliot brought out there in 1661 his own Indian *New Testament*, publisher and author still dwelt together in perfect unison. Even when for the moment the two interests were vested in different parties, there is no record that, in the God-fearing community, Mrs. Anne Bradstreet quarrelled with the publisher of her poems in 1640. A publisher, to be sure, was a more important personage in that far-away period than he was to become again for two centuries, and perhaps it would have been impolitic to quarrel with him. For it is not to be credited that between him and Anne there did not arise some difference of opinion as to royalties or advertising or the consideration due a poetess.

Some people, indeed—even less temperamental than authors—did quarrel with the most important publisher of the period. John Usher, who was doing business as early as 1672, was also war-treasurer of the province under Sir Edmund Andros (what an ideal side-line for a publisher!) and afterward Governor of New Hampshire. "He was a man of unpolished manners," says an old history, "and became so odious to the people that they prevailed upon the king to remove him." Publishers and authors will doubtless differ in their interpretation of his disposition.

That Anne must certainly have had just grounds for complaint on the score of royalties at any rate, any discerning author will assume upon learning that most of the publishers of the period (with or without war-chests) were well-to-do. Of this man the English bookseller John Dunton—himself an author and honoured by Pope in the Dunciad—wrote: "This Trader makes the best Figure in Boston; he's very Rich, adventures much to Sea; but got his Estate by Book-Selling; he proposed to me the buying of my whole Venture, but would not agree to my terms; and so we parted

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with a great deal of seeming respect." "Seeming" seems sinister; and at any rate after this testimony, it would be difficult to persuade any author that some of his swollen revenue did not proceed from the several books he printed for the Boston Grub Street of his day. Samuel Phillips, too, published several books as well as dealt in English ones. In 1680 we first hear of him doing business "At the Brick-Shop at the West-End of the Town House." Doubtless he also was a devourer of the faithful, for one may read between the lines of the following testimony from the prejudiced mouth of his London agent. "On visiting him in Boston, he treated me with a noble Dinner and (if I may trust my Eyes) is blest with a Pretty, obliging wife; I'll say that for Sam (after dealing with him for some Hundred pounds) he's very just and (as Effect of that) very Thriving. I shall only add to his character that he's Young and Witty, and *the most beautiful man in the town of Boston.*" The italics are in the original, but even without them, the witness seems unduly prepossessed.

Before the Revolution there was not in the Colonies any publisher who was not either a general bookseller or a printer, and in most cases he was all three. Even after the Revolution every publisher had other callings, and it was only very gradually that in his tribe of multifarious undertakings publishing came to lead all the rest. This was not by any means on account of the risks of speculation, but only through the smallness of the reading demand. The capital necessarily invested was, indeed, little; and so remained for many decades. This was because, says the *American Dictionary of Printing,* books were mainly published by combinations of booksellers.

They divided expenses according to the amount subscribed, and each took so many sheets of the book. As they sold the first copies, they bound others, the printing stock remaining in quires until this was necessary. Occasionally as many as twelve or fourteen booksellers thus joined in a small book. There was little risk, for newspapers and magazines did not interfere with the sales. Another practice was to send a book to some small interior town, where the owner of a newspaper, always a practical printer, would have from four to twelve boys as indoor apprentices (who received on an average of twenty dollars a year and board, and were compelled to exert themselves). Coming from the same families whose sons entered the learned professions, they soon became very competent. As work must be obtained for them, it could be contracted for very cheaply—as cheaply, indeed, as twenty and twenty-five cents a thousand ems, employer's price. Paper, presswork and ink were dearer than now, but not composition.

Under these circumstances, authors will doubtless consider it doubly significant that publishers were able to live by publishing long before writers were able to live by writing.

THE PATRIOT PRINTERS

The American Baskerville, as Franklin called Isaiah Thomas, meaning the first of American printers, was born in 1749. He was in many respects a pioneer, but he carried on the habit of the early Boston printers in being both self-made and very successful. After many vicissitudes of fortune his business became the biggest in the country, his bookstores being many and widely distributed. "His dress," wrote his kinsman, E. Q. Thomas, "was fashionable to a fault, but he was abstemious in eating and drinking." The number of his publications was large and his authors have left no record of his treatment of them; but this personal glimpse is too brief to base any fair conclusion upon as to whether he was a ghoul or not. The only author, indeed, who has made any statement of his dealings with Thomas as publisher is Thomas himself. And though Richard III has narrated to us in soliloquy how confusingly one's house may be divided against one's self, he, after all, did not expect to be overheard. Thus it could hardly be demanded that Isaiah print for posterity the condemnation of the author

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part of him for the publisher part of him. One certainly cut a dash by reason of the labours of the other, and it would be an interesting problem in research to find out which.

Benjamin Franklin was another one of those self-inclusive publishers who, like jealousy, made the meat they fed upon. With him as with Thomas, it would be an interesting and Lamb-like speculation to determine whether the author or the publisher in him was the more fortunate. It is perhaps significant that he did not care to appear as either upon his tombstone, but simply as printer. This was his epitaph, written by himself (self-inclusive, you see, unto the end). "The Body of Benjamin Franklin, printer—Like the cover of an old Book, its contents worn out and stript of its lettering and gilding—lies here, food for worms! Yet the work itself shall not be lost, for it will, as he believed, appear once more in a new and more beautiful edition, corrected and amended by its Author."

Alike may authors and publishers claim with pride the three patriot printers of the emergent republic—Thomas, Franklin, and Freneau. It is possible that any one who had the hardihood to write or publish in those days was bold enough for anything. The first collection of his poems Freneau printed and published himself. He had been the editor of a paper and after it was discontinued he set up the press, which he owned himself, in his back yard. "When he had indited his lyric, he would repair to his press, set up the types, and then issue his production." These were indeed halcyon days! The edition of his poems in two volumes was published by Matthew Carey in Philadelphia, but as he managed the subscription plan himself he could hardly be expected to complain even if his second publisher was not as satisfactory as his first. But in 1815 he testifies in a letter to President Madison that the American publisher was beginning his insidious tricks. "A Bookseller in New York, Mr. Longworth, discovering that now and then I had recourse to my old habit of scribbling, has prevailed on me to put my papers in his hands for publication. With some reluctance I consented to gratify his wish, although I think after the age of fifty or thereabouts the vanity of authorship ought to cease."

It was only a little later that the egg which American publishers had been so warmly seeking to incubate delivered a chick of embarrassing lustiness. Not only were they quite unprepared for such a sizable infant, but they were just finding out that (to change the figure) there were other fish to fry. "For heaven's sake," wrote Matthew Carey to Weems, "do not encourage every man who has written a Book no matter whether good or bad to apply to us. You worry us to death. We have full as much on our hands as we can manage." Too well for both Carey's resources and the necessity of keeping abreast of the foreign trade, had it become known by this time that he was in the business of encouraging American literature.

This was, however, as yet distant at the close of the century. Authors (those whose names have been preserved, at any rate) were few and far between. And none of them except Charles Brockden Brown looked to authorship as his only or indeed his chief means of support. Hitherto only editors of newspapers had ventured to rely solely on writing, and so it was to remain even in more balmy days. Brown announced in the preface to his magazine in 1803 that there was not any other monthly publication in America. "The author was a scarce article about the beginning of the century," wrote J. W. Francis in his personal reminiscences of Old New York, "and the returns for literary labour must have been small. Noah Webster was unquestionably the most successful of the tribe, and in his wake followed the geographer Morse. "So long ago as 1802 I had the pleasure of witnessing the first social gathering of American publishers at the old City Hotel, an organisation under the auspices of the venerable Matthew Carey. The huckstering which then marked the transactions between pub-

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lishers and authors no longer occurs; and the starveling writers whom I now and then saw at about the time of the first meeting of our literary vendors, the booksellers of 1802, have paid the debt of nature, and since has come a salutary change."

But all the authors were not starvelings, and some lighter literature than dictionary or geography made extraordinary success for that time. Carey had published *Charlotte Temple* for Mrs. Rowson in 1790, and its immediate prosperity has lasted to this day. Carey wrote to her, "It may afford you gratification to know that the sales exceed those of any of the most celebrated novels that ever appeared in England. I think the number disposed of must far exceed fifty thousand copies and the sale continues. There has lately been published an edition in Hartford of five thousand copies as a chap-book; and I have an edition in press of three thousand, which I shall sell at 50 or 62½ cents."

The process of printing, doubtless further retarded by the system of apprentice work in country towns, was very slow. "How does the publication of *Mervyn* proceed?" wrote Brown to his brother in 1799. "I shall not be at all surprised if M. obtains fewer subscribers than he expected or goes forward more slowly than he promised. In a case like this, self-delusion is impossible to be avoided." And again: "It is a source of some regret to me that M. is so reluctant and dilatory in the fulfilment of his promises, but allowances must be made for his indigence on the one hand and his sanguine and promiseful disposition on the other." Behold the attitude of Olympian remoteness here—and this from an author living by his pen! Truly the men of old were of stouter mould!

This letter gives us an inkling, too, of what was to continue for a generation the characteristic attitude of the American author toward his publisher. John Murray II had once reminded Byron that the poet had omitted, in writing to his publisher, to remember that his correspondent was also a gentleman. Although Thomas and Franklin and Carey were among the most notable men of the young republic and the friends of presidents, they were great exceptions to the rank and file of book-dealers; and in the eyes of authors their printers were only tradesmen—tradesmen, too, who were often jacks of all trades. "The publisher of the first collected edition of the works of our revered poet," said Houghton charmingly, as he opened the Whittier party in 1877, "was also the vendor of Brandreth's pills. He made a fortune, and I leave you to infer whether it was from the pills or the poetry." Furthermore, authors of the day (although they seem mild enough to us) were naturally somewhat in advance of the other members of their primitive communities; and bourgeois publishers very early in the game advertised themselves the custodians of the public morals. "Even as late as 1820," wrote Goodrich, "some publishers refused to sell Byron's poems, regarding them as infidel publications. About this time a publisher in Hartford declined being concerned in stereotyping an edition of them." Naturally with the meteoric success of Byron, they conquered this austerity of spirit; but for American writers they long remained the complacent keepers of the gates. There were not lacking cynical authors and competing publishers who thought that some of them might have put their consciences to more immediate employment.

When Mathew Carey established his firm in 1785 in Philadelphia, that city was the most progressive and flourishing in the country. The business he built up was destined to be of great importance to American authors and readers. By 1820 his trade had extended to all parts of the country and had regular exchanges in Europe and South America. Poe in reviewing the autobiography of this important publicist, said: "In the whole private and public course of Mr. Matthew Carey the strictest scrutiny can detect nothing derogatory to the character of the noblest work of God, an honest man."

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This, as everybody will own, was praise extraordinary coming from Poe, and perhaps praise extraordinary from any author of any publisher. Lest it may not be credited, one hastens to add that Carey had practically retired from the publishing world before Poe entered it. Probably more than anybody else, Carey taught Americans that they were worthy of having a literature of their own; and like Franklin, he was a publisher who showed that they were able to produce it in more ways than one. As author he was prodigiously productive, and successful; and as publisher he brought out Mrs. Rowson, Webster, Freneau, Percival, Irving, Weems, Neal, and Cooper. Though subsequent publishers—even his own firm—were to make up for his patriotism, he in both his capacities created, as much as any one, a deep interest by Americans in the products of their own country.

It took him and the others, however, a long time to do it. Children who had grown up on English school books and story books, "who knew more about skylarks and robin-redbreasts and bullfinches than they knew about mocking-birds or orioles," naturally believed Sidney Smith when he said that no one read an American book, and fancied that to do so was an admission of inferiority. Mrs. Rowson's was an exceptional case—in that respect as in others, hers was an American novel that broke all records. "Small as the trade was in foreign books," writes Growoll in *American Book Trade Bibliography*, "that in domestic ones was still smaller."

It was not until 1807 that Irving, Paulding and Verplanck made their first modest attempt at literature in the little periodical *Salmagundi*. Ten or fifteen years later, when Bradford and Inskeep rashly offered one hundred dollars for the copyright of a novel, the publishers' liberality was considered to have passed beyond the bounds of wisdom. It was almost sufficient to insure the condemnation of a book to have it known that it was of domestic origin. When Major Barker, of Philadelphia, dramatised *Marmion* the manager went through the farce of having the manuscript carefully packed up as coming from England, plastered over with imitations of English postmarks, and announced it as the work of an English author. As such it succeeded, but the real authorship soon leaking out, the public very soon ceased to find in it the merits that had been before so clearly visible.

ENGLISH REPRINTING

The practice of reprinting English books, which was on an extensive basis as early as 1823, resulted of course in the very infrequent publication of native light literature, and also in the deterioration of the quality of printing. And it resulted also—here authors may gloat upon the spectacle of villainy overreaching itself—in the publishers beginning a systematic business of cutting each other's throats. Three generations later the better class publishers formed a cult of their own and, eschewing such practices of ruinous competition, liked to make themselves believe that they had always done so. It is probable, however, that the much vaunted "trade courtesy" to which they proudly pointed had a humbler and more mercantile beginning than would have suited them to own. The distribution of books was naturally very deficient, and as no one publisher could cover the entire field of English reprints, the method became usual, in the days just before their competition flamed suddenly, with the unprecedented popularity of Edgeworth and Scott, into brigandage—of offering a certain number of books in exchange for others, in order to maintain a full stock. Thus when warfare became intolerable, the arts of a remote peace assumed a more chivalrous aspect than they had originally possessed.

But it is best to allow the period to speak for itself, in Goodrich's *Recollections of a Life Time*.

About 1819 I began to think of trying to bring out original American works. Bryant, Irving and Cooper had but just commenced their literary career; and not one of them had acquired a positive reputation. The

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general impression was that we had not, and could not have, a literature. The successful booksellers of the country—Carey, Small, Thomas, Warner, of Philadelphia; Whiting and Watson, of New York; Beers and Howe, of New Haven; O. D. Cooke, of Hartford; West and Richardson, Cummings and Hilliard, P. P. and C. Williams, S. T. Armstrong, of Boston—were for the most part the mere reproducers and sellers of English books. It was positively injurious to the commercial credit of a bookseller to undertake American works, unless they might be Morse's Geographies, classical books, school books, Watts's Psalms and Hymns, or something of that class. Nevertheless, about this time I published an edition of Trumbull's poems in two volumes, and paid him a thousand dollars and a hundred copies of the work for the copyright. I was seriously counselled against this by several booksellers—in fact, Trumbull had sought a publisher in vain for several years previous. For so considerable an enterprise, I took the precaution to get up a subscription; in which I was tolerably successful. But more than half the subscribers declined taking the work. While the public supposed I had made money by my enterprise, and even the author looked askance at me in the jealous apprehension that I had made too good a bargain out of him, I quietly pocketed a loss of about a thousand dollars.

The situation can be illustrated for a later date by two letters Carey and Lea, of Philadelphia, wrote to their authors in the years that followed. They, succeeding Matthew Carey, had become the most important publishing house in the country, and until the house of Harper, begun in 1817, gained strength enough to meet them, they had no real competitors of equal resources. "We wish you to remark," they wrote to Cooper, "that we have been *compelled* to sell books cheaper than we did formerly. When your early books were published, English novels retailed for $1.50 and American could be sold at $2. Now the first retails at $1, the other at about $1.50 or less. We cannot estimate the product at more than $1.30 a copy." To Gilmore Simms they wrote in 1841, "*Confession* is a total failure, the *Kinsman* will do better. We do not see much hope in the future for the American writer of light literature—as a matter of profit it might be abandoned. The channel seems to be glutted with periodical literature—particularly the mammoth Weeklies. Besides which, we go into the market for $1.50 a copy against English reprints at 90 cents."

The energy of Carey and Lea in Philadelphia was far from being of that nature which furnishes forth so many New York jokes nowadays. Indeed, it is quite possible that the modern derision of literary as well as of commercial New York for literary Philadelphia and Boston arose during the many years when these cities, one after the other, were so greatly her superior. Harpers were only printers when they started out, and as late as 1837 they were still doing work for every one that brought it in. D. Appleton and Company was founded in 1818, but, as with Harpers, it was some time before the firm became identified with the publication of literature. In 1825, when Irving wrote home to his friends to make a contract for his new book, they wrote that the leading men in New York were G. and C. Carvill. New York, indeed, was decidedly primitive when Bryant and Cooper came to town, while in 1823 Carey and Lea put on the market in thirty-six hours an edition of *Don Juan*. It was they who started the habit of rushing new English importations quickly into print, which was to become so spectacular a feature of the next generation; when New York finally awoke, she took lessons in speed from Philadelphia.

Not even Cooper or Irving, who made his big reputation in London, proved able to compete with Scott, Byron and Dickens. Even had it been possible to sell their books at the same price, the sales would have been smaller. Irving still further embarrassed his publisher by demanding fine editions; and the public often hesitated to buy Cooper on ac-

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count of his frequent failures in the past. To indulge either personal friendship or personal patriotism would have ruined the best as well as the worst of publishers. Thus it was that the traditional enmity between them and authors, inherited from England, reached in America its acute stage.

When Irving made his wide reputation not in America but England; when Edward Everett had to bring out his "Alaric" in a London magazine; when Barlow, Northmore, and other poets crossed the water for recognition; and all the while American publishers were unloading British wares on the public—relations naturally were a bit strained. In 1820 the book trade in America was seventy per cent. British and thirty per cent. American—the former percentage comprehending, of course, all new editions of whatever kind; but on the other hand, the American percentage being largely swelled by school books. In 1830 it had become sixty per cent. British against forty per cent. American, the increase still accounted for by books not generally termed literature. Even so late as 1836 Paulding wrote to Poe, "In compliance with your wishes it would afford me much pleasure to have proposed the publication of your book to some one respectable bookseller of this city. But the truth is, there is only one other who publishes anything but schoolbooks, religious works and the like; and with them I am not on terms that would make it agreeable to me to make any proposition of this nature, either in my own behalf or that of another. I have, therefore, placed your work in the hands of Messrs. Harper to forward to Richmond, and I hope it will come safely to hand."

THE JOURNALIST-AUTHORS

Under these hard conditions it is not surprising that most of our early authors began, and some of them ended, their careers as journalists of one kind or another. "Even the New York journals were inferior to the Boston newspapers," wrote James Gordon Bennett, "and were wretched specimens of journalism, three days out of six attacking or replying to a brother editor with boyish, trivial, or vulgar abuse;" but such as they were, they cradled most of our authors. "And most of these," says Hudson in his *Journalism in the United States,* "mixed in equal proportions the muse of Parnassus with the mud of politics." The poets Freneau, Percival, Drake, Halleck, Bryant, John Howard Payne, were all journalists, and many others besides. (Even Whittier was the editor of a Boston paper in 1829.) Irving made his first appearance in the *Morning Chronicle* as Jonathan Oldstyle. *The Weekly Mirror,* established in 1823, became afterward the property of George P. Morris and N. P. Willis, who later published a daily called the *Evening Mirror. The Mirror* was the lounging-place of the town-poets, who came out in its columns. In 1828 appeared the annuals—*The Talisman,* edited by Bryant, Sands, and Verplanck; and *The Legendary* (afterward *The Token*), edited by Willis. For these annuals everybody who was anybody in literature wrote. R. H. Stoddard says the idea of supplying the American market with pictorial literature of native growth struck simultaneously the publishers Elam Bliss and the indefatigable Goodrich. *The Talisman* of Bliss lived three years, *The Token* lived fifteen, at the end of which time the rage, even for this the hardiest of the annuals, was over. But they and the weeklies, although they had not filled the larder, had kept burning the torch.

The publication of the first number of *Salmagundi,* in January, 1807, may be considered as the starting of the literary career of Paulding and Irving. Paulding wrote, "It was, I believe, the first of its kind in this country, produced numerous similar publications, and formed somewhat of an era in our Literature. It reached two volumes, and we could easily have continued it indefinitely. But the publishers, with that liberality so characteristic of these modern Mæcenases, declined to concede to us a share of the profits which had become consider-

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able, and the work was abruptly discontinued." It appears that the authors received one hundred dollars apiece from Longworth as their share of the proceeds. In 1822, the original copyright having expired, Paulding proposed to Irving that they should revise and republish it for their joint benefit; observing that it still had a good sale, and adducing as an additional reason that the publisher had "taken the liberty to add some of his own nonsense occasionally and it would be desirable even on that account to get the work out of his diabolical clutches, if possible, since he was debauching it with blunders and vile pictures, etc., that were a disgrace to any decent publication." But Irving refused then and afterward "to give it the sanction of our present taste, judgment, and opinions."

In after life Paulding changed his publishers frequently—Moses Thomas, Wiley, G. and C. Carvill, Harpers, Baker and Scribner—and all his life he retained the poor opinion of them which this would seem to indicate. At the age of seventy-one (in 1849) he wrote to a friend. "Having nothing to do in the farming way this winter, I have undertaken to splice the "Puritan's Daughter" as they do steamboats, by cutting them in two and putting a piece in the middle. When you go to New York and get among the trade, I wish you would see what kind of arrangement (for cash) you can make with those Philistines. I could have it ready in about a month, and should not be easily induced to take less for it than the old price agreed upon by —— ——. Had they not declined all further negotiation on the subject, in so careless a style, I should have held myself bound to offer the work on the old footing; but, as it is, I don't think I owe them the compliment. P.S. Screw as much out of those rogues as you can, as I contemplate some great agricultural experiments next spring."

But to return to the periodicals of the youthful century. Most of Bryant's literary work was connected with them. In 1823 he had begun to write for the *United States Literary Gazette,* conducted by Judge Parsons, and the two years of his connection proved his most prolific of poetry. When asked what compensation he expected, he fixed upon two dollars for each piece; "and seemed," wrote Parsons in a letter to Parke Godwin, "abundantly satisfied with the terms." Cummings, Hilliard and Company, the publishers, however, appreciating the worth of their contributor, offered him two hundred dollars a year for an average of one hundred lines a month; and expressed profound regret at being unable to offer more. From his book, published in 1821, he had not derived so much, for in five years his profits upon it had amounted to slightly less than fifteen dollars. A gentleman told Bryant in later life, says Godwin, that he had just paid twenty dollars for his earliest edition. "More by a long shot," replied Bryant, "than I received for writing the whole work."

He became, in 1825, one of the two editors of the *Atlantic Magazine* under the new name of *New York Review and Athenæum Magazine,* at a thousand dollars a year, which was just double what he had earned by his law practice in the country. "I have given up my profession," he wrote to Dana, "which was a shabby one, and I am not altogether certain that I have got into a better. Bliss and White, however, the publishers of the *New York Review,* employ me, which at present will be a livelihood, and a livelihood was all I got from the law." But the new magazine and another proved disappointments, and he was just resuming his law practice when he became temporarily assistant editor of the *Evening Post,* the profits of which were at that time estimated at thirty thousand a year. "Politics and a belly-full," he wrote, "are better than poetry and starvation." In 1829 he became chief editor, but he did not become prosy and unimaginative for all that. "His leaders," remarked a witty opponent, "always opened with a stale joke and ended with a fresh lie."

When Bryant came to New York, he found no literary man not an editor

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who was living by his pen. Both Irving and Cooper had begun to be successful, it is true, but both of them had some little hereditary fortune and another calling. Verplanck and Sands were lawyers, Halleck was in the mercantile business, and Drake was a physician-druggist. No one was desperate enough to follow Brockden Brown's example and attempt to live by literature, although the city now numbered nearly one hundred and sixty thousand and the elastic Broadway had unrolled as far as Canal Street. A pamphlet in 1815—*An Account of Abimelech Coody*—says in a tone of humorous boastfulness that New York had now greater claims to be the Athens of America than Philadelphia or Hartford (Boston is passed over in disdainful silence) and had astonished the world by its superior lustre and effulgence in that she presented the singular spectacle of authors by profession who made it a business and a living. But it doth not yet appear who these should be, and, like many a Manhattan boast of superiority, the statement seems to have been mere swagger in the face of disagreeable facts.

The press had recently been responsible for the success of two more literary men. It was during the spring of 1819, a vexed period of political revolutions, that the Croaker pieces appeared in the *Post*. They were begun by John Rodman Drake and Halleck joined him. They received not a cent of money for them, but it was on account of their popularity that Charles Wiley told Halleck that he was the only writer in America, Irving excepted, whose works he would risk publishing. Indeed, nothing since *Salmagundi* had so enlivened the business and political world. Halleck had no intention of publishing his subsequent *Fanny* until he was persuaded by the publisher of the *Sketch Book*, and its popularity proved so great that Wiley offered him five hundred dollars for another canto, which came out in 1821. Before its appearance the poem had become so scarce that ten dollars had been paid for the fifty-cent pamphlet; yet the whole sum he received for the various editions of his poems, including the prices for them as contributions to periodicals, was sixteen thousand dollars. For editing Byron and making selections from British poets, he received one thousand dollars and five hundred dollars more, making in all seventeen thousand five hundred dollars for the literary labours of a lifetime, writes James Grant Wilson. But as he had not attempted to live by literature and this could not have failed in those days to seem a sizable sum to him, this can have had little to do with his opinion of publishers as a class. Like Paulding, he had at the close of a life marked by no real privations, some rancour against them. "I remember," wrote Gilmore Simms, "that he had a special dislike to publishers, of very few of whom did he entertain a favourable opinion."

I remember well the biting scorn with which he expressed himself in reference to the action of the members of a certain publishing house, some of whom had on a previous occasion avowed themselves friendly to the proposed bill of international copyright; and one of the company assumed from this that for the sake of mere consistency the house would not oppose it. "Consistency!" said Halleck, with a scornful laugh; "these fellows are consistent in nothing but pursuit of gain. They have no dread of inconsistency, having long since survived all sense of shame."

COOPER

Charles Wiley was the first publisher of Cooper. They had fallen in with each other while travelling and Wiley never dreamed that Cooper intended to write. Cooper on his arrival in New York in 1821 called upon the publisher and handed him the manuscript of *The Spy*. He said he had written it in great haste because he had just read Scott's *Pirate*, recently published, and had found its nautical descriptions and incidents very incorrect. Cooper was frequently at Wiley's store, and became the nucleus of a group numbering Bryant, Paulding, and Halleck. They had a room set apart for them in the rear, and christened

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the Literary Den. In 1824 he helped to found the Bread and Cheese Club (which was not restricted to literary men, for Philip Hone was a member of it). Bread and cheese were used for ballots and (with startling modern association of ideas) one of cheese blackballed the candidate. The English success of the *Last of the Mohicans*, together with the assured position of Irving in London, compelled England, by the end of 1825, to recognise American literary pretensions. Miss Mitford wrote to Haydon, says Earl Bradsheer, in his monograph on Matthew Carey, just six years after Sidney Smith's memorable sneer, "How wonderfully America is rising in the scale of the intellect! If you have not read the American novels, do so. Depend upon it, America will succeed us as Rome did Athens." His London success had made Irving, hitherto most modest, put a rather large estimate upon his work (which, by the way, lost his London publisher, John Murray, much money); and he came back to New York with great ideas destined for a time to be bitterly disappointed. Cooper at home had his head quite turned by London approbation. His attempts to wear his halo with the proper divinity which should hedge a king from the common run of authors quite, as time went on, unfellowed him from his race. "It was not always pleasant," wrote G. P. Putnam, the publisher, of a later period, "to hear Cooper's rather tart criticisms of notable contemporaries."

But the earlier Cooper, though always stiffish, could be human. Goodrich tells a story of him and Percival. The latter had been a doctor, and said he had ruined himself by getting a name for writing verses. "When a person is really ill," he grumbled, "no one sends for a poet to cure him."

Knowing his imbecility in the common affairs of life, it did not surprise me to find him now without money and in a state of complete bewilderment as to what should be done. I asked him to dine with me at the City Hotel, and invited Cooper to meet him. I had a design in bringing these two men together, and this was to have a handsome edition of Percival's poems published for his benefit and under such influence as to make it profitable for him. I wrote a contract between Percival and the publisher, Charles Wiley, and had it duly signed. Cooper took the prospectus in hand and actively pushed the subscription. The fairest ladies of New York gave a helping hand, and before I left the city three hundred subscribers were secured. I returned to Hartford [after furnishing Percival with lodgings], but in a fortnight got a letter asking me if I knew what had become of our poet. Some weeks passed, during which time he was among the missing. At last it was discovered that he had been annoyed by a fiddling Frenchman near his room, and had fled to New Haven. There he had entered into another contract for the publication of his poems!

It is a pleasure to find that though the poems were published at last and Goodrich had a London bookseller bring them out also, they failed.

As the publisher of *The Token* (*née The Legendary*), Goodrich sustained intimate relations with all the writers of that period—Willis, Hawthorne, Mrs. Child, Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Hale, Pierpont, Longfellow. His valuable services for Hawthorne will be spoken of later, and it was owing to him that the bustling and showy Willis began his career more illustriously than any other American writer until our own generation; his innumerable kindnesses to authors both as publisher and as fellow are well known. As Peter Parley, his histories and manuals became world-famous. Consequently, the testimony of this author-publisher as to the relations existing (in his external world) between the two is important. His situation, to be sure, was peculiar; and he could not help but remember that in his long series of books he had employed many writers who fancied that they themselves were responsible for the success of a book which Peter Parley gave his name to. Mr. G. H. Putnam, a half-century later, in writing

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on the subject that publishers are the only class of business men whose sins, real or imaginary, come into literature, notes that Canon Farrar complained to the public that his publishers made more money out of a book than himself, although he had written the book to order under their suggestion and contract. In this case it must be owned that it was Farrar who supplied the successful name. But though Peter Parley's name supported many hacks, he appears to state the matter without partiality.

It is not to be supposed that in a long career, both as bookseller and editor, I should have escaped altogether the annoyances and vexations which naturally attach to these vocations. The relation of author and publisher is generally regarded as that of the cat and the dog, both greedy of the bone and inherently jealous of each other. The authors have hitherto written the accounts of the wrangles between these two parties, and the publishers have been traditionally gibbeted as a set of mean, mercenary wretches, coining the heart's blood of genius for their selfish profits. The poet Campbell is said to have been an admirer of Napoleon because he shot a bookseller. Nevertheless, speaking from my own experience, I suspect, if the truth were told, that even in cases where the world has been taught to bestow all its sympathy in behalf of the author, it would appear that while there were claws on one side there were teeth on the other.

I know of nothing more vexatious, more wearisome, more calculated to beget impatience, than the egotism, the exactions, the unreasonableness of authors, in cases I have witnessed. One thing may be remarked, that in general difficulties come from poor and unsuccessful writers. They have been taught that publishers and booksellers are vampires and feed upon the vitals of genius; assuming—honestly, no doubt—that they are of this latter class, they feel no great scruple in taking vengeance upon those whom they regard as their natural enemies. That there may be examples of meanness and stupidity and selfishness in publishers is indisputable. In judging them, one must consider that two-thirds of the original works issued by them are unprofitable. If a publisher rejects a book, it is not because he despises genius, but because he thinks it will not pay.

No man has more cause to know and feel the disappointments, the wear and tear of health, the headaches and heartaches which attend authorship as a means of support than myself. For nearly thirty years I have appeared before the public as the author of Peter Parley's Tales. In my larger geographical and historical works I had assistants, as is usual and indispensable in such cases—especially as during a space of fifteen years a disease of the eyes confined me for weeks together to a dark room. I paid my assistants what they and I deemed sufficient. Some of these young men afterward rose to fame; and it was then more than once suggested that they were the real authors of my books, and I had not only ill-paid them, but robbed them of their due.

But if authors often turned and bit the bosom which had warmed them, one must balance against this the other leaf of the ledger, "On all sides, in England and America," writes he, "frauds were perpetrated in my name by publishers." Thus, in the testimony of Goodrich, dishonours were even.

"When the Pen Began to Pay" is the title of Mr. Tassin's next article. It deals with the period 1830-1850, and with the experiences of Prescott, Irving, Cooper, and Poe. These names mark the transition from the old literary activities to the new ones. Publishing became an independent business before authorship; and the authors of the day who had seen the publishers gradually abandon general printing and other sidelines, but were themselves unable to live by literature, naturally began to wonder if their wages were all the traffic would stand. When they saw the traffic increasing by leaps and bounds, they began to make demands. Thus was ushered in what is nowadays denominated austerely the "commercialisation of literature."

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IN GOOD KING GEORGE'S GOLDEN REIGN

BY WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY

THIS last has been a year of surprises in the world of poets and poetry. That a reflective and delicately experimental artist like Robert Bridges should have been chosen for the post of Poet Laureate in competition with so many popular candidates—Mr. Bridges himself was scarcely known to the large British public—and that an Oriental like Rabindranath Tagore should have carried off the Nobel Prize from the whole English and Continental field—these were certainly both wholly unforeseen issues in what are without doubt the most conspicuous contests open to modern European men of letters. But what perhaps is even more remarkable under the circumstances, is that there was so little general dissent from the selection in either instance. There were, it is true, some who were inclined to cavil at what they were pleased to call the "lack of inspiration" or "mediocrity," of the new laureate, and at the mysticism of the Bengali school-master, which is so little in accord with the more positive moods of Occidental civilisation. But apart from the fact that there was a coarseness of perception in such criticism that disqualified it from the start, it certainly seemed a trifle odd to lay so much stress upon inspiration in the case of a poet whose principal business it is to learn to write without it; while our Western poetry has already become so permeated with the religious and philosophic spirit of the East, from Leconte de Lisle and Southey down to "A. E." and William Butler Yeats, that Mr. Tagore's mysticism can scarcely be regarded as an entire novelty. Meanwhile, Mr. Bridges seems to have discharged his first official functions to everybody's entire satisfaction, while Mr. Tagore, in his later books, *The Gardener* and *The Crescent Moon*—the second a collection of exquisite poetry concerning children, a veritable Indian *Child's Garden of Verses*—has become almost popular.

With two such laureates — Mr. Bridges for the British Isles and Mr. Tagore for the Empire—the outlook for English poetry seems excellent at the present moment. To heighten this beneficent impression, we have just received from London a circular communication concerning an institution called "The Poetry Bookshop," which was founded in January, 1913, with the avowed object "of creating a link between poetry and the public such as . . . has never before existed in England." For the founders affirm their belief "that the public appreciation of verse is no less now than at any time in the past, and that all fallacies as to its unpopularity have been to a large extent, if not manufactured, at any rate encouraged by members of the (book) trade interested in the sale of the more easily distributed and quickly remunerative wares." Hence the hope "by the establishment of a more direct medium of contact between poetry and the public to destroy these iniquitous fallacies;" and it is claimed it has already been abundantly proved in the past year, "that a large, though scattered, sympathetic though unguided public indeed exists, to which such an institution may prove a source, not only of help and

Georgian Poetry, 1911-1912. London: The Poetry Bookshop.

The Muse in Exile. Poems by William Watson. New York: John Lane Company.

The Minor Poems of Joseph Beaumont. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Lyrics and Dramas. By Stephen Phillips. New York: John Lane Company.

The Poetical Works of Oscar Wilde. With a biographical introduction by Nathan Haskell Dole. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

Knave of Hearts. By Arthur Symons. New York: John Lane Company.

The Works of Francis Thompson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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recreation, but of constant and enduring pleasure."

As for the shop itself, we are told that its accommodation "is arranged for the convenience of visitors who may desire to pay prolonged visits for the detailed examination of all recent publications. Those in charge of the shop, being personally acquainted with their wares"—does that mean that the poets themselves will stand behind the counter?—"are in a position to give, when requested, information either of a general or of a technical nature and under no circumstances are visitors who find themselves unable to select any volume of personal interest expected to pay for some volume they do not require, out of an unnecessary obligation to buy something." And finally, "since it is the belief of the founders that the recent transplantation of poetry out of the common ways of life into the study is an abuse in no sense to be tolerated, and that the true manner of its propagation, the inherent object of its existence, be delivery aloud by the voice of a sympathetic and qualified speaker, or rhapsodist, readings of poetry are given twice a week in a large room behind the Bookshop. . . . ."

Who now will say that the reign of George V does not promise to be a golden one indeed for the poets thus patronised and provided not only with a market of their own (like all other producers), but a place where they may foregather to be seen and heard publicly! Instinctively, one's thoughts turn to Lemerre's, the little Paris stationer's shop—destined to take a place in the front rank of great French publishing houses—in the Passage Choiseul, where Paul Verlaine, François Coppée, and so many other poets, since famous, made their début in the latter days of the Second Empire. To be sure, Lemerre did not have public readings of the works of his protégés—the idea of a *salon des poètes* was borrowed rather from the *école symboliste*, successor to that of the *Parnassiens*—but he had, as it were, a house organ, in the *Parnasse Contemporain*, just as "The Poetry Bookshop" has, in *Poetry and Drama*, a quarterly review edited by Mr. Harold Monro, a means of publicity promotion for the enterprise. So perhaps this little London emporium for poets' wares, on a back street off Theobalds Road, will be no less successful than its Parisian prototype in organising a genuine literary revival.

In the meantime it offers as an evidence of its belief "that English poetry is now once again putting on a new strength and beauty," and "that we are at the beginning of another 'Georgian Period' which may take rank in due time with several other great poetic ages of the past," a volume entitled *Georgian Poetry, 1911-1912*, and containing specimens of the work of a number of the new writers, as well as of a few of the older ones which seemed to the editor "to have gained some accession of power." The names of two only will be at all familiar to many American readers: Mr. John Masefield, here represented by "Biography," which appeared last year in *The Story of a Roundhouse*, and Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton. But Mr. Sturge Moore, who has the longest poem in the book, a charming "Sicilian Idyll," which successfully oversteps the traditional limits of the strict idyllic form, without, however, for all its dramatic qualities, quite becoming a conventional little poetic drama, has been writing longer than either Mr. Masefield or Mr. Chesterton. With one exception—Robert Calverley Tremaine—he is—from the publication

Poems. By Alice Meynell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Aphrodite, and Other Poems. By John Helston. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Daffodil Fields. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Salt Water Ballads. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Gitanjali (Song Offerings). By Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Gardener. By Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Crescent Moon. Child-Poems. By Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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standpoint, at any rate—the oldest of the group.

Among the younger men, both Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson and Mr. Gordon Bottomley have some following in this country, while Mr. D. H. Lawrence has become known here within the last year or two through a successful novel, *Sons and Lovers,* and James Stephens, through his prose sketches in *A Crock of Gold* and other volumes. There was a lively controversy in a New York newspaper last winter as to the latter's right to certain lines which, like Rossetti before him, he had paraphrased from Sappho. He has here three poems of which the longest and most remarkable is "The Lonely God." In it the poet imagines the Deity come into Eden the evening after the expulsion of its human occupants:

So Eden was deserted, and at eve
Into the quiet place God came to grieve.
His face was sad, His hands hung slackly
down
Along His robe; too sorrowful to frown
He paced along the grassy paths and through
The silent trees, and where the flowers grew
Tended by Adam. All the birds had gone
Out to the world, and singing was not one
To cheer the lonely God out of His grief—
The silence broken only when a leaf
Tapt lightly on a leaf, or when the wind,
Slow-handed, swayed the bushes to its mind.

And so along

The base of a round hill,
Rolling in fern, He bent His way until
He neared the little hut by Adam made,
And saw its dusky rooftree overlaid
With greenest leaves. Here Adam and His
spouse
Were wont to nestle in their little house,
Snug at the dew-time: here He, standing sad,
Sighed with the wind, nor any pleasure had

Sadhānā. The Realisation of Life. By Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Little Book of Modern Verse. Edited by Jessie B. Rittenhouse. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1913. By William Stanley Braithwaite.

In heavenly knowledge, for His darlings
twain
Had gone from Him to learn the feel of pain,
And what was meant by knowledge and
despair,—
Drear knowledge for a Father to prepare.

The sight of the empty structure, shaped round like a "beehive," made him think regretfully

Of the days and nights that in it had been
spent
In blithe communion, Adam, Eve, and He,
Afar from Heaven and its gaudery.

Now

Never again to Eden would He haste
At cool of evening, when the sun had paced
Back from the treetops.

How pleasant it had been

To quit at evening His great throne,
To lay His crown aside, and all alone,
Down through the quiet air to stoop and
glide
Unkenned by angels:

His angels!

Silly creatures who could sing
And sing again, and delicately fling
The smoky censer, bow and stand aside,
All in mute adoration: thronging wide,
Till nowhere could He look but soon He saw
An angel bending humbly to the law
Mechanic; knowing nothing more of pain,
Than when they were forbid to sing again,
Or swing anew the censer, or bow down
In humble adoration of His frown.
This was the thought in Eden as He trod—
. . . It is a lonely thing to be a God.

Nowhere within the confines of space does there exist a real companion for Him. He explored them in every direction without finding the "fringes of the Infinite." And returning, "dizzied with distance," He was met by His angels,

General William Booth Enters into Heaven. And Other Poems. By Nicholas Vachel Lindsay. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

The Ride Home. Poems, with The Marriage of Guineth, a Play in One Act. By Florence Wilkinson Evans. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

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ready as ever to fling their incense and to sing their praises.

O, in fury, I
Then roared them senseless, then threw down the sky
And stamped upon it, buffeted a star
With My great fist, and flung the sun afar:
Shouted My anger till the mighty sound
Rung to the width, frighting the furthest bound
And scope of hearing: tumult vaster still,
Thronging the echo, dinned My ears, until
I fled in silence, seeking out a place
To hide Me from the very thought of Space.

It was to dispel this "solitude unspeakable" of His estate, that God created man:

And so, He thought, in Mine own Image I
Have made a man, remote from Heaven high
And all its humble angels: I have poured
My essence in his nostrils: I have cored
His heart with My own spirit; part of Me,
His mind with laboured growth unceasingly
Must strive to equal Mine; must ever grow
By virtue of My essence till he know
Both good and evil through the solemn test
Of sin and retribution, till, with zest,
He feels his godhead, soars to challenge Me
In Mine own Heaven for supremacy.

Then, when through the ages, and the experience of sin, pain, and sorrow, he has grown to be

Strong, pure and proud an enemy to meet,
Tremendous on a battlefield, or sweet
To walk by as a friend with candid mind,

then,

The topmost blossom of his growing I
Shall take unto Me, cherish and lift high
Beside Myself upon My holy throne:

It is not good for God to be alone.
The perfect woman of His perfect race
Shall sit beside Me in the highest place
And be My Goddess, Queen, Companion, Wife,
The rounder of My Majesty, the life
Of My ambition. She will smile to see
Me bending down to worship at her knee,
Who never bent before, and she will say,
"Dear God, who was it taught *Thee* how to pray?"

* * * * *

The stooping to the hut—a beehive round—
God entered in and saw upon the ground
The dusty garland Adam (learned to weave)
Had, loving, placed upon the head of Eve
Before the terror came, when joyous they
Could look for God at closing of the day
Profound and happy. So the Mighty Guest
Rent, took, and placed the blossoms in His breast.
"This," He said gently, "I shall show My Queen
When she has grown to Me in space serene,
And say, ''Twas worn by Eve.'" So, smiling fair,
He spread His wings abroad upon the air.

Certainly nobody can accuse these new Georgian poets of lacking originality, audacity, or fertility of invention. The question of taste, in this particular instance, at any rate, is another matter. Mr. Stephens doubtless conceived the idea of his poem in the naïve spirit of primitive folk fable and anthropomorphism. But his sentimental deity is a little too much like the creation of a French librettist for some maudlin music drama, to be wholly acceptable from either a religious or an artistic standpoint.

In sharp contrast with the flowing,

Sanctuary. A Bird Masque. By Percy MacKaye. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The Shadow of Ætna. By Louis V. Ledoux. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Merchants from Cathay. By William Rose Benét. New York: The Century Company.

The Wine-Press: A Tale of War. By Alfred Noyes. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The Flight, and Other Poems. By George Edward Woodberry. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Lonely Dancer, and Other Poems. By Richard Le Gallienne. New York: John Lane Company.

Myself and I. By Fannie Stearns Davis. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Love and Liberation. By John Hall Wheelock. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

Lyrics from a Library. By Clinton Scollard. Clinton, New York: George William Browning.

At the World's Heart. By Cale Young Rice. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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fanciful, and facile rhyming manner of Mr. Stephens, which is also that of several of his associates, and which achieves freedom of movement at the expense of a certain vulgarity and diffuseness, is the compact texture, and concentrated imaginative vigour of Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie's blank verse in "The Sale of Saint Thomas":

The great caravan's
Strange cattle with their snoring breath made steam
Upon the air.

Or, describing the sea,

How evilly move
Ripples long that golden skin!—the gleam
Works like a muscular thing! like the half-gorged,
Sleepy swallowing of a serpent's neck.

Or, again, expressing the corruption of the soil in India:

And flies! a land of flies! where the hot soil,
Foul with ceaseless decay, steams into flies!
So thick they pile themselves in the air above
Their meal of filth, they seem like breathing heaps
Of formless life mounded upon the earth:
And buzzing always like the pipes and strings
Of solemn music made for sorcerers.

No poet has written like this before in England since Thomas Lovell Beddoes. It used to be the fashion to call Beddoes "the Gothic Keats"—what kind of a Keats shall we call Mr. Abercrombie? He comes closer to that poet than to Donne, by whom he is said to have been influenced; for he is primarily a descriptive writer, more concerned, on the whole, in the outward aspect of things than with their inward significance, and there is more of Donne's essential mood in two stanzas of Mr. Rupert Brooke's "Dust" than in all of Mr. Abercrombie's splendid, but somewhat superficial, corruscations:

When the white flame in us is gone,
And we that lost the world's delight
Stiffen in darkness, left alone
To crumble in our separate night;

When your swift hair is quiet in death,
And through the lips corruption thrust
Has stilled the labour of my breath—
When we are dust, when we are dust!—

Of course this is more lyrical than Donne, with whom William Watson, in the address on "The Poet's Place" in his latest volume, *The Muse in Exile*—which title, by the way, not inaptly characterises its poetical contents—quarrels on this very score: "Neither his intellectual brilliancy and subtlety," he writes, "nor his prodigal wealth of fancy, has saved Donne from the fate which overtakes all poets who lacks the crowning gift of harmonious utterance."

As a matter of fact, though Donne has never been popular, he is very far from being forgotten at the present day. Indeed of late there has been something like a critical revival of the seventeenth century school of poets to which he belongs, and to this we owe, among other things, Miss Heloise Robinson's admirable *The Minor Poems of Joseph Beaumont, D.D., 1616-1699*, edited from the unique manuscript in the possession of Professor Palmer, of Harvard, who bought it from Mr. Bertram Dobell, rediscoverer of that other seventeenth cen-

Gabrielle, and Other Poems. By Martha Gilbert Dickenson Bianchi. New York: Duffield and Company.

The Faun, and Other Poems. By Genevieve Farnell-Bond. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

Minions of the Moon. By Madison Cawein. Cincinnati: Stewart and Kidd Company.

The Republic. By Madison Cawein. Cincinnati: Stewart and Kidd Company.

The Theban Eagle, and Other Poems. By Chester Allyn Reed. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

Last Poems. By Julia C. R. Dorr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Collected Poems. By Grace Denio Litchfield. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

My Rubiayat. By Sadakichi Hartmann. St. Louis: The Mangan Printing Company.

Mr. Faust. By Arthur Davison Ficke. New York: Mitchell Kennerley Company.

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tury poet, Thomas Traherne. None of these poets sought so much to express himself harmoniously as to express himself accurately and fully—to find an adequate imaginative statement for his ideas. Donne certainly has nothing of that smoothness of versification that we find in his predecessors of the Spenserian tradition, or in such a modern poet as Mr. Stephen Phillips before the bloom had largely been brushed off his verses, as in his recent *Lyrics and Dramas*. But the old poet who, in writing such a line as

A bracelet of bright hair about the bone,

could so crystallise his personality in his expression, had what is far more fundamental in literary art—a fresh and original sense in his selection of words and images. This is really tautological, inasmuch as images, and even ideas, do not exist in art independently of the medium in which they come to the artist. An image, as Benedetto Croce has, for the first time, made entirely clear in his *Estetica*, is not merely a visual, auditive, or other impression—as it is too commonly in the case, for example, of Oscar Wilde (whose poetical works now appear in a new and complete American edition), or of his disciple, Mr. Arthur Symons (*Knave of Hearts*). It is a distinct, definite creation in the dark and mysterious world of the poet's own feeling, in which the power to select and combine words according, not to their sense, strictly, but to their colour, cadence, and contour, plays a part whose importance it would be as difficult to over-estimate as it is to analyse and explain.

Poems. By Herbert Kaufman. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Sonnets of Hérédia. Rendered into English by Edward Robeson Taylor. Fifth Edition. San Francisco: Printed by the Author.

To the Lost Friend: A Sonnet-Sequence. From the French of Auguste Angellier. By Mildred J. Knight and Charles R. Murphy. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

Lyrics and Poems from Ibsen. Collected and arranged by Mrs. F. E. Garrett, with an introduction by Philip H. Wicksteed. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

It is this power, combined with great fertility of fancy, that makes so remarkable a poet of Francis Thompson (for whom his friend, Mr. Everard Meynell, has now performed the final act of piety in a well-edited collection of his complete prose and poetry), just as it is precisely the lack of either such sensuousness or such passion as it implies, that marks the artistic inferiority of a *précieuse* poet, like Mrs. Alice Meynell (also newly collected) in spite of her critical appreciation and recognition of genius in others.

One new English poet who is not included in *Georgian Poets* is Mr. John Helston, whose first collection—a bumper crop—comes to us in a thick book of nearly three hundred pages, *Aphrodite and Other Poems*. In the title-piece, "Aphrodite at Leatherwood," the poet tells how, walking along the bank of a river, he came suddenly to a place where "all was sweetly strange," and there

Were no more houses, but great woods that passed
Into the shadows of some mountain range,
Crowned with a sunlight coronet of snows.
No shining flowers, by verdant glooms o'ercast,
Along a bank beside blue water rose.
Blue water broken by low waterfalls
And plashy places, strewn with rocks and sand,
As Naiads would delight.

Then, as he thought, he saw one. She stood

In a broad sunlight, like some statue planned
Of Love himself, whose marble meaning calls
Out of the ages: a more vital thing

Lyrics for the Chinese. By Helen Waddell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Heroic Ballads of Servia. Translated into English verse by George Rapall Noyes and Leonard Bacon. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

Folk-Ballads of Southern Europe. Translated into English verse by Sophie Jewett. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Bees in Amber. By John Oxenham. New York: American Tract Society.

The Oxford Book of Spanish Verse. Thirteenth Century-Twentieth Century.

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Than many a heart of beats grown dead
to spring,
Whose body is a sepulchre that palls,
With its own pallid plinth, all burgeoning
Of primal joys at Love's chief festivals.
All loveliness to make one greatly mad
With dreams whereof men grow madly great
Upon that glory which, of starry date,
Crowns Beauty's co-eternal high estate;
All these things she had.
There was a sweet, pure beauty in her eyes
To make all cynic sense grow gladly wise—
E'en sorrow wisely glad.

Of course the Naiad turns out to be Aphrodite in person, and the spiritual significance of the poem as it proceeds from this point is stated by the author in his sonnet-"Envoi," which he calls "His Answer to Those Who Impute Impurity to Him, in regard to the Preceding Poem." This itself is summed up in the statement, in the seventh line, "that love is lovelier for its lust."

Mr. Helston escapes the charge of impurity more easily than that of preaching in this poem, but in spite of much raggedness of present performance, he is a young poet of considerable promise and power. His verse novel, *The Thorn Brake*, which is evidently modelled upon Mr. Masefield's similar productions, is a very much better constructed and sustained piece than the older writer's *The Daffodil Fields*, which is generally recognised as a failure in its scattered action, and in its sentimental and descriptive excess. But Mr. Helston does better still when he abandons Mr. Masefield's lead, and the best things in his book are the two long dramatic dialogues, "Lonicera" and "In a Garden," the first of which, especially, embodies a real psychological motive and written with considerable distinction of style. Even here, however, this poet, who has passages of supple strength as well as of sheer loveliness, is inclined to rant at times and to tear passion to tatters, as well as to obscure his thought with the intricacies of an over-subtle analysis; while he, too, like so many of these younger writers, suffer from the habit of a too hasty improvisation.

TAGORE AND HIS WORK

There seems to be some idea to-day that improvisation is necessarily the speech of passion—that thrill and intoxication demand speed, and that, if this, in turn, involves a certain amount of slipshod carelessness, why so much the better, since it helps to heighten the illusion. Nothing, as a matter of fact, could be farther from the truth. Mr. Tagore's love poems in *The Gardener* are perhaps the most passionate that have been poured along the veins of any European language since Sappho or, at any rate, since Catullus. Yet these verses which, if they have of the former the naïve intensity and the imaginative sweetness, have of the latter the charming, playful tenderness, though without cynical perversity, that marks the cultivated man of letters and of the world in all climes and ages, exhibit the most exquisite art and restraint. The passion that pulsates in them has all been absorbed into the images, and leaves no loose ends to fringe themselves like flags whipped by every empty wind of rhetoric. This wonderful poet of India, who is said to have expressed the highest aspirations of his race in every realm of literary art, so that he has already given his name to the age—the age of Tagore—in order to transmit his mood, mirrors

Chosen by James Fitzmaurice-Kelly. The Clarendon Press.

The Oxford Book of Canadian Verse. Chosen by Wilfred Campbell. Oxford University Press.

Celtic Memories, and Other Poems. By Norreys Jephson O'Conor. New York: John Lane Company.

Out of Bondage. By Fanny Hodge Newman. San Francisco: Paul Elder and Company.

Kurze Sprüche von Isidor Nadle. New York: International Traveller Company.

Home-Made Verse. By Dwight Burdge. Battle Creek, Mich.

The Foothills of Parnassus. By John Kendrick Bangs. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Beyond the Stars, and Other Poems. By Charles Hanson Towne. New York: Mitchell Kennerley Company.

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darkly in his mind the whole world—that mysterious world of the Orient, with its magical sights, scents, and sounds, which is also the world of mystic intuition, always somewhat wavering, unstable, evanescent, ready at all instants to dissolve like mist, or to float away on the soft perfumed air. It is this fleeting, fugitive sentiment and aspect of things, as of music in the memory, so different from the solid, sensuous, substantial beauty of the Theocritean idylls, for example, that gives the little poems, lyric or idyllic, so large a part of their very special charm. For the rest this arises from the very simplicity of the emotional expressed in them. Love, as this poet sings it, is natural, instinctive, and spontaneous:

It is a game of giving and withholding,
revealing and screening again some
smiles and some little shyness, and
some sweet useless struggles.
This love between you and me is simple
as a song.
No mystery beyond the present; no striving
for the impossible; no shadow behind
the charm; no groping in the depth of
the dark.
This love between you and me is simple
as a song.
We do not stray out of all words into the
ever silent; we do not raise our hands
to the void for things beyond hope.
It is enough what we give and we get.
We have not crushed the joy to the utmost
to wring from it the wine of pain.
This love between you and me is simple
as a song.

And yet, if this poet is thus free from modern spiritual complexities, he is not, however, entirely unfamiliar with that modern disillusionment, or sadness of the spirit, which finds expression in the following:

I hold her hands and press her to my
breast.
I try to fill my arms with her loveliness,
to plunder her sweet smile with kisses,
to drink her dark glances with my eyes.
Ah, but where is it? Who can strain the
blue from the sky?
I try to grasp the beauty; it eludes me,
leaving only the body in my hands.
Baffled and weary I come back.
How can the body touch the flower which
only the spirit may touch?

The first American magazine to print specimens of Mr. Tagore's work was, we believe, the little Chicago publication, *Poetry,* now in its second year. One of the prizes which the editors announced in their first issue for the best original poems to appear in their pages was awarded to Mr. William Butler Yeats, and another to an American poet, Mr. Nicholas Vachell Lindsay, for the piece entitled "General William Booth Enters Heaven," now reprinted, as the title-poem, in a new volume of the author's verse. That the realistic element daringly introduced into this grotesque production is effective in creating an appropriate imaginative atmosphere for a requiem on the late leader of the Salvation Army, is undeniable. But it is the kind of effectiveness which is easily reduced to a formula, and ends by becoming painfully mechanical as in "The Kallyope Yell" reprinted in Mr. William Stanley Braithwaite's *Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1913.*

In lieu of a Lyric Year such as we had last season, this interesting little collection, which has grown out of the annual

Madge Linsey, and Other Poems. By Dora Sigerson Shorter. London: Maunsel and Company, Ltd.

Brunelleschi: A Poem. By John Eaton Howard. San Francisco: John Howell Company.

Perceptions of Robert Bowman Peck. London: Elkin Mathews.

On the Way to Willowdale. By Robert Loveman. Dalton, Ga.: The A. J. Showalter Company.

Songs Through the Night. By Mary Ellis Robins. Woodstock, N. Y.: The Maverick Press.

The Dirge of the Sea. By Kenneth Rand. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

A Wand and Strings, and Other Poems. By Benjamin R. C. Low. New York: John Lane Company.

The Gift of White Roses. By James Cloyd Bowman. Ada, Ohio: The University Herald Press.

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review of American magazine poetry made by Mr. Braithwaite for the last nine years in a Boston paper, offers a convenient basis for a survey of recent American verse. It contains forty-five poems of a remarkably high average, considering the basis on which they were selected, and several that would be a credit to any company. Among these, in our opinion, is not to be numbered the sonnet, "November," by Mahlon Leonard Fisher:

Hark you such sound as quivers? Kings will hear,
As kings have heard, and tremble on their thrones;
The old will feel the weight of mossy stones;
The young alone will laugh and scoff at fear.
It is the tread of armies marching near,
From scarlet lands to lands forever pale;
It is a bugle dying down the gale;
It is the sudden gushing of a tear.
And it is hands that grope at ghostly doors,
And romp of spirit children on the pave;
It is the tender sighing of the brave
Who fell, ah! long ago, in futile wars;
It is such sound as death; and, after all,
'Tis but the forest letting dead leaves fall.

We should have overlooked this entirely had not our attention been specially directed to it by Mr. Braithwaite, who, in his introduction, says: "It must rank with Lizette Woodworth Reese's 'Tears' and Longfellow's 'Nature' as the best sonnets that have been accomplished by American poets. I have known one competent judge and lover of poetry to declare that not since Keats's 'On First Looking Into Chapman's Homer' and Miss Reese's 'Tears,' has there appeared so fine a sonnet in English poetry. The man who has written 'November' has added something to American poetry that cannot be too highly estimated."

The first effect of this extraordinary panegyric is to send the reader posthaste in search of Miss Reese's sonnet, which is thus elevated to the highest eminence. We confess we had not known it ourselves, but we found it in *The Little Book of Modern (American) Verse,* another new anthology, edited by Miss Jessie B. Rittenhouse. Here it is:

When I consider life and its few years—
A wisp of fog between us and the sun;
A call to battle, and the battle done
Ere the last echo dies within our ears;
A rose choked in the grass; an hour of fears;
The gusts that past a darkening shore do beat;
The burst of music down an unlistening street,—
I wonder at the idleness of tears
Ye old, old dead, and ye of yesternight,
Chieftains and bards, and keepers of the sheep,
By every cup of sorrow that you had,
Loose me from tears, and make me see aright
How each hath back what once he stayed to keep:
Homer his sight, David his little lad.

This is not a bad sonnet, barring a too apparent straining after effect throughout, save in the last line, which is simple, natural, and charming. But the expression is, on the whole, too purely derivative—as in the Shakespearean attack of the first line, and in the Tennysonian "idleness of tears"—for the poem to claim any real originality. It has, indeed, no proper style of its own,

The Knight of the Chinese Dragon. By James Cloyd Bowman. Columbus, Ohio: The Pfeifer Press.

The Woods. By Douglas Malloch. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Sign of the Tree. By Harriet Mason Kilburn. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

Songs of New Sweden. By Arthur Peterson. Chicago: The Engberg-Holmberg Publishing Company.

The Snow-Shoe Trail, and Other Poems. By Isaac Rusling Pennypacker. Philadelphia: Christopher Sower Company.

Chips and Whetstones. By Marcus L. Burris. New York: Everywhere Publishing Company.

Eve. By Katharine Howard. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

A Song of the Deep, and Other Poems. By A. S. Coats. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

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only a rather stilted reproduction of the styles of other poets. Mr. Fisher's sonnet is worse because it is at once cruder and more affected than Miss Reese's. To us it seems a distinctly vapid bit of vapouring. The extravagant praise bestowed upon this pair of poems points to a singular uncertainty and confusion of standards in American criticism, now as in the time of Poe.

We are afraid that the very sense of effort and strain which offends the taste in such poems as "Tears" and "November" constitutes the essence of their appeal for many readers. It is often said that we do not take poetry seriously enough in this country. But there is a certain justice in the contrary contention that in some ways we take it too seriously, meaning, of course, that we are altogether too addicted to the grand manner. Mr. George Moore tells in *Hail and Farewell* how he once had to remind Yeats that style cannot be achieved by the simple process of substituting an uncommon word for a common one. In the same way it may be said that spiritual elevation cannot be attained in poetry by merely raising the voice. And how much the time the voice is actually raised to-day in America might be amusingly shown by making a little anthology of last lines from Miss Rittenhouse's collection. Take these three that occur in succession, for example:

Is this wild ride with God,
The shrill, primeval hawk gazed down—
and screamed,
His roads between the thunder and the sun.

Now would any one guess that the ride referred to in the first was taken in the New York subway, and that the object which the hawk gazed down upon in the second was an automobile, the subject of the poem? It is noteworthy that the only one of these poems in which the treatment does not seem altogether incongruous with the subject is the last, "The Black Vulture." The author, Mr. George Sterling, is old-fashioned enough not to have substituted for the bird a Bleriot monoplane. Or does he feel the force of what Mr. Watson says in the preface to his above-mentioned book, "that to do imperfectly and with difficulty what any seabird can do with divinely beautiful ease, and then to call this awkward imitation 'the conquest of the air,' is to court criticism and to use vainglorious language?"

American verse to-day is full of this "vainglorious language." Fancy, for example, referring to the Polar Quest as "The Frozen Grail!" To us, at least, this is far more suggestive of *marron glacé*, or of Nesselrode pudding than of Arctic exploration. Our poets are exceedingly clever in evolving such conceits. They have, on the whole, a great deal of talent—too much of it, perhaps, for, as M. Remy de Gourmont remarks in one of his most recent *Promenades Littéraires*, "*le talent est le tortionnaire de la poésie.*" In other words, talent has a natural tendency to exclude the personal element, or style, from poetry—to strangle self-expression. Many of our best poets suffer more or less from this hypertrophy of their talent, as we may call it, and above all the women. Doubtless that is why we are inclined to place the work of Mrs. Florence Wilkinson Evans—who has just published a new book, *The Ride Back*—above that of many of her more talented sisters. Certainly she herself is not par-

The Inner Garden. By Horace Holley. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

Heart's-Ease and Hawthorne; Myrtle and Rue. By John Irving Pearce. Published at Chicago.

A Handful of Flowers, with Sprays of Evergreen. By Amasa S. Condon, M.D. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

Justification: A Philosophic Phantasy. By John H. White. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

The Mountain Spring, and Other Poems. By Nannie R. Glass. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

Rhymes from the Rhineland. Selected and translated from the German by Alice Howland Goodwin. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

Flora Transmuta: A Calendar of Translations. By Maria Bowen. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

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ticularly clever, though she tries hard—too hard—to be. Unlike writers of such sustained voice as Anna Hempstead Branch and Josephine Preston Peabody, Mrs. Evans is very irregular, rarely producing a perfect poem or one, indeed, that is not marked by more blemishes than beauties. But, seemingly for the very reason that she is not guided by too sure an artistic intelligence, or even just plain feminine tact (the real secret, perhaps, of the talent of so many of our most agreeable women writers, gifted to please), she, from time to time, amid much smoke and murk, emits a really fine line or flashing image. The evocation of the Czar in the following passage from her "Salute to Russia," chosen quite at random, is touched with true intuition. Here, however, as so often, the initial effect is succeeded by a grotesque caricatural absurdity:

You, O Romanoff, walking softly at painted
Tsarkoe-Seloe,
Waxen, wavering, kindhearted,
With white hands that do not know how to
grip and eyes that have no vision;
You, O Romanoff, with one foot rocking a
cradle and the other trampling out a
million human ambitions,
As a girl might crush a puff-ball to see it
disappear in smoke.

Two of the most noticeable poems in Mr. Braithwaite's book are by women. Oddly enough, both deal with museum subjects drawn, one from the domestic, the other from the artistic, life of ancient Rome. The first is Agnes Lee's "A Roman Doll," and the second, Willa Sibert Cather's "A Likeness," suggested by the portrait of an unknown man in the Capitol. This, in particular, is an admirable piece of writing, epigrammatic, yet impassioned, dignified, yet direct, and with a surprise in the last stanza where, with an abruptness that well renders the swift backward thought and breaking voice, the accumulated moral emotion of the poem is turned into an unexpected channel of intimate personal feeling:

Ritratto d'ignoto; defying
Things unsubstantial as a dream—
An empire, long in ashes lying—
His face still set against the stream.
Yes, so he looked, that gifted brother
I loved, who passed and left no trace,
Not even—happier than this other—
His sorrow in a marble face.

Another striking poem by a woman—Miss Marguerite Mooers Marshall—is "Ghosts," written to repudiate the idea that Puritanism is without its passionate element, held in leash. Betraying, however, a far firmer grasp upon the realities of the New England spirit, is the delightful Emersonian fantasy, "School," by Mr. Percy MacKaye, whose much-advertised "bird-masque," *Sanctuary*, was performed at Cornish, New Hampshire, last summer, with a cast of poets, artists, nature lovers, and President's daughters. For the rest we may mention Mr. Edward Arlington Robinson's "Levi," full of subtle insight, yet somehow less effective than usual in its art; Mr. Louis V. Ledoux's richly wrought, and sometimes too richly rhymed, celebration of modern and classical Sicilian themes, in his "Hymn to Demeter" and "Threnody in Memory of the Destruction of Messina Earthquake" (*The Shadow of Ætna*); "The Marvellous Munchausen," by William Rose Benét, a young writer (*Merchants from Cathay*), who has much in common with Mr. Alfred Noyes, but who still lingers in a realm of miscellaneous and rollick-

Wayside Idyls. By Henry Graves. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

The Toiling of Felix. By Henry Van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Bread and Circuses. By Helen Parry Eden. London: John Lane, The Bodley Head.

Songs of Seven Years. By Sidney Rowe. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

Poems and Ballads. By Hermann Hagerdorn. New Edition. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Poems. By Wilfred Earl Chase. Madison, Wis.: W. E. Chase.

Perham's Pertinent Prose and Poetry. Published by John L. Perham, Wilton, N. H.

The Garden of Life, and Other Poems. By Anne Richardson Talbot. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

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ing romance, which the latter has recently deserted in order to recommend himself to the peace societies by his *Wine-Press,* a narrative poem dealing with the war in the Balkans; and finally, "St. John and the Faun," a poem by George Edward Woodberry, which well illustrates that writer's ability to present a figure or a scene completely in a few swift strokes, and to create about both an atmosphere of imaginative glamour.

There are plenty of other illustrations of this very unusual gift in Mr. Woodberry's new book, *The Flight and Other Poems,* which is without question the poetic event of the year in this country. Of the two long pieces in the African section, "The Kingdom of all Souls," and "Beyond Good and Evil," we have spoken already in the BOOKMAN, when they appeared last year as a separate publication bearing the imprint of a private society. So there is no need to insist further here upon the new power and freedom of expression which Mr. Woodberry has achieved in these remarkable poems. He has certainly succeeded in letting himself go in them as neither he nor any other American poet has ever let himself go before; and whatever they have lost in art as the result of the speed and tension at which they were apparently written, is more than made up for by a new sense of vitality. Here is a volume of American verse that deals imaginatively, and at times obscurely, with abstract ethical ideas, and yet is absolutely *alive.*

To Mr. Woodberry's earlier, more self-contained mood and more decorative manner, belongs the set of three poems in "A Day at Castrogiovanni," also previously printed under that title in a separate format. Noble in tone, and lovely in texture is the "In Memoriam" to the late Charles Elliot Norton, which concludes the third section, devoted to poems chiefly American—especially that passage which, presenting a picture of the Cambridge don, and interpreting his personality, begins:

A grave demeanor masked his solitude,
Like the dark pines of his seignorial wood.

But we believe that the pieces which will give the greatest and most general pleasure in the present collection, are the graceful, and at times exalted, Italian boy poems, of which "Orféo" is, perhaps, the most charming example:

Teach me to kiss the Dorian flute,
  The Dorian pipe to blow;
I with my own breath would salute
  Great Pan before I go;
And may the genius of the place
Adopt me in the shepherd race!

So perched on Monte Venere,
  I prayed a little goatskin boy
To leave his herd and sit by me,
  And teach me all the shepherd's joy.
"What is your name?" to him I said:
"Orféo," blithe reply he made.

I took the flute, I took the pipe;
  No reed would to my breath respond;
He laughed to see me blow, and wipe
  My lips, the pretty vagabond;
Still nature's child, though notes I snatch,
Was victor in that singing match.

But I was paid when, as behooved,
  I threw into his shaggy lap
The gifts by ancient time approved,
  My London scarf and Naples cap;
And, as of old, the happy boy
Leaped high, and clapped his hands for joy.

There is noticeable in Mr. Braithwaite's book, a dearth of short lyrics of distinction. Lyrics may be divided into three classes according to the degree in which nature enters into them. Of the

The Sail Which Hath Passed, and Other Poems. By George Klingle. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

The Sunset Road. By Jane G. A. Carter. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

The Moon-Maiden, and Other Poems. By Frances Reed Gibson. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

Vestigia: Collected Poems. By Algernon Sydney Logan. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

Bluets, and Other Poems. By Mary A. Buttles. New York: Broadway Publishing Company.

Amor Vitaque. By Oliver Opp-Dyke. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

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first, or purely descriptive and fanciful class, there is "May is Building Her House," a pretty piece of sentimental embroidery, in the vein in which the author of *The Lonely Dancer and Other Poems* is most successful. Of the second, which is also descriptive, but whose descriptions always involve an element of self-revelation, we find "Wind," by Fannie Stearns Davis, whose first book, *Myself and I*, has appeared this season. Finally, of the third, in which self-expression is more directly attempted, and nature is reduced to a secondary rôle as symbol and decoration, almost the only example is John Hall Wheelock's "Departure."

This little poem is one of a very large number of little poems, all very much alike in manner and metre, which the author brings together in his third volume, *Love and Liberation*. So many of them are there, indeed, and so delicate are the gradations by which the sentiment expressed in them progresses from stage to stage, that the effect, as we read, is very much that of a cinematographic reel being unwound quite slowly. Mr. Wheelock needs to speed up his emotive machinery somewhat. At present he is less a lyric poet than an analyst of lyric passion and sentiment. As such, however, he has a very delicate and ideal gift.

A long line of books still looks down from the shelf. Mr. Clinton Scollard's latest seems quite at home there, since its title is *Lyrics from a Library*, but Mr. Cale Young Rice's, written *At the World's Heart*, appears a bit out of place, with its "planetary" pretensions, amid so many more humble and homekeeping companions. Yet while there are few poets—even Mrs. Evans or Professor Woodberry—who have travelled as widely as Mr. Rice from continent to continent, there is no lack of those who visit on the wings of fancy those "realms of gold" and "faery lands forlorn," for a tour of which there is no need of one of Messrs. Cook's convenient circular tickets. For, whether he (or she), like Mrs. Martha Gilbert Dickinson Bianchi in *Gabrielle and Other Poems*, rhymes of Gaston de Latour's ancestress; like Miss Genevieve Farnell-Bond, in *The Faun and Other Poems*, haunts the half-human penumbra of classical mythology; or, like Mr. Madison Cawein, magically invokes the *Minions of the Moon*, the American poet of to-day is still for the most part incorrigibly sentimental and romantic. So that when Mr. Chester Allyn Reed in his challenging poem to Pindar entitled "The Theban Eagle" writes:

> Much has been lost, O Greece, since thy decay,
> Yet something has been added wholly new,
> Cast up by sightless forces into day;
> No writer of the modern world could be
> So coldly careless of humanity!

one is inclined to question the complete truth of this statement. Certainly human warmth of feeling is the quality in which most contemporary American verse seems most noticeably lacking, and Miss Mary Root Garvin is not the only poet who appears to live in *A Walled Garden*, the one escape from which is through such moods of reverie as we find in the late Julia C. R. Dorr's *Last Poems*, or such historical and literary culture as furnishes the inspiration for the most important of the *Collected Poems* of Grace Denio Litchfield—dramas like "The Nun of Kent," and narrative poems like "Baldur the Beautiful." This does not mean that the modern spirit with its various "awakenings," has not already touched a number of our contemporary poets, but, for the most part, it has touched them on other sides than that of their creative consciousness, has aroused the preacher, or the teacher, rather than the artist, in them. In such works as *My Rubaiyat*, by Sadakichi Hartmann, and *Mr. Faust*, by Arthur Davison Ficke, it is evident that the form, whether that of the Persian qua-

The Trumpeters, and Other Poems. By Andrew Downing. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

Aurora, and Other Poems. By Laura A. Whitmore. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

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train (with Japanese quarter-tones!), or of the Goethean philosophic drama, interests them mainly as a medium for their message. This message ranges from the most spiritual and esoteric in the case of Mr. Ficke, to the most practical of Mr. Kauffman who, in such rhymed editorials as "Why are you weeping, sister?" "The Waiting Woman," "Failure," and "Fool's Gold," counsels a conventional code of conduct based upon considerations of prudence and self-interest, in the manner of Franklin.

Among the translations, we note a new edition, the fifth, of Mr. E. R. Taylor's well-known translation of Hérédia's sonnets in *Les Trophées*. Here is also a sensitive rendering of some sonnets *To the Lost Friend* (*A l'Amie Perdue*), by a much more recent poet, M. Auguste Angellier, specimens of whose work have already been made known here by Dr. van Dyke. A volume entitled *Lyrics and Poems from Ibsen* is at least two-thirds filled with the translator's version of "Brand," which is not exactly what the title leads one to expect. And Miss Helen Waddell offers a little group of *Lyrics from the Chinese*, based upon the prose versions of the late Professor Legge, the famous Oxford sinologue. It is difficult to realise that the following, which might have been written by Mr. Gellett Burgess or Mr. Oliver Herford, dates from 780 B.C.:

When first the guests approach the mats,
  Their manners are correct;
And even when they well have drunk,
  They still are circumspect.

But when the guests have drunk too much,
  They lose sobriety;
They shout and brawl and loudly sing,
  —An impropriety.

If when a guest has drunk too much
  He courteously depart,
His host and he would happy be,
  Each having done his part.

But to remain when one is drunk
  Is not a virtuous thing.
To drinking, though a custom good,
  One must deportment bring.

Two excellent additions to the library of ballad literature, are *Heroic Ballads of Servia*, and the late Sophie Jewett's *Folk-Ballads of Southern Europe*, which gives the original text in Castillian, Roumanian, Catalan, and other Latin tongues, on the left-hand page, and the translation on the right. Miss Jewett did her work well, and her rendering of such a ballad as the Piedmontese "Donna Lombardia," for example, keeps the grim, laconic quality of the original.

But surely the *chef d'œuvre* of translation to date is that of a poem entitled "Kapiolani," in Mr. John Oxenham's *Bees in Amber*, into Rarotongan, "a sort of Lingua Franca, or Sacred Esperanto," of the South Seas, by a New Zealand missionary. The first line of Mr. Oxenham's original runs:

Where the great green combers break in
  thunder on the barrier reefs.

To render this in uneconomic Rarotongan, "strictly according to East Polynesian ballad-metres," requires a whole four-line stanza, as follows:

Tei te ngai mangugú-anga no te au ngaru
  roro'a
Ki runga no te punga matoato'a
Ngaru kerekere, ngaru mamaata e tini
Ki runga no te 'Akaú-Pipini.

In this extended form, "Kapiolani" is assured, it is said, of becoming a household classic in many of the Eastern Islands!

The latest additions to a growing group of popular anthologies are *The Oxford Book of Spanish Verse*, and *The Oxford Book of Canadian Verse*.

Alms for Oblivion. By Pegram Dargan. New Orleans: L. Graham Company, Ltd.

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THE ART OF LOOKING ON AND SOME RECENT NOVELS*

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

THE following episode, which we may as well christen The Parable of the Onlooker, contains a little lesson in the art of making fiction which it will not be unprofitable to consider. A certain author was making his way along a quiet, cross-town city block, when there passed him in some haste a tailor's apprentice, bearing on his arm a newly pressed suit of clothes. At the instant of passing, he inadvertently allowed the trousers to slip from his arm, and continued on his way unaware of his loss. Now, the author might have intervened; he had only to raise his voice and call the man back, and thus save him from unpleasant consequences. But the author did nothing of the sort; in fact, the idea never once occurred to him. Here was a story being enacted under his very eyes, and he was too carefully trained in the methods of strictly objective narrative to intrude his own personality. So, at a distance of a few yards, he paused in a convenient doorway and watched events. Almost at once a small group had gathered, attracted by the curious sight of a perfectly good pair of trousers that had apparently evolved from nowhere, lying in broad daylight upon the public walk. They gazed perplexedly up at the house which overlooked the spot, but it gave them no enlightenment, the windows being all tightly closed. Then one of the men very gingerly took up the mysterious garment, and measured it against a rotund figure; and forthwith an animated discussion broke out that threatened to become a serious quarrel; which of the spectators had first discovered those trousers, and which was entitled to them by right of priority? It really began to look as though the episode would develop into a well-constructed short story, when a new factor entered in and spoiled a most promising situation. Far down the block, a small street arab had seen the whole transaction, started in breathless pursuit of the tailor's apprentice, caught up with him somewhere out of sight around the corner, and brought him back just in time to identify his lost property and save it from being torn limb from limb by the enraged rival claimants.

Now, there is no question that the conduct of the author in remaining passive was quite reprehensible from the point of ethics and good citizenship, and subsequently he would probably have been quite conscience-stricken and worried himself fruitlessly in wondering just how serious the consequences would be to the careless clerk,—assuming that the matter had ended otherwise and the trousers had not been recovered. But the point which it is desired to make here is this: that the instinct which prompted the author to refrain from interfering, however unneighbourly and uncharitable it may have been, was the unmistakable hall-mark of the born story-teller. This particular writer could not help himself; he did not deliberately plan to harm a poor, hungry-looking journeyman tailor; but he was simply for the time being no

*The Precipice. By Elia W. Peattie. Boston and New York: The Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Forester's Daughter. By Hamlin Garland. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Anthony the Absolute. By Samuel Merwin. New York: The Century Company.

When Ghost Meets Ghost. By William De Morgan. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

Liliekrona's Home. By Selma Lagerlöf. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

The Lodger. By Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Rocks of Valpré. By Ethel M. Dell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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longer a free agent. His mind had shot ahead, visualising the various consequences, the general consternation when the suit should arrive at its destination minus the trousers, the messenger's bewilderment, his frantic chase back over the route he had come, the anger of his employer, his probable dismissal, and so forth and so on, scene after scene came tumbling through the author's brain, like the whizzing film of a mad motion picture,—and to save himself he could not have thrown off the hypnotism of it in time to act.

Now, this is an unwise, and even a dangerous mood to cultivate in real life. It is quite conceivable that the rôle of passive onlooker might become such a settled habit that one might stand and watch death and destruction, in the shape of a runaway horse or a fire or a flood, threatening a group of unconscious victims, and remain dumb, in a state of horrified fascination, when a warning shout would save them. But in the making of fiction it is one of the great essentials. The novelist is first, last and always the Onlooker at life. It is not his province to play special Providence; he has more important business than to go around saving his characters from the consequences of their rashness or their blunders or their bad temper. He may care as much as he likes for the men and women born of his own brain; he may be as fanatical as he chooses about his central theme, whether it be prohibition, or Christian Science, or feminism, or the hesitation waltz,—on one all important condition; namely, that he will care a little more, be a little more fanatical in regard to his art. The author who failed to pick up the trousers and run after the messenger loved his fellow-men,—but he loved the making of stories somewhat better, that is all. And the reason why many a novel which, in its first conception, was nothing but a learned thesis on some debated question of history or politics or religion, little by little in the course of the writing became galvanised into real flesh and blood was because the author suddenly awoke to a consciousness of the dignity and splendour of the creative power and realised that, however much in earnest he may have thought himself regarding the lesson he wished to teach the world,—mothers-in-law, or a quiet Fourth, or the single tax or the split skirt, —he was vastly more in earnest regarding the sheer art of composition, infinitely more concerned over the structure and symmetry of the work as a whole than over the chance of ever making even a single convert. We are all familiar with the proverbial attitude of the physician toward his patient: the latter is not a man but only a case. Well, with a slight paraphrase, we may twist the same thought to fit the making of novels: the attitude of the novelist toward his central subject should be this: he should forget it as a doctrine, a philosophy, an ethical, moral or religious theme, and think of it steadfastly as a plot, a piece of careful structure intended to mirror back and, so far as in him lies, to interpret life.

The trouble with a good deal of the fiction of to-day is that it not only tries to play the part of Special Providence, but it goes still further and emulates the aggressive methods of the militant suffragettes. To revert to our Parable of the Onlooker, it is as though, not content with calling back the delinquent tailor's apprentice, our author should have taken upon himself to box his ears, roundly berate him for his carelessness, and report the whole incident to his employer. As a matter of fact, the novels that sin most wantonly in this respect just at present are the quite numerous class of novels written by women of the more or less advanced type and waving the standards of feminism. But they do not stand alone by any means, more is the pity. With the models still before us of almost flawless workmanship which the big realists of the last quarter-century have given us, it seems almost incredible that we should have had the retrograde movement, in the swirls and eddies and back waters of which the fiction of to-day finds itself caught. The

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trouble, of course, with a majority of the latter-day novelists is that they have to a greater or less extent forgotten to be Onlookers at life,—they have been too busy picking up the trousers, so to speak. Your Onlooker has the advantage of not losing his sense of proportion. He loses, to be sure, some of the keen zest of enthusiasm; but, on the other hand, he has an infinite amount of satiric enjoyment and quiet chuckles at the foibles and weaknesses of human nature. And, furthermore, he knows that human nature is an amazingly constant quantity: he knows, for instance, that the most militant suffragette of to-day is not so very different from her great-grandmother at the same age, if one could once get behind the artificial barrier she has chosen to raise.

"THE PRECIPICE"

In this connection, it is only natural that *The Precipice,* by Elia W. Peattie, should be the first of the novels of the month to come to mind. It is not a book to be lightly dismissed, for it has a certain degree of strength, and considerable understanding of the peculiar problems which face the enlightened young woman of to-day. It is a frank and fearless study of the New Womanhood which we now see all around us, struggling for "self-expression," to borrow one of the stock phrases of the hour; and it is done upon a broad canvas, with a generous collection of sample types of young women, besides the heroine,—and back and behind them, long, dim vistas of other women, the successful, the down-trodden, the desperate, stretching away in unnumbered hosts, one and all with their own special problems, solved or unsolved. To this extent Mrs. Peattie has done good work; the sheer sense of the bigness of life, and the force and onward urge of human progress is something which many writers strive for and few attain. But the weakness of *The Precipice,*—for unfortunately it has its weakness,—is due simply to the quite obvious fact that Mrs. Peattie has not sufficiently cultivated the gentle art of Looking On. She meddles too much with her characters' destinies, she weakens her effects by taking too specialised cases. The bare outline of the story is general enough: there are plenty of young girls who insist nowadays upon going to college, in spite of parental objection, and later choosing a vocation for themselves; and there are plenty of them who, having chosen a vocation, insist upon believing that this life work they have entered upon is incompatible with matrimony. But the young woman about whom the author is especially concerned is in many regards so exceptionally placed that we are never quite sure whether she is swayed by the big general movement of the times or by her own private problems and dilemmas. Would she, for instance, have made her fierce fight for an education if she had not seen that her father's domineering nature, his contempt for the opposite sex, had slowly stifled her mother's individuality and would stifle hers in turn, if she did not escape from it? And, when she returned from college, would she not once more have settled down to the old routine, if the bickering and antagonism of years had not suddenly over-strained the frail mother's heart and caused her death? And these are only the beginning of a long series of casualties that are constantly occurring to the girl herself and to her immediate friends and intimates, deaths, divorces, loss of fortune, anything and everything that would tend to take choice out of the girl's own hands and decide things for her. When the supply of possible calamities runs low, the author even duplicates the sinking of the *Titanic,* in order to remove two characters, whose further share in events threaten to put too great a strain upon her inventive powers. It is always so much easier to meddle than just to look on! If your characters refuse to do the right thing, drown them! Then at least they will not be able to do the wrong thing, and thus life is simplified. But in the end, Mrs. Peattie's heroine really does have to make up her own mind, she really does have to recog-

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nise that, in spite of her revolts and denials, there is one man whom she loves, almost but not quite to the point of giving up her life-work, as supervisor of the National Child-Protection Society,—while the man himself confesses that he loves her almost enough, but not quite, to give up his life-work, which has to do with mining enterprises in the Far West. It takes them an incredibly long time to reach the obvious solution, and many tears are shed and many angry and despairing words spoken, before they both say simultaneously, Why should either of us give up our work? why should we not keep our work and have each other too? The general public will probably find this a fairly satisfactory climax for a closing chapter; but here and there a reader, less easily convinced than the majority, will have his doubts as to the chances of happiness, with the wife in Washington, mothering a universe of other people's children, and the husband in the depths of his Rocky Mountain mines, amassing a fortune for the heirs whom he may never have.

"THE FORESTER'S DAUGHTER"

It would be difficult to find a more complete contrast to *The Precipice* than is afforded by Hamlin Garland's latest published volume, *The Forester's Daughter*. There are no problems of feminism in this story; it is quite wild and woolly, after the harmless and conventionalised manner of an "Essanay" or "Broncho" motion picture. There is the beautiful, daring, physically superb young woman, daughter of a Government forester, who knows vastly more than her own father about felling trees and breaking horses and controlling men; there is the interesting invalid from the East, only son and heir of a millionaire lumberman, who has been sent West to recover from the effects of overstudy; and there is the typical "bad man," who loves the girl and has almost won her, until the Easterner arrives to show her the difference between a desperado and a real gentleman. The real gentleman, by the way, has no little trouble in living up to the requirements of his rôle. For instance, it happens that he and the girl are caught and snowed in, up in the mountains, for two days and nights, and when the news leaks out, a certain scandal-loving old woman of the neighbourhood proceeds to circulate the facts by telephone, all over the district. The girl's father naturally wants to know what the young man intends to do about the matter, and the other somewhat lamely answers that he loves the girl and has told her so, but hasn't exactly asked her to marry him, and hadn't meant to do so, because he hadn't expected to marry for some years to come. But since he had injured the girl's reputation, well, just for the sake of being obliging, and to prove he was a gentleman, and also because he really did love the girl, he would make her his wife,—provided the millionaire father had no objections. This is not literally what the book puts into the young man's mouth, but it is the substance of it. And the girl's father, and the girl's mother and the girl herself, all unite in saying substantially, "Thank you most to death for your kind condescension." And the millionaire arrives in his private car, and is instantly so delighted with his prospective daughter-in-law that he tells his son she will make mother and the girls ashamed to look at themselves in the glass. So the volume ends with wedding bells and a parental blessing,—and leaves the puzzled reader wondering what it was written for, unless to show how much or how little the author knows of forestry. It is hard to believe that this story came from the same hand that once gave us a book of real strength, *Rose of Dutcher's Cooly*.

"ANTHONY THE ABSOLUTE"

One cannot read Samuel Merwin's *Anthony the Absolute* without realising how hugely the author must have enjoyed himself while writing it. Of course, every reviewer is bound to make the inevitable comparison, if not on paper, at least in his own private consciousness: its author has suddenly re-

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vealed himself as an American William J. Locke, who has performed the miracle of possessing himself of the delicious, whimsical, elusive humour of Marcus Ordeyne and the Belovèd Vagabond, and yet at the same time retaining in full measure his own individuality. There are, of course, some readers who will make the mistake of taking the book too seriously, of seeing in it an intention to discuss some of the big problems of the day, the white slave traffic, the equal standard of morality for the sexes, the right of woman to her individual freedom, and economic independence. And it is quite true that all these topics and others akin to them find mention in the pages of *Anthony the Absolute*,—but only for the purpose of showing up his hero from some new angle, and revealing some new and refreshing eccentricity. Anthony is a meditative and retiring sort of person, with strange theories about music, a hobby for collecting folk-songs, and a theoretic knowledge of women gained wholly from books. The most ardent feminist could not ask for greater liberty for the sex than this surprisingly absolute gentleman would freely accord them. But, like many another theorist, he discovers that his most cherished beliefs and doctrines break down under practical application. In theory he holds that even the most degraded of women are entitled to courteous treatment, as well as their happier sisters; yet, one evening when he is initiated into the mysteries of a Japanese tea-house, he discovers that his courteous consideration of the feelings of its inmates is very far from being appreciated. He believes that a lady has a perfect right to leave her husband if she has ceased to love him; and when he encounters on a trans-Pacific steamer a wronged husband who is on his way to China for the purpose of killing his wife and her lover, Anthony argues eloquently to dissuade him from his antiquated procedure, but to no purpose; so, just to teach Anthony a lesson, fate amuses itself by making him casually fall in with the truant lady, not knowing who she is,—and almost before they are aware of it, he and the young woman have formed a friendship which rapidly ripens into a much more ardent feeling, thanks to a unanimity of tastes and a propinquity of hotel rooms. All of a sudden, the wronged husband turns up, waving a Japanese sword, and swearing by all the gods of East and West that he has become convinced that Anthony is the man who has wronged him, and that he will have his heart's blood. Now, another of Anthony's pet theories is that love should not stand in the way of a woman's career; here is a woman whom he loves and whom her husband loves, but she has a wonderful voice, and should be allowed her freedom and a chance to study. All of which the husband refuses to listen to,—so Anthony forgets his theories and knocks the husband down, and since the scuffle happens on the hotel stairs, the husband is considerably damaged physically and so hurt in his self-respect that on the way to the hospital he commits hari-kari with his Japanese sword, and thus leaves the field free to Anthony. But Anthony has not yet reached the limits of his absolutism; the lady's husband, to be sure, is out of the way; but she still has her career to think of, and no true man of the modern type would interfere with a lady's career. But it happens that her career is the last thing that the lady is thinking of; she knows what she wants, and she wants Anthony and nothing else. And when this fact at last dawns upon Anthony, the last of his feministic theories dissolves into thin air, and he is quite ready to be simply and practically happy in a sane and wholesome fashion. The book is brimming over with unexpected and refreshing paradoxes, and may be enjoyed simply as a clever piece of sheer, light-hearted fun and indulgent satire. But those who look a little deeper will realise that Mr. Merwin has really said one rather striking thing, namely, that if the full feministic programme could be put into practice, if the equal standard with all the consequences that would logically follow in its wake could become an accomplished fact, the last persons to

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be satisfied by the change would be the women themselves.

"WHEN GHOST MEETS GHOST"

Every time that a new De Morgan book comes along, the present reviewer finds himself once more wondering why the reading of them is such a conscious effort. There is an unmistakable charm about them; they have in them a certain mellow richness and palpable worth; and at the same time they are full of tricks and mannerisms of a bygone generation which endear them to us because of that constant suggestion of a resemblance to the great masters of English fiction. Nevertheless, they are not easy reading. It requires a deliberate effort to keep the plot clearly spread before the mind's eye, and more than once it is necessary to turn back and straighten out the identity of one or more characters. All of this applies to a rather greater extent than usual to the latest De Morgan volume, *When Ghost Meets Ghost*,—partly because of the great length of the story and its multitude of characters (for it runs to more than eight hundred pages), and partly to its complicated and mysterious plot, and its frequent shifting backward and forward in point of time, over a period of fifty years. To attempt anything approaching a comprehensive analysis of this story within the modest limits of a brief review would be a *tour de force* from which even a veteran reviewer might reasonably be excused. It covers as wide a range through the social strata of England as Dickens's *Bleak House* or *Barnaby Rudge;* it rakes up old, forgotten family secrets, buried in the archives of New Zealand penal colonies, and through the curious interweavings of human life it leads us from the abodes of wealth down into squalid back alleys, in the midst of poverty and disease and that unfailing charity and sympathy which Mr. De Morgan so truly recognises as a characteristic of the very poor. Among the host of men and women who throng these eight hundred pages, there are two bent and feeble old women, octogenarians both of them, who linger conspicuously in the memory, for they are the "ghosts" to which the title refers. Neither of them knows that the other is alive, because more than half a century ago it had served the selfish purpose of a man to keep them apart. These two old women are twins, and in girlhood were so much alike that even their closest friends could not tell them apart; and, like all twins, they were inseparable. But one of them was unwise, and made a runaway match, of doubtful legality, with a handsome scoundrel who soon after was convicted of forgery and sentenced to deportation for life. As soon as she could, his wife followed him into the exile of a penal settlement, and there, in spite of privation and loneliness and scant kindness from her husband, she continued to live until his death set her free. But she often begged him for the money to take her home on a visit, for her heart ached with the longing to see her twin sister once again. The husband refused to let her go, for he feared that once away she might never come back; so, in order to put an end to her reason for going, he forged two letters, one from England, telling of the death of her father and sister, and the other announcing his own wife's death to her family at home. There is the big, fine, pathetic situation that looms up behind the multitude of happenings in this crowded story: for fifty years, these two sisters have mourned each other as dead, and all this time they have been living within easy distance of each other, unconsciously waiting for fate to bring them into touch. But to give the impression that this is the whole story, or even the chief part of the story Mr. De Morgan has to tell, would be most misleading. It is a big, sane, eminently human story, done with an amplitude of means, a generosity of portrayal, a wealth of happy phrasing such as Mr. De Morgan has not equalled in any other book since the publication of *Joseph Vance*. The volume would be a memorable one, if only for the new friends that we make in the unsavoury squalour of Sapp's Court,—Uncle Mo',

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the ex-prize-fighter, and Aunt M'riar, and Dolly and Dave, two more of Mr. De Morgan's inimitable child portraitures,—poor little Dave, who was run down by a fire-engine and taken to the "Horsetickle!" And these are only one little random group out of the thronging treasure-house of these pages. And yet, in spite of the pleasure it gives, the book is none the less somewhat difficult reading.

"LILIEKRONA'S HOME"

One delightful thing about Selma Lagerlöf is that she is by nature a born Onlooker. In this simple little tale just published in translation, *Liliekrona's Home,* which, like so much of this author's inimitable work, has about it something of the quality of folk-lore, she has kept herself absolutely outside the story. The tone changes from chapter to chapter, taking on a different colour according as it is successively seen through the eyes of Little Maid, or the Pastor's Daughter, or one or another of the chief actors. But Selma Lagerlöf herself never for an instant obtrudes her personality,—although of course one feels it indirectly in every line of her exquisitely simple narrative style. As for the substance of this tale, it is simply the old familiar situation of the cruel stepmother and the once dearly beloved daughter whose father is now persuaded to believe nothing but evil of her. The setting of the story is a little remote Scandinavian village under most primitive conditions, and the loom and spinning-wheel and all the old homely domestic duties of farm and household are carried on with pleasant thrift and enterprise. But they are a superstitious folk as well as thrifty, and they have their own beliefs as to what was left behind in the old days when the lake down by the Black River was drained dry. They knew that the spirit of that lake would never have been content to dwell in the scant waters of the Black River; so what was more likely than that this Water Spirit should be none other than the Pastor's second wife, who had come no one knew from where and had the disposition of the Devil himself. Now, the Pastor's daughter loved a young man who was a great musician, but had laid aside his violin to play no more because of a grim tragedy in his life. He had once before loved a young girl and on the night of their betrothal the spirit of gladness had so entered into his music that he had played and played and the girl had danced and danced until, in the midst of her happiness, she dropped dead at his feet. This was why Liliekrona had put aside thoughts of love and told himself that he could never know the joy of a home and fireside of his own. How the Pastor's daughter taught him a wiser philosophy and persuaded him to play again, and how the evil stepmother was finally banished from the Pastor's house, and how that same evening, certain villagers swore that they saw a black spirit creeping through the dusk to hide itself in the Black River,—all this and more Selma Lagerlöf has interwoven so ingeniously that you may take the tale as a fairy legend, a parable or a bit of realistic country life as unsparing in its details as a painting by Millet. If books of this type of workmanship were not so few and far between the reviewer's task would be an easier and pleasanter one.

"THE LODGER"

The Lodger, by Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes, is easily the best of the various mystery stories that this writer has produced. The real merit of it lies in the quietness with which it opens, without a hint of anything gruesome or uncanny; and then little by little we begin to connect certain events and places and to realise the utter grimness of a situation innocently brought about by a respectable middle-aged woman renting a room to a strange lodger. He seemed to have come to her like a special dispensation of Providence. That very evening she and her husband, who had once been respectable family servants but were now too old to go back to their former work, had been reckoning up just how many shill-

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ings stood between them and abject poverty; and then the husband, yielding to that illogical desire which often comes when funds are low, to redeem his self-respect by some reckless expenditure, actually steps out of the house and pays a penny, one of their few, precious pennies, for an evening paper. You see, just at this time all London was excited by a series of atrocious and inexplicable murders, and the good man happened to have a young friend on the Secret Service force, who had told him a few inside facts as to what the police were doing. Now if he had not gone out for that paper, he would not have left the light turned high in the front hall and the Lodger would have passed the house without seeing the sign announcing furnished rooms. And such a wonderful lodger, too; to be sure, he had no luggage excepting one small, mysterious satchel, which he would not leave for an instant out of his hand; but he insisted on paying her double what she asked on condition that she would take no other lodgers than him. So, happy in the possession of a month's rent in advance, the landlady descended to the dining-room to interrupt her husband in his perusal of the latest details of a fresh murder in Whitechapel. Well, there is the situation; and the fine art by which, without unnecessary haste, without a word too much or too little, you are led to form a mental connection between the grim headlines of the newspaper and the identity of the Lodger upstairs entitles Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes to cordial recognition as an adept in this type of fiction. It satisfies the reader's desire to be kept in a state of sustained suspense; and, what is much rarer, it satisfies him equally when the final disclosures have all been made. The only weak point in the whole volume is the somewhat melodramatic and unlikely coincidence of having all the parties concerned meet by chance in the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's Wax Works.

"THE ROCKS OF VALPRÉ"

The Rocks of Valpré, by Ethel M. Dell, may best be described as the history of a young woman of much the same fluffy and irresponsible type as those heroines of the Duchess's novels, so dear to the hearts of an earlier generation. It was among the rocks of Valpré, on the French coast, that Chris Wyndham committed her first serious indiscretion by scraping an acquaintance with a good-looking young Frenchman, meeting him surreptitiously on several occasions and finally allowing the tide to overtake them while exploring a certain magic cave, in consequence of which they found themselves prisoners for the rest of the night. This escapade, coupled with the duel which the young Frenchman afterward fought in her defense was destined to pursue her in one form or another throughout life; and notwithstanding the fact that she is afterward happily married to an English husband, her happiness carries a heavy handicap of secrecy, blackmail, forgery, and the persistent and dangerous devotion of the Frenchman. Altogether, this is a well-intentioned little story, with which it would be an unkindness to find fault for its extreme lightness of weight,—because it is so very evident that it is precisely the light, inconsequential thing that its author meant it to be.

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FIFTEEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

The Autobiography of Charlotte Amelie, 1625-1732*

"The briefness of life and the uncertainty of the hour of death decided me, my dear son, to write an account of my life in this, the first year of yours, for your future guidance; nor do I know that God will let me live long enough to relate it to you." Thus begins a document whose unique value and charm are considerable. Finding herself still alive when she had brought it up to date, she continues it as an annual record until within a dozen years of the end of her long life. After the marriage of her son, for whom she had made so splendid a fight, her journal is occupied with less stirring events—with little household affairs, a strike of domestics, taxes, religious disturbances, a visit to George I of England at Hanover, and other matters less interesting to her son, but very illuminating to us, the unexpected heirs of her manuscript.

The record gives us very valuable social information. The alternate privation and splendour of rich people lives, and how even royalty could not command comfort except in their own palaces, and hardly there, are very graphically illustrated. We acquire also a valuable insight into the workings of the devout conscience of the period. Charlotte Amelie, born a Calvinist, came naturally by her quaint and delightful tendency to moralise, for her grandmother had made appropriate reflections on the vanity of worldly things as she watched for ten hours the burning of her château. Through a long life, over half of which was harassed by extraordinary trials, Charlotte saw the hand of God ever intervening in her behalf, even when a toothache lasting for months set her half mad. Through her artless account, which is very feminine and preserves little sense of proportion, one perceives a simple-minded, sensible, energetic nature, submissive to Providence and the social scheme and untroubled by imagining how things might be otherwise, and equally unaware that her magnificent fight single-handed against the principalities of Europe was in any way remarkable.

Born a princess de la Tremoille, she remembers even at the age of two an inordinate pride; and at the age of five she exhibited extraordinary religiosity. At the death of her grandmother she came into the hands of her mother in Antwerp, much to the displeasure of her uncle, who had returned to the Catholic fold and tried by fair means and foul to make her do the same. Her mother, fearing the daughter must succumb in the end, wrote to the Queen of Denmark, her niece, to request Charlotte for maid-of-honour. The Queen, the Reformed Church being the state religion of Denmark, did so; and on the father's refusal, her mother secretly procured a passport from the King of France and proceeded with her daughter to Copenhagen. Leaving her there with the Queen, she returned to her own life, which for all the toughness of her religious convictions, seems to have been a very shallow and worldly one.

The Court of Denmark seemed preternaturally occupied with questions of etiquette. One time when persons of equal rank were visiting their majesties, lots were drawn at each meal to decide how all should be placed. Some years afterward when at the Court again, Charlotte recorded that she heard nothing discussed but trifles, intermixed with profanity and coarseness; and said that being unable to do a single useful thing all day long, was quite insupportable. She speaks to her infant son of his father

*The Autobiography of Charlotte Amelie. Translated and edited by her descendant, Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond. New York: McBride, Nast and Company.

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always as Monsieur. He was a very unromantic and elderly widower, as dignified and reticent as herself, and it is not clear why their rather pallid love affair should have been carried on with the strictest secrecy and with mysterious hints of danger, or why the Queen should have been furious at the thought of an engagement between them. Charlotte always held herself guilty in marrying him, because she feared she loved the creature more than the creator and that subsequent events showed the Divine displeasure.

He was the Count of Aldenburg, and at once after the marriage they journeyed thither. Very shortly and without warning, followed the somewhat exacting majesties of Denmark to visit them. "The whole house," writes Charlotte, "was in disorder and there were even partitions to be put up separating rooms. I sent for every one in town who could sew to make hangings. Your two sisters (step-sisters) and I made window-curtains and had hardly time to eat. I I think I have never been so tired as I was that day, going up and down those terrible stairs superintending the arrangement of the bedrooms. The next day the King went for a walk and the Queen wrote letters, and I tried to get the castle in order." The Queen-mother, the Princess of East Friesland (who quite trembled at meeting the Queen) and a lot of other people visited their Majesties during the visit ("the castle was so full we could hardly turn around in it, and Monsieur and I slept in a loft without a bedstead") and the question of precedence grew alarming.

In less than six months, Monsieur was slowly poisoned by an emissary of the heir-presumptive. The story of his illness and death she tells with the reserve and dignity which, in spite of feminine circumstantiality, marks the whole narrative. The heir-presumptive when he found that she was with child had his people brutally annoy and mistreat her in every way, even starving her—so that she found it miraculous that her life and reason were preserved. The King had taken a hand in despoiling her; and when she and her child continued to live, she was warned that he and the two guardians intended to get possession of him. She did not venture to allow her child to be called the heir because as the King had seized his inheritance, the creditors could have come upon the infant for the debts of the estate. Harassments multiplying, they were forced to flee. "While we were travelling together you helped us admirably by your acting. You called me Fraw Sultzen and Judith 'Hertzmama' without once making a mistake, though you were not quite three years old. Once when Judith scolded you, you apologised out loud and called her 'Maman,' and then between your teeth you whispered angrily, 'Faule Judith!'" Upon new persecutions and formal charges, she decided to appeal against the King to the Emperor at Vienna. "I needed exceptional help from above for my enterprise, a Frenchwoman of the Reformed religion going to the Court of the Emperor, who had been warned against me and my conduct, without introduction or money or acquaintance or support to gain protection. But time proved to me that God can act without means and contrary to all expectations." The guardians and the King had warned off everybody on the way who might be of assistance to her and she could not buy her advancement —as was customary—with presents. But she triumphed in a most singular manner. Her enemies had painted her to the Emperor as so black that her bad character would be admitted as soon as seen. Consequently he, impressed with her appearance, read her petition and at length decreed in her favour. While she waited for the decree, she found every one at the Court squabbling over precedence. On her return the King ordered her to appear and explain her conduct and have her guardianship confirmed, but this she respectfully refused to do. Finally, though her friends feared for her life, she decided to accept the Queen's invitation to visit her, so that as far as her son's affairs were concerned she

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might have nothing to reproach herself with. The Queen forced her to lodge in the house of her chief enemy, but if she had intended harm she made a botch of the business; and Charlotte Amelie got away again in safety. Her years began now to be less eventful, though she was still pursued by the unexplained malice of the King—who had been so devotedly served by her husband all his life and by his repeated efforts to get hold of the son's property. The boy, in spite of all attempts to win him over, remained faithful to his single-minded and dauntless mother, so glowing an example of the strength of the weak and the wisdom of the simple.

Graham Berry.

II

DE GOBINEAU'S "THE RENAISSANCE"*

Three persons are concerned in the making of this book. Their relative importance in the eyes of the publisher is set forth in type. Arthur, Comte de Gobineau appears in large capitals as the author; Dr. Oscar Levy in smaller capitals as the editor and the writer of the introduction; Mr. Paul V. Cohn in ordinary type on the back of the title page as the translator. If merit ruled, perhaps the order would be reversed. The translation appears to have been admirably done, and with great care although, in spite of the fact that the translator is a Cambridge B.A., there is an occasional slip in grammar. How far the actual work of the learned author may have been modified by the even more learned editor does not appear. But the editor has done nobly by his friend, from the editorial point of view doubtless, in the introduction and appreciation, which as it runs to twenty-five thousand words, is a contribution entitled to be considered an integral portion of the book. In the opinion of Dr. Levy not to know the Comte de Gobineau is to argue one's self unknown. Yet the merits and the work of the gentleman in question, now deceased, have not been sufficiently impressive or sufficiently well known to have entitled him to a mention even in the three latest encyclopædias! A few lines in the *Century Dictionary of Names* rescues him from oblivion. So that the introduction with its highly-coloured, highly-flavoured account of the author's career and work has some excuse for being.

It would be a more valuable introduction if the personality of the introductor did not so constantly obtrude itself. Dr. Levy shows himself to be completely anti-Christian, following the lead of the Comte de Gobineau in that. He is also contemptuous of such racial admixtures as this western hemisphere and especially the United States exhibits. He is fully committed to the theory that it is race and nothing else that tells in the battles of life as recorded in the pages of history. The idea of universal brotherhood set forth in religion is abhorrent to him. Incidentally, he is utterly devoid of a sense of humour. That is proved in two ways: by the things that he cites as humourous and by the things he presents seriously. If the reader have the time and patience he will find the introduction interesting, although when he concludes it he will know much more of the self-revealing Levy than of Gobineau.

As to the book itself, the author has striven to picture the Renaissance in the form of dramatic dialogue which he groups conveniently under five great headings: "Savonarola," "Cesare Borgia," "Julius II," "Leo X," and "Michael Angelo." There is no attempt to preserve any dramatic unity. Characters are introduced and dropped, sometimes to reappear later, sometimes not to reappear at all. The line of continuity is broken into a series of dots and dashes. The author displays an extensive knowledge of human nature of the baser sort; a wide familiarity with the literature of the period in its least pleasant and useful aspects, and a tendency to dwell upon everything that is mean,

*The Renaissance. By Arthur, Comte de Gobineau, with introduction by Dr. Arthur Levy, translated by Paul V. Cohn. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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petty and ignoble. There are interesting bits of characterisation throughout the book, but with few exceptions these deal with the vicious personages and happenings of the period. The glory, the splendour, the magnificence of the Renaissance are overlooked. The book is decadent, decidedly so. It leaves a bad taste in the mouth. It is unhistoric and unscientific in that it belittles and undignifies a great movement and makes nothing of the great motive that was back of it and the great ends that were achieved.

Do Cesare Borgia and the two Popes mentioned represent the real spirit of the Renaissance? Does Savonarola, does Michael Angelo? Well of the five, the two last mentioned come nearer to it. Michael Angelo of course being more typically representative than the others, and Michael Angelo is more kindly dealt with by the author than the others. Savonarola, wherever he appears, is made ridiculous. Perhaps he was ridiculous to some of his contemporaries and perhaps some of his propositions do not altogether, move to-day to enthusiasm. But he was not such a man as he is presented, not by any means. Comte de Gobineau could not write feelingly and understandingly of the Renaissance, for he himself had not been born again. It is a pity that such undoubted talents, such fine dramatic ability, such power of forcible dialogue should not have been employed to a better purpose. Still, the book is useful as a corrective. The Comte de Gobineau is a sort of *advocatus diaboli* whose work may perhaps moderate what is sometimes an undue and excessive enthusiasm for the people and the period.

Cyrus Townsend Brady.

III

CHARLES MILLS GAYLEY'S "BEAUMONT THE DRAMATIST"*

"I fear," says Professor Gayley (speaking of Ward's monumental and tedious *English Drama,* in another connection), "that too much reading of decadent drama sometimes impairs the critical perception. In making allowances for what masquerades as historical probability, one frequently accepts human improbabilities and condones what should be condemned. I have found it so in my own case." One often fears that the vast amount of scholarship expended on the Elizabethan drama is as misguided as it is unhuman. Certainly the King of France is constantly on the march these days; and research confutes research incessantly. Doubtless one is ungrateful, but it is better to be the blind heir of ages of scholarship than to watch the laborious coral-maker at his minute task.

Slowly Professor Gayley saws apart the Siamese twins — Beaumont and Fletcher. Of the thirty-four plays once ascribed to them, Beaumont wrote only five in partnership with Fletcher. Tradition has it that in their partnership he was critic and Fletcher was creator. But very much the larger part of their joint plays are his, and his the conception and inventiveness. The cream he ascribes to Beaumont entirely—the cream (if one may so state it) not only in quality but quantity. The chief separators (to derive the figure still further from the dairy) which determine the two are their metrical styles, sentence-structure, favourite expressions, and mental habits.

In Beaumont's later work, as in his earlier work alone, says the author, there is frank animalism of Elizabethan blood and humour, but one may search in vain for the Jacobean salaciousness of Fletcher before and after Beaumont was persuading him that mirth might exist without obscenity. Since the plot of none of their joint plays is borrowed, while those of almost all Fletcher's joint plays are, like Shakespeare's, lifted, one must assume his constructive genius. Their Bohemian life on the Bankside—such as it was —must have been brought to an end by Beaumont's marriage in 1613 at the age of twenty-eight. At his marriage his dramatic activity ceased.

*Beaumont the Dramatist. By Charles Mills Gayley. New York: The Century Company.

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Though they did not begin to write for Shakespeare's Company until 1609 they must certainly have met him before that time; and they were certainly familiar with his poetry and his methods. Beaumont had often parodied him either in roguery or in censure, but always humorously; and laughed at his exaggeration. Their great trio of plays was written for and produced by Shakespeare's actors. Unlike some other researchers imbued with the German spirit of scholarship, he does not feel that *Cymbeline* and the subsequent romantic dramas of Shakespeare betray any consciousness of the Beaumont and Fletcher *Philaster*—in fact, there is a closer relationship between them and a half dozen of his own earlier plays. It is a sufficient marvel that Beaumont should have written such plays between the ages of twenty-five and twenty-eight, without going to the extent of saying that he diverted from his natural course the dramatic technique of a master twenty years his senior and intimately acquainted for that length of time before Beaumont began to write, with the condition of the stage. The book is not at all convincing here, for if Beaumont in *Philaster* was accepting the new method of the seasoned playwright Shakespeare in *Pericles*, one wants to know how it happened that he went so far ahead of that trivial and chaotic work. In disposing of the baseless statement continuously parroted by critics that Beaumont's famous burlesque, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, derives from Don Quixote, Professor Gayley does better service.

Beaumont at his best, he says, has the unadorned poetry of the human heartbreak; is Nature sobbing into verse. Yet a Shakespearean grandeur of phrase may be his also, with a similar complexity and balanced crowding of illustration and fresh insistent thought. The dramatic methods of his heroic plays, lending themselves easily to imitation, lent themselves to debasement also; but next to Shakespeare he was the most essentially poetic dramatist of the early Jacobean period. Properly staged and cut, his three greatest plays would all yield delight to-day.

A. de Vivier.

IV

Robert Dunn's "The Youngest World"*

There are some books, just as there are some scenes of nature, which it is essential to see for the first time from just the right vantage ground, if we wish to get the correct estimate of their inherent bigness. Robert Dunn's newly published novel of Alaska, *The Youngest World*, is one of these books. Let us not misunderstand one another. In making this comparison, the present reviewer is not attempting to claim that Mr. Dunn's book is one of the great natural phenomena of the world, that it has the pent-up energy of a Niagara Falls or the soaring majesty of the Matterhorn. On the contrary, it has very distinct human limitations and very obvious faults. But it does have a rather unusual bigness, in spite of these faults, indeed, in a measure because of them, and in order to understand this we must recognise that Mr. Dunn's methods are those of nature rather than of art, and that his work is far more akin to a rugged pinnacle of storm-scourged granite than to the chiseled stone of a cathedral.

Accordingly, if you start with the wrong view-point, you get the impression of something very large, to be sure, but rather formless, over-crowded, chaotic. Mr. Dunn evidently suffers from the proverbial embarrassment of riches in the form of material, and he has not yet learned the finer economies of artistic creation. Words and phrases, scenes and episodes, are flung before us with spendthrift lavishness, as the flashing memories crowd and jostle one another in his brain. And the whole effect is somewhat like watching a great mass of storm-clouds piling up and rolling and shifting and amassing again, until you suddenly see to your astonishment that they have

*The Youngest World. By Robert Dunn. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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grouped themselves into a huge and impressive picture, a trifle distorted and exaggerated perhaps, yet bearing quite unmistakably the forms and outlines of terrestrial objects.

So, in *The Youngest World,* we suddenly discover that all the crowded incidents, the jostling tide of human beings, have united to form a picture, not of man or woman, but of Alaska itself, a personified and transfigured Alaska, like a beneficent spirit of hope. This is the point of view, and the only one, from which to see *The Youngest World,* if we wish to grasp its rugged symmetry of form and unity of purpose.

From the foregoing statement, it may be rightly inferred that this is a book which does not lend itself to a brief epitome of plot. Indeed, the luckless reviewer who should start out to trace, even in the most condensed sort of verbal shorthand, the career of Gabriel Thain from the hour that he broke away from the wretched bondage of his mistaken marriage to Arlene, would soon find himself floundering hopelessly along a wilderness of unbroken trails. The only way to do the book even elemental justice is to attack it from the other side, the side of its big, underlying motive. It is a fundamental instinct of life, says Mr. Dunn, an instinct shared in a measure even by the animals, to wish to leave behind something of themselves, something in which to survive. Some men hand down their name through a son, some through a book, some through a deed of valour, a desert traversed or a mountain scaled. These are all merely different forms of a striving after an earthly immortality; and if we read Mr. Dunn correctly, he believes that it is not only a natural instinct, but an inalienable right thus to perpetuate one's memory; and all his sympathies go out to those who, through some blighting disappointment, or stifling environment, a loveless marriage, a financial disaster, a failure to reach the goal, lose that heaven-sent gift, ambition. To such he does not offer Alaska as the universal panacea; but he does proclaim boldly that it is a younger, cleaner world, where big things and little things readjust themselves in their true proportions, and where many a human derelict, man and woman alike, has recovered a lost faith, a lost energy, and has found the courage to rebuild a new and finer and nobler life on the ruins of the old one.

We have had almost a surfeit of Alaskan stories since the first opening-up of the Klondike, and the mad and reckless rush to the new gold-fields. And necessarily there are certain stage-properties common to them all: hardship, brutality, hunger and want must always be close companions of frontier life the world over; and in the far North these are supplemented by darkness and unimaginable cold. It has pleased most writers hitherto to dwell chiefly upon the physical, not to say the animal side, of life in the far North. The very essence of what we have come to think of as Jack-Londonism is this insistence upon the thinness of the veneer of civilisation, the readiness of humanity to obey the call of the wild, and revert to the primordial savagery of the Stone Age. Mr. Dunn has not shut his eyes to the hatred and lust and violence that naturally have a freer hand in a primitive country. But he has not deliberately magnified them. He sees the divinity latent in man and woman, quite as clearly as he sees the mark of the beast. He has a strong, fine, youthful optimism, and an abiding faith in the ability of erring humanity to find eventually the trail that leads to those higher places of moral and physical well-being, if only they are provided with half a chance. And this faith, which he exemplifies in the individual lives of a score of characters which rather persistently refuse to be forgotten is one of the chief reasons for proclaiming *The Youngest World* one of the few novels of recent years which the lover of good fiction cannot afford to miss. It is many years since the present reviewer has felt such glad surprise on reading the first story of a new novelist, or experienced a similar thrill of elation, such a sense of having been swept

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through and through by the tonic breath of high, clean altitudes.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

V

WILLIAM J. LOCKE'S "THE FORTUNATE YOUTH"*

Ever since the dawn of realism, it has been the fashion to ridicule the type of story dear to a bygone generation, in which the hero, gutter-born and gutter-bred, miraculously works his way from poverty and obscurity into wealth, knowledge and fame, and ends by winning his heart's desire, the fairy princess, so to speak. But here comes Mr. William J. Locke, the great wizard of plausibility, and says to us indirectly if not in words, "Well, why not? It wasn't a half-bad type of story after all, and I am going to prove it to you." And he does. He takes his hero, his Fortunate Youth, not merely from the gutter, but from the foulest and most hopeless back alley in a second-rate English manufacturing town, a half-starved, over-worked little lad, kicked and beaten almost to death. But the boy has great physical beauty, which is destined to be a big asset, and he has another even greater, an invincible belief in his own ultimate destiny as a great man, a power in the world. And thanks to this belief, and to a treasured talisman, a little coral heart given him at a Sunday-school picnic by a pretty young woman who came before his dazzled young eyes like a glimpse of heaven, the boy does escape from his surroundings and does slowly but surely struggle up the rungs of the social ladder. He is by turn gypsy, artist's model, walking gentleman in third-rate London companies, and leading man on tour through the provinces. He knows poverty, illness and starvation; but his personal charm, his magnetism of voice and manner, and his unconquerable belief in himself always win him the timely aid of some man or woman,—usually a woman. And in the end we leave him a promising young member of the House of Commons, a leader of the Young England party, and the happy possessor of the love of a princess, only a Balkan princess to be sure, but a real, genuine one, straight out of the *Almanac de Gotha,* which is more than most fairy tales can boast. Of course, it is all quite preposterous and fantastic, but then, fantasy and preposterousness are Mr. Locke's chief stock-in-trade; and so long as he can thus achieve the impossible, restore dethroned romance to her rightful heritage, and cheerfully and unblushingly convince us that white is black and blue is green in the full light of day, it would be ungrateful to do less than recognise him as the magician of words that he is and one of the princes of modern entertainers.

Calvin Winter.

*The Fortunate Youth. By William J. Locke. New York: The John Lane Company.

VI

MISS DALRYMPLE'S "DIANE OF THE GREEN VAN"*

One of the oldest axioms in the world is that there is simply no accounting for tastes. There are some people who may like *Diane of the Green Van,* in fact, just a few have put themselves on record to that effect in a sensational and widely heralded manner. But the only fair way is to judge for yourself. Do you really care to read about a young and beautiful American heiress, who has wearied of conventional society and chooses to go wandering across country in a big green van, fitted up as cozily as any boudoir? She is followed by her lover and self-appointed protector enthroned on top of a load of hay; and in this guise they make their slow way from Connecticut southward, until they finally arrive, after many incredibly narrow escapes, in the Everglades of Florida. You see, the heiress is beset with a host of frightful perils, of which she is blissfully unaware. She does not know that a certain principality in Europe has been thrown into consternation because in an earlier generation the heir to the throne ran away to America, and, as the result

*Diane of the Green Van. By Leona Dalrymple. Chicago: The Reilly and Britton Company.

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of a mad career of marriages and divorces, so tangled up the royal pedigree that his successors have never since felt secure upon their throne. And now, suddenly a paper has come to light proving that the American heiress is the rightful princess. So in hot haste the leading diplomat of the foreign state, the reigning prince's confidential spy, and the prince himself all journey to America, each with his individual scheme for getting rid of the beautiful and dangerous heiress. Furthermore, the luckless girl has a cousin who knows the secret and has everything to gain by her death, for he will inherit all her wealth. Can you not picture the wild orgy of plots and counterplots made possible by such a situation? From Connecticut to Florida, the gypsy trail of the Green Van leads through a succession of midnight ambushes, knife thrusts, pistol shots, abductions and at least one successful murder. There are scenes of torture managed with an up-to-date ingenuity that makes the Spanish inquisitors look like amateurs, there is a masquerade ball that out-masks and out-dances the famous carnivals of Venice, and there is a tribe of friendly Florida Indians, whose special function in the story the reviewer would not be rash enough to attempt to define; because the whole impression left by the book is that of a conglomeration of mad irresponsibility, a host of fantastic shapes, whirling through chaos in a devil's dance. It may be a masterpiece, and it may be worth the ten thousand dollar prize that it received. But to the present reviewer it seems like rather sorry stuff, a patchwork of the chief stage properties borrowed from the "best sellers" of the past decade, with the patching none too neatly done.

Philip Tillinghast.

VII

H. Rider Haggard's "The Wanderer's Necklace"*

The literary generations come and go, but Rider Haggard goes on forever. He digresses into the varied fields of politics, sociology, agriculture and the modern novel, but he always returns between whiles to his old love whom he terms Romance. The newest book is one of the outbreaks of fidelity to an ideal which once proved financially lucrative. But somehow it doesn't seem quite the same Rider Haggard of the days of *She* and *King Solomon's Mines.* The superlative ease of craftsmanship is there, the fluent style, modernised sufficiently to seem natural to the readers of this generation, and yet sufficiently archaic to give what will pass very well as local colour—or may one say "epochal colour?" What is missed is the fertile imagination that seemed inexhaustible, that piled incident on incident in breathless succession. It labours here, in this latest volume, it comes with a perceptible effort. There is virility, as in the earlier works, and a sense of power, but it shows itself here in the writing, not in the creating of situations. It is the power of the man who knows the mechanics of his business—but who is trying to let mechanics take the place of invention. The pattern is there as of old, but the colour and vivid life are lacking.

The story concerns itself with some part of the life of Olaf, a Norseman, a former incarnation of some personage who is telling the tale at the present day, or at any rate at a later day than the ninth century in which Olaf lived, sang, fought and loved. But Olaf also remembers a former incarnation in his dreams and knows himself for the reawakened soul of a Norseman of dim ages back who loved a daughter of the Pharaohs. And it is not until he meets the woman who is a descendant of that long-dead Egyptian Princess that Olaf himself finds the woman who is his destined mate, although he had loved, unhappily, a maiden of his own people and had been loved by an Empress of Byzantium. It all sounds very romantic and superficial, retold thus coldly. And it is all very much on the surface. For despite Olaf's

*The Wanderer's Necklace. By H. Rider Haggard. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

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dreams and Freydisa's clairvoyance, and in spite of the meditations of priest and sage met in the pages, the realities of things are never touched. But it is all so well written that we read on with a real desire to know what is coming, not for the incident itself, but for the dignified manner of the telling. And there are still some readers, in this prosaic age with its own burning problems, who will like to wander in old Norse antiquity and who delight in the splendid brutality of virile manhood that was the old Norse ideal as it swept down upon the Latin races, drawn by some inexplicable longing for the sun. There is dignity in this book. It does not attempt to be more than it is, and this quality joined to the memory of past pleasures, should ensure it a reception of affectionate esteem.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

VIII

WILLIAM R. CASTLE'S "THE PILLAR OF SAND"*

It seems odd to read a man's name, and one that sounds like a real name, too, not a literary pseudonym, on the title page of this book. The story has a very feminine quality, a refinement and delicacy, a tender lingering on trifles, a flavour as of some well-chosen perfume, all the qualities that are quoted as the greatest charm of the well-bred sheltered woman. They are qualities that do not necessarily exclude brains, and they certainly do not exclude evidences of considerable intelligence in this book. But the feminine flavour is there, and the novel's great charm lies just in that point. It is as pleasant a companion to spend an hour with as some cultivated, refined and sufficiently experienced woman would be; as pleasant as some of the women of this sort whose acquaintance we make in its pages.

The author has not yet fully learned the secret of proportion. His book is a little too long for the slight story that carries it, much too long for the background of class distinction and class-consciousness which is the inner meaning of the story. The same theme in a country where the distinctions are founded in facts of centuries instead of arbitrary lines drawn by a few individuals of yesterday, makes an effective background for modern conflicts. But Boston's own particular little idea of Who's Who is, after all, not sufficiently recognised by all creation to carry too much stress of human joy and sorrow.

However, the author has given us a dainty satire on Boston's amiable provincialism, and also a good deal of very sympathetic humanity in the characters he has introduced to us. They are so sympathetic that we are really interested in what happens to them. We care very much when Hugh Brandon is sentenced to prison for a theft he did not commit. It is not that we are as concerned even as the author would like to have us with the fact that Hugh is a member of the inner circle of Boston's Four Hundred. But Hugh is a thoroughly nice boy and we can't help liking him. Also we know that Louise Atwood will not be happy with Francis Evans, not so much because she also is one of this inner circle and he is not, but because she is a woman of innate refinement of soul and has the power to look below the surface of things, two qualities which the successful banker does not possess. The story is very slight, but it rolls on easily and leads the reader through pleasant ways. The style is simple, natural, and good. There is a commendable insistence of the "below the surface" poetry of life which comes as a relief from the fiction that represents too realistically the hustle and bustle of our American life. And one or two sentences which concern themselves with literary style are good enough to quote.

> His prose acquired a vigour and clarity which was the result of having something to say, rather than having to say something.

> The need to say things taught him, as no instruction could have done, that words are a revealing medium, not an end in themselves.

*The Pillar of Sand. By William R. Castle. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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Nothing new in these thoughts, perhaps, but something that every young writer would do well to heed.

J. Marchand.

IX

KATHLEEN NORRIS'S "THE TREASURE"*

The author of *Mother* has hit upon a happy theme which has caused much unhappiness. Why the servant problem has not been touched on before in the recent feministic fiction is a marvel, for it is the bone of contention which disrupts many a happy home. Mrs. Norris points the way through a simple treatment. Indeed, this story of some two hundred pages should do much good—and this is quite aside from the author's natural charm and literary skill. There is nothing ponderous or didactic, however, in her treatment, so it will not offend those who may be disappointed because the story is so fragile. It is just a phase of American life presented with clarity and insight.

The Salisburys keep house and have a hard time making both ends meet. The main fault is the continual waste in the culinary department. Further, the peace of Mrs. Salisbury is broken by her series of domestics, who are merely intermittent inmates in her "old-fashioned home." The problem is solved by the arrival of "the treasure," a highly respectable young woman, with a college education in domestic science. Her methods create a revolution in the conservative mother's breast, but effect a considerable saving in the father's pocketbook. She has a simple system: her wages are regulated by the number of people in the family, her hours are well defined, she has the privilege of a two-weeks' vacation with pay, she does all the marketing herself and she is not asked to piece out the service which detracts from concentration upon her profession of running the food supplies and the meals. In other words, Mrs. Norris has shown us the possibilities of the domestic duties being placed upon a strictly scientific basis, as Mrs. Gilman advocated years ago, in her *Woman and Economics*. Mrs. Salisbury naturally resents this intrusion of the servant upon her own sacred and traditional rights. Further, in spite of her sweetness, she simply cannot understand why "the treasure" should have social privileges. And this brings us to the core of the book when her husband, an unusually clear-visioned husband, by the way, comments pointedly:

> It's a funny thing about you women. You keep wondering why smart girls won't go into housework, and yet, if you get a girl who isn't a mere stupid machine, you resent every sign she gives of being an intelligent human being. No two of you keep house alike, and you jump on a girl the instant she hangs a dish towel up the way you don't. It's you women who make life so hard for each other. There's going to be some domestic revolutionising in the next few years. It's hard enough to get a maid now; pretty soon it will be impossible. Then you women will have to sit down and work the thing out, and ask yourselves why young American girls won't come into your home, and eat the best food in the land, and get well paid for what they do. You'll have to reduce the work of the American home to a system, that's all; and what you want done that isn't provided for in that system, you'll have to do yourselves.

George Middleton.

*The Treasure. By Kathleen Norris. New York: The Macmillan Company.

X

DAVID LISLE'S "THE SOUL OF LIFE"*

If a sentimental school girl with literary aspirations and unlimited opportunity for unguided reading should absorb immense quantities of Ouida mingled with lesser doses of Elinor Glyn, as well as considerable Sunday Supplement sizzlings regarding D'Annunzio's love for Duse—and should furthermore have seen Sarah Bernhardt play *Phædre* and *Adrienne Lecouvreur*—and should

*The Soul of Life. By David Lisle. New York: Frederick A. Stokes and Company.

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then feel an ungovernable impulse to express her emotions in a novel—the result would closely resemble the book with the above soulful title. So much so, in fact, that the reader is inclined to ask whether Mr. David Lisle possibly intended his book to be that sort of a parody. If so, it is as clever a parody as has ever been written. If it is to be taken seriously as a modern novel—it is certainly unique in this day and generation.

Every woman in its pages is strikingly beautiful and wears clothes that exhaust the available supply of adjectives. Every man is handsome or noble and manly, or cruel with the cruelty of an absinthe dream—frappé of course—and they are all rich beyond the dreams of avarice. They live in homes that take pages of description to do them justice. It is Ouida out-ouida-ed, with touches of modern decadence of which Ouida never dreamed. There is an actress whom we are told is the greatest actress of her century. There is a dreamfully beautiful young girl who combines English respectability with a perverse desire to be a French actress and who makes a hit in a *demi-vierge* part—just because she makes it good when it should have been naughty. There is a Russian Princess who defies time and remains young and beautiful and who is so great and powerful that she can dictate to Paquin. There is a pretty English widow whose husband was a rich American. But be not alarmed, my countrymen: the defunct captain of industry was as handsome and as manly as all the other men in the book and if possible, just a little kinder. Then there is also a poet who writes when inspired by the scent of orchids and by the absence of a mother who is a morphine fiend with a sense of humour.

The story hinges on the fact that Lucienne Gérôme, the greatest actress of the century, is growing old. This is tragic for Lucienne of course, but it is not necessarily of vital interest to the rest of the world. Also this particular sort of tragedy has been done in fiction a few hundred times. The beautiful young girl, of course, attracts the attention of the orchid poet with whom the greatest actress is in love. Not only that, but it is she who carries off the honours of the *demi-vierge* play. The poet's intentions, we grieve to say, are not honourable. But there is a fine young Anglo-American who wants to marry the girl and eventually does. Another evidence of the superiority of Northern over Latin blood—it is not afraid even of marriage! The Russian Princess has a devoted lover, but she is true to the memory of a man who never returned her love. And she spreads her protecting wing over the above-mentioned young girl, who is this man's daughter, probably in gratitude that the father did not destroy her illusions by marrying her. But why spoil the reader's pleasure? He must find out for himself what this book has to offer, and if he has a sense of humour, it will prove decidedly worth while.

Cornelia Van Pelt.

XI

Warwick Deeping's "The White Gate"*

A well-written story of contemporary English country life. The characters are clearly drawn and even in the painting of Dora Brent, the mother of the heroine, where it would have been easy to over-colour, the author has resisted the temptation. Nearly all the figures that people the story are life-like and likable. There is an atmosphere of wholesomeness and sanity about the whole book. The author never preaches and is never dull.

Constance Brent, after a girlhood largely spent in wandering about from place to place in the wake of her mother, finds herself, when the story opens, settled for the time being, in the midst of a little community filled with cultured and cultivated English people. She knows nothing of the story of her mother's life or of her own. All she knows is that her father died before she

*The White Gate. By Warwick Deeping. New York: McBride, Nast and Company.

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can remember. She and her mother are totally unsympathetic. The elder woman is the personification of selfishness. She has no affection for her daughter and pretends to none. What affection she has is lavished on a wretched little spaniel from which she is never separated a moment.

On her daughter's eighteenth birthday, she tells her the sordid story of her life and divorce. But it is the part of her life which she does not tell which the girl finds most revolting. Suddenly all the things about her mother which have always caused her to shrink from her, her dyed hair, her painted face, her tawdry costumes, and her vulgar taste for loud colours, are explained. No longer does she wonder why no nice women ever call on them. She understands their enforced isolation instinctively.

But finally, Constance meets Richard Skelton, a man of modest fortune, who has come down to the country side to work on an invention that has long possessed his mind. He falls in love with her, but his own slender fortune and the thought that she may consider him elderly—he is some ten years older than she—makes him hesitate to begin his suit until the sudden death of Mrs. Brent, who dies from an overdose of chloral following a drunken spree, leaves the girl doubly helpless and alone. It was she who had given her mother the chloral which it was her nightly habit to take, believing her story that she had not had her usual dose. To escape the unpleasantness following the inquest, Constance and Richard are married at once and leave for the south of France, where, in the pleasant sunshine, Skelton learns of the great success of his invention.

Paul Lee Fleming.

XII

W. Pett Ridge's "Remington Sentence"*

Mr. Ridge's latest book leaves one with a feeling of exasperation. He seems to be so uncertain as to just what he wants to do. Starting as he does with a situation which holds promise of the possibilities for farce, he wavers between farce and the serious development of his story until one wonders just what plan he had, if any. Some of the characters, such as the aunt of the Remington family, who is a sort of exaggerated Betsy Trotwood, if one can imagine such a character, and Major Hurndall, one of the trustees of their fortune, are so overdrawn as to be out of key with the others; while the character of the ne'er-do-well brother and his tragic end gives the tale a sombre touch which seems utterly inconsistent. Much that transpires seems to have no real reason; it just happened. Many things are inadequately explained, few of the characters are firmly drawn, with the result that the impression of the whole work is vague in the extreme.

The three Remingtons, Geoffrey, Helen and "Snips," the youngest, who acts as historian, find on the death of their father, that, by the terms of his will, they must go to London and make their living for a term of years before they inherit his fortune. Just why he makes such extraordinary terms is not clear. In the interval they are in the hands of two trustees. They take lodgings over a shop in a poor quarter. The elder brother is rebellious from the first. He finally quarrels with his sister and goes away to live by himself, finally dying in prison. Helen, the sister, succeeds in getting a sufficient number of pupils in dancing to support herself and her younger brother. She falls in love with a South African explorer. Their engagement is broken when he discovers that she will one day be an heiress. One of the two trustees absconds with all the property, so that objection is removed, and they marry at the close of the book. The story is told with many graphic and amusing touches which only make one feel that the author could have given us something so much better if he had tried. But the result as a whole is far from satisfactory.

Louis Tucker.

*The Remington Sentence. By W. Pett Ridge.

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XIII

Zane Grey's "The Light of Western Stars"*

The conductor of the train which arrived at El Cajon, New Mexico, shortly before midnight told Madeline Hammond, of New York, known to her friends and even the cowboys of the West, as "Majesty" Hammond, on account of her stately appearance and haughty reputation, that it was no place for a lady. The reader will find himself heartily agreeing with the conductor. The chief novelty of this book, beyond its style, is the enormous variety of dialects used by the characters who are mostly travesties of the cowboys of former days. Madeline, herself, is an extraordinary creature. Never before had she found herself alone except once, when she had missed her maid and her train at a place *outside* of Versailles. Those familiar with the palace of the bygone French kings will be a little puzzled to know just where this accident occurred.

Madeline went West to visit her brother who had left home in disgrace the year after she "came out" in society. She dated a certain thoughtful habit of mind from that time. But finally, when society life palled on her, she packed six trunks—one infers that the lost maid was never recovered—and came out to rough it with her dear disgraced brother in the Far West. No one met her at the station but a drunken cowboy who, in a sportive mood, had made a bet that he would marry the first woman who came to town. He nearly succeeds in persuading a terrified priest to marry them then and there, when he learns that the lady he proposes to honour is no other than the celebrated Majesty Hammond. The opening chapters are a fair sample of the rest of the book. Of characterisation, there is none; of interest, there is almost less. But of all the characters, the heroine is easily the most unreal and absurd. Of her it might be said as a well-known critic once said of the elder Sothern's performance of Claude Melnotte: "He possesses all of the characteristics of the poker, except its occasional warmth."

Wallace L. Kilner.

*The Light of Western Stars. By Zane Grey. New York: Harper and Brothers.

XIV

Anne Warner's "Sunshine Jane"*

It would be a hardened misanthrope who could withstand the cheer of this beaming little story with its natural unstrained humour and its insistent preaching from the text: "God's in His Heaven, all's right with the World." Even if the reader feels the impossibility of accepting the author's serene philosophy quite as literally as she herself does—and the book rings too true to permit of entertaining any doubt as to her complete sincerity—it will leave him rather wistfully contemplating his own limitations. Sunshine Jane belongs to a new order of nurses. She explains that their training has taught them to see the sun as always shining, to go where there isn't any brightness and be bright, to go where there isn't any happiness and teach people how to be happy. She finds her new theories put to the test when she is called upon to take care of her aunt Susan, who has been a bed-ridden invalid for many years, while her other aunt, Matilda, goes for a much needed rest of three weeks. One can imagine her astonishment when she discovers that the supposed invalid has been "playing possum" all this time because it seemed to be the easiest way to please the exacting Matilda. Her confession to her sympathetic niece is one of the most humourous passages in the book. Restricted by the nature of things to the lightest of invalid diets, she has been in the habit of stealing downstairs while her keeper was weeding the garden and cooking herself real meals of a more substantial kind. The consequent depredations on the larder have always been laid to the door of the family cat, who has suffered

*Sunshine Jane. By Anne Warner. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

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greatly in reputation in consequence, being widely known as the greatest thief in town.

Douglas Nettleton.

XV

W. J. Hopkins's "Burbury Stoke"*

The possession of a smooth and flowing style comes to most writers only after prayer, fasting, and long and arduous work, a thing to be striven for and worthy of high commendation when attained. But is by no means the whole art of the novelist. In the case of Mr. Hopkins, it would seem to be a gift of questionable value, leaving the reader, as it does, in doubt as to whether he wilfully sacrifices his ability to tell a story to his desire to be regarded solely as a stylist, or whether he uses his talent consciously to hide the fact that he has no story to tell. It is a truism of the theatre that a beautiful voice is often a temptation to an actor: he falls into the habit of listening to its cadence, forgetting that elocution is only a part of his art. In the same manner, style may be a pitfall to the novelist.

Mr. Hopkins flows on and on, more like the proverbial brook than the deeper waters he is so fond of describing. It is all so inconsequential and irresponsible that one has the feeling after perusing the three hundred odd pages of his latest book, that, so far as the story itself is concerned, he might have just as easily gone on for three hundred pages more, or written: "The End" half way through the present volume. The average reader will put the book down with a feeling of pleasure tempered with exasperation. And he will be right. After all, a story-teller should have a story to tell.

Mason Church.

THE STORY OF AN EMPRESS

Part IV—Motherhood

Seated on a declivity of a richly wooded hill, about three miles from Potsdam, and looking down upon a fine expanse of water, the little Castle of Babelsberg commands a charming view of the surrounding country. "Everything there," wrote Queen Victoria on her first visit, "is very small, a Gothic *bijou,* full of furniture, and flowers (creepers), which they arrange very prettily round screens, and lamps, and pictures. There are many irregular turrets and towers and steps."

It was at Babelsberg that the Princess Royal began to try and see something of the intellectual and artistic world of Berlin. Neither the husband nor the wife was under the dominion of the class and caste prejudices which even now are so astonishing a feature of German social life, and which were then even more powerful and far-reaching. That the Prince and Princess should appear actually to enjoy the society of mere painters and writers and scientists, whether they occupied any official positions or not, seemed extraordinary and highly improper to the whole bureaucratic element of Berlin, and must, we can well imagine, have seriously offended the Prince's father.

It is easy to be wise after the event. No one now can help seeing that it would have been the truest wisdom for the young Princess to have rigidly suppressed her natural tastes and intellectual interests, and to have led a life of the narrowly conventional character which Prussian princesses were expected to lead. But she was incapable of such self-suppression, which would have seemed to her deceitful, and the mild

*Burbury Stoke. By William John Hopkins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

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cautions and hints at prudence in her father's letters were pathetically inadequate to the needs of her critical position. She was herself still quite unaware of how closely she was being watched and criticised. "I am very happy," she told a guest at one of the Court receptions, "and I am intensely proud of belonging to this country."

The more the Princess's social preferences aroused the suspicion and indignation of the Court world, the more popular she became with the "intellectuals," unfortunately not a profitable exchange for her as she was then situated. We become aware of this by a passage in the *Reminiscences* of Professor Schellbach, who had been mathematical tutor to Prince Frederick William. He writes:

"The first words which the Princess addressed to me with the greatest kindness were, 'I love mathematics, physics, and chemistry.' I was much pleased, for I saw that the Prince must have given her a pleasant account of me. Under the direction of her highly cultivated father, who had himself studied it, Princess Victoria had become acquainted with natural science, and had even received her first teaching from such famous men as Faraday and Hoffman. Our beloved Princess soon revealed her love for art and science, as well as her pleasure in setting problems of her own. Her Royal Highness at first tried to go on with her studies in physics and mathematics under my direction, but soon her artistic work took up the remainder of time which the requirements of Court life left to her."

Early in June Prince Albert carried out his plan of visiting his daughter and son-in-law, but it was at Babelsberg, not at Coburg, as he had hoped. He was able to report to Queen Victoria: "The relation between the young people is all that can be desired. I have had long talks with them both, singly and together, which gave me the greatest satisfaction."

Prince Albert was, however, shocked to find the King of Prussia in a terrible state:

"The King looks frightfully ill; he was very cordial and friendly, and for the half hour he stayed with us, did not once get confused, but complained greatly about his state of health. He is thin and fallen away over his whole body, with a large stomach, his face grown quite small. He made many attempts at joking in the old way, but with a voice quite broken, and features full of pain. *'Wenn ich einmal fort bin, wieder fort bin.'* he said, grasping his forehead and striking it, 'then the Queen must pay us a visit here, it will make me so happy.' What he meant was, *'Wenn ich wieder wohl bin.'* 'It is so tedious,' he murmured; thus it is plainly to be seen that he has not quite given up all thought of getting better. The Prince's whole aim is to be serviceable to his brother. He still walks very lame, but looks well. I kept quietly in the house all day with Vicky, who is very sensible and good."

The Princess had special reasons for being "sensible" at this time, for, to the great joy of the Prussian Royal family, she was enceinte.

In August, Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort paid a visit of some length to their daughter. The Queen herself describes the visit as "quite private and unofficial," although she carried in her train not only Lord Malmesbury, the Foreign Secretary in Lord Derby's Government (which had been formed in February), but also Lord Clarendon, his predecessor, and Lord Granville, who had been Lord President of the Council in Palmerston's Government.

Prince Albert, at any rate, did not neglect the opportunity of studying the political situation. He wrote to Stockmar a letter highly approving the Prince of Prussia's political views, while his son-in-law he described as firm in his constitutional principles and despising the Manteuffel Ministry, the members of which he met with obvious coolness.

The Berliners gave a hearty reception to Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, and the Queen declared to the Burgomaster of Berlin that she felt exceed-

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ingly happy there, because she had realised with what love and devotion every one was attached to the Royal house and to her daughter.

She was delighted with old Wrangel, whom she calls a great character. "He was full of Vicky and the marriage, and said she was an angel." There was a great deal of sight-seeing, mitigated by charming little *gemuthlich* family dinners, and a grand review at Potsdam.

Prince Albert's birthday occurred during the visit, and one of the Queen's presents to him was "a paper-weight of Balmoral granite and deer's teeth designed by Vicky." "Vicky gave her portrait, a small oil one by Hartmann, very like though not flattered, and a drawing by herself. There were two birthday-cakes. Vicky had ordered one with as many lights as Albert numbered years, which is the Prussian custom."

Her Majesty notes with pleasure the arrival of "our dear, excellent, old friend Stockmar," whose presence, however, by no means gave universal satisfaction. Indeed, Sir Theodore Martin says frankly that, although his visit was due solely to his desire to meet the Queen and Prince Consort, it was viewed with rancorous suspicion by the aristocratic party, who held in abhorrence the man whom they knew to be the great advocate for the establishment of constitutional government in Germany. He was even accused of actively intriguing for the downfall of the Manteuffel Administration, having, it was said, "brought in his pocket, all cut and dry from England, the Ministry of the new era."

Stockmar's views of what was needful to raise Germany to her proper place among the nations were unchanged, but age and infirmity had for some time made him a mere looker-on. Nevertheless, it is probable that neither the Queen nor Prince Albert in the least realised how inadvisable, in the interests of the Princess Royal, was the old man's visit.

It must not, however, be thought that the Prussians were indifferent to the Princess Royal's singular personal charm. We have a most interesting glimpse of this in a long letter written to Queen Victoria by the beautiful and brilliant Duchess of Manchester, herself a Hanoverian by birth, who afterward married the Duke of Devonshire and for many years held a remarkable position in English society.

The Duchess relates how well the Princess Royal was looking during the manœuvres on the Rhine, and how much she seemed to be beloved, not only by all those who knew her, but also by those who had only seen and heard of her.

"The English could not help feeling proud of the way the Princess Royal was spoken of, and the high esteem she is held in. For one so young it is a most flattering position, and certainly, as the Princess's charm of manner and her kind unaffected words had in that short time won her the hearts of all the officers and strangers present, one was not astonished at the praise the Prussians themselves bestow on her Royal Highness. The Prussian Royal Family is so large, and their opinions politically and socially sometimes so different, that it must have been very difficult indeed at first for the Princess Royal, and people therefore cannot praise enough the high principles, great discretion, sound judgment, and cleverness her Royal Highness has invariably displayed."

And the Duchess adds, on the authority of Field-Marshal Wrangel, that the soldiers were particularly delighted to see the Princess on horseback and without a veil.

The Royal visit to Babelsberg came to an end all too soon, and the leave-taking was tearful and emotional in the extreme. Queen Victoria wrote with natural feeling, "All would be comparatively easy, were it not for the one thought that I cannot be with her at the very critical moment when every other mother goes to her child!"

In the October of that first year of the Princess Royal's married life, her father-in-law became permanent Regent, owing to the continued mental incapacity of King Frederick William IV. This filled

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the young Princess with intense satisfaction, which was increased when the new Prince Regent declared it to be his intention strictly to adhere to the letter and the spirit of the Constitution of 1850. The great bulk of the nation rallied instantly round him, and it seemed as if the gulf between the House of Hohenzollern and the people of Prussia had been suddenly bridged. The Manteuffel Ministry fell in the following month, a general election produced an enormous Liberal majority, and the hopes of the Constitutionalists ran high. The Manteuffel Ministry was succeeded by one of which Prince Charles Anthony of Hohenzollern was the President. From this time forward Prince Frederick William regularly attended the meetings of the Ministry, and Privy Councillor Brunnemann was assigned to him as a kind of secretary and channel of communication on State affairs.

The Princess Royal imprudently expressed to a gentleman of the Court her satisfaction at the change in the political situation, and her words, being repeated and exaggerated, gave great offence to the Conservative party, which was also the party of the King. The Princess's satisfaction was of course shared by her father, who wrote to the sympathetic Stockmar a letter showing no provision of that great rock of Army administration on which these high hopes were destined to be wrecked:

"The Regency seems now to have been secured for the Prince. We have only news of this at present by telegrams from our children, but are greatly delighted at this first step toward the reduction to order of a miserable chaos. Will the Prince have the courage to surround himself with honourable and patriotic men? That is the question, and what shape will the new Chamber take, and what will its influence on him be?"

On November 20, 1858, Prince and Princess Frederick William moved into the palace in Unter den Linden which was henceforth to be their residence in Berlin; and on the following day, the Princess's eighteenth birthday, there was a kind of dedicatory service in the palace chapel, which was attended by all the members of the Royal House.

This palace had been the scene of the happy life of the Prince's grandfather, King Frederick William III, and of Queen Louise. The intimate and beautiful family life that had filled these rooms was the best of omens for the young pair, and the Princess Royal was delighted with her new home. But the palace required to be brought up to modern standards of comfort, and it was very difficult to have the alterations approved by the moody and violent King. What he allowed on one day he took back with hasty blame on the morrow. At last Prince Frederick William obtained the Royal assent to those alterations which were absolutely urgent, together with a grant of 350,000 thalers. Among other improvements was added an eight-cornered "Gedenkhalle" or "Memory-Hall," in which were placed the numerous wedding presents of the young pair, and to these, from time to time, were added other rare and beautiful objects.

II

On January 27, 1859, Berlin was on the tip-toe of expectation. The custom is that 101 guns announce the birth of a Prince, and only twenty-one that of a Princess, and as in Prussia the Salic Law still obtains, it may easily be imagined with what anxiety the Berliners counted the successive discharges. There was indeed no need to wait for the whole tale of the 101 guns, for the firing of the twenty-second was enough to spread the glad news.

The story goes that when old Field-Marshal Wrangel, "Papa Wrangel" as the Berliners affectionately called him, left the palace, the populace crowded round him and demanded to know what he could tell them. "Children," he answered, "all is well! It is as fine and sturdy a recruit as one could wish!"

It soon became known, however, that all had not gone well with the young mother and her child. There had been one of those unfortunate mishaps, the

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exact truth of which it is always so difficult to disentangle, but the following account, we believe, represents what actually happened:

It had been Queen Victoria's wish that the Princess should be attended in her confinement by Dr. Martin, her English doctor, as well as the German Court physicians. About eight o'clock in the morning of January 27th, one of the latter wrote to his English colleague, asking him to come at once to the Palace. But the servant to whom the letter was entrusted, instead of taking it to Dr. Martin's house, put it in the post, and it never reached him till the afternoon. To that fact the Princess Royal's friends always attributed the circumstances which resulted in the weakness of the infant's left arm. Be that as it may, both mother and baby were for a time in imminent danger. No anæsthetic was administered, and the Princess with characteristic courage looked up to her husband, who held her in his arms the whole time, and asked him to forgive her for being impatient. None of those about her thought her strength would hold out, and one of the German doctors actually said in her presence that he thought she would die, and her baby too. But at last her ordeal came to an end, and to her intense joy she was told that she had given birth to a fine healthy boy. one of those unfortunate mishaps, the

The news of the birth of their first grandchild was quickly flashed to the anxious parents at Windsor. "A boy," ran the telegram, and Queen Victoria characteristically replied, "Is it a fine boy?" But it was not till the following day, so Prince Albert told Stockmar, that the courier brought "our first information of the severe suffering which poor Vicky had undergone, and of the great danger in which the child's life had hovered for a time." To King Leopold the Prince wrote, "The danger for the child and the sufferings for the mother were serious. Poor Fritz and the Prince and Princess must have undergone terrible anxiety, as they had no hope of the birth of a living child, and their joy over a strong, healthy boy is therefore all the greater."

On the evening of the baby's birth, the Prince Regent, also a grandfather for the first time, held a reception, of which we have a vivid description from the pen of the dramatist, Gustav zu Putlitz, then a member of the Prussian Landtag, and afterward chamberlain to Princess Frederick William. He says:

"It was like a great family festival. Every one hurried there with congratulations, and when the young father, beaming with happiness, appeared, the rejoicings increased. This delight is shared by all classes of society, and is a testimony to the extent of the popularity of the Prince and Princess."

Prince Frederick William received on January 29th the congratulations of the Prussian Chambers, to which he made the following reply:

"I thank you very heartily for the interest you have shown in the joyful event, which is of such consequence to my family and to the country. If God should preserve my son's life, it shall be my chief endeavour to bring him up in the opinions and sentiments which bind me to the Fatherland. It is nearly a year ago to-day since I told you how deeply moved I was by the universal sympathy which was exhibited toward me, as a young married man, by the country as a whole. This sympathy it was which made the Princess, my wife, who had left her home to come to a new Fatherland, realise those ties of affection which have now, owing to the birth of this son, become unbreakable. May God therefore bless our efforts to bring up our son to be worthy of the love which has been thus early manifested toward him. The Princess, to whom I was able to communicate your intention, desires me to express her most sincere thanks."

The christening was fixed for March 5th, but neither of the parents of the Princess could be present. "I don't think I ever felt so bitterly disappointed," wrote the Queen to Uncle Leopold. "It almost breaks my heart. And then it is an

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occasion so gratifying to both nations and brings them so much together that it is peculiarly mortifying." However, the Queen consoled herself by doing all she could to mark the importance of the occasion. She sent a formal mission to represent her and the Prince Consort at the christening, consisting of Lord Raglan, the son of the victor of the Alma, Inkerman, and Balaclava, and Captain (afterward Lord) de Ros, equerry to Prince Albert. They were both old friends of the Princess, to whom her father wrote:

"I was certain that the presence of Lord Raglan and Captain de Ros would give you pleasure. Ours will come when they return, and we can put questions to them. My first will be: Has the Princess gone out? and does she begin to enjoy the air, to which alone she can look for regaining strength and health? Or is she in the way to grow weak and watery by being baked like a bit of pastry in hot rooms? My second: Is she grown? I will spare you my others.

"Your description of the Prince's kindness and loving sympathy for you makes me very happy. I love him dearly, and respect and value him, and I am glad, too, for his sake, that in you and my little grandchild he has found ties of family happiness which cannot fail to give him those domestic tastes in which alone in the long run life's true contentment is to be found."

The baby Prince was duly christened on March 5th, when he received the names of Frederick William Victor Albert, and on the following day his parents issued a touching expression of their gratitude for the sympathy and congratulations they had received from the public. In it they pledged themselves afresh to bring up their son, with the help of God, to the honour and service of the Fatherland.

After the special envoys had returned from Berlin, the Prince writes to his daughter a letter on the duties of motherhood, which was decidedly candid for those rather prudish days:

"Lord Raglan's and Captain de Ros's news of you have given me great pleasure. But I gather from them that you look rather languid and exhausted. Some sea air would be the right thing for you; it is what does all newly made mothers the most good when their 'campaign is over.' I am, however, delighted to hear you have begun to get into the air. Now pass on as soon as possible to cold washing, shower baths, etc., so as to brace the system again, and to restore elasticity to the nerves and muscles.

"You are now eighteen years old, and you will hold your own against many a buffet in life; still, you will encounter many for which you were not prepared and which you would fain have been spared. You must arm yourself against these, like Austria against the chance of war, otherwise you will break down and drop into a sickly state, which would be disastrous to yourself, and inflict a frightful burden upon poor Fritz for life; besides which, it would unfit you for fulfilling all the duties of your station.

"In reference to having children, the French proverb says: *Le premier pour la santé, le second pour la beauté, le troisième gâte tout.* But England proves that the last part of the saying is not true, and health and beauty, those two great blessings, are only injured where the wife does not make zealous use of the intervals to repair the exhaustion, undoubtedly great, of the body, and to strengthen it both for what it has gone and what it has to go through, and where also the intervals are not sufficiently long to leave the body the necessary time to recruit."

(*To be continued*)

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THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of February and the 1st of March:

FICTION

City	1st on List	2d on List
New York, Downtown.	The Devil's Garden	The Inside of the Cup
New York, Uptown....	The Devil's Garden	The Rocks of Valpré
Albany, N. Y.....	The Devil's Garden	The Rocks of Valpré
Atlanta, Ga.....	Pollyanna	The Light of Western Stars
Baltimore, Md.....	T. Tembarom	The Witness for the Defence
Birmingham, Ala.....	Pollyanna	Laddie
Boston, Mass.....	Cap'n Dan's Daughter	When Ghost Meets Ghost
Boston, Mass.....	The Witness for the Defence	Pollyanna
Buffalo, N. Y.....	The Inside of the Cup	T. Tembarom
Chicago, Ill.....	The Inside of the Cup	Sunshine Jane
Chicago, Ill.....	The Inside of the Cup	Laddie
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	On the Seaboard	The Inside of the Cup
Cleveland, Ohio.....	Old Valentines	The Inside of the Cup
Dallas, Texas.....	Pollyanna	T. Tembarom
Denver, Colo.....	The Broken Halo	The White Linen Nurse
Des Moines, Iowa	The Inside of the Cup	Laddie
Detroit, Mich.....	The Devil's Garden	The Inside of the Cup
Indianapolis, Ind.....	The Inside of the Cup	The Devil's Garden
Jacksonville, Fla.....	The Devil's Garden	T. Tembarom
Los Angeles, Cal.....	The Devil's Garden	It Happened in Egypt
Louisville, Ky.....	T. Tembarom	The Best Man
Milwaukee, Wis.....	The Inside of the Cup	T. Tembarom
Minneapolis, Minn.....	The Inside of the Cup	Laddie
New Haven, Conn.....	Cap'n Dan's Daughter	The Best Man
New Orleans, La.....	The Inside of the Cup	T. Tembarom
Norfolk, Va.....	The Soul of Life	The Passionate Friends
Omaha, Neb.....	The Devil's Garden	The After House
Philadelphia, Pa.....	Sunshine Jane	The Light of Western Stars
Philadelphia, Pa.....	The Witness for the Defence	The Devil's Garden
Portland, Me.....	The Inside of the Cup	T. Tembarom
Providence, R. I.....	Cap'n Dan's Daughter	Miss Billy Married
Richmond, Va.....	The Inside of the Cup	Pollyanna
Rochester, N. Y.....	T. Tembarom	The Light of Western Stars
St. Louis, Mo.....	The Inside of the Cup	The Woman Thou Gavest Me
St. Paul, Minn.....	The Inside of the Cup	Laddie
San Francisco, Cal.....	The Door That Had No Key	The Devil's Garden
Spokane, Wash.....	The Light of Western Stars	The Inside of the Cup
Toledo, Ohio.....	The Light of Western Stars	The Clutch of Circumstance
Toronto, Canada.....	T. Tembarom	The Rocks of Valpré
Waco, Tex.....	The Custom of the Country	The Way Home
Washington, D. C.....	Pollyanna	The After House
Worcester, Mass.....	Pollyanna	T. Tembarom

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(*Continued*)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
Light of Western Stars	Dark Hollow	The After House	The Iron Trail
The White Sapphire	Fortitude	Home	Sale of Lady Daventry
Sunshine Jane	Home	The Best Man	The Butterfly
T. Tembarom	The Dark Flower	Woman Thou Gavest Me	Laddie
Fortitude	The Red Emerald	The Dark Flower	The After House
T. Tembarom	The Devil's Garden	The Dark Flower	Peg o' My Heart
Light of Western Stars	The Rocks of Valpré	Dark Hollow	Sunshine Jane
T. Tembarom	Fortitude	The Rocks of Valpré	The Devil's Garden
Pollyanna	Light of Western Stars	The Devil's Garden	The Rocks of Valpré
Laddie	Dark Hollow	The Eagle's Mate	Light of Western Stars
Pollyanna	T. Tembarom	The Devil's Garden	Woman Thou Gavest Me
Laddie	Home	Woman Thou Gavest Me	Light of Western Stars
Pollyanna	Laddie	Light of Western Stars	Westways
The White Linen Nurse	Custom of the Country	Otherwise Phyllis	The Eagle's Mate
The Eagle's Mate	The Rocks of Valpré	Light of Western Stars	Home
The Butterfly	Peg o' My Heart	The Passionate Friends	It Happened in Egypt
Pollyanna	T. Tembarom	Laddie	It Happened in Egypt
Westways	Light of Western Stars	The Dark Flower	The Flying Inn
The Inside of the Cup	It Happened in Egypt	Woman Thou Gavest Me	Light of Western Stars
The Butterfly	The After House	General John Regan	Clutch of Circumstance
Light of Western Stars	Woman Thou Gavest Me	The White Sapphire	It Happened in Egypt
Laddie	The Dark Flower	The White Linen Nurse	Pollyanna
T. Tembarom	Westways	Sunshine Jane	Peg o' My Heart
Witness for the Defence	Light of Western Stars	Sunshine Jane	Miss Billy Married
Peg o' My Heart	The Dark Flower	Laddie	Garden Without Walls
Dark Hollow	The Devil's Garden	Sunshine Jane	Light of Western Stars
Pollyanna	Laddie	Gold	A Vision of Joy
It Happened in Egypt	The Devil's Garden	The Best Man	When Ghost Meets Ghost
It Happened in Egypt	Damaged Goods	When Ghost Meets Ghost	The Red Emerald
Miss Billy Married	Light of Western Stars	The Red Emerald	The Rocks of Valpré
Light of Western Stars	The Best Man	When Ghost Meets Ghost	The Flying Inn
The House of Happiness	Witness for the Defence	The After House	Dark Hollow
Pollyanna	The Rocks of Valpré	The Iron Trail	It Happened in Egypt
Pollyanna	Laddie	T. Tembarom	The Dark Flower
T. Tembarom	Westways	The Way Home	The Dark Flower
Dark Hollow	The After House	The Inside of the Cup	The Butterfly
T. Tembarom	Laddie	Pollyanna	The After House
The Devil's Garden	The Inside of the Cup	It Happened in Egypt	The After House
The Inside of the Cup	Woman Thou Gavest Me	Laddie	Dark Hollow
In Search of a Husband	V. V.'s Eyes	Within the Law	Peg o' My Heart
Daddy-Long-Legs	T. Tembarom	Light of Western Stars	The Inside of the Cup
The Inside of the Cup	The Rocks of Valpré	Miss Billy Married	Sunshine Jane

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SALE OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The New York Public Library Circulation Department reports books most in demand excluding fiction, as follows:

For the week ending February 4th:
1. The Promised Land. Antin.
2. Writing the Photo-Play. Esenwein.
3. Plays. Strindberg.
4. Home Furnishing. Hunter.
5. Across Unknown South America.
6. Common Diseases. Hutchinson.
7. Principles of Teaching. Taylor.
8. A Plain Man and His Wife. Bennett.

For the week ending February 11th:
1. The Montessori Method. Montessori.
2. Zone Policeman 88. Franck.
3. Poems. Noyes.
4. The Promised Land. Antin.
5. The Life of Jesus. Martin.
6. The Son of a Servant. Strindberg.

For the week ending February 19th:
1. Writing the Photo-Play. Esenwein.
2. The House in Good Taste. DeWolfe.
3. Our Eternity. Maeterlinck.
4. Germany and the Germans. Collier.
5. Accounting. Keister.
6. Dress Design. Hughes.

For the week ending February 25th:
1. The Promised Land. Antin.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori.
3. Old Greek Life. Mahaffy.
4. Scott's Last Expedition. Scott.
5. Crowds. Lee.
6. Fires and Fire-Fighters. Kenlon.
7. Plays. Strindberg.
8. Ballads and Poems. Masefield.

BOOKS—NON-FICTION—IN DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

What Men Live By. Cabot.
Crowds. Lee.
Gitanjali. Tagore.
Sadhana. Tagore.
Autobiography. Roosevelt.
Alone in the Wilderness. Knowles.
Poems. Noyes.
The Philippines, Past and Present. Worcester.
The Montessori Method. Montessori.
The Panama Gateway. Bishop.
European Dramatists. Henderson.
Poems. Masefield.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see chart, pages 230 and 231) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book	standing	1st	on	any	list	receives	10
"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

SEE HINTS FOR BUYERS
PAGE 48, ADVERTISING SECTION

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50	196
2. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40	161
3. The Devil's Garden. Maxwell. (Bobbs-Merrill.)	133
4. The Light of Western Stars. Grey. (Harper.) $1.35	127
5. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25	122
6. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35	96

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THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

MAY, 1914

Chronicle and Comment

Documents

YESTERDAY it was a few newly found letters throwing an unexpected light on the life of Charlotte Brontë; to-day it is the public appearance of the long series of epistles telling the story of Thackeray and Mrs. Brookfield. What will the literary discovery of to-morrow be? Where will it come from? Which suggests that among the readers of this magazine there are probably some who have in their possession odds and ends of real interest and importance—a letter from this American man of letters that tells a story, a bit of drawing by that one pencilled in an idle moment indicating a whimsical turn of humour. There must be in existence many of these fragments associated with Bret Harte, and Eugene Field, and Henry Cuyler Bunner, and Marion Crawford and a score of others of their generation and earlier generations that have never been brought to light. In such fragments THE BOOKMAN is naturally keenly interested. We should be glad to hear of them with a view to their purchase for publication in the magazine.

• • •

Harry Thurston Peck

In the late Harry Thurston Peck we remember a distinguished scholar, a critic of splendid sweep and originality, a writer who combined incisive humour and a style of unusual brilliance. From the *Columbia Alumni News* of March 27th we are reprinting an article written by his life-long friend, Robert Arrowsmith. We feel that in no other way could so fitting a tribute to Dr. Peck's memory be paid.

By the death of Harry Thurston Peck at Stamford, Connecticut, on March 23d, one of the most brilliant intellects that ever shed distinction on Columbia was extinguished, after a period of gradual obscuration by disease.

Peck was born in Stamford on November 24, 1856, the son of Harry and Harriet Elizabeth (Thurston) Peck. From his father, a well-known schoolmaster, he inherited both his bent toward literature and his genius as a teacher. Endowed with an insatiable literary appetite, he early rebelled against parental prohibitions, and by secretly overtaxing his eyes through excessive reading by candle light brought on a condition which was a prime factor in determining his subsequent career. Unable to distinguish clearly objects a few feet away, he was debarred from out-of-door enjoyments, and turned toward study and the pursuit of literature.

Entering Columbia in the Class of 1881, he made a brilliant undergraduate career, distinguishing himself particularly in Latin. Under his management the *Acta Columbiana*, for which he wrote under the *nom de plume* of "Smintheus" and "Spinx," became the most famous college paper in the country. Some of his contributions at this time were of such a character as to justify the judgment of Dr. Nairne, Professor of English

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Literature: "These are not verses—they are poems."

After graduation Peck was appointed tutor in Latin at Columbia, and on the death of Professor Short in 1886 succeeded to the professorship of the Latin Language and Literature and to the Anthon Professorship in 1904, retiring in 1910.

As a Latinist Peck ranked high among the very few men of the country who really *know* Latin. Impatient of pretence and mechanical scholarship, he never sought recognition on conventional lines; but he had so saturated himself with the spirit of Latin literature that he was one of the most stimulating and sympathetic interpreters of his chosen field. For the interpretation of Horace and Juvenal in particular he was by natural bent and sympathy pre-eminently equipped; and the classical world has lost much through his inability to complete an edition of Juvenal which he was preparing when overtaken by his last illness.

While his life was devoted chiefly to teaching, he was naturally inclined toward journalism. He possessed the true journalistic instinct and often planned to identify himself with this field. Much of his literary work was of this nature, exhibiting a notable power to seize at once salient characteristics and to present them from new points of view. He had in addition a very remarkable local memory and in a high degree the power of absorption and retention. Knowledge once acquired was ever afterward instantly available, even in departments far removed from his own. He had a passion for statistics. For his own pleasure he had fought over all the great battles of the world with the aid of lead soldiers, and could give immediately the statistics of dead, wounded, and prisoners in the chief battles. In alien fields he could often instantly direct the inquirer to the work and volume in which the required information was to be found.

Among his many published works the most important are: *The Semitic Theory of Creation*, 1886; *Latin Pronunciation*, 1889; *Roman Life in Latin Prose and Verse*, 1895; *The Adventures of Mabel*, 1896, a remarkable child's story book; *The Personal Equation*, 1899, and *What Is Good English*, 1899, essays; *Greystone and Porphyry*, 1899, collected poems; *The Life of Prescott*, 1905; *Twenty Years of the Republic*, 1906, a notable collection of political personalia; *Hilda and the Wishes*, 1907; *Studies in Several Literatures*, 1909; *Literature*, 1909; *The New Baedeker*, 1910, a work exhibiting his talent for extracting the interesting from apparently uninteresting surroundings; *A History of Classical Philology*, 1911; and a sympathetic translation of *Trimalchio's Feast of Petronius*.

He was the senior editor from 1895 to 1906 of THE BOOKMAN, in which he personally contributed the sprightly "Letter Box"; editor of the International Cyclopedia, and co-editor of the larger work which succeeded it, the New International, and of Harper's Classical Dictionary; and co-editor of the Library of the World's Best Literature, Masterpieces of Literature, Classical Studies, Columbia University Studies in Classical Philology, the Student's Series of Latin Classics, and other works. He was for a time associated with *Munsey's*, and was a prolific contributor to magazines and other periodicals. For some of his most discussed popular writings the pressure of untoward circumstances, and not his own will, was responsible. He was a member of the Century and various learned societies.

To his intimate friends his qualities of heart as well as of mind endeared him closely. Lavish in generosity and in eagerness to help those in need of his assistance, he more than once became the victim of misplaced confidence and the prey of the unscrupulous. To some of those who owed him much his premature failure of health and his death are in part due.

We can no more fittingly close this notice of the passing of an old Columbian and friend than by quoting his lines on the death of the daughter whom he has gone to join.

THE OTHER ONE

Sweet little maid with winsome eyes
  That laugh all day through the tangled hair;
Gazing with baby look so wise
  Over the arm of the oaken chair;
Dearer than you is none to me,
  Dearer than you there can be none;
Since in your laughing face I see
  Eyes that tell of the other one.

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Here where the firelight softly glows,
  Sheltered and safe and snug and warm,
What to you is the wind that blows,
  Driving the sleet of the winter storm?
Round your head the ruddy light
  Glints on the gold from your tresses spun;
But deep is the drifting snow to-night
  Over the head of the other one.

Hold me close as you sagely stand,
  Watching the dying embers shine;
Then shall I feel another hand
  That nestled once in this hand of mine.
Poor little hand, so cold and chill,
  Shut from the light of stars and sun,
Clasping the withered roses still
  That hide the face of the other one.

Laugh, little maid, while laugh you may,
  Sorrow comes to us all, I know;
Better perhaps for her to stay
  Under the robe of drifting snow.
Sing while you may your baby songs,
  Sing till your baby days are done;
But oh, the ache of the heart that longs
  Night and day for the other one!

S. T. T. L.

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A Matter of Ethics

At a recent meeting of the Membership Committee of the Authors Club of New York one of the committee brought up for discussion a curious point that should be of interest to members of clubs wherever clubs exist. To a book of reference dealing almost exclusively with New York men and women a certain man had supplied the information that he was a member of the Authors Club. Though not so stated the obvious inference was that it was the Authors Club of New York that was meant, an organisation for which the man in question was in no way eligible. But although the intention was apparently perfectly clear, no protest of any kind was possible. Any person is entirely at liberty to cross the Hudson to the Palisades, or the East River to Greenpoint and at one place or the other organise an Authors Club, or a Century Association, or a University Club, or a Knickerbocker Club, or a Players Club, and place the club after his name as an indication of his eminence or respectability without specifically calling attention to the fact it is a club other than the one generally associated with the name. There once was an author of somewhat belligerent tendencies, who, on the title pages of his books, after giving the list of his degrees and other distinctions, always added the line: "and once blackballed by the Athenæum Club." That was more ingenuous than organising an Athenæum Club of his own at Clapham Junction.

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Gathering No Moss

It was fully twenty years ago that appeared "The Confessions of a Literary Hack" to arouse widespread comment, and to be ascribed at various times to half the writing men in the country. Since that day these "Confessions," in which are told the hardships and the inadequate rewards of authorship, have been appearing at the rate of two or three a year. None of them has struck a more poignant and apparently genuine a note than "Gathering No Moss," which was printed in the *Saturday Evening Post* for March 28th. While the authorship of the paper was anonymous, there is no particular cleverness in guessing that "Gathering No Moss" deals with the experiences of Mr. Morgan Robertson, the writer of sea tales. The first paragraph of the *Post* story tells that the anonymous scribe put in ten years at sea before the mast. The second sentence relates that he served ten more years as a diamond setter. Turn to *Who's Who in America* and that is part of the information against the name of Morgan Robertson. But these little similarities are quite unnecessary. The narrative is unquestionably his, and in view of the man's conceded power as a story spinner, it is as surprising as it is pathetic.

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Very few days after the appearance of the issue of the *Post* containing "Gathering No Moss" there came to this office a personal letter about it from one of the most popular contemporary American novelists. To show the impression that the narrative made on that man we are going to quote in part from the letter.

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"Did you read 'Gathering No Moss' in the last *Post?*" it began. "Morgan Robertson—and it's a fine thing. What a stunning last line! It is also a curious thing, as it shows he is writing better than ever. But I assume that the thing is pretty nearly true—which is a shame. He writes well and effectively. Isn't there some way to boom him among the editors? I have written ——— ——— but nothing may come of it, and I don't know other chaps very well. Robertson can do delightful things—he just happens to be dropped out. The *Post* story showed that if his work fell off a little it certainly isn't off any more—he has 'come back,' if he can get a market started. I haven't heard from him, or anything of that sort. It just struck me there was something too bad and incomprehensible too—that a man who can do really good and enjoyable stories should be in such difficulties to get them sold. It isn't as if he were unpopular—people like his stories. Can't you prod (I mean vocally if you don't in print) some of the editor bunch into a frame of mind to give Robertson a good and an encouraging show? He's just being smothered in the rush of new geniuses—his stories are bully. It wouldn't be a pity if he weren't the real thing; readers are missing something. It isn't sensible that he should be left out." On second thoughts we see no reason for preserving the anonymity of this letter. It is from Mr. Booth Tarkington.

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Memories of Frank Norris

Almost simultaneously with the publication of the posthumous novel *Vandover and the Brute,* Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Company are issuing a little pamphlet of very delightful reminiscences of the late Frank Norris, written by his brother, Charles G. Norris. These memories begin at a time when Frank Norris, then seventeen years old, and intending to be an artist, went to France, and enrolled as a student at the "Atelier Julien" in Paris. There he remained two years and became absorbed, not in art, but in chivalry. The reading of Froissart's *Chronicles* was his daily recreation. He became so imbued with the spirit of mediævalism that once with much amusement he pointed out an error in Scott's *Ivanhoe* in which one of the characters is described as wearing a certain kind of armour that was not in use until a hundred years later; a mistake that was as obvious to him as if some one to-day should depict Cardinal Richelieu in a frock coat and a top hat.

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Frank Norris's earliest ventures into literature, his brother tells us, were more to provide a vehicle for his illustrations than for any interest he had in writing itself. Thus it was that his first novel, *Robert d'Artois,* was written—a crude, amateurish effort that indicated nothing of his real talent. But at that he loved story-telling, and his imagination was keen. Charles Norris's earliest recollections are of the endless and involved stories of love and chivalry that his big brother wove about certain lead soldiers. There were several thousand of these soldiers, and every captain and lieutenant was named, and had a history of his own. In these stories there was an utter disregard of historical accuracy and sequence. Thus the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, the Cid and Khedive, Machiavelli and Corbullo the Saxon, all lived and had their being together in this miniature world of lead. Frank would spend hours fashioning wonderful cannon out of the thick handles of his paint brushes, and the sides of cigar boxes. These were painted ivory black with red trimmings and christened "The Spitfire" and "The Peacemaker." He drew maps of the two countries at war, "Sparta" and "Rome," dividing them into provinces, with rivers and mountains, roads and railways.

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At that time the Norris family were all in Paris. When the rest of the family returned to California, leaving Frank to continue his art studies, Frank began writing Charles a novel in which all their favourite characters reappeared revolving

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about Charles, who was described as the nephew of the Duke of Burgundy. The story was written in the second person on closely ruled note-paper; one sheet slipped inside another, and the whole fastened together with a small loop of red or blue string, in the upper left hand corner. It came to America in chapters, rolled up inside French newspapers to save postage. Every installment was profusely illustrated with pencil sketches, mostly of Charles as an esquire, a man-at-arms, an equerry, and finally as a knight. Plots and episodes from the works of Scott, Francis Bacon, Frank Stockton, and others were lifted bodily, sometimes the actual wording was borrowed. There was one sentence: "The night closed down dark as a wolf's mouth," that years later Charles found again in the opening of a chapter of *Quentin Durward*. Before these adventures were finished Frank returned to America. He left the heroine lashed to a railway track, and Charles locked in a neighbouring switchman's tower. The story was never concluded, but it was to that time in the young lives of the brothers that he referred in his dedication of *The Pit*.

In memory of certain lamentable tales of the round (dining-room) table heroes; of the epic of the pewter platoons, and the romance-cycle of "Gaston's le Fox" which we invented, maintained, and found marvellous at a time when we both were boys.

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Frank was nineteen when he came home. He began to prepare for the entrance examinations to the University of California. When he was studying for them he elected to write a three canto poem in the metre of Scott's verse. It was, in his brother's estimation, the first writing of merit that he did. While still in Paris, he had written a short article on the armour of the fifteenth century and illustrated it, but it was no such serious attempt as was the poem. "Ancient Armour" appeared in the San Francisco *Chronicle* in March, 1889, and Frank received nine dollars—the first money ever earned by his pen—for it. The poem was called *Yvernelle* and was published by Lippincott. He sent some of his pen-and-ink sketches with it, but these were returned. Probably, in the opinion of the publishers, the drawings were not good enough. Eventually some of the pictures for *Yvernelle* were done by Mr. Will Low. While he was in college Frank began to take his writing seriously. Naturally, his reading of fiction became critical; and at that time he was never without a yellow paper-covered novel of Zola in his hand. He loved Kipling, too, and Richard Harding Davis, and considered William Dean Howells a novelist of the first order.

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One of Frank Norris's first stories, "Son of a Sheik," was written while he was a sophomore, and published in the San Francisco *Argonaut*. Another story, "Lauth," appeared in the *Overland Monthly*. During the early part of 1894 —his last six months at the University of California—a series of stories, under the general heading of *Outward and Visible Signs*, made their appearance in the *Overland*, and in August of the same year, "The Caged Lion" was published in the *Argonaut*. But he was never able to sell anything to the Eastern magazines. The manuscripts he sent invariably came back. While he was still an undergraduate at the University of California he began *McTeague*. He wrote the greater part of that novel during his year of postgraduate work at Harvard, but before completing it he began *Vandover and the Brute*. About this time he was carrying a black note-book, in his inside coat pocket, in which he jotted down a heterogeneous collection of notes of his own observation; a well-turned sentence, a good name, the possible title of a book. One of these entries read: "The hands of the village clock closed like a pair of shears, and cut the night in twain." This book was his greatest treasure. Years after he said that keeping it taught him the difference between seeing life subjectively and objectively. No one, he believed, could become a

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writer until he could regard life and people, and the world in general, from the objective point of view. Once Charles read part of this note-book, and was soundly kicked for his impertinence. But years after he came upon many of these same notes in Frank's work, amplified and adapted.

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New Authors

To make a beginning among the authors of the first novels now before us we shall take up first the book with the shortest title. That is *E*, written by Julian Hinckley, and published by Duffield and Company of New York. Mr. Hinckley is thirty years old, a graduate of Groton School, and of Harvard, of the class of 1906. For a few months after his graduation from Harvard he worked as a newspaper reporter, then left this employment to become a bond broker in Wall Street. Thus, at close range, he saw the famous panic of 1907. In 1908 ill health caused his retirement from business and gave him an opportunity to renew and pursue his natural inclination for literature. An attack of rheumatic fever while travelling in Germany in 1910, followed by rheumatic arthritis, reduced him to a state of invalidism that he thinks has rendered him an observer rather than a participant in life. "Two years in a wheel chair at the Hot Springs of Virginia," he comments in a personal letter, "may have contributed something to my knowledge and appreciation of the *genus Homo Americanus*." Mr. Hinckley writes slowly. *E* was rewritten and rewritten, and the writing of it, interrupted by severe illness, stretched over a period of between four and five years. In the second novel on which he has been working he has averaged less than a page a day.

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Frederick Irving Anderson is the author of *The Adventures of the Infallible Godahl,* published by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company. Strictly speaking, though his first work of fiction published between covers, this is not his first book, for last year the Macmillan Company brought out *The Farmer of To-morrow,* which was made up of articles on industrial economics, particularly relating to agriculture, that had appeared in *Everybody's Magazine.* Incidentally, *The Farmer of To-morrow* was chosen as one of the "Hundred Best Books of the Year" by a committee of Columbia University professors because it was the only work on agricultural economics published during the twelfthmonth which developed new ground in agricultural science. Like so many other short-story writers, Mr. Anderson began as a newspaper man. Before his name became known in the magazines he was for ten years a writer on the staff of the New York *World.* He was born in Aurora, Illinois, in 1877, and was a member of the class of 1899, University of Pennsylvania. His first signed article appeared in *Harper's Weekly* in 1907. The stories which make up *The Infallible Godahl* were brought out serially in the columns of the *Saturday Evening Post.*

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Three authors of first books whose work comes from the press of the Houghton Mifflin Company of Boston are Dr. Richard Clarke Cabot, Dr. Clara Barrus, and Mr. Munson Havens. Dr. Cabot is the author of *What Men Live By.* He was graduated from Harvard in 1889, and from the Harvard Medical School four years later. Since then he has been prominent in medical work and has given special attention to the social and educational features of his profession. He is the author of a number of technical works, but *What Men Live By* is his first book of general interest; it is, Dr. Cabot says, "a physician's contribution to the conduct of life." Like Dr. Cabot, Dr. Clara Barrus is known among physicians as a writer on topics pertaining to her profession. But her biographical study, *Our Friend John Burroughs,* is the first book to place her in the ranks of regular authors. She lives at Pelham, New York, where she conducts a private sanitarium. She has known Mr. Burroughs well for many

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years, and often, when visiting at Woodchuck Lodge, or travelling with his party in the West, has helped him with his literary work. Mr. Munson Haven is the author of *Old Valentines*. He lives in Cleveland, Ohio, where he is the secretary of the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce. He was born in Washington, and was educated in the Washington public schools and at Oberlin College. From 1892 to 1898 he worked with the *Plain Dealer, The Leader,* and other Cleveland newspapers.

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Some day THE BOOKMAN is going to make occasion to print some interesting and truthfully complimentary paragraphs about the Authors Club of Louisville, an organisation of women which, if comparatively small in numbers, is not so in achievement. Its membership includes, among others, Alice Hegan Rice, of *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch,* George Madden Martin, of *Emmy Lou,* Annie Fellows Johnston, of the *Little Colonel* series, and Frances Little, of *The Lady of the Decoration.* Another member of the Authors Club of Louisville is Mrs. Margaret Vandercook, whose first novel, *The Loves of Ambrose,* has recently been issued by Doubleday, Page and Company. Mrs. Vandercook belongs to an old Kentucky family and was a successful newspaper woman in Louisville before she became the wife of the late John Vandercook, then chief European representative of the Scripps-McRae Newspaper League. She accompanied her husband on some of the most dramatic of Continental news assignments, including the Dreyfus trial at Rennes. It may be recalled that, at the time of his death, Mr. Vandercook was at the head of the United Press, which he had reorganised.

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Next door to Kentucky is Tennessee, and so from Mrs. Vandercook's *The Loves of Ambrose* we turn to Miss Edith Stow's *Nancy the Joyous,* since the latter story is the result of the author's experiences in a Tennessee mountain settlement. There she went to make a two months' visit with a friend in charge of one of the mission houses. After seven months she left very reluctantly. *Nancy the Joyous,* which is published by the Reilly and Britton Company of Chicago, is, for all practical purposes, a first book. True, before it there were a little tale published at the author's expense, and a novel called *The Completed Woman,* which is still unpublished. These really do not count. Miss Stow was educated at the Clyde High School and the Albany Normal College. For two years she tried teaching but gave it up to follow her natural inclination for writing. "I come," she said, "of a line of lawyers. In connection with this profession my father is proud of having the oldest insurance office in the United States, established in 1825, and handed down from father to son in the same building. Strangers find our home interesting because it was the first frame house in this section (Clyde, New York) and has been preserved with its furnishings practically unchanged since the days when such men as DeWitt Clinton and Daniel Webster were invited to it.

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Dr. Clarence Valentine Boyer, author of *The Villain as Hero in Elizabethan Drama,* published by E. P. Dutton and Company of New York, was born in Jamestown, New York, in 1880, but lived in Titusville, Pennsylvania, from the time he was two years old until he went away to further his education. After studying at the Titusville High School and at Lawrenceville, he went to Princeton University, from which he was graduated in 1902. He then studied law in Pittsburgh, and was admitted to Pennsylvania State Bar in December, 1904. In the spring of 1905 he opened a law office in Marietta, Ohio, and was regularly admitted to the Ohio State Bar in June of that year. The following spring he went to Europe, dividing the year between Oxford, the American School at Rome, and the American School at Athens. Returning to the United States in 1907 he again took up law, practising for over a year in Pitts-

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burgh. But English literature appealed to him more than the Bar did, and in the autumn of 1908 he returned to Princeton to pursue graduate studies. In 1909 he received his M.A. degree. During the following two years he held the Charles Scribner Fellowship in English literature at Princeton. He received the degree of Ph.D. in 1911. Since then he has been teaching in the University of Illinois.

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Maravene Thompson's first novel is *The Woman's Law,* published by the F. A. Stokes Company of New York. About ten years ago Mrs. Thompson wrote a little story and sent it to *McClure's Magazine.* Soon after she received a letter from Mr. S. S. McClure, asking her to call. She did so and met Mr. McClure and Mr. John S. Phillips, and the three talked stories and story-writing for half an hour or so. "Can you give us as good a story in the 'major key' as this is in the 'minor'"? asked Mr. McClure. "No," replied Mrs. Thompson. "This is the only story I possess, but if I ever do write a story in the 'major key' I will send it to *McClure's.*" "Not if you do," was the correction, "but when you do, for remember we expect you sooner or later to do something big." It was not until 1912 that Mrs. Thompson again sent a story to *McClure's.* Neither Mr. McClure nor Mr. Phillips remained actually associated with the magazine. Yet the story was immediately accepted and with the succeeding stories about the same person made the "Peggy" series. Following this series Mrs. Thompson wrote *The Woman's Law.* The question of double identity upon which the plot hinges has interested her for years. Mrs. Thompson is a Boston woman and the wife of a member of the Harvard Faculty.

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Also from the press of the Messrs. F. A. Stokes Company comes *The Dance, Its Place in Art and Life,* by Troy and Margaret West Kinney. This is a first book, yet the Kinneys, as they are known, have been so long associated with the illustration of books that only the slightest word of introduction is necessary. Another first book from the same house is *The Colour of the East,* by Elizabeth Washburn (Mrs. Hamilton Wright). Under her maiden name Mrs. Wright has already contributed articles and sketches to various magazines. The material for *The Colour of the East* was collected during many visits and several years' residence in the Orient. Two of her brothers, Cadwallader and Stanley Washburn, gained distinction in the Far East as correspondents during the Russo-Japanese War. Both are authors. Cadwallader Washburn is also well known as a painter and etcher. Of Mrs. Wright's six uncles, five were eminent—two were governors (Maine and Wisconsin, two were United States ministers (to France and Paraguay); four were members of Congress (three at one time); one was made Major-General for services in the Civil War, and nearly all were known as authors. Mrs. Wright, whose home is in Washington, was born in Minneapolis, where her father, Senator W. D. Washburn, with his brother, Governor Cadwallader C. Washburn, founded the great flour milling industry. Dr. Hamilton Wright, her husband, has an international reputation for his organisation of research and sanitary work in the East. For the past five years he has represented the United States Government in the campaign to suppress the Indo-Chinese opium traffic, and he was the author of the recent Federal legislation which, it is hoped, will end the traffic in this country.

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As has been the case for several seasons, the stage this year contributes to the list of new authors. For example, there is Ruth Holt Boucicault, whose first novel, *The Substance of His House,* is published by Messrs. Little, Brown and Company, of Boston. Mrs. Boucicault comes from a family which has allied itself with New England for over two hundred years. As soon as her school-days were ended she began her professional work, which has continued almost

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JULIAN HINCKLEY, AUTHOR OF "E"

FREDERICK IRVING ANDERSON, AUTHOR OF "THE INFALLIBLE GODAHL"

MUNSON HAVENS, AUTHOR OF "OLD VALENTINES"

RICHARD WIGHTMAN, AUTHOR OF "THE THINGS HE WROTE TO HER"

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steadily ever since. She has had a wide range of experience—in support of such players as Otis Skinner, and the late Richard Mansfield, whose leading woman she was for two seasons—through the phases of classic drama, Shakespeare, modern society plays, to musical comedy with Fritzi Scheff and even to farce. In 1906 she married Dion Boucicault's youngest son, Aubrey. For the past three years Mrs. Boucicault has been associated with the Margaret Anglin company. Like Mrs. Boucicault, but to a much less degree, a product of the stage is Mrs. John Clarence Lee, whose *Across Siberia Alone* comes from the press of the John Lone Company. Mrs. Lee was educated in Paris for the stage, has produced one successful play and has translated several others from the French. But instead of following the theatre actively as a career she chose marriage. Last year and the year before she was president of the Browning Society of Philadelphia. Her book grew out of a trip last year which had for its cause the chaperoning of her ward to China to be married to an American naval officer.

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Every now and then there springs into existence a new literary colony where men and women of the craft go to write, to talk shop, and to take one another's work more or less seriously. Two of the latest colonies of this kind are those at Mount Carmel, California, and at Provincetown, Massachusetts. In the colony on the Cape Cod shore have foregathered, in the last two or three years, such writers as Louis Joseph Vance (it was there that was written the really excellent *Joan Thursday*), Mary Heaton Vorse, Will Irwin, Neith Boyce, and Hutchins Hapgood. Also to this colony belong two authors with whom these paragraphs have to do, Mr. Wilbur Daniel Steele and Mr. Sinclair Lewis. Mr. Steele's first book is *Storm*, and Mr. Lewis's first book is *Our Mr. Wrenn*. Both novels are published by Messrs. Harper and Brothers. Mr. Steele was born in Greensboro, North Carolina, but left it at the age of two years. He lived in Germany as a boy, then, when his father became a professor in the University of Denver, he was educated in that city. He studied later at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and in Paris and Italy. In 1910 he went to Provincetown for a visit, and since then has spent most of his time in that place. There the scene of *Storm* is laid.

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Mr. Sinclair Lewis, author of *Our Mr. Wrenn*, is a Yale man of the class of 1907. As an undergraduate at New Haven he was an editor on the *Yale Literary Magazine*. After leaving the university he lived for a time at Upton Sinclair's colony, Helicon Hall, where anarchism was regarded as rather too mild, and cubism as quaintly antiquated. He has been an associate editor on *Transatlantic Tales*, and *Adventure*, and a manuscript reader for the Frederick A. Stokes Company. There are bits of *Our Mr. Wrenn* that sound almost autobiographical. Like his hero, Mr. Lewis has crossed the Atlantic several times on cattle steamers. Also he has visited Panama by way of the steerage, during the days of the labour rush to that alleged Elysium; he has camped in the back country of the Santa Lucia Mountains in California, and tramped through unfrequented parts of England. To follow *Our Mr. Wrenn* he is planning a series of novels on the little people of side streets; the little people who, according to his way of thinking, make up all of the real New York.

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There is a not unpleasant ring reminiscent of the days of Mary J. Holmes and her school in the title of George Allan England's first novel. *Darkness and Dawn* comes from the press of Small, Maynard and Company of Boston. In the publisher's announcement Mr. England is vividly described as "perhaps the most picturesque figure in the field of American letters." He is thirty-six years old, was born in Nebraska, and was graduated from Harvard in 1892. He wrote advertising for an insurance company until his health forced

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TROY KINNEY, CO-AUTHOR OF "THE DANCE"

MARGARET KINNEY, CO-AUTHOR OF "THE DANCE"

MARGARET VANDERCOOK, AUTHOR OF "THE LOVES OF AMBROSE"

MARAVENE THOMPSON, AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN'S LAW"

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EDITH STOW, AUTHOR OF "NANCY THE JOYOUS"

CLARA BARRUS, AUTHOR OF "OUR FRIEND JOHN BURROUGHS"

R. C. CABOT, AUTHOR OF "WHAT MEN LIVE BY"

ALFRED M. BROOKS, AUTHOR OF "ARCHITECTURE AND THE ALLIED ARTS"

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WILBUR DANIEL STEELE, AUTHOR OF "STORM"

BERTRAND W. SINCLAIR, AUTHOR OF "NORTH OF 53"

JACKSON GREGORY, AUTHOR OF "UNDER HANDICAP"

LEE FOSTER HARTMAN, AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE SAPPHIRE"

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ARTHUR F. WALLIS, AUTHOR OF "IDONIA"

PATRICK MAC GILL, AUTHOR OF "CHILDREN OF THE DEAD END"

WU TINGFANG, AUTHOR OF "AMERICA THROUGH ORIENTAL SPECTACLES"

PRINCE VON BÜLOW, AUTHOR OF "IMPERIAL GERMANY"

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ANTONIN DUSERRE, AUTHOR OF "JEAN AND LOUISE"

KNUT HAMSUN, AUTHOR OF "SHALLOW SOIL"

ELLEN WILKINS TOMPKINS, AUTHOR OF "THE EGOTISTICAL I"

MRS. JOHN CLARENCE LEE, AUTHOR OF "ACROSS SIBERIA ALONE"

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E. JOHN SOLANO, AUTHOR OF "PHYSICAL TRAINING"

ALVIN SAUNDERS JOHNSON, AUTHOR OF "THE PROFESSOR AND THE PETTICOAT"

Portrait by Arnold Genthe

SINCLAIR LEWIS, AUTHOR OF "OUR MR. WRENN"

CARL WERNER, AUTHOR OF "THE LAW OF LIFE"

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him to give up business, and since then he has lived in a remote part of Maine, devoting all his working time to writing, every year or so going to Europe to study and to gather material. Eight years ago he became a Socialist, and he is one of the best known of the Socialist leaders and workers. He has been a candidate for Congress and for the governorship of Maine, and the resulting defeats have served only to stimulate his ardour in the cause. We are introducing Mr. England as a first-book author because he is so presented to us by his publishers. Candidly, we question very much whether he "belongs" in these paragraphs.

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Bertrand W. Sinclair, author of *North of '53,* published by Messrs. Little, Brown and Company of Boston, ascribes his invasion of the literary field to a certain resentment at the way Western types were consistently caricatured in the magazines a few years ago, and a conviction that he could write better yarns himself. So he began writing short stories, sold the first one immediately to the San Francisco *Argonaut,* and did not place another one for two years. Despite the fact that he knows the country from the Middle West to the Pacific, and from California to the regions about Great Slave Lake, Mr. Sinclair is not an American. He is Scotch by birth and descent and a native of Edinburgh. But his parents came to America when he was eight years old, and settled in the Canadian Northwest, which in those days was something of a frontier. As a boy he hobnobbed with cowpunchers, miners, trappers, Hudson's Bay men, and the like in a country where schools were not. At sixteen he was doing a man's work on the range, and from that time on he earned his living doing various things all the way from the Saskatchewan to the Platte, varying that pursuit with aimless trips to any part of the North American continent that took his fancy. "Whatever education I possess," he says, "I have absorbed through my pores, since I have never darkened the doors of any academic institution except as a transient stranger. But everything in print is grist that comes to my mill, and I cannot remember when I could not read. This sort of education may not be so adequate a preparation for a voyage on the literary high seas as a university degree, but I have come in contact with all sorts of men and women, and I have seen pretty raw slices of life, but it has all interested me vitally and sympathetically."

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Arthur F. Wallis, the author of *Idonia, a Romance of Old London* (Little, Brown and Company of Boston), is a native of Birmingham, England, and graduated from the famous Birmingham High School. There were six boys in the Wallis family and their principal recreation was to turn one of the rooms of the home into a theatre and produce the plays which they themselves wrote, costumed, mounted, and presented. Mason College, the present University of Birmingham, gave Arthur F. Wallis later training in both engineering and English literature. Two years in an accountant's office curbed somewhat his poetical dreams, although he carried off a prize for his appreciation of Matthew Arnold. Seven years' work in business partnership with his father and an older brother followed. During this time his literary production was limited to a drama in verse. Then the business was sold, and he became a contributor to magazines and the daily press, and later manager for a firm of publishers. The story of *The Children of the Dead End,* the first book of Patrick McGill (E. P. Dutton and Company, New York) is substantially the story of its author. Like Dermod Flynn, the hero of the narrative, Mr. McGill, since he was twelve years of age has been doing a man's work of the hardest possible kind —potato digger, ditcher and drainer, and railway hand. He has come through it all, and in the course of it has won for himself a kind of education. He is still very young—not over twenty-four.

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Though far from being a new author in the strict sense of the term, Knut

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Hamsun, the author of *Shallow Soil,* published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, is new to American readers because this is the first of his books to be presented in this country through the medium of a translation. Knut Hamsun was born in August, 1860, in one of the deep Norwegian valleys familiar to English readers through Björnson's earlier stories. His parents were miserably poor, and when he was four years old they sent him to an uncle on one of the Lofotan Islands. There he grew up, a taciturn, peculiar lad, inured to hardship and danger. At seventeen he was apprenticed to a cobbler, and while working at his trade he wrote and, at the cost of infinite sacrifices, saved enough money to have his first literary efforts printed and published. He left the cobbler's bench and for twelve years lived a roving life. Working his way toward Christiania, he was in turn a longshoreman on the docks, a road labourer, a lumber jack in the mountains, a private tutor and court messenger. Reaching the metropolis, he enrolled as a student in the University. Then he took passage in the steerage of an American bound emigrant steamer.

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When he reached these shores he was penniless. He had intended to become a Unitarian minister. Instead he had to work as a farmhand on a prairie, street-car conductor in Chicago, dairyman in Dakota. He varied these pursuits by giving a series of lectures on French literature in Minneapolis. Feeling himself better equipped for the literary struggle, he returned to Christiania. Disappointment there sent him again to America with the avowed purpose of winning a reputation on the lecture platform. Another failure. The Norwegians of the Northwest would have none of him, and, utterly discouraged, he exiled himself for three years on a Newfoundland fishing smack. But these years proved to be the years of his maturing. With the rude crew of the vessel he had nothing in common. But the solitary watches gave him time for profound reflection, a reflection that developed the man and the artist. He returned to civilisation and produced *Hunger.* Since that book he has published more than thirty large works, novels, dramas, descriptions of travel, essays, and poems. But it is *Shallow Soil,* according to the preface of the translator, Carl Christian Hyllested, that is best suited as a medium for Hamsun's introduction to Anglo-Saxon readers.

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The introductory tone of these paragraphs implies a certain previous obscurity on the part of the various men and women who are here presented. But now we come to two authors of first books whose names have long been known throughout the civilised world. They are Prince Bernhard von Bülow, the author of *Imperial Germany* (Dodd, Mead and Company, New York), and Dr. Wu Tingfang, the author of *America Through the Spectacles of an Oriental Diplomat* (Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York). Prince von Bülow was Imperial Chancellor of Germany from 1900 to 1909 and for three years before that he had been Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. So for twelve years his was the guiding hand in that extraordinary development that has brought modern Germany to the front in the councils of Europe as a great world power. Preceded by Bismarck, to von Bülow fell the task of carrying out and developing the policies of the Iron Chancellor. During his directorship, the great German fleet was built, three great crises passed (Algerciras, Bosnia, and Agadir); Germany obtained a place on the coast of China, added to her possession in the Pacific and in Africa, and saw the menacing rise of the socialist party.

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Dr. Wu Tingfang's achievements extend from the promotion of the first railway in China to the conquest of the American bicycle. For two terms, from 1897 to 1902, he was the Chinese minister to the United States. Washington

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society has known few more interesting diplomats. "How old are you? How many times have you been married? How much does your husband earn?" were to him perfectly conventional questions to be put to his dinner partner or hostess. Dr. Wu was born in Singapore in 1848. His father, a well-to-do merchant, gave him a good English education at St. Paul's College, Hongkong. After graduation, he became interpreter in the Hongkong law courts. In that capacity he found that the Chinese merchants were at a great disadvantage in lawsuits against foreigners for lack of lawyers with an understanding of the English language and of law. So in 1874, against the violent opposition of his friends, he went to England to study law and in 1877 was admitted to the English bar—the first Chinese to gain the distinction. On his way home in the same year he visited the United States for the first time. His ability in the practice of law in Hongkong soon made him prominent. The Consul Generalship at San Francisco was offered to him but he declined it. In 1882 he accepted a position on the staff of Li Hung Chang. His services on the Board of War, the Japanese Commission, and as Superintendent of Imperial Railways brought him the appointment as Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States, Spain, Mexico, and Peru. Since his return to China he has held various important posts. He took a leading part in the movement which made China a republic, holding for a time the Portfolio of Foreign Affairs in the Revolutionary Cabinet.

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Carl Werner is the author of *The Law of Life*, published by Dodd, Mead and Company, New York. *The Law of Life* is his first novel, but last year he brought out a little volume entitled *Bringing Up the Boy*. Mr. Werner was born in Watertown, New York, thirty-nine years ago. In Watertown he lived until he was twenty-one. Then he went to New York City and since has been engaged in daily newspaper work, as the editor of a weekly paper, and as a contributor to magazines. He is also one of the editors of the New Standard Dictionary. He has a home in Brooklyn, and a bungalow, "Wernerwood," on the St. Lawrence River. He gives his favourite diversions, in the winter: making crayon portraits and going to prize-fights; in the summer: swimming and fishing. Also from the press of Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company comes another first book, Mr. Alvin S. Johnson's *The Professor and the Petticoat*. The only tangible information that Mr. Johnson gives about himself is contained in a line to the effect that the material for his story was collected in the course of two years' service at the University of Texas, as professor of economics.

THE JUNE BOOKMAN

To the June BOOKMAN *Brander Matthews will contribute a paper entitled "A Best Seller of Two Centuries Ago." The article will tell the curious story of the "Princesse de Clèves," by Madame de Lafayette. Madame de Lafayette was an intimate friend of Madame de Sevigné and of La Rochefoucauld. Burton Egbert Stevenson in the June number will write descriptively of Rochester as "The City of Edwin Drood," and from the pen of Jack London we shall print a remarkable short story, entitled "Told in the Drooling Ward."*

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ROMAIN ROLLAND

BY ELLEN KEY

We close the last volume of Jean Christophe with an emotion of pain akin to that which we experience at the death of a friend. We shall no longer be able to live with this work, whose every successive volume added something to the riches of our souls! All the heroes were gradually graven upon our minds as living beings. Jean Christophe, especially, is the most living personality that could ever be met. We have shared his joys, his fits of anger, his sorrows. This book is one of the great educational novels of universal literature. It should be compared with *Wilhelm Meister,* the *Grüne Heinrich* of Gottfried Keller, though from the standpoint of the emotion which it aroused and the distinctness of its characters, the French work appears almost superior.

Like *Wilhelm Meister,* it presents digressions and episodes which disturb the unity. But Rolland, like Goethe, did not attempt to create a finished romance. Both were giving their views of art and the world—both were creating a sort of epic poem that offers contemporary problems which affect an epoch and the ideal of life that the author desires to suggest to us. This quality of a moral and social portrait of an epoch presented by Jean Christophe, deeply impressed Wells. According to the author of the *War of Worlds* this is the claim by which this work is "the arch type of what the romance must become. Every epoch to be fixed in the memory of future ages must aspire to such books." No doubt Jean Christophe possesses great importance from the standpoint of the explanation of contemporary ideas. During recent years Socialism, Nationalism, the dogmatic spirit, and the spirit of criticism, have been engaged in France in a burning conflict and Jean Christophe retraces these battles. But, in my opinion, this is not the portion of the book that will live longest.

Jean Christophe will endure through its psychological intuition and artistic creation; also by the original thoughts concerning life and men which irradiate the book. These characters, like those of Shakespeare defined by Goethe, resemble crystal clocks, whose machinery and wheels can be watched from the outside. Only Tolstoy in *War and Peace* has been able to put in motion such a number of figures, varying in age, sex and nationality. Never shall we forget the grandfather, Louisa, Uncle Gottfried. If any characters are less distinct they are Jean Christophe's sweethearts. Yet the first two are exquisite and Anna, the heroine of the Burning Bush, is the best female character Rolland has created. But I prefer to these love episodes the admirable scene of Christophe's visit to Schulz, the old German musician. We are reminded of the meeting of Simeon and the Child Jesus in the Temple. It has been said of a line in the *Inferno* that it alone would deserve a laurel crown; the episode of Schulz would suffice to win for Rolland the crown of all that is precious in Jean Christophe. This passage is one of those where Rolland reveals a marvellous comprehension of the soul of Old Germany, a faculty for which he has been reproached by some of his countrymen. Yet, whatever may be said, Romain Rolland is thoroughly a Frenchman and his mind, too, in its clearness and delicacy is infinitely French. But he had a magic key to penetrate the heart of Old Germany: German music.

So thorough a musician and so richly gifted in composition that in his early life he almost preferred it to literature Romain Rolland possesses a marvellous intuition of the intimate nature of musical genius. If Jean Christophe contains

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a wonderful evocation of the German soul, it is because he has been that soul wholly reflected in the soul of Beethoven. He of all musicians stands nearest to the heart of Rolland, who has written a touching study of him. But the real monument, the only one worthy of Beethoven which Art has ever erected, is the creation of Jean Christophe himself. The hero resembles Beethoven even physically; the novel reproduces the external facts of his life, reconstitutes its environment. Because he made Beethoven live again in another character, he could give free rein to all his intuitive certainty of the troubles, hatreds, furies and also floods of tenderness and happiness in that tempestuous soul—for Rolland had heard Beethoven confess them to him in his music.

The first volume, *Dawn*, is a marvel of psychological genius. In this part, whose scene is laid in Germany, the characters are necessary, they spring from the soil. With Christophe's arrival in Paris his material resemblance to Beethoven ceases, except where music is concerned. Here, too, the unity of the composition ends. Christophe meets Olivier; again we feel that these interviews between a talented German and a talented Frenchman reflect the author, not the two young men. Yet we perceive that this exchange of souls between symbolical representatives of the genius of France and of Germany is perhaps the most important page in the book. Olivier opens new worlds to Christophe by the breadth of his intellectual horizon, his refined culture, and the idealism of a race that has dreamed of universal happiness and has kindled revolutions in the name of Reason and of Liberty. Through Olivier, Christophe learns to understand France and becomes softened and elevated. While Olivier, through association with him, gains in vitality, he himself gains in harmony. Olivier dies, but his soul has passed into the soul of Christophe. The symbolical meaning of the moral exchange between Olivier and Jean Christophe has been recently emphasised by an Austrian critic, Stefan Zweig: "You, Romain Rolland, in your lofty spirit of goodness and of justice, have set Germany and France face to face in a sphere so high that no rivalry is possible, that there can be only parallel, not conflict. You have loved Germany because you have seen it with the eyes of Goethe and of Beethoven; we wish to see France through yours. In an age where each one is so eager to derive profit from his labour, you have written in solitude an immense work. While the learned critics in the Sorbonne were talking of the decadence of French fiction, which in their opinion would produce no more great novels, you, unnoticed by these critics, had constructed precisely such a work, which mirrors not only a country, but an entire age. Three volumes belong to Germany, one to Switzerland, one to Italy, and the bond between all the characters whose environment is so different, is (besides the visible hero, Jean Christophe) the invisible one: music.

II

If *Dawn* is the culminating point of the first part of Jean Christophe, the Burning Bush demonstrates the second. Here the author no longer thinks of Beethoven, of any nationality or of any age. He makes his hero pass through one of those crises of the soul whence issue life or death; one of those crises experienced by all human beings who are thoroughly captivated by life on the day when it appears to them in its incoherence and its brutal cruelty. The sorrow, the doubt, the anguish caused by the enigma of life find a heart-rending expression. At last life triumphs; the God whom Jean Christophe had always felt within reveals Himself and speaks. Stirred as by a spring tempest, the chords of his soul again sing. Beyond his crushed personal life, the hero glimpses the eternal life, the great current sweeping along all the human atoms.

The fiery religious atmosphere which fills this volume, the soul of Rolland's work, has sometimes perplexed his friends and his critics. Is he associated with any

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church? The dogmatics, confronting the absolute independence of his mind, not only do not adopt him but are hostile. The free-thinkers of France do not feel that he belongs to them. To what party then does Romain Rolland belong? I asked him and he sent the following answer: "I neither can nor wish to give a metaphysical *Credo*. I shall never deceive myself by saying I know or I do not know. I can imagine or hope, but I shall never confine myself within the bounds of a faith, for I hope to develop until my last day of life. I reserve absolute liberty of intellectual renovation. I have many gods in my Pantheon: my first goddess is liberty. At the present time, I do not separate the human soul from the divine spirit, but I scarcely believe that this divine spirit fills the universe. It strives to do so, but nothing says that it will succeed. Even in this respect I reserve space for liberty. Pure Monism does not satisfy me. I incline rather toward a dualism like that of the ancient Empedocles. I have a boundless admiration for the Pre-Socratian philosophers, the sages of Ionia and Greece. My first work, written at Rome, twenty years ago, was a drama entitled *Empedocles*. The struggle between two principles is to me evident in the course of history. The point in question is to know whether there is a third principle in which the two others are included or harmonised. A trinity, therefore; it is singular how this form impresses itself on the human mind. But this is a very different trinity from that of the Christians, since it admits of a father and two sons in conflict. A triad that approaches the ancient cosmogony of which we find a reflection in Hesiod in Chaos, Goia and Eros. If I live I shall try to deepen my knowledge of ancient thought. These old philosophers lived in a closer contact with nature than any of their successors and, besides, they have garnered the thousand years old wisdom of the entire East."

III

To mark his position from the standpoint of political parties, it must be remembered that he is the author of the *Theatre of the Revolution*, that he fought in the ranks of the progressive parties at the time of the Dreyfus affair; that he joined a group of young socialists for the creation of a popular theatre; that he looks favourably upon woman's entrance into public life. These ideas bring him into nearer association with the progressives. But what must unite all parties around him is the height of his conception of Art and of Life. To Rolland the moral ideal is vital energy, the strongest intensity of action. Art must itself be the richest life. The perception of beauty will be the greatest force of fraternity: those who love most will create most richly. So Rolland has written his beautiful monographs of Beethoven, Michael Angelo, Tolstoy. He loves and admires these great men, but he does not absolve them from their errors and utters these profound words: "That every lack of harmony between life and its laws proceeds, even in great minds, not from their greatness, but from their weaknesses."

Thus Rolland has exerted upon the serious-minded young men of France an influence analogous to that of Tolstoy upon himself. Almost alone among the literary men of the present day he has told these youths that devotion increases moral strength, that scepticism is poverty. Above all, at the time when there was a reaction from Science toward Christian faith, young people found in his work a new free and living religious spring. He has sought neither to explain nor to defend life. The *leit-motiv* of his great symphony is Beethoven's *Through sorrows joy*. There is a remarkable agreement between this ideal of Rolland and the famous theory of Bergson's *vital impulse*. No idea better expressed the nature of Jean Christophe than this one of the power of the soul opening the path to creative life. Perhaps Bergson strengthened in Rolland this moral ideal, but it previously existed. And the convincing power of this ideal is greater in the work of Art than in the philosophical system. That which also makes the moral

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ideal of Romain Rolland penetrate souls is the warmth of his religious feeling. Free from dogmas, it is imbued with a faith which under various names is the protoplasma eternally living in all the organisms created by the religious need of humanity. This is the faith in life as the sole form of divinity known to us; faith in the human soul as the highest expression of this divinity. To this living faith must be ascribed the gratitude and love which Romain Rolland has awakened in all souls worthy of understanding him. Every one who has followed Jean Christophe from birth to death feels that he has witnessed the humanisation, the spiritualisation of an immense force of nature by the cultivation of music, of love, of all the noble possibilities of the soul, by the discipline slowly conquered over brutal powers. Whoever, like Romain Rolland, shows a new source whence the desire for sanctification can draw fresh powers, brings what the purest minds of his age have most ardently desired.

IV

Fame is a strange thing. When in 1909, I read Rolland in Switzerland, I went afterward to Paris, where he was not named among famous authors. In Germany and Sweden he was unknown. Now when a Frenchman is asked if there is any new celebrity, he answers: Romain Rolland. Rolland has given to the age the book most filled with music. He has created a whole humanity in which all ages and all degrees of evolution in life are full of reality; a book overflowing with ideas, wisdom, goodness, help for life. The consciousness of having done this will doubtless be pleasant to him. But pride will be inspired only by uttering these words to which his French heart aspires:

The nation that has produced such a work is not passing, as its enemies assert, toward decadence. On the contrary, it is full of vital force. Rolland's great book is not solely a radiant revelation of the fact that the lofty ideas given by France to the world still live in her people. It proves something more—that to realise these ideas, the world still needs the French soul.

KIPLING'S INDIA

BY ARLEY MUNSON

IN THREE PARTS. PART III. ON THE ROAD TO MANDALAY

FROM Peshawur on the northern boundary of India to Mandalay in Burma is a journey of nearly three thousand miles. All along the way, at frequent intervals, crops out the Kipling country. A few generations ago, when India lacked her present-day railway facilities, the traveller would have taken his way by mail-tonga or bullock-cart along the Grand Trunk Road which runs straight through from Peshawur to Calcutta. The Grand Trunk Road was the "broad road" spoken of by the Ressaldar when he guided Kim and the lama on their pilgrimage toward the south.

And now we come to the broad road . . . —the great road which is the backbone of all Hind. For the most part it is shaded . . . with four lines of trees; the middle road—all hard—takes the quick traffic. In the days before rail-carriages the Sahibs travelled up and down here in hundreds. Now there are only country-carts and such like. Left and right is the rougher road for the heavy carts —grain and cotton and timber, bhoosa, lime and hides. A man goes in safety here—for at every few *kos* is a police-station. The police are thieves and extortioners . . . but at least they do not suffer any rivals. All castes and kinds of men move here. . . .

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Brahmins and chumris, bankers and tinkers, barbers and bunnias, pilgrims and potters—all the world going and coming.

Out to the Grand Trunk Road Miriam, the wife of Ephraim ("Jews in Shushan"), wandered in search of her dead little ones and when "the sun rose and beat upon her bare head, . . . she turned into the cool wet crops to lie down and never came back." In "Route Marchin'" the Regiment is marching along the Grand Trunk Road.

Oh, there's them Injian temples to admire when you see,
There's the peacock round the corner an' the monkey up the tree,
An' there's that rummy silver grass a-wavin' in the wind,
An' the old Grand Trunk a trailin' like a rifle-sling be'ind.
While it's best foot first
And the road a-sliding past,
An' every bloomin' campin'-ground exactly like the last;
While the Big Drum says,
With 'tis "rowdy-dowdy-dow!"—
"*Kikokissywarsti* don't you *hamsher argyjow?*"

There is nothing especially striking about the town of Meridki, a few miles north of Lahore, but there is met again Strickland of the Police, "who knows as much of the natives of India as is good for any man." It was at Meridki that Fleete insulted the god Hanuman and received "The Mark of the Beast" (*Life's Handicap*) from the Silver Man, " 'a leper as white as snow,' " who "had no face, because he was a leper of some years' standing and his disease was heavy upon him;" and at Strickland's Meridki bungalow Strickland and the Correspondent tortured the Silver Man with the red-hot gun barrels and the tightening cord until he removed the spell and "the soul of Fleete" came "back into the eyes." Strickland and the Correspondent took part in another of India's mysteries when Strickland learned a further lesson in regard to the nature of the Oriental in his discovery behind the ceiling-cloth of the awful Thing which had been Imray ("The Return of Imray"), the "fluttering, whispering, bolt-fumbling, lurking, loitering Someone" who, invisible to all but the wonderful dog Tietjens, came "in the twilight to seek satisfaction."

II

Shah Dara, a jungle town four or five miles northwest of the Lahore cantonments, was a favourite place of meeting of the four friends, Mulvaney, Learoyd, Ortheris, and the Correspondent, when they were freed for a few hours from duty at "Fort Amara"—Fort Akbar of Lahore. At Shah Dara are the tombs of Jehangir and Nur Jehan, the Grand Moghul and his beloved and beautiful wife, who built the delightful gardens at Kashmir, and who figure in Thomas Moore's *Lalla Rookh*. It was in one of the pontoons of the Bridge of Boats at Shah Dara that Mulvaney, dabbling his bare toes in the water, after being "walked off" by his two chums Learoyd and Ortheris, fully repented of his wish to shoot Sergeant Mullins who had insulted him; and, drinking the Correspondent's beer, talked himself into good humour again with the story of "Black Jack" (*Soldiers Three*), which told of Sergeant O'Hara, who was threatened with murder by the Black Tyrone and saved by Mulvaney's neat little trick with the Martini Henri rifle. In the tall grass of the jungle at Shah Dara, Lieutenant Ouless ("His Private Honor"), the young subaltern who had thoughtlessly struck with his cane Private Ortheris,—"a good man, a proved man and an Englishman,"—retrieved his error by giving full satisfaction with the fists to the insulted private and won his warm commendation. "There ain't nothin' wrong with Ouless. 'E's a gentleman all over!" Near the same spot took place the violent struggle of Ortheris's soul ("The Madness of Private Ortheris") when, lying "on his stomach with his head between his fists, . . . he swore quietly into the blue sky;" went "mad with the homesickness;" "waded

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RANGOON—THE SHWE DAGON PAGODA

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through the deep waters of affliction and behaved abominably." Farther on is Amritsar where, by his clever trickery, Kim won the ticket to Umballa from the Amritsar "Breaker of Hearts."

The walled city of Amritsar, one of the most important cities of the Punjaub, is remarkably beautiful with its magnificent palaces, graceful towers and green parks. Founded in the middle of the sixteenth century, it has always been the capital city of the Sikhs. Here Ranjit Singh, the great Sikh leader, who at one time owned the Koh-i-Noor diamond, built the Golden Temple which stands on a marble platform in the midst of a clear blue lake, "The Pool of Immortality." The lower parts of the walls are of white marble, but all the rest of the building is covered with gilded copper and the four doors are plated with silver. Inside on a white silk sheet sits, day and night, one of the priests of the Sikhs, in the midst of votive offerings of flowers and grain and money, reading the *Granth*, the holy book of the Sikhs; while his pupils gather about him, listening to his words. Hundreds of the fearless temple doves cooing and fluttering here and there, complete the impressive scene.

During the informal little tea-party on the train at Amritsar, Scott of the Irrigation Department, began to feel a very deep interest in "William the Conqueror" (*The Day's Work*), the "girl who never set foot on the ground if a horse were within hail; who rode to dances with a shawl thrown over her skirt; who wore her hair cropped and curling all over her head; who answered indifferently to the name of William or Bill; whose speech was heavy with the flowers of the vernacular; who could act in amateur theatricals, play on the banjo, rule eight servants and two horses, their accounts and their diseases, and look men slowly and deliberately between the eyes —even after they had proposed to her and been rejected." And thus began the little drama which had its climax when, in the midst of their splendid work among the famine-stricken people of the Madras Presidency, William the Conqueror saw Scott at the head of his procession of famine babies and milch goats and "beheld with new eyes a young man, beautiful as Paris, a god in a halo of golden dust, walking slowly at the head of his flocks, while at his knee ran small naked Cupids."

At Umballa, a military station, containing nothing of particular interest to the tourist, the traveller changes cars from the North Western to the East Indian Railway. At Umballa Kim and the lama spent a peaceful night at the home of the cultivator's relatives; and Kim de-

BENARES. TO KIM'S THINKING "A PECULIARLY FILTHY CITY." IN THE TEMPLE OF PRITHI-DEVI TERENCE MULVANEY MADE HIS STRANGE APPEARANCE AS THE GOD KRISHNA. ("THE INCARNATION OF KRISHNA MULVANEY")

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livered to Creighton Sahib "the white stallion's pedigree." Saharanpur is a small town, but is well worth visiting for the sake of its fine botanical gardens and its splendid view of the Himalaya Mountains. At Saharanpur was the "long white rambling house," where the old woman from Kulu—"a woman with a heart of gold but a talker—something of a talker——" entertained with such cordiality Kim and the lama and Hurree Babu; cared for the lama during Kim's sickness; and, with all a mother's tenderness, nursed Kim back to health. It was near this home at Saharanpur that the lama found at last his River of the Arrow, and freed Kim from the "Wheel of Things."

. . . the River of the Arrow is here . . . I have found it. Son of my soul, I have wrenched my soul back from the Threshold of Freedom to free thee from all sin—as I am free, and sinless. Just is the Wheel! Certain is our deliverance. Come!

He crossed his hands on his lap and smiled, as a man may who has won Salvation for himself and his beloved.

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THE PALACE OF THE RAJAH AT BENARES

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THE SACRED GANGES RIVER AT BENARES. THE "MOTHER GUNGA" OF THE HINDUS. FOR THREE YEARS FINDLAYSON ("THE BRIDGE BUILDERS") ENDURED HEAT AND COLD, DISAPPOINTMENT, DISCOMFORT, DANGER, AND DISEASE, IN ORDER TO BUILD THE GREAT KASHI BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER.

Although Cawnpore is one of the chief manufacturing cities of India and has perhaps the finest military cantonment. the traveller turns at once to the memorials of the city's tragic part in the Great Mutiny of 1857. Chief of these memorials is Marochetti's marble statue of the Angel of the Resurrection surrounded by a Gothic screen in the midst of a delightful park. Over the gate of the screen are inscribed the words, "These are they which came out of great tribulation;" and on the pedestal of the statue,

Sacred to the perpetual Memory of the great company of Christian people, chiefly Women and Children, who near this spot were cruelly massacred by the followers of the rebel Nana Doondoo Panth of Bithoor, and cast, the dying with the dead, into the

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THE HOOGHLY RIVER AT CALCUTTA. SOMEWHERE HERE WAS FULTAH FISHER'S BOARDING-HOUSE, "WHERE SAILOR MEN RESIDE," WHERE HANS, THE BLUE-EYED DANE, WAS SLAIN BY SALEM HARDIEKER, AND WHERE ANNE OF AUSTRIA LOOTED THE MAID ULTRUDA'S CHARM, "THE LITTLE SILVER CRUCIFIX THAT KEEPS A MAN FROM HARM"

well below, on the xvth day of July, MDCCCLVII.

Through the streets of Cawnpore Mulvaney clung to the back of a maddened elephant ("My Lord, the Elephant") and, by punishment and kindness wisely mingled, conquered the great beast and won his friendship; so that years afterward on the Frontier the elephant refused to go forward with his guns—thus blocking the Pass and delaying the advance of two thousand soldiers—until he had seen his old friend Mulvaney.

"Down, Malachi," I sez, "an' put me up . ..." He was on his knees in a minut an' he slung me up as gentle as a girl. "Go on now, my son," I sez. "You're blockin' the road." He fetched wan more joyous toot, an' swung grand out av the head av the Tangi, his gun-gear clankin' on his back; an' at the back av him there wint the most amazin' shout I iver heard.

Now is sighted the Ganges River, which flows from the Himalaya Mountains fifteen hundred miles to the Bay of Bengal. This is the holy river of the Hindus who swear "by the waters of the Ganges," as Christians take their oath on the Bible. "Mother Gunga," as the Hindus call her, is believed to spring from the feet of Vishnu and to cleanse from all sin. For three years Findlayson ("The Bridge-Builders") "had endured heat and cold, disappointment, discomfort, danger, and disease, with responsibility almost too heavy for one pair of shoulders," in order to build the great Kashi Bridge over the Ganges, when the terrible flood descended which almost wrecked his honour and happiness, for "there were no excuses in his service. Government might listen, perhaps, but his own kind would judge him by his bridge, as that stood or fell." Then came the grumbling of Mother Gunga because the bridge-builders had her in irons; and the council of the gods from which Mother Gunga retired baffled and beaten and Findlayson emerged triumphant, for his beloved bridge held firm.

Benares, where the lama made his home when Kim was not with him, was founded three thousand years ago and is the holiest of holy cities, for it is sacred to Buddhists as well as Hindus (at the beginning of his teachings, Buddha came to Benares) some seven hundred million people in all. The Hindu believes that while the rest of the world rests on the back of a tortoise, Benares is upheld on the trident of Vishnu, the god of preservation, who further blessed the city with a well thirty feet deep, filled with his own perspiration, by bathing in which a

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THE IRRAWADDY RIVER. SWUM BY MULVANEY AND LIEUTENANT BRAZENOSE. ("THE TAKING OF LUNGTUNGPEN")

man receives an absolute surety of heaven. This well is a revolting mixture of stagnant water and decayed flowers and foodstuffs which have been thrown in as religious offerings by the thousands of Hindus who go down the steps of the well to drink and bathe in the water. Among the hundreds of temples and mosques at Benares, the only one of real beauty is the Mosque of Aurungzebe with its two slender, graceful minarets towering high above the city. The brasswork and silks of the bazaars will detain the traveller for a time, but he will soon leave the arcaded, tortuous streets, narrow and filthy, where the sacred cows and monkeys are allowed full liberty, for the riverside, the chief attraction of Benares. The best way to see this is to sit in a comfortable chair on the deck of a river-boat which the coolies row slowly up and down. For three miles the high bank swarms with palaces, temples, mosques, and long flights of steps going up from the river at every point. Here, among the sacred

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cattle and the pariah dogs, congregate the Hindus engaged in the ceremonies of their religion, priests under their huge umbrellas, wild-eyed, self-torturing fakirs, naked and loathesome in grease and paint and ashes; and countless devotees bathing in the river which receives the sewage of the city, or burning their dead on its banks. No wonder Kim thought Benares "a peculiarly filthy city."

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"ELEPHANTS A-PILING TEAK
IN THE SLUDGY, SQUDGY CREEK"

To the Temple of Prithi-Devi in Benares ("The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney"), the coolies carried Mulvaney in the gorgeous palanquin which "the three musketeers" had won in fair fight from Dearsley, foreman of the construction works; and from the shelter of the palanquin Mulvaney saw, at the big Queens' Praying in the temple, the wives and daughters of most of the kings of India,

more glorious than thransformations at a pantomime, for they was in pink an' blue an' silver an' red an' grass green, wid di'monds an im'ralds an' great red rubies all over thim. But that was the least part av the glory . . . they were more lovely than the like av any loveliness in hivin; ay, their little bare feet were better than the white hands av a lord's lady, an' their mouths were like puckered roses, an' their eyes were bigger and dharker than the eyes av any livin' women I've seen.

There, wrapping the pink lining of his palanquin around him for a mantle, and using a beer-bottle for a flute, Mulvaney impersonated the god Krishna, before the worshipful, credulous gaze of the women, and thus escaped from the temple.

III

Now the train speeds through Bengal towards Calcutta, and the climate and the scenery change completely. The air is heavy, and moist, and fragrant with the flowers and spicy weeds of the tropical woodland. All nature riots in luxuriance of growth and loveliness of colour and the forests on both sides of the track are wide and deep with a vast amount of tangled undergrowth. Far to the east are the beautiful wooded mountains of Assam where among the Garo Hills Kala Nag (*The Jungle Book*) carried little Toomai to the elephant dance. Off in the west are the Seonee Hills, the home of Mowgli (*The Jungle Book*) and his wolf-brothers, who conquered Tabaqui, the cowardly jackal, and Shere Khan, the wicked, man-eating tiger; and close by are the Satpura Hills, the "scrubby, tigerish country," where John Chinn, the Second ("The Tomb of His Ancestors"), the young Subaltern whom the Bhils believed to be the reincarnation of his own grandfather, brought his "hereditary influence" to bear in vaccinating the frightened community; and by shooting his beautiful "tiger-horse," put a stop to the ghostly night-rides which had so terrorised the little black people of the hills.

Calcutta, lying on the "sullen, un-English stream, the Hooghly," was, until the recent change to Delhi, the capi-

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tal of British India. To enter Calcutta from Benares, the traveller goes into Howrah and crosses the Hooghly River with its wonderful pontoon bridge and its immense and varied shipping. The city of Calcutta is thoroughly cosmopolitan, all nations of the East and West mingling in her streets. The traveller will find the general sights of interest of every large city, fine public buildings, statues, monuments, and parks; while the white, spacious mansions of the Europeans in their beautiful gardens of tropical plants facing the broad boulevards, completely overshadow in the general view the narrow, dirty streets of native Bengal, and give the city an air of luxuriant wealth hard to equal anywhere else in the world. This impression of luxury is especially striking at sunset when the richly appointed turnouts roll down the Chowringhee Road and along the wide Esplanade by the river where the military band plays its gayest music and everybody is dressed in the most fashionable attire. Three or four miles from the city are the magnificent botanical gardens—the finest in the world—where, among rare and wonderfully beautiful plants, is the famous Great Banyan under which a thousand people might easily find shelter. The story of Calcutta is briefly told in "The Song of the Cities:"

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"THE TINKLY TEMPLE BELLS"

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THE OLD MOULMEIN PAGODA

> Me, the Sea-captain loved, the river built;
> Wealth sought and Kings adventured life to hold.
> Hail, England! I am Asia—Power on silt,
> Death in my hands, but gold!

"The God-forgotten City of Calcutta" is what Duncan Parrenness, Writer to the Most Honourable the East India Company ("The Dream of Duncan Parrenness"), calls the old capital when he writes from Calcutta in the days of Warren Hastings:

> . . . and I saw how the one year that I had lived in this land had so burned and seared my mind with the flames of a thousand bad passions and desires that I had aged ten months for each one in the Devil's school;

and goes on to tell of his distressing vision when his "trust in man," his

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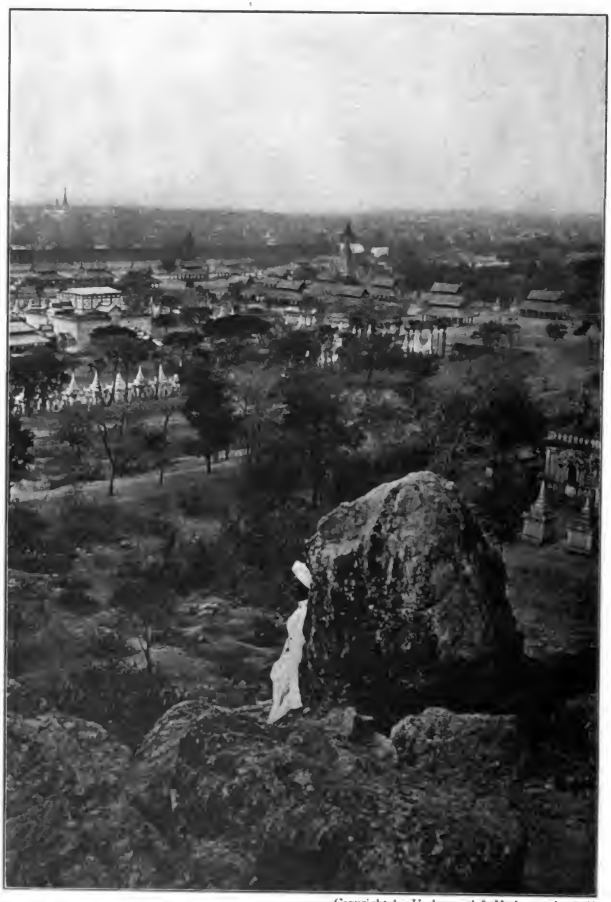

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MANDALAY

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"faith in women," and his "boy's soul and conscience" were lost to him forever. At Fultah Fisher's boarding-house in Calcutta ("The Ballad of Fisher's Boarding-House"), Salem Hardicker, the "lean Bostonian," because of the lies told him by his Light-o'-Love, Anne of Austria, murdered "Hans, the Blue-eyed Dane,"

> Bull-throated, bare of arm,
> Who carried on his hairy chest
> The maid Ulruda's charm—
> The little silver crucifix
> That keeps a man from harm.

It was at Calcutta cantonments that the Eurasian lady ("Private Learoyd's Story") coveted the fox-terrier belonging to the Colonel's wife and was tricked by Mulvaney, Learoyd, and Ortheris, who won the money reward and at the same time saved to the Colonel's lady her precious "Rip."

It is of Burma and his Burma sweetheart that the British soldier sings in "Mandalay,"

> I've a neater, sweeter maiden
> In a cleaner, greener land.

The vast mountain-ranges and dense forests of northwestern Burma forbid an overland entry from India; but well-appointed steamships of the British India lines run three times weekly from Calcutta to Rangoon, a distance of seven hundred and fifty-eight miles. One of these steamships takes the traveller speedily and comfortably across the Bay of Bengal and thirty miles up the Rangoon River to Rangoon. In "The Song of the Cities," Rangoon greets England with the words,

> Hail, Mother. Do they call me rich in trade?
> Little care I, but hear the shorn priest drone,
> And watch my silk-clad lovers, man by maid,
> Laugh 'neath my Shwe Dagon.

The object of chief interest in Rangoon is the famous Shwe Dagon Pagoda. This temple or reliquary is built over the eight hairs of Buddha and relics of the former Buddhas, and is a solid mass of pyramidal masonry covered with gold leaf from base to apex and rising three hundred and seventy feet in the air from the summit of Thehngoottara Hill. Crowning the pagoda is a golden umbrella ringed and fringed with golden bells and set with diamonds, emeralds and rubies. The clappers of the bells are flattened and elongated so that they catch the wind and keep up a continuous musical tinkling, which the Nats, the guardian angels of the Burmese, are supposed to hear and note that an act of devotion has been performed. At the base of the pagoda on every side are chapels containing massive carved figures of Buddha; and scattered here and there over the huge platform on which the pagoda stands are small pagodas of richly carved wood, or glass mosaic or masonry covered with gold leaf like the Shwe Dagon itself; stone altars for the offerings of devotees; stalls for the sale of religious offerings; bells of all sizes; and everywhere, figures of creatures half lion and half man. These lions are symbolical of a Burmese legend which tells of a Burmese prince lost in the jungle and mothered by a lioness who, when her foster son escaped from her by swimming across a river, died of a broken heart. So the lions are a memorial of the loving devotion of the lion-mother.

To the traveller it is a surprise to find in the streets of Rangoon, thronged with Americans, Europeans, Indians, Chinese, and Japanese, so few Burmese. In their big bazaars and at Shwe Dagon Pagoda they are seen in their true element. The women of Burma are free and respected and take an equal part with the men in all matters of life; marriage is an affair of the heart; children are adored; and the soil is lavish in its fruitfulness. It is said that for these reasons the Burmese are the happiest people on earth. It is not hard to believe this when one hears the merry talk and laughter and sees the bright faces and care-free, indolent air of these little brown people who are decked with fra-

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grant flowers and clad in silk of the gayest colours, pink, scarlet, green, yellow and magenta. Their flattened features show their relation to the Mongolian; and always in the mouth, whether of man, woman or child, you see the big greenish-white cheroot, for the Burmese baby learns to smoke when it learns to walk.

Almost as interesting as the Shwe Dagon Pagoda—but in quite a different way—are the timber-yards where the elephants act as coolies:

> Elephints a-pilin' teak
> In the sludgy, squdgy creek.

The clear-eyed intelligence of the great beasts in lifting and stacking in regular order the logs of teak, which often weigh more than a ton, is wonderful. Watching the "foreman elephant" pushing the log into its exact place, one almost believes the story which someone near by is sure to tell, that he frequently squints one eye to see that the log lies true.

IV

For the best view of the charming Irrawaddy River, the traveller should go from Rangoon to Mandalay by one of the boats of the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company. The steamers have three decks and the bow of the second deck is reserved for Europeans. Here the traveller may have his dining-table set and from a steamer-chair watch in perfect comfort the surrounding scenes. The odd river-craft first attract the attention. Among steam-tugs, rafts, barges, houseboats, and fishing-boats, is seen the peculiarly curved Burmese boat guided by an oarsman who sits in an elaborately carved chair high above the stern; and speeding before the wind are the little *peingaws* carrying sails one hundred and thirty feet long. The low-lying country of the Irrawaddy Estuary is soon left behind, and now the hills and woods give to the scene a constant variety of interest and delight. All along the way on every rise of ground stand the monasteries of the yellow-robed Buddhist monks or dozens of white pagodas with gilded peaks and tinkling bells. It is considered an act of great merit to build a pagoda of whatever size or material; hence the enormous number throughout Burma. Here and there is a town of considerable size or a little village of quaint bamboo houses on stilts where the rice-fields almost dazzle with their vivid green, and where giant palm-trees reach upward toward the sun. Then the forest-trees crowd close to the edge of the stream; bright-plumaged birds flutter among the branches; green monkeys gambol on the river-banks; and farther back in the quiet depths the wild elephant, the rhinoceros and the tiger have their haunts. A feature of peculiar charm in the scenery of the Irrawaddy is the frequent occurrence of flowering trees whose boughs, laden with blossoms or leaves of crimson or scarlet or gold, shine through the rich green of the woodland with splendid effect.

In "The Taking of Lungtungpen" (*Plain Tales from the Hills*), Mulvaney with Lieutenant Brazenose and his men, stripped and swam the Irrawaddy River that dark night when, not having time to dress again, they captured the town of Lungtungpen just as they were —"nakid as Vanus"—and so easily that the Burmese Headman asked the Interpreter, "Av the English fight like that wid their clo'es off, what in the wurruld do they do wid their clo'es on?" Farther up the river at Bhamo was the cozy little home of "Georgie Porgie" (*Life's Handicap*) and "Georgina," his Burmese girl who was "in every way as sweet and merry and honest and winning a little woman as the most exacting of bachelors could have desired." It was from Bhamo that Georgina followed Georgie Porgie in the long and faithful search which ended so bitterly for her.

> The Bride and the Bridegroom came out into the veranda after dinner, in order that the smoke of Georgie Porgie's cheroot might not hang in the new drawing-room curtains.
>
> "What is that noise down there?" said the Bride. Both listened.

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"Oh," said Georgie Porgie, "I suppose some brute of a hillman has been beating his wife."

* * * * *

But it was Georgina crying, all by herself, down the hillside, among the stones of the water-course where the washermen wash the clothes.

Somewhere here in the wilds of Upper Burma lies the rebel village of "Pabengmay" ("The Grave of the Hundred Head") where Subadar Prag Tewarri, of the First Shikaris, so terribly avenged the murder of his beloved leader and piled on the grave of the young Subaltern the heads of a hundred of his enemies, to teach the Burmans "the price of a white man slain."

They made a pile of their trophies
  High as a tall man's chin,
Head upon head distorted,
  Clinched in a sightless grin,
Anger and pain and terror
  Writ on the smoke-scorched skin.

* * * * *

Then a silence came to the river,
  A hush fell over the shore,
And Bohs that were brave departed,
  And Sniders squibbed no more;
  For the Burman said
  That a *kullah's* head
Must be paid for with heads five score.

There's a widow in sleepy Chester
  Who weeps for her only son;
There's a grave on the Pabeng River,
  A grave that the Burmans shun,
And there's Subadar Prag Tewarri
  Who tells how the work was done.

Off to the west lies the Chindwin River, where took place the scrimmages between the Burman Boh Da Thone, "Erst a Pretender to Thebaw's Throne" ("The Ballad of Boh Da Thone"), and the dauntless Captain O'Neil, with his "Black Tyrone" regiment, "the choicest collection of unmitigated blackguards, dog-stealers, robbers of hen-roosts, assaulters of innocent citizens, and recklessly daring heroes in the Army List." And there is the cart-road of the Government Bullock Train where, beneath the weighty bulk of Babu Harendra Mukerji, the Boh ended his life in undignified fashion and forfeited his head which later so gruesomely interrupted Captain O'Neil's honeymoon.

Open-eyed, open-mouthed, on the napery's snow,
With a crash and a thud, rolled—the Head of the Boh!
And gummed to the scalp was a letter which ran:

In Fielding Force Service.
Encampment,
10th Jan.

Dear Sir,—I have honour to send, *as you said,*
For final approval (see under) Boh's Head;

Was took by myself in most bloody affair.
By High Education brought pressure to bear.

Now violate Liberty, time being bad,
To mail V.P.P. (rupees hundred) Please add

Whatever Your Honour can pass. Price of Blood
Much cheap at one hundred, and children want food.

So trusting Your Honour will somewhat retain
True love and affection for Govt. Bullock Train,

And show awful kindness to satisfy me,
I am,
Graceful Master,
Your
H. MUKERJI.

It was way over there in the East near the Shan States that Hicksey of the Police ("A Conference of the Powers") captured Boh Naghee, the Burmese robber chief, by taking a flying leap on his head while he lay in bed under a mosquito net; and the Dacoit chased by the Infant fell over the palisades on top of Dennis, the frightened and bewildered Civil Officer; and the whole affair ended with a little picnic of sandwiches.

The first glance at the city of Man-

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dalay, laid out like the squares of a checker-board, with good roads, good drainage, street-lamps, and efficient police protection, makes one feel that he has reached a town of the American Western country, but the little bamboo houses and the ever-present pagodas soon dispel the illusion. In the very centre of the city stands the walled town which was once the capital of the weak King Thebaw and his cruel queen, Supaiyah Lat, who, to insure prosperity to the city in its building, and afterward to protect it from the British, caused scores of her subjects to be buried alive beneath the walls. Many years ago the Burmese monarch was deposed and sent into exile in India, and his city serves now as a fort of the British Army. But the gilded palaces of the King and his four Queens still stand and the magnificent audience chambers are but little changed. Surrounding the royal city is a moat one hundred feet wide filled with water where hundreds of pink and white lotus lilies give a captivating picturesqueness to the scene. One of the "sights" of Mandalay is the series of pagodas called the "Four Hundred and Fifty Pagodas," for under each pagoda rests a marble slab engraved with one of the four hundred and fifty commandments of the Buddhist law. High above Mandalay, and almost surrounding it, rise the ruby mine mountains, and within the city itself is Mandalay Hill covered with countless pagodas. From this hill you can obtain a splendid view of the town and the surrounding country.

The journey is ended. The mist is on the rice-fields and the sun is dropping slow. Here on Mandalay Hill under the palm-trees sit the British Soldier and his little Burma girl, gazing dreamily out over the river, and listening to the "tinkly temple bells."

If you've 'eard the East a-callin', you won't never 'eed naught else.

No! you won't 'eed nothin' else
But them spicy garlic smells,
An' the sunshine an' the palm-trees an' the tinkly temple-bells;
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay;
Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay,
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay!

AMERICAN AUTHORS AND THEIR PUBLISHERS

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

Part II—When the Pen Began to Pay

"The class of professed men of letters," wrote Prescott in 1834, "if we exclude the conductors of periodical journals, is certainly not large, even at the present." Yet it seemed to J. W. Francis, whose memory travelled back to the first publishers' festival in 1802, that at the Brother Harper's great entertainment to the craft in 1832 a very large assemblage was present. Others of the time thought so, too. Many were wondering—as people had wondered from the very beginning of the book-trade—where all the readers came from and how publishers found it profitable to put out so many books, especially in light literature, the day of which was so brief. "The literary world is running very much into novels," wrote Bryant in 1836. "Here are three in one week." Twenty years

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later he was again to marvel at the output of books and, judged from publishers' enterprises, the appetite of readers.

But if there were more authors there were more publishers, which is a more reliable gauge of the growth of the business, and more were coming. Carey, Lea and Blanchard had established their firm title in 1833 in Philadelphia, where Carey and Hart had been doing business since 1829. There J. B. Lippincott opened his doors in 1836, making prayer-books and Bibles his specialty, but very soon becoming worldly enough for Bulwer and fleshly enough for Ouida. In New York Wiley and Putnam, A. S. Barnes, Dodd, Mead and Company, all began between '35 and '40; and in '46 was started the last of the older publishing houses, Baker and Scribner. But the principal publishers were still Harpers and Appletons.

"When Wiley and Putnam entered the business," says Mr. G. H. Putnam, "a very important proportion of the stock of the booksellers at that time was made up of works imported from England." And shortly, what with the English reprints and the general depression of the business world, nothing was salable except cheap publications. Carey, Lea and Blanchard found they had to remove the cloth covers from their stock of Cooper's novels and do them up in paper to find a market. The briskness of the competition in English reprints is illustrated by a story of Carey and Hart (a story which illustrates also that Philadelphia was still exceeding the New York speed limit). In 1836 they received a copy of *Rienzi* from the English publishers, and another arrived in the same packet for Harpers. The question was which firm would put the first American edition on the market. Carey distributed the sheets to the compositors on the day he received the book; at nine o'clock the next morning printed sheets for the first thousand copies were delivered to the binder; and in the afternoon of the same day five hundred copies were forwarded to New York by the mail-coach, the only vehicle that would reach the city by daylight the next morning. To insure rapid transportation Hart hired all the inside room of the coach and piled in *Rienzi* as a passenger.

The anecdote does not continue, but anybody can supply the details of what happened when Harper's *Rienzi* caught up with Hart's *Rienzi*, after its start of a day or two. Let Hudson's *History of Journalism* tell how hot the warfare raged.

> About the time steamships came in, several large weeklies were established. They were literary sheets and made news of literature. Parke Benjamin and Rufus Griswold were among their publishers. They made war by their enterprise on the Harpers and other large book publishers, and brought literature into the market at reduced prices. What the Harpers were reprinting at $1, they sold for 12½ and even 6¼ cents. They made the same arrangements to get early copies of the last English novel by the coming steamers as the *Herald* or *Tribune* made to obtain the latest London *Times;* and would publish an entire novel on the day of its reception. [It had taken New York five years to acquire the pace of the City of Brotherly Love, but when she did she added some peculiarly metropolitan touches!] These novels were sold as extras by the newsboys. There were wild scenes of excitement on the arrival of a steamship with a fresh novel. So great and sharp was the competition that in March, 1843, the *Herald* said: "The terrible contest now going on among the publishers of cheap literature will produce two or three results. First, the ruin of all the publishers; second, the fortunes of all the vendors in the large cities; third, the spread of literary taste among the people." These predictions were fully verified.

"The young firm of Wiley and Putnam," says Mr. Putnam in his history of his father, "declined from the outset to take advantage of the lack of protection afforded by the law, and Putnam made his first journey to England to bring about a closer relation between the two booktrades and purchase English publications to sell at home." Of the condition of things he narrates the follow-

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ing story, and gives its application. Frederika Bremer visited the Putnams to arrange for the American edition of her books. Some unauthorised editions were at once announced, and the most important competition was that threatened by Harpers, who announced in their magazine that they had cheaper editions in preparation. Putnam took Miss Bremer to call upon the Harpers, who received her very courteously; and privately asked Mr. Harper to withdraw his competing edition, as the author needed the money, and the edition which she authorised not selling for as low a price, would be pushed out of sale. But the competing edition came upon the market. Mr. Putnam goes on:

It would be impossible to give any sketch having to do with the publishing operations between '48 and '60 without making an occasional reference of this kind to the theories under which the Harpers of the first generation carried on their own publishing undertakings, theories which were certainly serviceable in helping to build up a largely remunerative business. The oldtime methods of publishing by "appropriation," methods practised by other concerns than Harpers, but in which, through their business capacity, their literary insight, and their large resources, they were easily the leaders, have during the past half-century changed very much for the better. The Harpers of that day were prepared to make payments to transatlantic authors who would place their American interests exclusively under Harper control. They were not disposed to concede to the foreign author liberty of action in the selection of his American publisher. Such a contention naturally brought them from time to time into issue with publishers who were willing to take up American editions of transatlantic books only under arrangement with the author.

"Authors were not infrequently suspicious in that day," says the *House of Harper,* speaking of this period, "and there are still members of their profession in the present day who are inclined occasionally to belabour their publishers unwisely and unjustly."

It was from this catch-as-catch-can era that the English tradition of publishers' exploitation of authors became dyed in the American grain. What hostility had previously existed seems to have been, in general, only a survival of the ancient feud aggravated by the fact that authorship in America had not yet come to afford a livelihood. The desire for wages—as one saw with the Salmagundi papers—has habitually been the root of all evil; especially when the employer himself was living from hand to mouth. The annual profits of the *Evening Post* were, let us say, about twenty-five thousand a year when Halleck and Drake were increasing its circulation and prestige with their amazingly successful Croaker papers—for nothing. As they asked nothing, there was about the transaction no taint of commercialism whatever. Long afterward, the *Post,* commenting on the new literary activity, recorded that the old, though in many respects not to be regretted, carried away with it some of the fine atmosphere of gentlemanly dignity and reserve which marked the earlier literature. The recipe for gentlemanly dignity and reserve is seen to be startlingly simple.

The distinction which we here suggest between the old and the new literary activity of our country is far more real than at first appears, and in some respects it has important significance. It is true that some of the writers of that time had no other business than that of authorship, but this was not common. Some of them, like Mr. Duyckinck, were possessed of property. Others, like Halleck, were constantly engaged in commercial affairs; Drake was a physician and sold medicines, and was poor. He and Halleck contributed the brilliant series of poems by Croaker and Co. to the *Evening Post,* gaining fame chiefly as their reward. In our time (1878) they would have sold them to the magazines for fifteen dollars apiece, and as fame came would demand a higher price for wares whose market value had increased. Irving, the centre and chief of the New York group, had some property and

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some employment from Government, and, moreover, he was a bachelor and lived inexpensively. In our time he would live at a club and receive enormous prices for his work. Hawthorne was a customs-officer and a counsel. And so with nearly all the rest of them—each had some other resource than his pen. Poe was without it and starved.

One may, of course (unlike Poe), starve with gentlemanly dignity and reserve, but one can hardly retain these qualities and insistently demand his wages or better wages. That authors had begun to do both by the middle of the century is the testimony of Goodrich in 1857.

Happily at the present day the relations between authors and publishers are on better footing than in former times. The late Festival in New York given by the publishers to the authors was a happy testimonial to the prevailing feeling that both are parties in the fellowship of literature. Indeed, a great change has taken place in the relative position of the two classes. Nothing is now more marketable than good writing. Starving, neglected, abused genius is a myth of bygone times. If an author is poorly paid, it is because he writes poorly. I do not think, indeed, that authors are adequately paid, for authorship does not stand on a level with other professions as to pecuniary recompense; but it is certain that a clever, industrious, and judicious writer may make his talent the means of his living.

It would seem to be likewise certain that clever and industrious writers had existed before that period and had not made their living. Whence the change? Had the publishers' generosity increased automatically as the support of the reading public increased? Or was it because of a gradually diminishing gentlemanly dignity—"in the demand of a higher price for wares whose value had increased"? One of the most dignified and fair-minded of our older publishers, writing in the *Atlantic* in 1905, calls contemporary authors a grasping lot, demanding abnormal advertising and abnormal advances and abnormal royalties; and remarks that authorship has now become a business to get rich in. "The priest who entered the temple with bowed head and under the vow of poverty has been replaced by the man with the yacht and the motor car. Certainly, the author's reverence for his art has gone." Substitute publisher for author in this passage, and it will be just as true and just as false. But when in literary history was the vow of poverty taken by entrant acolyte, author or publisher? Men have been poor and worms have eaten them, but not to demonstrate their reverence for their art.

PRESCOTT AND HIS PUBLISHERS

There is a good deal said these days by publishers about the commercialisation of literature by authors, and of its peculiar modernness. "I confess since I am old-fashioned," says *A Publisher's Confession*, "that it shocks me when a successful author asks me on what terms I can bring out his book. If he does not openly hawk his book and his reputation, he at least tempts one publisher to bid against another, and thus invites the publisher to regard it as a mere commodity." It would be illuminating to set in order all the facts and figures of the vague era which designates him as old-fashioned. He would perhaps find too few isolated cases to substantiate the mellow opinion. In the decade when Irving—fairly well-to-do and a rural bachelor—was presenting his plates to Putnam and refusing better offers, he would find that Prescott—never in the least dependent on his writings and certainly a dignified and admirable literary figure—was, if not running after the highest bidder, at least encouraging the highest bidder to run after him. A layman might ask why not. All the rest of life is conducted on that principle, why should trading in books alone be excepted? A lawyer's goods are without reproach treated as a commodity, and, except with sentimentalists, a minister's—then why not a writer's? That "old-fashioned" era of the engaging author of *A Publisher's Confession* inherited an

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externally pretty but quite baseless tradition that writers were and of a right ought to be regardless of their wages. He is less sentimental about the other side of the matter. "That fine indifference to commercial results which was once supposed to be characteristic of the great publishers does not exist to-day. Perhaps it never existed except in memoirs and literary journals. But there was a less obvious effort to make money in the days of the first successful American publishing houses than now." At any rate, the history of Prescott and his publishers quite punctures both wings of the inflated fabric of that elder day "when labour sweat for service not for hire."

Prescott's *Ferdinand and Isabella* was published by the American Stationers Company, of Boston, at author's risk. In London Murray and Longman had declined it, but an arrangement was finally made with Bentley on a scheme of division of profits. In Boston three-fifths of the edition of five hundred copies were sold before a copy could be sent to New York, and in five weeks the edition was exhausted. "Before leaving Boston," Prescott entered in his diary, "I concluded a bargain with Little and Brown. I agreed to sell them seventeen hundred copies at $1.75 a copy. They are to have five and a half years to dispose of them; there being about four hundred copies remaining on hand of those bought of the Stationers Company. By this bargain I receive $3,000 in addition to the $1,000 before received [on sales by the Stationers Company] within six years of publication." In 1845 comes this entry. "I have made an agreement with the Harpers. . . . My portrait is to be prefixed thereto—which they consider, I suppose, putting a good face on the matter." The success of *The Conquest of Mexico* proved even greater than that of his former history. For *The Conquest of Peru* in 1847 Harpers paid $7,500 on the day of publication—at the rate of $1 a copy—"terms more liberal," Ticknor remarked, "than had ever been offered for a work of grave history on this side the Atlantic." The English rights were bought by Bentley for $4,000. "The Harpers give me good accounts of my works," wrote Prescott, "and consider my copyrights worth no less than $25,000 apiece." It was in 1854 that he records leaving the Harpers not because of dissatisfaction, but because of a more liberal offer. Derby says that he had left Little, Brown for the same reason—Harper having offered a larger copyright. Phillips, of Phillips, Sampson and Company, of Boston, hearing that his contracts were expiring, called on Prescott. The historian said he should be glad to receive a proposition for his new book and a contract for the old ones from any other house. The Harpers were paying fifty cents on each book they sold wholesale at $1.50. Phillips proposed a guarantee for *Philip II* and to keep on paying fifty cents for the old books. Prescott wrote to Harpers to ask if they would meet this offer. They said they would continue the old terms, but could not guarantee any number. Prescott thereupon signed with Phillips; but for some reason had the generosity after the contract was signed to scratch out the guarantee. It was a generosity he might have exercised before. Here is what he wrote to Harpers. "And now allow me to say that this is one of the most unpleasant letters I ever wrote in my life, since it is to break off a long and pleasant intercourse with friends with whom I have never interchanged any words but those of kindness and regard. Every year of our connection has confirmed me in the opinion which I had early formed of the high and honourable character of your house, for every member of which I have to express sentiments of the most sincere regard."

Cooper is said to have dashed off his first book, *Precaution*, to show his wife he could write a better novel than the English one he had just been reading; but perhaps no one could take light literature more lightly than Simms in the following story which Professor Trent tells. Packages from the South had a

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way of failing to arrive at their destination, and Simms carried to his publishers in New York as much of the manuscript of *The Partisan,* his fifth novel, as he had completed. The printers set to work at once and soon caught up with him. Then the young man informed the Harpers that he was going out of town for a week. "But," said Mr. James Harper, "we are out of copy and will have to suspend work until you return." "That will never do," replied the author. "Give me pen, ink, and paper, and I'll go upstairs and find a place to write." In less than half an hour he came down again with more manuscript than would be required during his absence. This sounds marvellous, says Professor Trent, or else New York printers in 1835 were not rapid workers; but such was the story which James Harper told in after years to an admirer of Simms.

Each deduction from this story is probably true, though possibly the period of time has shrunk a little in the wash of years. Certainly Simms had marvellous facility, and certainly New York printers were marvellously slow—when publishers were not racing each other with English reprints (for which they possibly husbanded the vitality of their workmen). There was certainly, also, no reason with the generality of publications why printing should have gone slowly on account of its excellence. The hasty English reprinting had greatly lowered the standard of work in America, and metropolitan houses were content with the poor print and coarse paper which had earlier characterised the country printing-offices. People took it for granted that any piece of creditable printing of the English language must have been done in England. Yet American work could still be excellent upon occasion. Irving, considerate as he was of his publisher, was always demanding better editions. The *Sketch Book* was considered the most beautiful book yet published in America. A London firm ordered a thousand copies, on which their name appeared according to agreement. A London publisher said to Putnam, "You Americans can do fair work, but it takes an English house to issue anything like this—such beautiful printing and wood-drawing I have never seen."

The father of E. A. Duyckinck (upon whose death in 1878 the New York *Evening Post* wrote the editorial above quoted) was Evert Duyckinck the elder. At the time of his retirement from business he was the oldest publisher in New York, and he died in 1833. Diedrich Knickerbocker expressed in a letter his regret that his work had not been published by his esteemed friend, Mr. Evert Duyckinck, "a lineal descendant from one of the ancient heroes of the Manhattoes, whose grandfather and my grandfather were just like brothers." Thus Irving had inherited that disposition to regard a publisher in a brotherly way, which he was afterward to illustrate so unusually. Could he have told the company at the Authors Festival at which he so graciously presided (and probably quietly fell asleep, according to his custom) the story of his own dealings with publishers, it would have added an extra grace to the occasion.

IRVING AND PUTNAM

Irving had begun his literary life as the most modest of men, but his English success gave him confidence. When asked by Murray, the London publisher, to fix a price for *Bracebridge Hall,* he named the strapping sum of fifteen hundred guineas. "If you had said a thousand——" began Murray tentatively. "You shall have it," broke in Irving; and the contract was signed. His English reputation was not great enough, however, to float him for long in America. He had settled on the Philadelphia house of Carey, Lea and Blanchard as his publishers. During the years '39-'43 there was extreme depression in the publishing business; and as the sale of his works had become very languid, his publishers said nothing about renewing his contract when it expired in '43. For five years no American publisher had

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enough confidence in him to propose definitely for a new edition. Irving had become completely despondent over his literary prospects when Putnam made him a proposition. The young firm of Wiley and Putnam had been then about ten years in existence. Wiley was the son of Charles, the first publisher of Cooper, and both partners had a wide acquaintance with authors and publishers; but their beginning had been simple enough—Derby records that Putnam contributed as his share only $150. Putnam had been for a year or two conducting the London end of the firm, and consequently had more faith in Irving than the other American publishers. Considering the state of the market and of Irving's works in particular, his offer was a most generous one, and it was accepted with eagerness. "There is no necessity of my bothering further with the law," cried Irving gaily to his nephew and kicking the desk in front of him, which he had taken in his brother's law-office. "Here is a fool of a publisher going to give me a thousand a year for doing nothing!"

The relationship thus begun forms one of the prettiest pages in the literary history of New York. It continued until death, though Irving received numerous proposals for the transfer of his writings. (In spite of the lofty notions of our old publishers, which some of the moderns seek industriously to circulate —"It was once a matter of honour," says *A Publishers Confession,* "that one publisher should respect the relation established between another publisher and a writer.") Irving, however, told Putnam that as long as he remained a publisher the contract should endure. From Sunnyside in '52 he wrote Putnam: "But as you talk of obligations to me, I am conscious of none that have not been fully counterbalanced on your part, and I take pleasure in expressing the great satisfaction I have derived from all our intercourse, from your amiable, obliging, and honourable conduct. Indeed, I never had dealings with any man, whether in the way of business or friendship, more perfectly free from any alloy. That these dealings have been profitable is merely owing to your sagacity and enterprise. You had confidence in the continued vitality of my writings when my former publishers had almost persuaded me they were defunct. Wishing you that continued prosperity in business which your upright, enterprising, truthful and liberal method of conducting it merits and is calculated to ensure, I again invoke on you and yours a happy New Year."

Putnam wrote for the *Atlantic Monthly,* in 1880, the story of his relations with Irving.

Being in '48 again settled in New York and apparently able to render suitable business attention to the enterprise, I ambitiously proposed an arrangement to publish Irving's Works. My suggestion was promptly accepted without the change of a single figure or stipulation. The number of volumes since printed of these and the later works amounts to about eight hundred thousand. The relations of friendship—I cannot say of intimacy —to which this arrangement admitted me were such as any man might have enjoyed with proud satisfaction. Sunnyside was too inviting to those who were privileged to visit there to allow any proper opportunity for a visit to pass unimproved.

It was almost a proverb that he was a nearly solitary instance of a long literary career untouched by even a breath of ill-will or jealousy on the part of a brother-author. Cooper evidently brooded a little over the relative amount of attention extended to his brother-author. At any rate he persistently kept aloof from Irving for many years. Mr. Irving more than once spoke to me in terms of warm admiration of the works and genius of Cooper, and regretted that the great novelist seemed to cherish some ill-feeling toward him. One day, some time after I had commenced a library-edition of Cooper's best works and while Irving's were in course of publication in companionship, Mr. Irving was sitting at my desk with his back to the door when Mr. Cooper came in (a little bustlingly as usual) and stood at the office entrance talking. Mr. Irving did not turn and Cooper

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did not see him. I had acquired caution as to introductions without mutual consent, but with a brief thought of how matters stood [they had not met for several years], I stoutly obeyed the impulse of the moment and simply said—"Mr. Cooper, here is Mr. Irving." The latter turned. Cooper held out his hand cordially, dashed at once into an animated conversation, took a chair; and to my surprise and delight the two authors sat for an hour chatting in their best manner about almost every topic of the day and some of the former days. They parted with cordial good wishes, and Mr. Irving frequently alluded to the incident as being a very great gratification to him.

His little library at Sunnyside had become somewhat overcrowded, and a suggestion for a general renovation and pruning seemed to be gladly accepted, so I went up and passed the night there for that purpose. As he sat by, I rapidly reported the candidates for exclusion and he nodded assent or—as here and there he would interpose with "No, no, not *that*"—an anecdote or reminiscence would come in as a reason against the dismissal of the book. . . . When *Wolfert's Roost* was published (I had to entice the papers of that volume from his drawer, for I doubt whether he would have collected them himself) I saw him affected actually to tears on reading some of the hearty and well-written personal tributes it called forth.

Mr. George Haven Putnam, writing of the house of Putnams, continues the story.

When G. P. Putnam closed their business operations in difficulties, the stereotype plates of Irving—which constituted in connection with the publishing rights the most valuable item in the assets—were purchased from the assignee by Irving himself. He had by this time received many propositions from other publishers, some more advantageous than he had had with Putnam. The author could now demand in addition to the royalty for copyright a further royalty for the use of the plates. He declined all suggestions from the other firms and said, "Now, Putnam, I want you to be the owner of these plates for me. I will sell you them and receive payments by instalments, as you may find convenient. You, being the owner of the plates, will then pay me royalties on the sales at the same rate as before." Irving was perfectly aware that he was making a direct business sacrifice. It proved, however, to be the case that in giving an almost undivided attention during the succeeding two years to these books, Putnam secured much larger annual results than had ever before been realised. He tried to persuade Irving to accept a higher royalty, but on this point the old gentleman had made up his mind. . . . If it had not been for this friendly consideration on the part of his principal author, my father would have found the difficulty of beginning business again after the disaster very considerable indeed.

The death of George Palmer Putnam brought forth many published eulogies. "His association with Irving was so intimate," wrote his daughter, "that to many it is the principal fact suggested by mention of his name. The devotion of one life to the interpretation of another implies what Carlyle has well called the genius of appreciation. To this latter class of appreciative friendships belongs that which for so many years existed between Mr. Putnam and Washington Irving. He devoted himself to the task of hewing out a road for his future reputation with a zeal and generous confidence that was certainly most generously recognised, and has been amply recompensed."

COOPER AND "COOPER-AGE"

It was not until his third novel that Cooper placed his name upon a title-page. The first, which the publisher allowed to be known had been written "by a gentleman of New York," obtained some modest appreciation; the second, *The Spy*, justified a new edition in nine months. Wiley published this; and it is worth recording—in view of the author's subsequent history—that Cooper remained on good terms with him. He proposed him for his new Bread and Cheese Club and saw to it (pardon the necessary slang!) that the publisher did not get the cheese. When Wiley afterward failed, a number of his

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authors wrote stories and gave them to him to help out. Cooper wrote two, says his recent *Life*, by Mary Phillips, and they were bound together under the title *Tales for Fifteen, or Imagination and Heart*.

He must have looked back rather wistfully to that friendly time during his later squabbles. The effect of his conflict with the press so cut the sale of his books that in 1843 he wrote, "I know many of the New York booksellers are afraid to touch my works on account of the press of that righteous and enlightened city." Throughout his life indeed, Cooper demonstrated that he might break but never bend. He brought out his first novel, *Precaution*, himself. It is not on record that he quarrelled with his first publisher, but he did with his subsequent ones and with almost everybody else. The days of The Den in Charles Wiley's bookstore and of the Bread and Cheese Club, when he drew around him a pleasant circle, were deceptive. With his publishers after Wiley's death, Carey, Lea and Blanchard, he was much dissatisfied and seemed to feel that the chaotic condition of the business which was precipitated by the English reprint trade was discriminating personally against him. Like most of the publishers, they found it impossible in the period of lowest native depression to sell a work of fiction except in paper. Cooper was unwilling to perceive that there was any reason why his royalties should decrease. But authors and reviewers as well as publishers came in for his disapproval. "It was not always pleasant," wrote Putnam, "to listen to Cooper's harsh comments on all of his contemporaries." Greenough, the sculptor, wrote to him from Rome, "I think you lose your hold on the American public by rubbing down their skins with brickbats as you do." Rather early in the game Bryant had written to Dana, "I saw Cooper yesterday. You tell me that I must review him next time myself. Ah, sir, he is too sensitive a creature for me to touch. He seems to think his works his own property, instead of being the property of the public to whom he has given them; and it is almost as difficult to praise or blame them in the right place as it was to praise or blame Goldsmith properly in the presence of Johnson." Cooper was always impatient of criticism, and though he never challenged a reviewer (as in 1836, N. P. Willis did Captain Marryatt in England—and conducted the duel to a successful and bloodless conclusion like any contemporary French author in Paris!) he brought seven suits against Thurlow Weed for libel in reviewing his books. At one of the trials while the judge was making his charge to the jury, Weed was reading Cooper's *Two Admirals*, which he had begun in the cars on his way to the court room, and became so deeply interested that he was unaware the trial was over until the jury brought in their verdict of guilty. "There was something," says Parton, "in the warfare waged by the author of the Leatherstocking Tales against the press and particularly in his suit against the *Tribune*, which appealed so strongly to Greeley that he never alluded to it without a paroxysm of mirth." He called it "the Cooperage of the *Tribune*," and his humorous account of the first trial set the town to laughing and provoked the novelist to a new suit. "The jury were hungry, too," ran the printed account, "and did not stay out very long. There were seven of them for a verdict of $100, two for $200, three for $500; they added these sums and divided the total $2,600 by twelve and called it $200 damages at 6 cents costs. Nothing remains but to pay piper or Cooper. Yes, Fenimore shall have his $200. To be sure, we don't exactly see how we came to owe him that sum; but he has won it and shall be paid. We should like to meet him and have a social chat over the whole business. Now it is over, we don't bear him a bit of ill-will. Since the jury has cut down his little bill from $3,000 to $200, we won't higgle a bit about the balance. In fact we rather like the idea of being so munifi-

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cent a patron (for our means) of American literature; and are glad to do anything for one of the most creditable (of old) of our authors, who are now generally reduced to any shift for a living by that grand national rascality and greater folly, the denial of International Copyright." Cooper's second complaint was based upon these sentences, "Knowing what we did, his fun did seem to us rather inhu——. Hallo there! we had like to have put our foot right into it again, after all our tuition;" and "It seemed to us, considering the present relations of the parties most ungen——. There we go again! This talking with a gag in the mouth is rather awkward at first, but we'll get the hang of it in time. We mean to say that the whole of this part of Mr. Cooper's speech grated upon our feelings rather harshly. We believe *that* isn't a libel." The author alleged that the meaning of the dashes was all too plain; the first was certainly "inhuman," and if the second wasn't "ungenerous" it was "ungentlemanly." Greeley in reply addressed him so pointed and laughing an editorial, asking him to remember the dignity of his profession and offering him a column for ten days to print word for word whatever he liked, that Cooper dropped the case.

Before we plunge into the cloud of animosities of which Poe seems the natural centre, a little glimpse of amity may not be amiss. The old City Hotel, the Mermaid Tavern of an earlier Manhattan, had given way to Bixby's, less famous, but more urbane. Derby leaves this account of Bixby's:

The proprietor of Bixby's Hotel was also a publisher. It was a famous literary resort at the corner of Broadway and Park Place. In its large parlours could be found all the publishers, booksellers, and authors of the day. Rufus Griswold, and Alice and Phœbe Cary resided there during its first year. Cooper's son-in-law called one day to see Mr. Bixby concerning accommodations for the novelist, saying he was a very difficult person to suit when away from home. Bixby said he would give his own room to Cooper, so that he could always depend on having the same apartments; and the novelist accepted his offer and always made his headquarters there. Hawthorne stopped there, always chaperoned by Ticknor or Fields. Fitz-Greene Halleck was a constant guest. When Bixby joined the flight of those trooping up town and moved to Broadway and Eleventh, he wrote, "Still for my own sake I cannot but regret it, for I fear you will be too far "up" for my purpose when I am a visitor in your city, and I am certain to be the loser of a good home, which your old and favourite house has so often and so agreeably proved itself to be for me during the seven or eight years past. The experience of our late friend, Mr. Cooper, which preceded mine, enabled him to recommend it highly to me, and he, as you know, had a very high standard of domestic comfort."

Leland lived at Dan Bixby's. "Hawthorne used to stay there. He was a moody man who sat by the stove and spoke to no one. Bixby had been a publisher and was proud that he had first issued Hayward's *Faust* in America. He was also proud that his hotel was much frequented by literary men and naval officers. Once when I complained to the clerk that the price of my room was too high, he replied: 'Mr. Leland, the prices of all the rooms in the house excepting yours were raised long ago, and Mr. Bixby charged me strictly not to let you know it.' Uncle Daniel was a gentleman and belonged to my club—the Century. When he grew older he lived on an annuity, and was a great and privileged favourite among actresses and singers."

It will be noted that Uncle Daniel's earlier experiences with authors had not embittered him against the tribe as such, but on the other hand, a cynical scribbler might point out that Leland was a fellow-member of his club. Furthermore, out of the many authors living there, it is undeniable that only one was Bixby's Best. Still, here is—looked at from one side or the other—a flower blooming in an unexpected place; and it

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fortifies the soul to know that the practice of literature has ever lowered the room-rent. Who can tell what might happen if another ex-publisher opened a hotel? So relaxed have the bonds of brotherhood become in these degenerate days (due to the commercialisation of literature?) that one doubts if the New York literati would any longer flock to a hotel run by an ex-publisher. And a landlord, even of such high antecedents, may have undergone commercialisation also.

POE AND THE LITERARY WORLD

Lea and Blanchard engaged in '39 to print an edition of *Tales of the Folio Club* on condition that Poe should have the copyright and twenty copies and they the profits. This was Poe's own proposal. When the volume was nearly ready, he endeavoured to obtain better terms; but they said they had undertaken the publication only to oblige him and expected to lose their money—which, as a matter of fact, they did. In '41 they wrote to him: "You are kind enough to offer us a new collection of prose Tales. As yet we have not got through the edition of the other work, and up to this time it has not returned to us the expense of its publication. We assure you we regret this on your account as well as our own—as it would give us great pleasure to promote your views in relation to publication." In *The House of Harper* there is this account of their relation with Poe:

We published Poe's "Arthur Gordon Pym of Nantucket" in 1838. After that, for some reason which I have been unable to discover, the House ceased to publish for Poe. Whether Poe was dissatisfied or the firm lacked initiative in securing his works, I am at a loss to say; but I do know that they greatly admired his productions. "I know that you have unbounded influence with the Harpers," Poe wrote to Professor Anthon, "and I know that if you would exert it in my behalf you could procure me the publication I desire." Anthon wrote back to him that he had called upon the Harpers but failed to accomplish anything of importance. "They have complaints against you, grounded on certain movements of yours when they acted as your publishers some years ago, and appear very little inclined to enter upon the matter. However, they have promised that should they see fit to come to terms with you, they will address a note to you forthwith. My own advice to you is to call in person at their office and talk the matter over with them. I am very sure that such a step on your part will remove many of the difficulties which at present obstruct your way. The Harpers entertain, as I have heard from their own lips, the highest opinion of your talents, but——"

What the early trouble was between Harpers and Poe seems wrapped in obscurity, but Derby tells a story (though, to be sure, he attributes it to Putnam) which even if it throws no light upon the subject is too good to pass by. The London public was excited at the time over the Polar expedition of Franklin, he says, when Poe brought in a letter of introduction and the manuscript of the narrative of a Nantucket seaman, purporting to be a veracious account. The publisher glanced at the pages long enough to be impressed with its realism and put it into print at once in order to take advantage of the excitement. He never read the concluding page until an article appeared in the *Saturday Review* inquiring "What is the Yankee publisher giving us?" and then discovered for the first time that the narrative ended with the drowning of all hands.

Poe went the rounds of the publishers. Under the impetus of the popularity of *The Raven,* Wiley and Putnam brought out a selection from his Tales, and in 1845 an edition of his poems. "The first time I ever saw Poe," ran one of the leaves of Putnam's *Publisher's Letter Book,* "he came to my desk and in a tremor of excitement proposed that I should publish a book on the theory of the universe. (Mr. G. H. Putnam in his book has it that Poe came into the office in a half-intoxicated condition and demanded a desk

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and pen, ink, and paper; and then for three days he wrote furiously, each night put out by the porter.) He said it would attract such universal attention that it would be well for me to give up all other enterprises and make this one book the business of a lifetime. I decided to venture on an edition not of fifty thousand, which he deemed might be sufficient to begin with, but on five hundred. After this small edition of *Eureka* was in type, the poet proposed to punish us by giving a duplicate of the manuscript to another publisher, because a third advance was deemed inexpedient."

Poe's attitude toward the entire trade of letters was that of a freebooter. The literary world was his oyster. He and Thomas Dunn English both tell a story of Dr. Griswold which illustrates this. Poe wrote, "He's a pretty fellow to set himself up for an honest judge or even a capable one. About two months since, we were talking of the book [Griswold's *Anthology of American Poetry*] and I said I thought of reviewing it in full for the *Democratic Review*, but found my design anticipated, and that I knew of no other work in which a notice would be readily admissible. Griswold replied that he would attend to the publication if it was written. 'I will get it into some reputable work and look to it for the usual pay,' said he, 'in the meantime handing you whatever your charge would be.' You see, an ingenious insinuation of a bribe to puff his book. I accepted, handed it to him, and received from him the compensation—he never daring to look at the MS. in my presence and taking it for granted it was all right. But *that review has not yet appeared.*" English says that Poe told him he had a good joke on Griswold. He had said he would write a favourable review on his capital book. "I knew he wouldn't read it till he got home," chuckled Poe, "but I should like to have seen his face when he did. I abused the book, ridiculed him, and gave him the most severe using up he ever had or will have, I fancy." "You did not keep the money?" I asked. "No, indeed," returned Poe. "I spent it at once."

THE BITTERNESS OF THE TRADE

With his anthology, indeed, Griswold pulled down almost the entire Parnassus about his ears. "It was the fashion to abuse Griswold while he was living," says R. H. Stoddard in his reminiscences. "A fashion set by would-be poets whom he omitted from his anthologies, and still preserved by their descendants. I knew him as well as a younger man could have known his elder or a poet his critic; and always found him kindly, courteous, and generous. His critical sins were not those of omission but commission; he was too lenient. Though he was greatly maligned, he was Poe's life-long friend." Charles Godfrey Leland, who was his assistant for many years, also has a good word to say of him. "Dr. Griswold was always a little queer and I used to scold and reprove him for it. Though very kind, he simply had a mania for finding out things about people. As regards Poe, he is, in my opinion, not so much to blame as a score of writers have made out."

There have been few rasher ventures undertaken than to publish an anthology of living poets in that strident and acrimonious period; and when he had the greater temerity to assemble together in unison the Female Poets of America, the shrill clamour echoed from shore to shore. "Because I did not print her own estimate of her genius," wrote Griswold to Fields (who thought highly of him), "Mrs. Ellet has tried her hand in cutting me up in sundry quarters. She is inditing a paper on the book for the *North American*, not a bit abashed by the consideration that she is herself a subject treated of, nor that she has quarrelled with and been cut by Fanny Osgood, E. Oakes Smith, and half a dozen others who are." The following sentences are culled from the lengthy and cryptic protest of Mrs. Jane E. Locke. "My own name was not there.

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I secretly felt, I confess, that it should have been. All who knew me felt the same, as was variously assured. I did not blame him, for I presumed it was an inadvertence. I did not foresee the influence that such an omission would have and has had on my reputation; no —not on my *reputation* as a poet, but on my claim to consideration as such. Still pride and delicacy forbade me to complain until many of the very persons whose names Mr. G. *had* included in his book expressed to me their surprise and dissatisfaction both verbally and by letter at *what they deemed an injustice from him to me.*"

Poe and Simms both attacked Griswold for "the New England assumption of all the decency and all the talent, which has been so disgustingly manifested by him in *Poets and Poetry.*" Sectional bitterness was everywhere beginning to run high, and the literary tribe was sour with it. John R. Thompson wrote to Griswold: "The Scarlet Letter hailing from Charleston would have lined portmanteaus. Depend upon it, if another De Foe should emerge from the pine-barrens of Carolina with a Robinson Crusoe under his arm, he would find an Edmund Carll in every back shop of Northern publication houses. Why did Ik Marvel's *Reverie's,* first and second, excite no remark when first published in the *Messenger?* Because the *Messenger* is Southern and for no other reason in the world. God help us!"

It was taken for granted that all critical comment, praise or blame, proceeded from personal reasons. "Puff my ballads and I will praise your epics," said the *Democratic Review* of March, 1849, "are the terms of the tacit treaties entered into by authors." One of the disgruntled poets of the period wrote to Griswold: "I was surprised in looking over your last edition of the *Poets and Poetry of America* to find my name, which had been included in a former edition, entirely excluded from this. Will you be kind enough to inform me why I have been treated with apparent neglect, as I am not conscious of having ever wronged you in thought, word, or deed." One of the Cary girls wrote: "I am out of humour and indignant this morning—a eulogy of three columns length in the *Era* of Grace Greenwood. Dr. Bailey takes every occasion to praise her, and me he never notices and pays me so little that I am ashamed to mention the sum."

Rather an undignified and scrambling lot were our New York writers in the twenty years before the war. The more amusing side of it is illustrated by this extract from Stoddard. "The American Parnassus was a Bedlam in the autumn of 1850, and Bayard Taylor was the innocent cause of its madness. The Prince of Showmen had imported Jenny Lind and offered a prize of two hundred dollars for an original song. All the versifiers in the land set to work and as many as six hundred confidently expected to win it. Bayard Taylor confided to me the fact that he was to be declared the winner, and he foresaw a row. 'They will say it is given to me because Putnam, who is my publisher, is one of the committee, and because Ripley, who is my associate on the *Tribune,* is another.' The indignation of the disappointed, indeed, knew no bounds. They all rushed to the editors whom they knew; and these sharp-witted gentlemen published their grievances in prose and verse."

But they not only washed their linen in public, they asked their readers to assist them in dirtying it. Leland wrote to Griswold: "George Graham and birds of his feather will throw mud at anybody or anything. I suppose this is one of the thousand filthy squibs fired off every week in the stupid weeklies of our city at somebody or on any pretence." They seemed to feel—as Cambridge, Massachusetts, does about its sidewalks—that mud is a proof of aristocracy. "The truth is," wrote E. P. Whipple to Griswold in 1848, "I have no patience with the New York literati. They are all the time quarrelling with each other. You have a precious lot of

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feuds on your own hands. A plague on both your houses, say I."

There seemed to be something catching about it in the very air of New York (perhaps it came from the effort society was making at that moment to be considered literary—an effort which always made the metropolis rather edgy). Thackeray, says David Bates, glared at Griswold during a party at Putnam's house and said, "Doctor Griswold! I am told you say I am a snob. Tell me, do I look like a snob?" Griswold looked his querist full in the face and replied quietly. "Mr. Thackeray, I have not as yet printed my opinion of you." R. B. Kimball, who also heard the incident, says it left a disagreeable impression of Thackeray's self-assumption and conceit.

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The next article in Mr. Tassin's series will deal with the period just before the war. This had two main characteristics. While on the one hand a literary life became even less secure than it had been, on the other the prizes became greater than the giddiest author had ever dared to imagine. With the depression of business and restriction of credit, publishers failed right and left; and thus literary careers were interrupted and doubtless sometimes nipped off in the budding. But when Bonner took over the "Ledger" in 1855, he put successful authorship on its modern financial basis, and taught authors how to capitalise their heyday. The article will deal with Thoreau, Whitman, the Cary girls, Fanny Fern and her brother Willis, Marion Harland, and Augusta Evans.

O. HENRY AND NEW ORLEANS

BY CAROLINE FRANCIS RICHARDSON

A SETTING that appealed strongly both to O. Henry's story-instinct and to his sympathy, was downtown-New Orleans. Like many other writers he found inspiration in the narrow, dingy, shadowy Quarter whose buildings and street names and traditions tell of many things that to-day are lost: riches and lives and causes. But O. Henry used his "copy" differently from other story tellers who have found suggestion in New Orleans. In the O. Henry tales, no plot hinges on a mixture of blood; no hero or heroine is engulfed by flood or devoured by plague; no person speaks an unintelligible dialect. There is no use of Mardi Gras, All Saints' Day, or *quartorze juillet*. And this handling of material is quite characteristic of the author. In all of his stories, wherever placed, he makes use of every background detail that will add reality to a character or an occurrence. But he does not introduce localities and localisms merely for their intrinsic interest.

As a setting New Orleans can claim but a scant share in the lives of some of O. Henry's knights of high adventure. This is the case with a certain grafter and his partner, Caligula, who of their stay could remember only some drinks "invented by the creoles during the period of Louey Cans, in which they are still served at the side doors;" and an attempt "to make the French Quarter pay up the back trading stamps due on the Louisiana Purchase." It is in that story, "Hostages to Momus," that the Grafter explains the component parts of a perfect breakfast: "There'll never be a perfect breakfast eaten until some man grows arms long enough to stretch down to New Orleans for his coffee and over to Norfolk for his rolls, and reaches up to Vermont and digs a slice of butter out of a spring-house, and then turns over

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CHARLEROI: THE OLD PLANTATION HOUSE WHERE GRANDEMONT CHARLES FOUND AN UNEXPECTED RENAISSANCE. "THE RENAISSANCE OF CHARLEROI"

a beehive close to a clover patch out in Indiana for the rest. Then he'd come pretty close to making a meal that the gods eat on Mount Olympus."

Many of these birds of passage merely arrive and depart by way of fruit steamers coming from or going to an explosion in Central America. In that case, the city sees them only while they pick their way over a banana-strewn wharf, dodging the long line of men who pass the green bunches in a swaying chain from the hold of the ship to the freight cars near by. It was by pretending to be a part of such a line that the too sympathetic, too easily won Clancy and the escaping revolutionist, General de Vega, landed undetected from the ship in which they had travelled as stowaways ("The Shamrock and the Palm"). In Lafayette Square, Clancy consummated his dark scheme. With the connivance of a policeman, a fellow Irishman, the General was arrested as a vagrant and sentenced to sixty days' hard labour. The General, be it remembered, had lured Clancy to Guatemala as a revolutionist, but had forced him to assist for sixty days in building a railroad. And now—"Havin' no money, they set him [the General] to work his fine out with a gang from the parish prison clearing Ursulines Street. Around the corner was a saloon decorated genially with electric fans and cool merchandise. I made that me headquarters, and every fifteen minutes I'd walk around and take a look at the little man fillibustering with a rake and shovel. . . . Carrambos! Erin go bragh!"

In "Phœbe," a less triumphant Irishman is shown us: "Bad-luck Kearney." His untoward adventures reach us through Captain Patricio Maloné, "a Hiberno-Iberian creole," who tells the story while sitting over cognac in a "little red-tiled café near Congo Square." From his first sight of Kearney falling into a cellar on Tchoupitoulas Street, the Captain should have taken warning. But though Kearney conscientiously declares his handicap, even leading his new friend out into the middle of the great width of Canal Street in order to point out the sinister Saturn and the evil satellite, Phœbe, under which he, Kearney, was born, Captain Maloné refuses to yield to superstition. Later, however, circumstances oblige him to admit the power of the stars, and for the good of the cause, they part. The captain's conversion is confirmed by his meeting with Kearney a year afterward. On this final

"HERE WAS A POEM: AN EPIC—NAY, A TRAGEDY—WITH WORK, THE CURSE OF THE WORLD FOR ITS THEME." "WHISTLING DICK'S CHRISTMAS STOCKING"

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URSULINES STREET WHERE GENERAL DE VEGA FILIBUSTERED WITH A RAKE AND SHOVEL. "THE SHAMROCK AND THE PALM"

THE OFFICE OF L'ABEILLE, "THE OLD FRENCH NEWSPAPER THAT HAS BUZZED FOR NEARLY A CENTURY." "CHERCHEZ LA FEMME"

occasion, Captain Maloné, walking near Poydras Market, is brushed aside by "an immensely stout, pink-faced lady in black satin." . . . "Behind her trailed a little man laden to the gunwale with bundles and bags of goods and vegetables." And the little man calls conciliatingly, "I'm coming, Phœbe!"

Very rarely do historic buildings slip into these stories, so it is only as a meas-

LAFAYETTE SQUARE, WHERE CLANCY BRINGS ABOUT THE ARREST OF GENERAL DE VEGA. "THE SHAMROCK AND THE PALM"

IT WAS NEAR CONGO SQUARE THAT CAPTAIN PATRICIO MALONE, SITTING OVER HIS COGNAC, TELLS THE STORY OF PHOEBE. "PHOEBE"

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AN ANTIQUE-SHOP IN CHARTRES STREET WHICH FURNISHED SOME OF THE MATERIAL FOR GRANDEMONT CHARLES'S DINNER PARTY. "THE RENAISSANCE OF CHARLEROI"

ure of distance that the old Bourbon Street opera house is used. In "A Matter of Mean Elevation," the reader learns that "The Carabobo Indians are easily the most enthusiastic lovers of music between the equator and the French Opera House in New Orleans." In "Blind Man's Holiday," too, there are buildings we might see on a post card: "the Rue Chartres perishes in the old Place d'Armes. The ancient Cabildo, where Spanish justice fell like hail, faces it, and the Cathedral, another provincial ghost, overlooks it. Its centre is a little iron-railed park. . . . Pedestalled high above it, the general sits his cavorting steed."

In the same story, O. Henry makes another departure and yields to the sentiment of French Town: "The Rue Chartres, in New Orleans, is a street of ghosts. It lies in the quarter where the Frenchman in his prime set up his translated pride and glory; where, also, the arrogant don had swaggered, and dreamed of gold grants and ladies' gloves. Every flagstone has its grooves worn by footsteps going royally to the wooing and the fighting. Every house has a princely heartbreak; each doorway its untold tale of gallant promise and slow decay. By night the Rue Chartres is now but a murky fissure, from which the groping wayfarer sees, flung up against the sky, the tangled filigree of Moorish balconies. The old houses of monsieur stand yet, indomitable against the century, but their essence is gone. The street is one of ghost to whosoever can see them." And in this story is O. Henry's one use of a New Orleans festival: it is on Carnival costumes that Norah Greenway works every and all night,—Norah Greenway, the girl who fabricates a past so that her lover, a self-confessed sinner, may have the courage to ask her to marry him.

O. Henry's philosophers of Fortune usually shun hotels. An emphasised instance is that of William Trotter ("Helping the Other Fellow") who comes to New Orleans after a long stay in Aguas Frescas. His brother has offered him a position at a salary of five

THE FRENCH OPERA HOUSE WHICH IS USED MERELY AS A LIMIT TO MARK THE DEGREE OF MUSICAL ENTHUSIASM FELT BY THE CAROBOBO INDIANS. "A MATTER OF MEAN ELEVATION"

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A FRIENDLY STALL-KEEPER IN THE FRENCH MARKET GAVE WHISTLING DICK HIS BREAKFAST. "WHISTLING DICK'S CHRISTMAS STOCKING"

POYDRAS MARKET, THE SCENE OF BADLUCK KEARNEY'S TOTAL ECLIPSE BY THE SATELLITE, PHOEBE. "PHOEBE"

RUE CHARTRES PERISHES IN THE OLD PLACE D'ARMES . . . AND THE CATHEDRAL OVERLOOKS IT." "BLIND MAN'S HOLIDAY"

HIGH ABOVE THE OLD PLACE D'ARMES (NOW JACKSON SQUARE), THE GENERAL SITS HIS CAVORTING STEED. "BLIND MAN'S HOLIDAY"

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thousand a year, and expects to meet him at the St. Charles Hotel where they will discuss details. "When I arrived at the Crescent City, I hurried away—far away from the St. Charles to a dim *chambre garnie* in Bienville Street. And there, looking down from my attic window from time to time at the old absinthe house across the street, I wrote this story to buy my bread and butter."

And it was in "one of those rare old hostelries in Royal Street," that Monsieur Morin lodged—the Monsieur Morin who is so important though unseen a figure in "Cherchez la Femme." The search for the lady is the self-assumed responsibility of two reporters: Robbins, of *The Picayune*, and Dumars, of *L'Abeille*, "the old French newspaper that has buzzed for nearly a century." In a café in Dumaine Street they argue and conjecture as to M. Morin's disposition of Madame Thibault's twenty thousand dollars, of which he had had the care. The money is finally found in the shape of government bonds carefully pasted by Madame Thibault herself over the unsightly cracks in the wall of one of her rear rooms.

WILLIAM TROTTER LODGED OPPOSITE THE ABSINTHE HOUSE WHEN HE TURNED HIS BACK ON THE ST. CHARLES HOTEL, AND A SALARY OF $5,000 A YEAR. "HELPING THE OTHER FELLOW"

"THE ANCIENT CABILDO, WHERE SPANISH JUSTICE FELL LIKE HAIL—." "BLIND MAN'S HOLIDAY"

Another native protagonist, in "The Renaissance of Charleroi," is Grandemont Charles, "a little creole gentleman, aged thirty-four, with a bald spot on the top of his head and the manners of a prince. By day he was a clerk in a cotton broker's office in one of those cold, rancid mountains of oozy brick, down near the levee. By night, in the old French Quarter, he was again the last male descendant of the Charles family." And in this last character he determines to spend his painfully saved hoard of six hundred dollars in a renaissance of past glories. He secures the use of the old plantation house, Charleroi; he fills it with appropriate furniture, rented from the antique shops in Royal and Chartres Streets; he orders wines and food from famous places,—and for an evening, Charleroi lives again. That no one of his invited guests appears, that an unin-

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vited guest does appear, whose presence means more to Grandemont than even the glorious past,—all this makes it an O. Henry story.

A plantation below the city is the setting for a climax in "Whistling Dick's Christmas Stocking." By means of a freight-car, Dick arrives in the "big, almsgiving, long-suffering city of the South, the cold weather paradise of tramps." After a cautious survey that includes the levee "pimpled with dark bulks of merchandise," the long line of Algiers across the river, the tugs, the ferries and the Italian luggers, Dick climbs warily down and starts, whistling, toward Lafayette Square to meet a pal. But a friendly policeman warns Dick of a new and inhospitable city ordinance, and he departs hastily for the open road. A stall keeper in the French Market gives him breakfast, and he is almost happy until Chalmette with its "vast and bewildering industry" frightens him and drives him along a country road hemmed in on one side by the high green levee and on the other by a mysterious, frog-haunted, mosquito infested marsh. The incident of a tramp saving a family from burglary and fire, because of a kindly word from a young girl, is not new; and the plantation house and household are typical and trite. But Whistling Dick is real. It is entirely logical that after his glorious evening as honoured guest, and his comfortable night on the floor of his well-furnished room, he should, on looking out of the window at the dawn of Christmas Day, feel a distinct shock. He sees and hears the evidences of the labour that a monster sugar crop has forced upon a part even of the world holiday. "Here was a poem; an epic—nay, a tragedy—with work, the curse of the world, for its theme." A few moments later, Whistling Dick, carefree and happy, strolls along the top of the levee, away from his grateful hosts, away into the new day and the untrammelled life.

THE LITERARY ANNALS OF JEANNE D'ARC

BY RUTH KEDZIE WOOD

FROM her day to ours the most widely celebrated heroine in all the world of letters has been the *grande amie* of France. Since the Middle Ages, pious men and parodists, poets and dramatists, historians and romanticists have discoursed upon her deeds. Merlin the Enchanter foretold her coming—the Virgin of Lorraine, who should save France from the peril to which another woman had exposed her.

Jeanne, when she was but a child, first heard the voices in the Domrémy Wood of Chesnu. At sixteen, she left the gabled cottage of doubting Jaqueton and his wife Catherine, and ran away to Vaucouleurs, there to take service in an inn until she set out for Chinon to bear her celestial message to the Dauphin, who for seven years had been dawdling in the lap of courtesans, afraid to call himself king.

Punctilious chroniclers have made note of all that she said and did in these earliest years of her story. We know the names of her playmates, we know at what age she first saw and hated the English invaders, how she vowed to avenge, how she withstood derision, what she said to Baudricourt. The registrar at the Dauphin's castle has left for us the record of her appearance upon her arrival, March 6, 1428: "She wore a black doublet, with hose attached, a short dress of grey and black, black hair, cropped round, a black hat on her head." A German tapestry executed half a century later shows her *en preux chevalier* at her first meeting with Charles; "by fancy or ignorance" the

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ARRIVAL OF JEANNE D'ARC AT CHINON. GERMAN TAPESTRY OF THE YEAR 1478. NOW IN THE ORLÉANS MUSEUM

designer also made her standard blue, when every one knows it should have been white. The banner proclaims in old German, "Here Comes the Maid Sent by God to the Dauphin."

A young gallant, who saw her after she had been equipped by Charles and was on her way toward Orléans, wrote thus to his mother: "I went to see her . . . and said to myself she would be the toast of Paris. . . . She seemed something quite divine. . . . To see her mount a horse caparisoned in white, lance in hand . . . and then turn toward the church . . . and say in her feminine voice: 'You priests and people, make processions and prayers to God'; and then turn again to her route, saying: 'Draw on, draw on,' her standard flying. . . ." She loved her standard more than her sword, "forty times more." She herself wrote a letter toward the end of April, 1429, a famous one, addressed to the "English archers, companions of war, nobles and others who are before Orléans." She abjured them, "Go away to your own country by the grace of God. . . . If you do not wish to believe the words of God and of Jehanne, wherever we find we will strike you, and there will be such a revolution as has not taken place in France in a thousand years."

Orléans was delivered. Bedford denounced the deliverer in a report to his king as a diabolical woman, "a disciple of the Feende, called the Pucelle, that used fals Enchauntments and Sorcerie." Two days after the relief of Orléans, a clerk of the Council of Parliament at Paris, Clément de Fauquemberque, inscribed the news upon his daily register, and added, by way of marginal illustration, a sketch after his own caprice. Chronicle and caricature are preserved to us in the National Archives of France.

A manuscript in the Royal Library

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at Stuttgart describes the departure of *"diu Iungfraw an dem XXV tage for dem Mayen fur Orlyentz"* (on the 25th day of May from Orléans), and relates that the Iungfraw, pursuing the *Engelschen* on the way to Paris, "holding always her banner, whether she rested or moved forward," captured *"dry gross capitanien, Talebothe, Schales and W'astolff"* (Talbot, Scales and Fastol). Thereafter follows the date, *M°CCCC°XXIX, tagl. mens. Iunij.*

When Emperor Sigismund visited the German city of Ratisbon in 1429, the councillors showed him a painting, "How the Maid Fought in Orléans," which was probably the earliest conception of the battle.

A History of Italy, by Antonio Morosini, embraces in its second volume events between 1429 and 1433, and contains letters from an Italian noble at Bruges, who recorded episodes touching the French and English as they reached the ears of Flanders. "Her ration," he indited of Jeanne, "is reputed to consist of two ounces of bread a day; she drinks water, but if she takes wine, adds three parts water." "I note," he continued on July 9, 1429, "that the said Maid was wounded by an arrow in her throat, as she had predicted to her captains." We know from the statement of a French traveller that her exploits were bruited in Turkey, for he relates that the merchant with whom he lodged in Constantinople asked if it were true "that she had been seized by the Duke of Burgundy."

It was a woman who first praised Jeanne in rhyme, a writer of fame, Christine de Pisan. Her *Poëme de la Pucelle* was written a few days after the Shepherdess of Domrémy had led Charles VII to be consecrated at Reims. The poetess was then aged sixty-seven, and had for many years been cloistered.

I, Christine, who have wept
Eleven years shut in an abbey. . . .

Her verses pleased "by their accent of truth and ardour," not much by their art. It was her chief pride that a woman had wrought all this.

Hée! quel honneur au feminin sexe!

* * * * *

Elle est principale chevetaine,
Tel force n'at Hector, ne Achilles,
Mais tout ce fait Dieu qui la menne. . . .

Two lines constitute, according to Darmesteter, the only printed reference to Jeanne d'Arc in England during the fifty years which followed her sacrifice at Rouen. William de Worcester, a taciturn chronologist, wrote opposite the date 1430: "The 23 May of this year was taken by the English near Compiègne a woman called *Pucelle de Dieu"*—Maid of God. By this term, only English historians were accustomed to refer to her.

At Ratisbon, a German piece was played in 1434 in which the French Amazon had a rôle. A year later she appeared again as a figure portrayed by drama, this time in the *Mistère du Siège d'Orléans,* a prim recital presented May 7, 1435, and on later occasions, to dignify the annual thanksgiving fête which Orléans has not neglected to celebrate for four hundred and eighty-five years. The Mystery Play comprised twenty thousand five hundred and twenty-nine lines and bore the imprint of historical truth and personal recollection. The "poor little one," as the Orléanais still love to call her, makes her entrance after the seven thousandth verse. The Angel Michael announces her mission, as she sits sewing her linen among the sheep. She responds:

Bon Seigneur, what say you?
You o'erwhelm me,

* * * * *

A poor maiden. Quite beyond me
Are the things you propose.

* * * * *

They are of an order too exalted for me.
I do not know how to answer,
I, a simple sheep-herder,
To you who summon me thus.

He reassures, in parting:

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THE HISTORY OF JEANNE D'ARC AS RECOUNTED BY THE VIGILES DE CHARLES VII.

Adieu, true maid,
Who art of God beloved.
Have always the thought
To be his humble little shepherdess.

And then the Pucelle:

In his name I will be the one
Who shall serve him, if he wish it.

No question here of the author's belief in the source of the inspiration. . . . Throughout the dialogue Jeanne is called, "Princess, noble Dame," and given deference which later periods in French literature denied her. The piece, a composition "mediocre but enthusiastic," ends with the return to Orléans after the victory at Patay.

A Burgundian poet, provost of Lausanne Cathedral, dedicated to the Duke of Burgundy in 1440 a book called *Champion des Dames,* "an agreeable volume, copious and abundant in sentences, containing the defence of woman against Evil-mouth and his consorts." Among those most warmly defended was the one who nine years before had been consumed on the pyre beneath the peering roofs of the Place Vieux-Marché.

Make not thy arguments
Against the innocent Virgin,

pleads Franc-Vouloir of his adversary.

It is right that each one consent
To give her honour and glory
For her excellent virtue,
For her fortitude, for her victory.

Herein, says Wallon, are forecasted the sentiments expressed in her rehabilitation sixteen years later. Some Latin verses which sustained this sympathy for her appeared anonymously at the epoch of her re-establishment by the Church under Calixtus. But there followed an historical travesty by Valeranius, a member of the theological faculty of Paris, in which authentic details were obscured by humourous setting and expression. Others, too, treated of the Warrior-Virgin in irreverent spirit, in epigrams and witticisms, which were hugely enjoyed by cynical Paris. A Greek his-

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torian of the same period revolted against the jibes of Jeanne's countrymen, and called her "The Inspired of God."

Caxton the typographer was born the same year as Jehanne. One of the first things he printed on his new press was his *History of England* (1480), which contained one page about the Frenchwoman who, credited with being a witch, had confounded the English. Caxton, second bookman in Britain to make mention of her, did homage to the Maid, said she rode like a man, was a valiant captain among her troops, but was thrown into prison and burned. Darmesteter thinks it likely that Caxton's recital was tempered by compassionate memories of his youth regarding the martyrdom of the girl who was of his own age. Subsequent English chroniclers became increasingly vengeful against her.

Martial d'Auvergne, a Gallic lawyer and notary, completed in 1484, a sort of rhymed chronicle "in nine psalms and nine lessons of six or seven thousand lines in various rhythms" about the war against the English. It was entitled *Vigiles de Charles VII*, and, in the opinion of a French critic, was one of the few versifications of Jeanne d'Arc's story which did not leave a desire for prose. This poem in mediæval French might well be taken as a model by modern writers of quatrains.

> En ceste saison de douleur
> Vint au roi une bergerelle
> Du villaige de Vaucoulleur
> Qu'on nommoit Jehanne la Pucelle.
>
> C'estoit une povre bergière
> Qui gardoit les brebis ès champs
> D'une doulce et humble manière,
> De l'aage de dix-huit ans. . . .

The manuscript was illustrated by coloured prints, which depicted "How They Led Her Before the King," "How the English Mocked Her," "How the French Lifted the Siege Valiantly," "How the Pucelle Fought Before Paris," "How She Broke Her Sword Over the Backs of Two Ribald Women," "How She Was Taken at Compiègne," "How

A MANUSCRIPT OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY PRESERVED IN THE BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE, PARIS

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the English Consigned Her to the Stake." The naïve production was presented to King Charles VIII, son of the sovereign who forsook Jeanne in her need, though he had once boasted that he would divide his kingdom with her for gratitude.

François Villon did not forget to give "Jehanne, the good Lorraine," a word of pity when he recounted the fair women vanished with the snows of yesteryear. Jacobus de Bergoma, an Italian author, extolled her in his work on Famous Women, published in 1521, as *Joanna Gallica Pulcella, Optima Juvencula.* He represented her as a marvel of beauty and virtue, relating that one who had seen her reported her to be "somewhat short of stature, her face of a rustic cast, her hair black, and her whole form full of vigour. . . . Her common sense was no less remarkable than her rectitude of mind, her prudence in council was consummate and vigilant in regarding every question in all its bearings."

An English bishop of about the same period, writing also in Latin, thought it a dishonour to France that their success came through one who had first led pigs, then the French, *"porcorum primo,*

JOHANNA VAN ARCK. A DUTCH ENGRAVING OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

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posteá Gallorum ductricem." Another contemptuous Briton said this same Joan "went a great space a chamberlain in a common hostrey, and was a rampe of such boldness that she would course horses and ride them to water, and do things that other young maydens both abhorred and were ashamed to do: yet, as some say, whether it were because of her foul face that no man would desire it, or because she had made a vow to live chaste, she kept so." He believed her "an enchantress, an organe of the devill sent from Sathan." Holinshed, the historian from whom Shakespeare drew material for his dramas, stood forth against England's fanatical hatred of Jehanne. "She was counted likesome," he said; "of person stronglie made and manlie, of courage great; . . . great semblance of chastitie both of bodie and behaviour, the name of Jesus in her

JEANNE D'ARC. AN ENGLISH ENGRAVING AFTER THE HOTEL DE VILLE PORTRAIT, NOW IN THE MUSEUM AT ORLÉANS. THIS PICTURE, THE EARLIEST ONE KNOWN TO HAVE BEEN PAINTED OF HER ON CANVAS, WAS ORDERED BY THE GRATEFUL CITIZENS OF ORLÉANS IN 1581. THE FULL PORTRAIT SHOWS HER SWORD RAISED IN THE RIGHT HAND. A BETTER ENGRAVING WAS MADE BY THE FRENCH ARTIST, LE MIRE

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mouth about all her businesses, humble, obedient, and fasting divers days in the week."

About this time, in 1562, there was published at Burgos a Spanish treatise entitled *La Hystoria de la Ponzella de Francia.* Lope de Vega, Cervantes' rival, wrote a dramatic poem, *Juana de Francia,* of which little is known except the title. One of his disciples, Antonio de Zamora, wrote a three-day comedy, *La Doncella de Orléans,* which extolled the heroine, but was embellished with scenic extravagances.

The second French play relating to Jeanne de Lys was composed a century and a half after the *Mystery of the Siege of Orléans.* In the month of May, 1580, it was announced that King Henry III and his wife would pass through the city of Pont-à-Mousson on their way to take the waters at Plombières. Among the distractions in their honour, it was decided to give an original drama at the Jesuit College. The twenty-four-year-old professor of rhetoric was commanded to prepare the play, and dutifully Fronton du Duc proceeded to fulfil the task laid upon him. Unconscious that he was writing himself into history as the creator of the first tragedy about the Domrémy Maid, he chose her career as his subject, explaining in his prologue:

Now we have not elected to use a foreign argument,
Knowing that it is folly for him
Who hath his granary full of harvest
To borrow from his neighbour and let his own store perish.

In a short time he completed the five acts which narrated *The Tragic Story of the Maid of Orléans.* But, after all, the king never saw it, because the plague broke out, and the royal journey was abandoned. Nevertheless, in the following September, the Duke of Lorraine, accompanied by his nobles, did witness the play, and was so gratified that he presented a hundred golden écus to the young professor, who had the further honour of having his creation appear in print—a tribute not paid to every literary production in that time, little more than a century after Gutenberg.

Shakespeare's *Henry the Sixth,* first acted in 1592, was not published in folio until thirty years later. This was the first English drama to include *Joan la Pucelle* in its caste. The bard is supposed to have revamped the play from a commonplace effort by an earlier dramatist, not an unusual practice then. In a spirit of justice to the hated and calumnied sorceress of the piece it is reputed that he himself gave her to speak the lines which alone relieve the tedium of three dull parts, three acts and many scenes. Joan's dialogue with the Duke of Burgundy rises above the mediocre, and at her final appearance in the camp of the Duke of York, at Anjou, she declaims with true Shakespearian vigour:

I never had to do with wicked spirits,
But you,—that are polluted with your lusts,
* * * * *
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,—
Because you lack the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders, but by help of devils.

In the fifth act Charles VII is made to prophesy:

No longer on Saint Dennis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.

During the French Renaissance the story of "Jeanne d'Arques" was given a mythological savour. A Norman lord of Gravier represented her as receiving her commission from Jupiter. She dons "the trappings of Vulcan" and sallies forth to the killing of Mars.

Another playwright, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, put on a comedy called *The Lovers;* in its power to entertain he had so little confidence that he interpolated between the acts dramatised episodes drawn from history. Charlemagne, Clovis, Jeanne d'Arc and Saint Louis were among the heroes entrusted to keep up the interest of the audience. The Abbot of Aubignac, François Hedelin, gave to the world, in 1641, a tragedy, *La Pucelle d'Orléans,* "composed in prose with regard to his-

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THE MAID OF ORLÉANS. PAINTED IN THE COURT DRESS OF THE LADIES OF RAMBOUILLET FOR CARDINAL DE RICHELIEU, BY SIMON VOUËT, FIRST PAINTER TO LOUIS XIII

torical truth *and the requirements of the theatre.*" His *Avertissement* at the beginning gives warning: "In order to make a plot which can be acted, I have supposed that the Count of Warwick is enamoured of Jeanne, and his wife jealous; for though history says nothing at all like this, it relates nothing to the contrary. French writers may not have known about it, and the English would not wish to mention it."

The first newspaper contribution about Jeanne d'Arc was published, November, 1683, in *Mercure Galant* at Paris. A few years later the *Mercure de France* contained a long series of articles about her. She had then been dead two hundred years. The most important historical work relating to the national heroine which had appeared up to the middle of the seventeenth century was compiled by Abbé Langlet du Fresnoy, who "began to write as a sceptic and ended as a convert." But these occasional champions had no influence upon the horde of revilers, du Haillan, Lipse, Machiavel, Naudé, who assailed Joan's chastity, who maintained that she had plotted with Baudricourt to deceive downcast France by pretending to be inspired, and that she was "secretly instructed what to say and do." Voltaire began in 1730 to write *La Pucelle,* a poem in twenty-one cantos. A princess of Germany, having been loaned a portion of the early manuscript, was so en-

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thralled that she sat up a day and a night to copy it. But, despite the enthusiasm of his friends, Voltaire did not complete the poem until thirty-two years had passed. In the meantime all France had been set agog by the appearance of a false edition purporting to be his, which he vehemently disavowed. It did, indeed, include some of his verses, but mingled with spurious ones. He made this sort of piracy the subject of an indignant letter to the Academy. A monk, refuged in Holland, was suspected of the theft. Several editions were put out in London, as well as in Paris. When his own version at last came to light—was the

AN EARLY FLEMISH IMPRESSION OF AN FRANSE, THE FRENCH WOMAN. IDENTIFIED BY THE FLEUR DE LYS, HER INSIGNIA

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press agent abroad in those days?—a great clamour arose to buy it. Crowds gathered about his house, calling, *"Vive la Henriade, vive Mahomet, vive la Pucelle!"*

His story began with the loves of Charles VII and Agnes Sorel. (It is in the house of Agnes Sorel that the Jeanne d'Arc Museum at Orléans is installed to-day.) This aside he addresses to Jeanne's natal village:

O Domrémi! Thy poor environs
Have neither muscats, nor peaches, nor lemons,
Nor mine of gold, nor good wine, . . .
But it is to you that France owes Jeane.
Jeane was born here of a certain curé,
* * * * *
A monk of Jeane was the father.

Even his publisher refutes such an outright falsehood. "This is poetic fiction," declares a note in the edition of 1784. "Her mother had been a servant in a cabaret. Her father was Jean d'Arc." The same publisher concedes, "The author has perhaps wounded good taste sometimes, never morals." Prudes, we fear, would not agree. Voltaire painted an image of all the excesses of the time, and with sabre-pen he ridiculed the Saint of Rouen.

The Germans arose to rebut his vilification. Eberhard Windecke, of Mainz, wrote a romance proclaiming her inspired of heaven. "She stupefied not only France, but all the kingdoms of Christianity." A Tyrolean folk-play represented her as a martyr, and was suppressed therefore by the town council of Innsbruck after several repetitions, as it was considered an unwholesome exhibition for the young. In England, John Wesley cried shame upon her jeering compatriots. A few years later, Southey, the youth of twenty, dared public sentiment by making Joan of Lorraine his symbol of Republicanism, "a free-thinking, socialistic, romantic character," having no relation to the Joan of history. Rash as he was, the author had not the courage to lead the Maid to Rouen. He closed his verses at Reims.

The epic poem in twelve books was finished after six weeks' labour. Because of the unsettled political state of England, it created a furore of discussion entailing questions of Southey's patriotism to have elected as his heroine the woman England most despised. In maturer years he wrote: "A work of the same class, with as much power and fewer faults, if it were published now, would attract little or no attention."

Schiller, more than all dramatists and early writers, made Jeanne beloved. He believed he performed a mission in avenging the outrages of Voltaire and other French calumniators. On February 11, 1801, he read to Goethe the first three acts of *Die Jungfrau von Orleans.* When it was completed and Schiller would have produced it at Weimar, the reigning duke put him off, fearing the ridicule of those who had imbibed their impressions from Voltaire. He feared, moreover, that the actress who was at that time his favourite would elicit the derision of her hearers were she to avow, as did Schiller's *Jungfrau* at the end of the second act, that she had never been touched by Cupid's shafts. . . . Leipzig saw the first performance of the play. Its success was overwhelming. It became the most popular drama of that generation, and Johanna of Orleans was the best-loved character on the German stage. Schiller's climax depicted the death of Jeanne from an arrow-wound. Standard in hand, she falls into the arms of her king, as the Duke of Burgundy, Agnes Sorel and soldiers surround her, and conceal with banners her recumbent form. A more grateful picture, surely, than the finale the English enacted!

Fourteen dramas and operas on the subject of Jeanne d'Arc had been composed between Schiller's first triumph and the year 1873, when Barbier's text was set to music by Gounod, and attained immediate success. Von Weber, Balfe, Verdi, Max Bruch had all composed operas, some of them to wretched librettos. Tschaikowsky made use of extracts from Schiller's poem.

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In 1839, John Sterling, he of *Sartor Resartus,* wrote in excellent verse of the one whom he named "the personage perhaps the most marvellous, the most exquisite and complete in all the world," and no one has since risen in England to contradict this eulogy. Quicherat's great work established the historical position of Jeanne the Saviour. Lamartine extolled her in his *Lives of Great Men* as "the prophet, the hero and the Saint of French patriotism." In 1860, Wallon compiled the volume which won him the Gobert prize from the French Academy. Henri Martin compared her to Vercingetorix. Steggall, the Englishman, wholly glorified her, likewise Paul Déroulède in his ode to Fremiet's statue on the Place des Pyramides.

In our generation, many littérateurs have honoured themselves in honouring the *pavre bergière.* Pope Leo XIII venerabilised, Pius IX beatified her; all France is contributing to a fund for her canonisation. In 1912, five hundred years after her birth, a statue of Jeanne the Blessed was shrined behind the high altar in the cathedral where, as a girl, she prayed first for help and then gave thanks for victory. The people, with their rosaries in their hands, the Church, the judiciary, the army, and makers of books and journals exalted her on that memorable May 7th at Orléans. Parliament decreed her anniversary a national fête. A national monument has been placed before the house where, on January 6, 1412, the Maid of the Lilies was born. And in the Wood of Chesnu, in a *theatre populaire,* the "people of the market" play each year a reverent drama, whose heroine is Jehanne the Immortal.

"MARK TWAIN'S" MISSING CHAPTER

BY CAROLINE TICKNOR

"MARK TWAIN'S" *Life on the Mississippi* was many years in the making, and its production was accompanied by various trials and vicissitudes. Its opening chapters, which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly,* were penned with genuine pleasure and enthusiasm, and the contemplation of this theme, dear to his heart, awakened in the writer a keen desire to go over the old ground and to obtain fresh material. In turn, he urged Howells, John Hay and James R. Osgood to accompany him upon this journey, but at the time none could arrange to take the trip, and so it was indefinitely postponed, and with it the completion of the book.

Seven years later, the long-deferred journey was taken in company with Osgood, who had repeatedly urged Clemens to finish the book, and the friends set out upon their memorable expedition, taking with them young Roswell Phelps, who was engaged as stenographer to take notes. They embarked on the steamer *Gold Dust,* down the river, and "Twain's" plan was to travel under an assumed name; he was, however, promptly recognised by certain former associates, a circumstance which he set forth in the book with graphic effect.

At New Orleans the friends met George W. Cable and Joel Chandler Harris, with whom they spent some entertaining hours. They next arranged to take the trip up the river to Baton Rouge, and Clemens spent much of his time in the pilot-house, constantly making notes in his memorandum-book between times. At St. Louis the travellers changed boats and continued up river to St. Paul. At Hannibal, Clemens remained for several days examining old localities and talking with the elderly men and women, whom he had taken leave of as girls and boys. On the whole, it was a varied and interesting journey, offering much that was new and sugges-

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tive of modern conditions, and also a good deal that was depressing, in view of the vanishing of the good old times held warmly in the affections of the pastpilot.

When at last the trip was ended Clemens set about carrying out his promise to complete the book at once. But it did not "finish" with the ease its author had anticipated. There was much of the earlier enthusiasm lacking, and the last chapters dragged on painfully, their completion being blocked by all kinds of interruptions. Osgood protested that the "time limit" had expired, and Clemens responded that he had never had such a struggle with any previous book, and that everybody concerned must be content to wait, for he would not hurry it, nor would he promise to finish it at any scheduled date. Osgood exhausted his entreaties, and then contented himself with spending many days in Hartford planning out the campaign to be followed when at last the book should be issued. It was to be sold by subscription, and its author, who was intent upon becoming his own publisher, contracted to supply the necessary funds and to pay his Boston publishers a certain royalty.

An interesting reminder of the process of production, which was pursued by Mr. Clemens, remains now in the library of his late publisher, Mr. Ticknor. It is a curious volume by Mrs. Trollope, published in 1832, from which Clemens saw fit to select numerous passages for insertion in his book. Mrs. Trollope's work is entitled *Domestic Manners of the Americans,* and at the time of its appearance it was considered highly instructive by the British public, and provoked a storm of resentment upon this side of the water. Indeed, the preface to the American edition is devoted to reviling the author of this treatise, who has seen fit to pen such truly unflattering pictures of her American cousins.

In 1827 Mrs. Trollope sailed up the Mississippi, which trip she has described in great detail, introducing picturesque bits of native conversation, and interspersing throughout the book her own reflections upon our crude and truly defective social life and customs. When "Mark Twain" embarked upon the second portion of the *Life on the Mississippi,* he selected for a literary travelling companion this quaint production of the Englishwoman, following her curious account throughout with characteristic marginal annotations. He picked out various passages which he thought worthy of comment and quotation, and when he had finished his book, he sent the Trollope volume bearing his comments and annotations on to his publisher, with instructions to use certain marked passages for copy. But these selected quotations were quite apart from his own humorous marginal remarks which ran along throughout the book expressive of his own amusement at the conclusions and descriptions of the Englishwoman. These were pencilled solely for his own edification, but one only regrets that Mrs. Trollope could not have had the pleasure of perusing them.

A few examples of Mr. Clemens's marginalia may prove of general interest:

In the course of her visit to New Orleans, Mrs. Trollope tells of being introduced to a certain milliner, who proves to be socially prominent; the writer says, however, that despite this fact she feels hardly justified in saying that "Milliners took the lead in the best society," in this part of the world. Clemens writes in the margin: "She is very fair and thoughtful."

Her picture of the interior of a Mississippi steamboat, on which she travelled, is very realistic; she cites the terrible condition of the carpet in the cabin, and adds: "I would infinitely prefer sharing the apartment of a party of well-conditioned pigs to being confined to its cabin." Clemens remarks:

"This is the boat I saw."

His pencil follows the lady's journey, as does his subsequent account of the places visited by him as he progressed up the river.

When she quotes the retort of Captain Hall, to the assertion that the greatest difference between England and America

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THE CANCELLED CUT, ORIGINALLY APPEARING ON PAGE 441. THIS CUT, WHICH SHOWED A HEAD IN PROFILE (VERY SUGGESTIVE OF THAT OF THE AUTHOR) BEING CONSUMED IN FLAMES, WAS TAKEN FROM THE BOOK AS A RESULT OF THE PROTESTS OF MRS. CLEMENS

is "the want of loyalty," and adds, "were the same question put to me I should answer "the want of refinement." "Twain" comments, "She hit it." And he exclaims: "a fair shot!" when she writes: "The greatest difficulty in organising a family establishment in Ohio is getting servants, or, as it is there called, 'getting help,' for it is more than petty treason to the republic to call a free citizen a servant."

"Twain's" approbation is withdrawn, however, when the lady enlarges unduly upon the impudent style of conversation indulged in by the typical maidservant, and then announces that such reported conversations "were written down with all the verbal fidelity" her memory permitted. He decorates the margin with the words: "But your memory was wofully defective as to details."

Mrs. Trollope's description of Western manners during neighbourly visits reads: "If it was a female (caller) she took off her hat; if a male, he kept it on, and then taking possession of the first chair in their way, they would retain it for an hour together without uttering a word." "Twain" remarks here, expressively but briefly: "Changed now."

But to her statement: "The well-disposed, those whose own feelings would prevent their annoying others, will never complain of the restraint of the law. All the freedom enjoyed in America beyond that enjoyed in England is enjoyed solely by the disorderly at the expense of the orderly." He responds: "True yet."

At the end of this book "Twain's" pencil notes with approval that which is perhaps the most truthful and vital of the Englishwoman's reflections, where she says: "In all my travels both among heathens and among Christians, I have never encountered any people by whom I found it nearly so difficult to make myself understood as by the Americans." One is disposed to fancy that perhaps, after all, "Mark Twain" knew Mrs. Trollope better than she knew any of his compatriots, though she would doubtless have refuted the suggestion, not realising that being "misunderstood" is oftentimes synonymous with being "too well understood."

When at last the much delayed *Life*

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on the Mississippi was finished, a breath of relief was drawn by all concerned. The book was completed in May, 1883, and was immediately issued by Messrs. James R. Osgood and Company.

Last and not least among the tribulations attendant upon its production was the experience with the "cancelled cut." This picture, which originally appeared on page 441, showed a head in profile (very suggestive of that of the author) being consumed in flames; a presage of

301

he fog with,
y as safe and
than three times

s of infinite change,
in above the pilot by
e two. This was going
ere. They have decreed
is post, and stand his watch
boat be under way or tied up
were once the aristocrats of the
ow, as we used to do, and sleep while

Artificial daylight.

a hundred tons of freight are lugged aboard; no, we must sit in the pilot-house; and keep awake, too. Verily we are being treated like a parcel of mates and engineers. The Government has taken away the romance of our calling; the Company has taken away its state and dignity.

Plum Point looked as it had always looked by night, with the exception that now there were beacons to mark the crossings, and also a lot of other lights on the Point and along its shore; these latter glinting from the fleet of the United States River Commission, and from a village which the officials have built on the land for offices and for the employés of the service. The military engineers of the Commission

Be sure + make this correction. The idea of using the electric light in a fog a hundred thousand times too.

MARK TWAIN HAD BEEN A PILOT, AND THIS IS A PILOT'S PROTEST AGAINST THE ABSURDITY OF A PICTURE SHOWING THE USE OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT IN RUNNING IN A FOG. HE WANTED TO RETAIN THE RESPECT OF THE RIVER MEN.

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possible future punishment which Mrs. Clemens did not relish, and which she insisted should be omitted.

It was useless for the publishers to protest that almost the entire edition (probably not far from a hundred thousand) had been printed, Mrs. Clemens remained firm in her decision that her husband's profile should not be thus burned in effigy for the edification of his thousands of readers, and Mr. Clemens accordingly insisted that the "cut must be cut out." This edict was a bonanza in the collector's world (though it proved quite the contrary in that of the publisher), for though the tabooed cut "came out," it was too late to eliminate it from every volume of *The Life on the Mississippi.* Already, a number of books had been bound up and had escaped into the open, where they were henceforth to assume their places in the "smart (book) set," eagerly sought by all collectors; it is not known how many volumes containing the "cancelled cut" were issued ere the note of recall was sounded, but it was doubtless small enough to justify the interest of the collector in all books containing the "cremation" picture.

While this especial illustration was the only one taken out of the book at the author's request, it was not the only one which fell under the ban of his displeasure; there were three or four others which provoked his derision and which he desired altered or excluded at the last moment. To comply with these demands in full, would, however, have been rather too large a proposition, even for a most obliging publisher, and so the other pictures remained unaltered. The author's comments upon them as they were sent him in proof, are nevertheless well worth preserving as truly characteristic of him.

The first one, on page 301, presents the writer's opinion, from the pilot's point of view, when he protests against the pictorial use of the electric light when "running in a fog." He writes: "Be sure to make this correction. The idea of using the electric light in a fog is a hundred thousand times too too. We should lose the respect of the river men."

The next protest arises at the foot of page 356, and a glance at the cut immediately puts the reader in sympathy with Mrs. Clemens, who once more has lifted her voice in protest, and this time vainly. Under the picture, Clemens has written: "Dear Osgood—knock this picture out. The madam's orders are peremptory. She says the chapter is plenty dreadful enough without it. Yours, Mark."

Another comment accompanies the cut on page 363, where the writer is deploring the almost entire obliteration of the town of Napoleon, of which he says it is "a town no more—swallowed up, vanished, gone to feed the fishes; nothing left but a fragment of a shanty and a crumbling brick chimney!"

The accompanying cut does not in the least suggest the prevailing state of demolition described in the text, and the author writes on the margin: "This house is too sound—can't it be turned into a ruin somehow?" But it was too late to destroy even one of the offending chimneys, and so this last of the shanties of Napoleon must ever remain in the eyes of the reader a trim and prosperous structure, suggestive of a happy home in Switzerland.

That Mr. Clemens was doubtful of his publishers' willingness to make the final emendations and corrections at the last moment is evinced by another marginal note, which reads: "Ticknor makes these various changes if convenient—not otherwise. It ain't any matter about the 50,000 already printed—no importance. Mark."

Some time previous to this communication Clemens instructs his publishers not to tamper with his punctuation; this he declares is the one thing in which he considers himself an expert.

"If the printers will only follow copy, strictly, in the matters of capitals and punctuation, my part of the proof-reading will be mere pastime. I never saw such beautiful proofs before. You will observe that in this first chapter I have not made a mark. In the other chapters I had no marks to make except in re-

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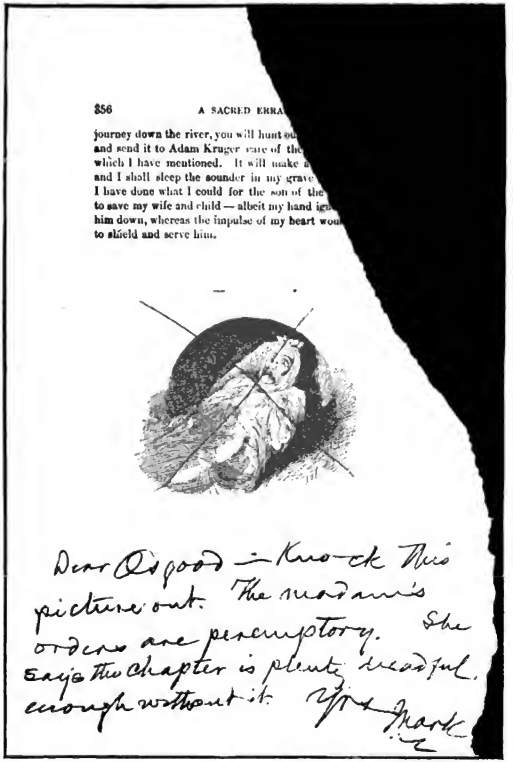
storing my original punctuation and turning some ' 'tis's' into 'it is'—there being a dern sight too many of the former. What I want to read proof for, is for literary lapses and infelicities (those I'll mark every time)—so, in these chapters where I have had to turn my whole attention to restoring my punctuation, I do not consider that I have legitimately read the proof at all. I didn't know what those chapters were about, when I got through with them.

"Let the printers follow my punctuation—it is the one thing I am inflexibly



856 A SACRED ERRA

journey down the river, you will hunt ou
and send it to Adam Kruger care of the
which I have mentioned. It will make a
and I shall sleep the sounder in my grave
I have done what I could for the son of the
to save my wife and child — albeit my hand ign
him down, whereas the impulse of my heart woul
to shield and serve him.

Dear Osgood — Knock this picture out. The madam's orders are peremptory. She says the chapter is plenty dreadful enough without it. Yrs Mark

THIS IS ANOTHER PICTURE WHICH MRS. CLEMENS REGARDED WITH A DECIDEDLY UNSYMPATHETIC EYE

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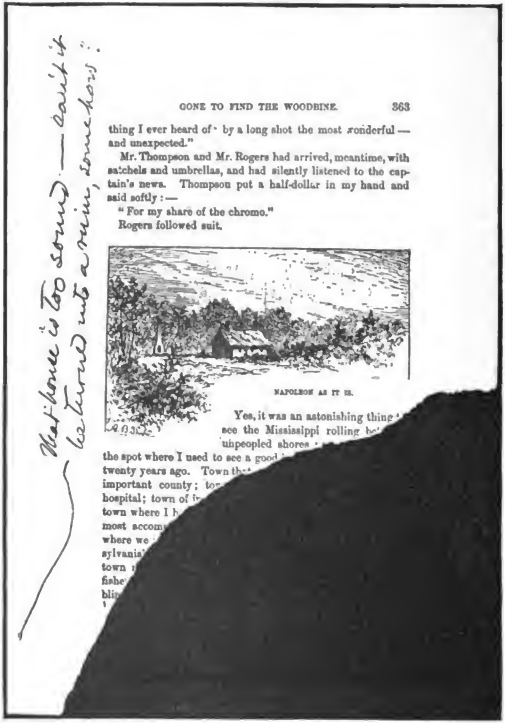
particular about. For corrections turning my 'sprang' into 'sprung,' I am thankful; also for corrections of my grammar, for grammar is a science that was always too many for yours truly; but I like to have my punctuation respected. I learned it in a hundred printing offices when I was a jour. printer; so it's got more real variety about it than any other accomplishment I possess, and I reverence it accordingly.

"I haven't seen any Chapter 2, nor



GONE TO FIND THE WOODBINE. 363

thing I ever heard of · by a long shot the most wonderful — and unexpected."

Mr. Thompson and Mr. Rogers had arrived, meantime, with satchels and umbrellas, and had silently listened to the captain's news. Thompson put a half-dollar in my hand and said softly: —

"For my share of the chromo."

Rogers followed suit.

NAPOLEON AS IT IS.

Yes, it was an astonishing thing
see the Mississippi rolling
unpeopled shores
the spot where I used to see a good
twenty years ago. Town th
important county; to
hospital; town of i
town where I h
most accom
where we
sylvanis
town
fishe
blin

Mat house is too sound — can't it be turned into a ruin, somehow?

MARK TWAIN'S OBJECTION TO THIS PICTURE WAS BASED ON THE CONTENTION THAT THE HOUSE WAS NOT DILAPIDATED ENOUGH TO INDICATE THE REAL APPEARANCE OF THE TOWN OF NAPOLEON

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Chapter 4—nor the prefatory paragraph. But no matter; if my punctuation has been followed in them, I will go bail that nobody else can find an error in them. Only, you want to be sure that they've been set up, and not omitted."

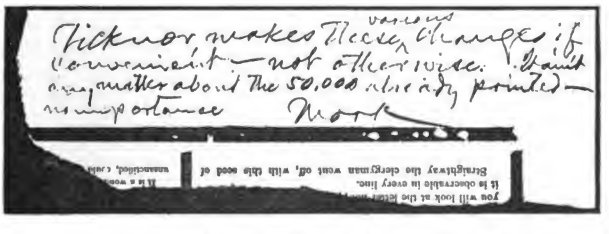
While *The Life on the Mississippi* was going through the press, it was decided to omit Chapter 48, in which the author had drawn some rather lively comparisons between the North and South, not essential to the interest of the book, and which it was thought might have a detrimental effect upon the Southern buyer. This chapter was set up and then cancelled in the proofs, and its existence was from that time forgotten until after the writer's death, when the original manuscript copy of this omitted portion was found in the possession of its publisher.

This chapter, with a certain number of pages preceding it, had been set apart by the publisher, owing to the fact that it was sent in the author's own handwriting, instead of the type-written copy which he had been previously furnishing in order that his own clean manuscript might go to a friend and collector, who had made known to him a keen desire to possess it. It happened, however, that during the process of copying the book Mr. Clemens's secretary was taken ill, and in this interim the author forwarded to the printers his own handwritten copy; these pages remained with the publisher, and the collector, who held the remainder of the manuscript of the *Life on the Mississippi,* looked in vain for the pages needed to make his book complete.

After the death of Mr. Clemens the intervening pages were discovered, and when they went eventually to rejoin their fellows in order to complete the manuscript volume, it was discovered that there was among them a complete chapter not included in the printed work.

While this brief cancelled chapter presents little that can be regarded as a special contribution to the *Mississippi* material, it is of interest as a literary curiosity. From the collector's viewpoint it has taken its place among the "Mark Twain" memorabilia, and has already a price upon its head.

During the chapter's journey to its last resting-place in a famous collection, a copy of it was made without a "by your leave" to those that owned the manuscript, and this petty piracy resulted in the production of a little printed leaflet, which is at present fluttering through the book-collecting world commanding a fictitious price. This stolen reprint of the cancelled chapter makes its appeal to all collectors possessing copies of the *Life on the Mississippi* containing the "cremation" cut; these are quite sure to avail themselves of the chance to insert the "suppressed chapter," as an additional curiosity, between the covers of their books; a privilege which may now be enjoyed by any reader of this article who may care to preserve it.



UPSIDE DOWN SARCASM FROM MR. CLEMENS

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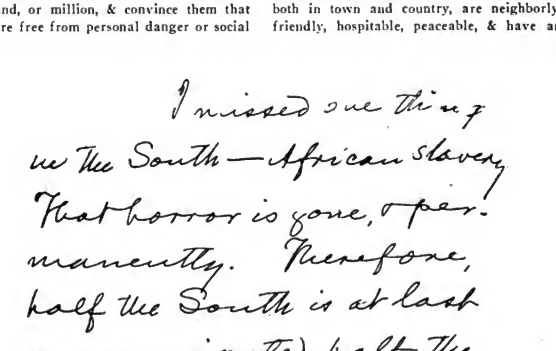
The Suppressed Chapter

I missed one thing in the South—African slavery. That horror is gone, & permanently. Therefore, half the South is at last emancipated, half the South is free. But the white half is apparently as far from emancipation as ever.

The South is "solid" for a single political party. It is difficult to account for this; that is, in a region which purports to be free. Human beings are so constituted, that, given an intelligent, thinking, hundred of them, or thousand, or million, & convince them that they are free from personal danger or social excommunication for opinion's sake, it is absolutely impossible that they shall tie themselves in a body to any one sect, religious or political. Every thinking person in the South and elsewhere knows this; it is a truism.

Given a "solid" country, anywhere, & the ready conclusion is that it is a community of savages. But here are the facts—not conjectures, but facts—& I think they spoil that conclusion. The great mass of Southerners, both in town and country, are neighborly, friendly, hospitable, peaceable, & have an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THE OPENING LINES OF THE SUPPRESSED CHAPTER IN MARK TWAIN'S HANDWRITING

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aversion for disagreements & embroilments; they belong to the church, & they frequent it; they are Sabbath-observers; they are promise-keepers; they are honorable & upright in their dealings; where their prejudices are not at the front, they are just, & they like to see justice done; they are able to reason, & they reason.

These characteristics do not describe a community of savages, they describe the reverse, an excellent community. How such a community should all vote one way, is a perplexing problem. That such a people should be all democrats or all republicans seems against nature.

It may be that a minor fact or two may help toward a solution. It is imagined in the North that the South is one vast and gory murder-field, & that every man goes armed, & has at one time or another taken a neighbor's life. On the contrary, the great mass of Southerners carry no arms, & do not quarrel. In the city of New York, where killing seems so frightfully common, the mighty majority, the overwhelming majority of the citizens, have never seen a weapon drawn in their lives. This is the case in the South. The general people are unfamiliar with murder; they have never seen a murder done. Thousands of murders have been committed in the South; murders are much commoner there than in the North; but these killings are scattered over a vast domain; in small places, long intervals of time intervene between events of this kind; & in both small & large places it is the chance half dozen who witness the killing—the vast majority of that community are not present, & may live long lives & die without ever having seen an occurrence of the sort.

As I have said, the great mass of Southerners are not personally familiar with murder. And being peaceably disposed, & also accustomed to living in peace, they have a horror of murder & violence.

There is a superstition, current everywhere, that the Southern temper is peculiarly hot; whereas, in truth the temper of the average Southerner is not hotter than that of the average Northerner. The temper of the Northerner, through training, heredity, & fear of the law, is kept under the better command, that is all. In a wild country where born instincts may venture to the surface, this fact shows up. In California, Nevada, & Montana, the most of the desperadoes & the deadliest of them, were not from the South, but from the North.

Now, in every community, North & South, there is one hot-head, or a dozen, or a hundred, according to distribution of population; the rest of the community are quiet folk. What do these hot-heads amount to, in the North? Nothing. Who fears them? Nobody. Their heads never get so hot but that they retain cold sense enough to remind them that they are among a people who will not allow themselves to be walked over by their sort; a people who, although they will not insanely hang them upon suspicion & without trial, nor try them, convict them, & then let them go, but who will give them a fair & honest chance in the courts, & if conviction follow will punish them with imprisonment or the halter.

In the South the case is very different. The one hot-head defies the hamlet; the half dozen or dozen defy the village & the town. In the South the expression is common, that such-&-such a ruffian is the "terror of the town." Could he come North & be the terror of a town? Such a thing is impossible. Northern resolution, backing Northern law, was too much for even the "Mollie Maguires," powerful, numerous, & desperate as was that devilish secret organization. But it could have lived a long life in the South; for there it is not the rule for courts to hang murderers.

Why?—seeing that the bulk of the community are murder-hating people. It is hard to tell. Are they torpid, merely?—indifferent?—wanting in public spirit?

Their juries fail to convict, even in the clearest cases. That this is not agreeable to the public, is shown by the fact that very frequently such a miscarriage of justice so rouses the people that they rise, in a passion, & break into the jail, drag out their man & lynch him. This is quite sufficient proof that they do not approve of murder & murderers. But this hundred or two hundred men usually do this act of public justice with masks on. They go to their grim work with clear consciences, but with their

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faces disguised. They know that the law will not meddle with them—otherwise, at least, than by empty form—& they know that the community will applaud their act. Still, they disguise themselves.

The other day, in Kentucky, a witness testified against a young man in court, & got him fined for a violation of a law. The young man went home & got his shot gun & made short work of that witness. He did not invent that method of correcting witnesses; it had been used before, in the South. Perhaps this detail accounts for the reluctance of witnesses, there, to testify; & also the reluctance of juries to convict; & perhaps, also, for the disposition of lynchers to go to their grewsome labors disguised.

Personal courage is a rare quality. Everywhere in the Christian world,—except, possibly, down South—the average citizen is not brave, he is timid. Perhaps he is timid down South, too. According to the *Times-Democrat,* "the favorite diversion of New Orleans hoodlums is crowding upon the late street cars, hustling the men passengers & insulting the ladies." They smoke, they use gross language, they successfully defy the conductor when he tries to collect their fare. All this happens, & they do not get hurt. Apparently the average Southern citizen is like the average Northern citizen—does not like to embroil himself with a ruffian.

The other day, in Kentucky, a single highwayman, revolver in hand, stopped a stage-coach & robbed the passengers, some of whom were armed—& he got away unharmed. The unaverage Kentuckian, being plucky, is not afraid to attack half a dozen average Kentuckians; & his bold enterprise succeeds—probably because the average Kentuckian is like the average of the human race, not plucky, but timid.

In one thing the average Northerner seems to be a step in advance of the average Southerner, in that he bands himself with his timid fellows to support the law, (at least in the matter of murder,) protect judges, juries, & witnesses, & also to secure all citizens from personal danger & from obloquy or social ostracism on account of opinion, political or religious; whereas the average Southerners do not band themselves together in these high interests, but leave them to look out for themselves unsupported; the results being unpunished murder, against the popular approval, & the decay & destruction of independent thought & action in politics.

I take the following paragraph from a recent article in the *Evening Post,* published at Louisville, Ky. The italics are mine:

> There is no use in mincing matters. The social condition of the State is worse than we have ever known it. Murders are more frequent, punishment is lighter, pardons more numerous, and abuses more flagrant than at any period within our recollection, running back fifteen years. Matters are getting worse day by day. The most alarming feature of all is the *indifference of the public.* No one seems to see the carnival of crime and social chaos to which we are rapidly drifting. No one seems to take to himself the lesson of current events. No one seems to realize the actual danger which hangs over the lives of all. *Appeals to the order-loving and law-abiding elements appear vain and idle. It is difficult to stir them.* Shocking tragedies at their very doors do not startle them to a realization of the evils that are cursing Kentucky, imperilling the lives of her own citizens, barring us against the current of immigration and commerce, and presenting us to the eyes of the world as a reckless, God-defying, reeking band of law-breakers and murderers.

That editor does not feel indifferent. He feels the opposite of indifferent. Does he thing he is alone? He cannot be. I think that without question he is expressing the general feeling of the State. But it is not *organized,* therefore it is ineffective. Once organized, it would be abundantly strong for the occasion; the condition of things complained of by the editor would cease. But it is not going to organize itself; somebody has got to take upon himself the disagreeable office of making the first move. In the Knoxville region of Tennessee that office has been assumed, & a movement is now on foot there to organize & band together the best people for the protection of Courts, juries & witnesses. There is no reason why the experiment should not succeed; & if it succeeds, there is no reason why the reform should not spread.

As to white political liberty in New Orleans. I take four pages, at random, from the city directory for the present year—1882.

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It "samples" the book, & affords one a sort of bird's-eye view of the nationalities of New Orleans:

(Insert the 4 pages, 772 A B & C—reduce them in facsimile & crowd them onto a single page of my book, to be read by a magnifier.)

"Many men, many minds," says the proverb. What a lovely thing it is to see all these variegated nationalities exhibiting a miracle which makes all other miracles cheap in comparison—that is, voting & feeling all one way, in spite of an eternal law of nature which pronounces such a thing impossible. And how pretty it is to see all these Germans & Frenchmen, who bitterly differ in all things else, meet sweetly together on the platform of a single party in the free & unembarrassed political atmosphere of New Orleans. How odd it is to see the mixed nationalities of New York voting all sorts of tickets, & the very same mixed nationalities of New Orleans voting all one way—& letting on that that is just the thing they wish to do, & are entirely unhampered in the matter, & wouldn't vote otherwise, oh, not for anything. As the German phrases it, "it is not thick enough."

THE AUTHORS' LEAGUE OF AMERICA, AS A PERMANENT HOME, HAS TAKEN WHAT HAS LONG BEEN KNOWN AS THE WASHINGTON IRVING HOUSE, AT THE CORNER OF IRVING PLACE AND SEVENTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY. BUT JUST HOW CLOSELY THIS STRUCTURE IS ASSOCIATED WITH THE CREATOR OF DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER IS A MOOTED QUESTION. THE HOUSE NEVER BELONGED TO WASHINGTON IRVING, BUT FIRST BELONGED TO AN UNCLE, AND LATER PASSED INTO THE POSSESSION OF A NEPHEW. HOWEVER, IRVING VISITED THE HOUSE FREQUENTLY, AND THERE WROTE PART OF HIS "LIFE OF WASHINGTON"

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THE LAST OF THE TROUBADOURS

BY STUART HENRY

On Sabbath afternoons in the simple village of Maillane, where Frédéric Mistral was born, lived and died, there were wont to promenade up and down the public thoroughfare two columns of people. The one on the left wore deep blue cravats and represented those daring, modern fellows—the radicals and free-thinkers. The other column, on the right, comprised those adhering to the ancient ideas of the throne and the altar, and wearing cravats of light blue.

Mistral was to be found among those wearing the light blue. He was thus true to his wonderful thirteenth century when the Troubadours reigned with their graces and weaknesses, their romances and superstitions, their perennial youth and early decay. In fact Mistral and his followers set up a real kingdom of letters, sanctified by rites, glorified by festivals, and crowned with toasts of beflowered rhetoric and rhymes to that lovely dead Provençal past of which they were the direct inheritors. Theirs was a knightly round table out in *plein air*, graced with roses and love, embellished with sunshine and wine, gay laughter and simple faith, in a realm where elderly men exuberantly married young wives.

Successive Queens of the Félibres also reigned—women so good to look upon that they appear to have been chosen for their pulchritude—lustrous midnight in their hair and unfathomable depths in their soft black eyes. And the first of them was Mistral's young wife, to whom he was married at forty-six.

His appearance brought to mind some Southern colonel. He had the emotionalism and lounging ways of our own warm South. His soft hat tossed on across his right ear, his martial moustache, his lordly goatee, his skin tanned by a thousand suns, his hospitable enthusiasm, suggested a grandee of royal girth and spacious manners, ready to burst forth in expansive mirth or to quickly shed a confiding and sympathetic tear.

Much has been written to show his hilarity and frolicsomeness, especially at the times when Daudet visited their adored Provence. They and their fellows, bearded, loose-limbed, with the jaunty swagger of their warm clime, carried on high jinks amid the home folk up and down the river valley. They played pranks, shouted and laughed, absorbed much wine, and revelled in the tales and jests of their boasted locality.

Some think of Mistral as a literary aristocrat and Over-Lord, dwelling in a home rich and beautiful with art objects suggesting the romantic ancient days of Aucassin and Nicolette. They picture him as a luxurious æsthete and master dilettante, able to linger for months over an archaic rhyme and toy for years over the memories of a decayed language and literature that appear dancing in a few light-hearted pages of history. Others are led to think of Mistral as a rustic true to his peasant mother, and living in a cot containing two rooms, one above the other, and companioned by that poor man's friend, a dog.

For, though he was king of the south half of France,—the most famous and beloved man there,—he pretended to be a sort of clodhopper. In his village, not far from the mediæval Avignon, of royal and papal memories, he was contented for a long lifetime to receive the homages of the world. No well-educated person thought a visit to that province complete without having paid his very welcome respects to the Chief of the Félibres. Citizens of distant America even were num-

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bered in his circle of personal interests. He dedicated a poem to former President Roosevelt, and included Richard Watson Gilder among the acknowledged friends of his Society. On Mistral's tomb, built at Arles in 1907, the face of Roosevelt is one of the faces carved in the marble.

Modest in his life of provincial triumphs, Mistral seemed to have been born under a lucky star. His evenly modelled hands were spoken of as indicating his tranquil life. Good of heart, manly, he had the full leisure to love all that was noble and beautiful. Having fallen heir to sufficient means from his farmer father, he was always free from economic pressure and could thus slowly do a worthy work that would have been impossible to those of the pen who see the prowling wolf whenever they peek out of doors.

To labour twenty years, eight hours a day, on a production as little salable as a Provençal dictionary, though unique and valued as it is, required an assured ease of purse. In this toil of love, to pick up fragments of one's ancient native idiom from fisher folk and old housewives at their daily tasks, demanded an occupied, gossiping idleness such as belonged only to a loquacious Félibre. With a dallying beauty and simpleness could he write: "If joy comes not today, assuredly it will come to-morrow. And as soon as the violet breathes her perfume, the butterfly will flutter to her; then will the maiden, like a ripening fruit, come to her lover; and the crystal dewdrop will be as radiant as a diamond."

The crowning of his literary fame was precisely his early poem "Mireille" (1859), from which came the libretto for Gounod's famous opera of the same name—twenty years later. It is the most popular *opéra comique* in France save *Carmen* and *Mignon*. One of the toasts drunk by the Society of Félibres was: "I drink to Mireille, the most beautiful mirror in which Provence looks at herself."

Mistral—last of the veritable Troubadours—was truly gifted in that he was an erudite philologist who possessed a rare creative sense of poetic form. His name had become greater than any direct appeal of the productions of his pen; for only to the learned few does the bent of his labours mean anything. It was to the credit of this not ungrateful or ungenerous age that he reaped all the rewards of fame from a public which understood practically nothing of his work. While he humbly pushed away scholastic honours from himself, they only crowded the more thickly about his brow. The very nature of his undertaking disarmed criticism. There was none of his compatriots who really cared to say him nay, though he persisted in not using the national language except in translating his own books. He fairly earned his share of the Nobel prize in 1904, with the proceeds of which he founded a Provençal museum at Arles. A few months before his death he appropriately wrote: "The days that grow chill and the swelling sea—all things tell me that the winter of my life has come, and that I must without delay gather my olives and offer the virgin oil on the altar of God."

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TO ROBERT LYTTON: FROM ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

For more than sixty years this tribute, by the author of "Aurora Leigh," to Robert Lytton (Edward Robert Bulwer-Lytton, First Earl, 1831-1891), more generally known as "Owen Meredith," has been forgotten. The poem was written at Bagni dé Lucca in the summer of 1853, when Robert Lytton, then an attaché at the Florence Legation, was staying with the Brownings. It was here, too, when he was with them again in 1857, that he had a severe attack of gastric fever and was nursed by Robert Browning. Robert Lytton had scarcely recovered when "Penini" Browning, a boy of eight years, was similarly attacked, but in a mild form; during his illness, seeing his mother's anxious face bending over him, the child said, "Think it's a little boy in the street; and you won't feel so badly." The MS. is in the clear but delicate caligraphy of Mrs. Browning, without a single correction, and written on both sides of a half sheet of paper, with a deep gash in the upper edge. The MS. was formerly in the possession of Miss Browning, who copied on a large sheet the full text of the three stanzas imperfect in the torn original. Miss Browning gave both to Mrs. Barrett Browning, who has kept them until to-day "in a little box of personal treasures."

1

O NOBLE heart, noble soul, live
Our leader, and king of us all!
Take the love which we languish to give;
Give the love without which we must fall.

2

You, brave shoulders of Atlas, just strong enough
To bear up a world much in want of it!
You, the wise heart that's probed our life long enough
To pardon the nonsense and cant of it!

3

An eye that looks straight on to God,
And a tongue that can baffle the Devil,—
A wit that walks forth silver-shod,
And sets a fair front against Evil.

4

When you speak, as you speak, I think Paul
At Athens, posterity teaching,
Said such words, though such thoughts, just let fall
Such grand language as yours, in his preaching.

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5

Yet bear with us! think for us! speak for us!
    There is none we can honour above you.
When you think, our own thoughts are too weak for us,—
    When you speak, we are silent, and love you.

6

You are strong: we are weak and the jostle
    Of life seems to hurt us too much;
But you, O beloved, O apostle
    Leave healing behind in your touch.

7

Light and warmth—the whole of you piling
    Its own magnificent gladness:
But he that would prove your wise smiling
    Must have probed all the sources of sadness.

8

For o'er depth below depth of your being
    Unfathomed the soul of you sleeps:
And your great smile is still too all seeing
    A rainbow that arches the deeps.

9

All that strength! all that power! yet so pliant!
    You're so great we could never come near you,
Were it not that the child with the giant
    Is mixed, and we honour—not fear you.

10

O but for old times for one moment!
    How we'd hymn you and crown you, and bring you
Through the Forum with praising and comment.
    Stepping proud o'er the flowers we'd fling you.

11

We'd die for you gladly, if need were,—
    And gladly we'd live while we might for you:
We'd follow wherever your lead were,
    Believe in you, hope for you, fight for you.

12

These are words, now! and yet, Oh yet live
    Our leader and king of us all!
Take the love which is all we can give!
    Take large meanings for deeds that are small!

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WHAT IS WRONG WITH THE AMERICAN DRAMA?

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

At a meeting of the Authors Club of New York on the evening of April 9th, Mr. William Archer delivered an informal address, during the course of which he asked an exceedingly significant question concerning the current American drama. He stated that he had visited this country several times during the course of the last fifteen years, and that, on each occasion, he had been impressed by the vivacity of invention, the alertness of observation, and the zest of entertainment in our popular American plays; but that, whenever he had returned to New York after an absence of only two or three years, he had discovered with surprise that nearly all the current American plays had been written by new writers, and that the playwrights whose work he had admired only a short time before had apparently been relegated to oblivion. He regarded our continual discovery of new writers as an evidence of an extraordinary fertility in native talent for the theatre; but he considered our apparent failure to develop the writers whom we did discover as an evidence of a scarcely explicable prodigality. "Why is it," he inquired, "that each new generation of American playwrights seems to endure only two or three seasons? Why is it that so many men of talent, who have written one or two promising plays, are supplanted by other men of talent before they have had time to fulfil their promise? What becomes of all your playwrights? Why do you throw them away, instead of helping them to develop their ability?"

This inquiry is extremely difficult to answer; but, at the request of Mr. Archer, some attempt will be made to explain the current situation in the present paper. In the first place, it may be stated that our theatre-going public seems to set a higher value on invention than on imagination. This fact was clearly felt by the late Clyde Fitch; and to satisfy the public craving for invention, he nearly always devoted his initial acts to exploiting some novel device of theatrical dexterity. His audience desired him to be clever; and, responsive to the sense of this demand, he tossed out a sop of cleverness before proceeding to the imaginative business of his play. But the history of nearly all considerable artists teaches us that they begin with invention and then slowly ripen to imagination,—they commence with cleverness and ultimately rise to simplicity and serenity. It is not surprising, therefore, that the most vivid invention, the most captivating cleverness, should be displayed in the first or second plays of writers of ingenious talent. A new idea is most likely to be advanced by a new man. This is probably the reason why the American public, with its avidity for clever invention, prefers the ingenuity of new authors to the matured imagination of writers who have risen above the initial exercise of cleverness.

In the second place, it should be stated that the American public goes to the theatre merely to be entertained, and that it finds more entertainment in a shifting of the point of view toward life than in a deepening of the vision of life from an established point of view. Thus far, no incentive has been offered to our playwrights to grow up. Our public does not ask that a man shall meditate upon our life until he is able to say something about it that is valuable; it asks merely that he shall point an unexpected finger at some aspect of our life that has not previously been exploited on the stage. In setting this premium on sheer originality, it votes in favour of new writers

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at the expense of older and wiser men, and tosses aside Augustus Thomas, who is trying to expound a philosophy of life, in favour of Bayard Veiller, who gives it news.

Only twenty years ago, it was commonly complained that a new playwright could not get a hearing in America. Nowadays any playwright can get a hearing, provided only that he come forward with something that is new. This premium that is set on novelty is perhaps the greatest cause that inhibits the development of serious drama in America. A mature playwright, who has grown to take a greater interest in life than in the theatre, is seldom likely to deal with novel subjects or to present them in a novel way. Great themes are never new; and an artist with something to say about life is rarely willing to overlay his message with the distractions of inventive ingenuity. As a result of the public demand for cleverness, we are now confronted with a situation which makes it easy for new playwrights to display their inventions, but makes it comparatively difficult for the same writers a few years later to secure a favourable hearing for the more imaginative works of their maturity.

Until this situation is changed, we shall never succeed in developing a national drama in America. Until we devise some system for distinguishing between new playwrights who are merely clever and new playwrights who are likely to progress from invention to imagination, until we devise some method for nurturing the comparatively few writers who seem inherently capable of an ultimate achievement of dramatic art, until we learn to throw away the merely entertaining craftsmen as soon as they have entertained us but never to throw away an author of real promise, and until we learn to laud imagination more than we applaud invention and to set a premium upon the man who secures his incentive from life itself instead of from the theatre, we shall not be rewarded with a national drama in America. The familiar statement that the theatre-going public gets what it deserves is true, at least, to this extent:—that no public ever gets a national drama until it deserves it.

As Mr. Archer stated, we have more than enough playwrights of sufficient talent to achieve a national dramatic literature, if only the conditions of our theatre were such as to foster the development of their ability instead of to cut it off at the very outset. The reason why we produce so few American plays of any genuine importance is not that we lack the men to write them, but that as yet we lack the conditions to demand them. Great dramatists are made, not born. Dramatic talent is born; but dramatic genius is developed only when dramatic talent is fostered by inspiriting theatrical conditions. No plant can come to flower unless it can take root in fertile soil; and the reason why so many of our playwrights are never heard from after their first two or three plays is that they are sown as seed by the wayside and fall on rocky ground.

The responsibility for the present dearth of American dramatic art must be divided between the public, the managers, the critics, and the playwrights themselves; and we may most clearly analyse the situation by approaching it successively from the points of view of these four factors.

First of all, it must be frankly stated that the public of America, considered as a whole, is not at all interested in the drama. It is enormously interested in the theatre; but that is another matter altogether. Throughout his recent book on *The Foundations of a National Drama,** Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has insisted on the prime importance of dispelling the confusion between the drama and the theatre which persists in the popular mind. The drama is an art of authorship; and the theatre entertains the public by the exhibition of many other matters than the art of authorship. Mr. Jones has pointed out that the theatre

*The Foundations of a National Drama. By Henry Arthur Jones. New York: George H. Doran Company.

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has often flourished in periods when the drama was dead. Thus, in England in the early nineteenth century, there was no British drama of any consequence, but the British theatre prospered by exhibiting the acting of such great performers as Mrs. Siddons and the Kembles, Kean and Macready. Sir Henry Irving, who did great things for the British theatre, did absolutely nothing for the British drama, since he never produced a play by a contemporary author of importance. Likewise, Edwin Booth and Richard Mansfield, who led the American theatre for two successive generations, accomplished nothing whatsoever for the American drama.

The drama, to repeat, is an art of authorship; and the American public of to-day, considered as a whole, cares nothing for dramatic authorship. It goes to the theatre merely to be entertained; and it does not care in the least whether it is entertained by musical comedy, vaudeville, moving pictures, or what are quaintly called legitimate plays. It groups all these heterogeneous exhibitions together, and decides that certain offerings—without regard to class—are "good shows" and certain others are not. *The Belle of Bond Street* is considered a "good show" because the cast contains the widely advertised Gaby Deslys; and *The Legend of Leonora* is considered a "good show" because the cast contains the no less widely advertised Maude Adams. But the public would never think of deciding that *The Legend of Leonora* was a "good show" because it had been written by ——— "what was his name? . . . Oh yes, Barrie. . . . Of course:—wrote *Peter Pan,*—didn't he? . . . Wasn't Maude Adams cute as Peter Pan?"

Since the American public is not interested in dramatic authorship, and cares only for what it is willing to consider a "good show," it would scarcely be fair to blame our theatrical managers for devoting most of their attention to non-dramatic forms of entertainment, such as musical comedies, vaudeville, and moving pictures, nor even for insisting that the legitimate plays they do produce shall be so planned as to compete commercially with these other types of "what the public wants." Thus we perceive that the growth of the American drama is actually impeded by the popularity of the American theatre. The fact that a million Americans go to the theatre every night is of no assistance to our playwrights; it is, instead, a hindrance to them, since, in spending their time and money for forms of entertainment that are mainly non-dramatic, these million people are preventing themselves from developing any interest in the drama.

The reason why Mr. George M. Cohan is the most popular playwright in America to-day is that he has succeeded in inventing a type of legitimate comedy that can hold its own against the drastic competition of musical comedy and vaudeville and moving pictures. His plays unite the rapid, dashing plot of kinetoscopic exhibitions with the low-comedy characterisation of vaudeville turns and the general air of inconsequential sprightliness that pervades the best musical comedies; and *Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford* or *Seven Keys to Baldpate* are denominated "good shows" by the same people who always go to see Gaby Deslys and never go to hear John Galsworthy. Mr. Cohan is an artist of the theatre; and he must be very highly praised for his dexterity in managing to meet the public on its own ground with plays that, none the less, may be admired by people of intelligence and culture. But it seems unfortunate that the Cohan formula should be accepted at the present time as the only talisman to success in the American theatre. With the exception of the vulgar and reprehensible *To-day,* which attained what the French would call "a success of scandal," the only American plays which have succeeded in the season that is now drawing to a close were cut in accordance with the Cohan pattern. *Seven Keys to Baldpate* was written by Mr. Cohan; *Potash and Perlmutter* was produced at Mr. Cohan's theatre; and *The Misleading Lady, Too Many Cooks,* and *A Pair of Sixes* were

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all devised in deliberate imitation of Mr. Cohan's methods. All these plays may be highly praised as popular entertainments; but do they constitute the makings of an American dramatic literature? . . . If not, the reader should remember that they constitute the best that our native playwrights have produced during the season of 1913-1914.

Is there a single manager in America who is willing to forego the emoluments that result from wholesale dealing in popular theatric entertainments, in order to foster the development of an American dramatic literature? . . . Have we a single manager who is willing to work for a national achievement, as Lady Gregory has worked in Dublin, as Miss Horniman has worked in Manchester, as Mr. Granville Barker has worked in London? Without the managerial efforts of Lady Gregory and Mr. Yeats, the world would never have heard of John M. Synge; without the managerial efforts of Miss Horniman, the world would never have heard of Stanley Houghton; and without the managerial efforts of Mr. Granville Barker, the world would never have heard of Bernard Shaw. It is, perhaps, enough to ask this question. It would be, of course, embarrassing to answer it.

Our managers, following our public, seem to care only for the theatre and not at all for the drama. Perhaps, for the sake of clearness, it may be desirable, at this present point of our discussion, to define what is meant by "the drama." We can find no better definition than one which has been offered by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. According to this good and faithful servant of all that is noblest in the contemporary theatre, the purpose of the drama is (1) to represent life and (2) to interpret life, in terms of the theatre. Mr. Jones admits that only a few great dramatists have succeeded in *interpreting* life in terms of the theatre; but he insists that no writer should be dignified with the name of dramatist unless he has at least succeeded in *representing* life in terms of the theatre. According to this formula of criticism, we should, in estimating any drama, inquire (1) whether the author has set forth a representation of life, and (2) whether he has also revealed an interpretation of life. A play that passes the first test is a drama; a play that also passes the second test is a great drama; but a play that does not pass either test is not a work of dramatic art and can be considered only as a passing entertainment.

How often are these simple tests applied by the men who are employed by our newspapers and magazines to inform the public of what is going on in the theatres of America? . . . This question brings us face to face with one of the most important causes of the dearth of public appreciation of the drama in this country. Our so-called organs of opinion, instead of endeavouring to lead the public, are content to follow it; and, instead of establishing departments of dramatic criticism, they are content to conduct departments devoted merely to gossip of the theatre. With less than a dozen exceptions, the newspapers and even the magazines of this country treat the theatre as "news" and refuse to recognise the drama as an art. When the late Stanley Houghton came forward with *Hindle Wakes,* a work of dramatic art in which he told the utter truth about an important phase of life which for centuries had always been lied about in the theatre, did any of our newspapers trumpet this rare and wonderful achievement in its headlines? . . . Did any of our editors deem it important to declare that a new dramatist had emerged in Manchester who was able to set forth both a truthful representation of life and a piercing interpretation of it? . . . No, indeed; our newspaper reviewers merely stated, as a piece of news, that *Hindle Wakes,* though meritorious, seemed scarcely likely to enjoy a long run in New York. In other words, it wasn't a "good show"; and the public, prejudiced against it by the faint praise of the papers, permitted the piece to be withdrawn without a hearing.

It seems scarcely an exaggeration to

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state that there is no dramatic criticism in America,—that there is no concerted effort on the part of those who edit the theatrical pages of our publications to assist the public to distinguish between the drama and the theatre and to cultivate an appreciation of the drama which shall be clearly set apart from the enjoyment of non-dramatic types of entertainment. Our so-called "dramatic critics" [with less than a dozen exceptions in the whole United States] are not critics but reporters. They give greater publicity to the fact that Miss Billie Burke looks well in pink pajamas than to the fact that Miss Eleanor Gates has written a work of art in *The Poor Little Rich Girl.* The fancy and the wisdom of Miss Gates are considered less important as a piece of "news" than the pajamas of Miss Burke; and, as a result of this sort of propaganda, our potential dramatists are required to compete not only against musical comedy and moving pictures but also against the lay figures in a haberdasher's window.

It will be seen, therefore, that the comparatively few playwrights in America who are honestly ambitious (1) to represent life truly, in order (2) to interpret life nobly, are condemned to struggle single-handed against the embattled negligence of the public and the managers and the theatrical reviewers. The public does not want to be told the truth; it wants to be amused. The managers do not want dramatic art; they want "what the public wants." The theatrical reviewers are not interested in the drama; they judge the value of a play in proportion to the number of nights it seems destined to run in the metropolis, and consequently consider *Peg o' My Heart* a more important work than *The Pigeon.* Need we wonder any longer why so many of our playwrights succumb to this embattled negligence and never fulfil the promise of their earliest endeavours?

But our playwrights themselves cannot be entirely absolved from blame for the present dearth of dramatic art in America. Too many of them, even from the very outset, write with an eye to the theatre instead of with an eye to life. They derive their inspiration from the wrong side of the footlights. Instead of trying to express what they think that life is like, they are contented to express what they think a play is like. Instead of following Hamlet's advice and imitating nature, they imitate each other. If one of them writes a play about the underworld that makes money in the theatre, a dozen others hasten to write plays about the underworld,—not because they are really interested in the underworld or have anything to say about it, but because they are merely interested in making money in the theatre. This enervating circle revolves until it has exhausted its transient popularity; and, the next season, the same playwrights are chasing each other around another circle. Thus, instead of moving on and getting anywhere, our playwrights merely exhaust themselves in running Marathons around a track which returns continually to the starting-point.

What, then—to sum up the entire situation—must we accomplish in America, before we shall deserve to develop a national drama to which we shall be able [in the florid language of political platforms] to "point with pride"? First of all, we must educate a considerable section of our public to distinguish between the theatre and the drama, and to value the art of the drama as something distinct from, and better than, such types of ephemeral entertainment as musical comedy and vaudeville and moving pictures. Having educated a special public to patronise dramatic art, we must organise this public and be able to deliver it to the support of every play in which life is represented truly in the endeavour to interpret life nobly. These two tasks —the task of educating the public to recognise dramatic art, and the task of organising the public to support it—have already been undertaken by the Drama League of America; and this society has thus far done its work so well that it no longer seems quixotic to expect that, within the next ten years, a strong

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and potent interest in the drama (as distinguished from the theatre) will be developed in America.

In the second place, we must discover and encourage and support a few managers who will be willing to make a living wage by catering to the growing interest in the dramatic art, instead of gambling to win or lose large fortunes by catering to the prevailing taste for entertainment of a type that has no real relation to the drama.

In the third place, we must organise a vigorous demand for dramatic criticism in America. While permitting our newspapers and our magazines to report non-dramatic entertainments as they report baseball games, while allowing our editors to extract the fullest "news value" from the pinkness of Miss Burke's pajamas, we must also demand that contributions to the great art of the drama shall be explained and interpreted by experts in the noble art of dramatic criticism. In other words, we must insist that our so-called organs of opinion shall consider the art of the drama as seriously as they now consider the art of painting and the art of music. We do not permit our newspapers to treat Rembrandt or Wagner as subjects for feeble merriment; and we must likewise cease to allow them to treat Ibsen as a joke.

In the fourth place, we must encourage our playwrights to endeavour to represent life truly and to interpret life nobly, by rewarding them with fame and money whenever they succeed in either of these difficult endeavours. We must convince them that the playing of the game itself is more than worth the burning of the candle at both ends. The present writer now recalls a conversation with the late Clyde Fitch, which occurred about seven years ago, in which Mr. Fitch complained because *The Truth,* which he regarded as his best play, had failed in New York, at the same time when *Sappho,* which he regarded as a work of no importance, was still playing to twelve thousand dollars a week in one-night stands in Texas. "Is there anybody in this country," he inquired, "who cares to have us try to do our best?" . . . It is an encouraging sign that, whereas *Sappho* has now been tossed aside, *The Truth* has recently been revived in New York by one of the very few American managers who care about the drama as an art. This revival has demonstrated that *The Truth* is worthy of its title, and that the man who wrote it was capable of representing and interpreting the life he saw about him in America. But Clyde Fitch was not destined to live until this sincere and able work was accorded, at a belated date, the recognition which it deserved when it was first disclosed. At present we can merely wonder if our public and our managers and our reviewers would so negligently have allowed themselves to throw away this dramatist, if they had known, at the moment when he wrote *The Truth,* that he was doomed to die at the early age of forty-four.

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THE ACCUSTOMED MANNER AND SOME RECENT NOVELS*

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

It is quite a common occurrence to find a publisher announcing the latest volume of some well-known novelist as a new departure, something radically different from his accustomed manner. As a matter of fact, there are two or three cases in point in the present month's instalment of fiction. Sometimes, of course, the publishers are mistaken in their opinion; sometimes again they are correct. But in either case they fail to recognise that such a statement is in a measure a confession of weakness. It implies the belief that the general public is tired of the author's previous manner and will welcome a change. It almost amounts to a suggestion that he stands a better chance of achieving a new success by throwing aside all the advantages previously gained and appealing to the world at large in a guise so different as to put him practically in the position of a new writer. Now, of course, it would be nonsense to suggest that novelists have not a perfect right to change their methods as often as they please, or to deny that such a change is sometimes the wisest step that a writer can take. But at the same time emphasis should be placed upon the undeniable value of the accustomed manner. Obviously, from the inherent meaning of the phrase, it is something which has to be earned, something which no beginner can possess. And in order to acquire it, the first, and the second, and the third book must have met with some fair amount of success, for otherwise the author would not have gone on, following the same little pathway, apparently leading nowhere. No, an accustomed manner obviously means that an author has gained a certain following; and the people who like him expect in buying one of his books that they will find something in the same general vein as those which he has produced in the past. Most of us are creatures of habit, to an extent surprising to ourselves when we stop to think of it. We do not care to dine at the same restaurant every night, but when we do revert to the same restaurant, we prefer to occupy the old, familiar table and be served by the waiter who knows our individual tastes. We may not habitually attend the same church, but when we feel in the mood for some particular brand of orthodoxy, we would certainly feel aggrieved if a clergyman with whose views we thought ourselves familiar should suddenly change his manner and electrify his congregation by advocating views utterly at variance with his previous teachings. Well, the case of the novelist differs merely in degree, it is the same in kind; and when a publisher advertises any new volume by a writer of established reputation as a "radical departure" from his customary vein, it really amounts to an official notice to his friends and admirers, that here is a case of *caveat emptor*,—in other words, that it is a book which will be quite likely to disappoint them.

The assertion was made in an earlier paragraph, that a change of manner is a confession of weakness, and a moment's

The World Set Free. By H. G. Wells. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Chance. By Joseph Conrad. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Initiation. By Robert Hugh Benson. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Mrs. Brand. By H. A. Mitchell Keays. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

Shallow Soil. By Knut Hamsun. Authorised Translation from the Norwegian by Carl Christian Hallested. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Victory Law. By Anne Warwick. New York: John Lane Company.

My Lady of the Chinese Courtyard. By Elizabeth Cooper. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

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thought will show that it quite obviously is so. There may be some rare and extraordinary exceptions, but the only causes which come readily to mind as likely to induce an author to change his manner are first, that he has written himself out; secondly, that he believes that the public has become tired of his particular vein, or thirdly, that he thinks he has hit upon a new manner, better worthy of his talents. In other words, his changed tactics practically say, either "my old type of work is no longer good enough," or "the public think that my old type is not good enough," or "I myself think that the old way never has been good enough." And, like every other man, in every other walk in life, who suddenly decides to change his job, the degree of success attending the change is largely problematic.

But it must be recognised that a change of manner in a novelist is not by any means the simple thing it would appear. No man, we are told, can merely by taking thought, add an inch to his stature; and similarly, there are few writers who, by taking thought, can wholly rid themselves of their accustomed manner. Dickens, of course, had a first and a second well-defined manner, witness the distance traversed between the *Pickwick Papers* and *Bleak House*,—and he would have had a third manner, had he lived to finish *Edwin Drood*. And yet Dickens's personality was so infinitely bigger than his theme, or his setting, or his special treatment of any individual story, that in surveying his literary productions as a whole, what we think of is not the points of difference, but the amazing unanimity of his life work.

And it is usually the same with men of genius in any one of the creative arts. They change because they have outgrown their earlier selves, and this kind of change is gradual. The academic critic, who loves the comfortable security of neat pigeon-holes, of course attempts to draw sharp, dividing lines, where in point of fact they do not exist,—for in the case of genius, the old method and the new melt into each other, like the colours in the solar spectrum.

There are just a few writers of the present generation who have added much to the joy of living, by just a few rare volumes, and who come very near to justifying a claim to something akin to genius, and yet have never pursued any one line far enough to establish any claim to an accustomed manner. Two cases in point come immediately to mind, that of Owen Wister in this country, and that of Alfred Ollivant in Great Britain. Each of these writers achieved a popularity utterly out of proportion to their production, considered merely from point of bulk. Each of them essayed no less than three different veins of narrative; and their most sincere admirers would be puzzled, if called upon to decide between the rival claims of *The Virginian*, *Philosophy Four*, and *Lady Baltimore*, of *Bob Son of Battle*, *Red Coat Captain* and *The Gentleman*. The only lack of parallel in these two cases is this: that Mr. Wister did some apprentice work of very uneven merit, in the same order of treatment, before he achieved *The Virginian*, and that Mr. Ollivant did his poorest work in *Danny*, a belated attempt to follow up the vein of *Bob Son of Battle*. At all events here are two cases,—and the list can easily be amplified by any one following the drift of contemporary fiction,—of writers who, in spite of extraordinary gifts, have for some unexplained reason never attained an accustomed manner. They stand, in fiction, in much the same position as a tradesman, who has never stayed long enough in one locality to acquire a good will. At the opposite extreme stands a class, so rare that one can easily check them off on the fingers of one hand, so long as the discussion is confined to a single country,—namely, those novelists who, after having established a wide reputation in one vein, deliberately throw aside all the advantage gained, change their whole policy of writing radically, and achieve a second and even bigger success in a new vein, with a new public. The conspicuous

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cases in point of course,—to confine ourselves to novelists writing in English,—are Henry Harland and H. G. Wells. The former, of course, concerns us today only as a bit of literary history, but Mr. Wells is still with us; his departure from his first established manner is so recent that the most curious thing about it is not its amazing success, transcending the earlier one, but the utter ignorance on the part of his new public, of his identity with the earlier H. G. Wells, who produced *The War of the Worlds* and *The First Men in the Moon*. When Mr. Wells had suddenly sprung into a new and entirely different popularity with his *Ann Veronica*, the younger generation, and more especially its feminist contingent, who hailed him as an unexpected champion of feminism, apparently had not the faintest inkling that twenty years earlier he had been labelled quite definitely the English Jules Verne, the spinner of pseudo-scientific marvel-yarns, the harbinger of the twentieth century miracles. It has been no slight source of amusement to the present reviewer, when some rather hectic suffragette has lauded to the skies *Ann Veronica*, which he still regards as a peculiarly obnoxious production, to ask her casually whether she likes *The Time Machine* and *The Invisible Man*, and then to note the look of dazed unenlightenment that overspreads her face.

"THE WORLD SET FREE"

It will be equally interesting to watch the surprised faces of Mr. Wells's new following, when they attempt to read his latest production, *The World Set Free*. It is frankly and without apology a reversion to Mr. Wells's first manner,—but unfortunately, to borrow a picturesque phrase from the prize ring, it is so hard in any profession, high or low, to "come back." Mr. Wells knew instinctively some years ago that his first vein had run out; in mining parlance, it had reached the point where he feared that it was not "pay-dirt." His early stories, like Jules Verne's early stories, had all been based upon some big conception,—what in the language of the street would be called a "cracker-jack" idea. But little by little that particular vein was worked out, and even his most fervent admirers had to admit that some of his later prophetic dreams of the coming centuries were rather sorry stuff. His new attempt to return to the old manner is even more feeble than his worst failure in the past. Its only appeal lies in the fact that it chimes in with the present widely popular revulsion against war,—regardless of the simple historic fact, that since the beginning of recorded history, wars have served as milestones, not only of victory but of progress. The new volume by Mr. Wells may be dismissed quite briefly. In a foreword he acknowledges that the whole idea of it was born of the latest discoveries in regard to radium. We all know that force, energy, work, is stored up in physical and chemical bodies. But this knowledge dates back barely a century. The latent force in heated water has been in use barely a hundred years; the molecular force generated by electricity is less than half as old. It was barely yesterday that radium was discovered and that chemists, dazed by the bigness of the problems opened up to them, gradually realised that the energy generated by the passage of water into steam, or even of the explosion of gun-cotton into its elements, was nothing in comparison with the energy pent up in an atom of any one of the recognised chemical elements and given out in the slow process of disintegration. Mr. Wells writes a story, throwing forward the date and setting nearly half a century. He imagines a scientific development, through which a means is found of releasing at will the structure of the atoms of any and every element. This release, costing practically nothing, generates an incalculable energy, and at the same time produces, as a side product, out of lead and the other cheap commodities, an immense amount of gold and silver, which plays the mischief with current values. The result is an era of frenzied finance, such as the world has never seen before, a

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colossal series of mercantile upheavals that shock Christendom. And in the wake of national upheaval comes the clash of nation against nation,—and the new discoveries in chemistry have produced an absolutely unforeseen and unimagined weapon. It has proved possible to release instantaneously the pent up powers of any element. Thus, lead, exploding at once into the atoms of the metal next in order, would generate a destructive force greater than that of any explosive known to-day. Mr. Wells has chosen to conceive of a bomb containing some element which will begin a series of these disastrous explosions. Once set in motion, they will continue, perhaps for a hundred years; and with the help of a few aeroplanes in the progress of his world's war, he drops a few of these bombs over Paris and Berlin and London,—and by the time these interesting bombs have abated in their explosive vigour, there isn't anything left of the big capitals of Europe, excepting a sort of churned up volcanic mud,—and Mr. Wells adds complacently, there never will be. He ends up with a sort of world-confederation, in which the entire people of the globe unite under one ruler, accept one language and one government. But his whole story fails utterly to appeal, for the one simple reason that, abandoning his earlier method, he has not tried to interest us in the destinies of any individual human beings. Here and there a man or a girl stands out like a Rembrandt portrait, and dies at a turn of the page, while later on we ask ourselves, "Do we know, are we personally acquainted with any of the survivors? No, emphatically, we are not. Then why in Heaven's name should we be expected to take any interest in the story at all?" Frankly it is a charlatan piece of work, palpably and inexcusably unreal, coming as it does from the pen of a man who, in earlier days, could transport us even to the moon, and still make us believe.

"CHANCE"

Mr. Joseph Conrad is one of the best examples to be found in the whole range of contemporary fiction of an author so vigorously, so irrepressibly himself that he might change his manner at will and yet remain, in spite of himself, absolutely and unmistakably individual. In point of fact, his new volume, entitled *Chance*, is one of the current novels above referred to as having been announced by the publishers as a new departure, something radically different from what was to be expected from the author of *Falk* and *Nostromo* and *Lord Jim*. Frankly, such an announcement is nothing less than a flagrant piece of injustice to a volume which, in so far as Mr. Conrad has changed his manner at all, in recent years, represents a reversion to type,—for it comes nearer in spirit and in treatment to *Almayer's Folly* and *The Outcast of the Island* than any of his intervening books. It has a typical Conrad theme and it obeys the typical and inimitable Conrad formula of construction, a formula that in the hands of any other writer would represent a literary heresy, and with which, paradoxically enough, Mr. Conrad himself achieves results that would be simply impossible by any of the more conventional methods. Let us ask, first of all, what is the typical Conrad theme? Well, the shortest way to generalise it is to say that his heroes or heroines suffer from some sort of a soul-scar: they carry the mark of Cain, they are branded upon their conscience. The brand may be that of cowardice, as in the case of Lord Jim, or it may be that of cannibalism, as in the case of Falk. But, whatever the cause, the effect is to differentiate the true Conrad hero from his fellow-beings, to set him aside as some one who sees life from a peculiar angle and in a more or less distorted form. In *Chance* the central figure is a young girl, the daughter of a visionary and unscrupulous promoter, whose get-rich-quickly schemes brought ruin to countless unhappy investors and landed the man himself in jail. Now, De Barras, the Great de Barras, idolised his only daughter; and the girl, having no one else in the world to turn to, clung to him with pathetic devotion. In spite of his

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affection for her, De Barras, immersed to his neck in the stormy waters of frenzied finance, was obliged to leave her largely to the questionable devotion of hired guardianship; and his choice of a governess happened to be an unfortunate one. Imagine an unscrupulous woman, guilty of flagrant misconduct; imagine the rudimentary facts of physical life forced upon a young girl's notice, before her shocked comprehension can fully grasp their significance; imagine the woman, in her hatred of youth, because youth has slipped from her own grasp, deliberately and wantonly taunting the girl with her lack of beauty, her irremediable unattractiveness. Love and marriage were the true goal, the crowning joy of a woman's life; but she, Flora de Barras, would hope for them in vain, for no man would ever look at her with anything but contemptuous pity. And the tragedy of it was that the girl believed her, and henceforth was destined to creep through life in an agony of humility and self-abasement. And, of course, the woman had lied, for, even though we see the girl only at second hand, through the eyes of a number of men who, little by little, give us the verbal patchwork that eventually completes the complicated pattern of the story, we cannot miss the appeal which her special type of attractiveness has for more than one of them, —an attractiveness which, through them reaches and holds us in its thrall. Well, imagine such a girl left destitute, penniless, alone in the world, with her father in prison, but soon to be released and without a spot in the world in which to hide himself. At this psychological moment, a young man, strong and loyal, the sort of man that any woman might feel proud of winning, comes into her life. Perhaps it is her gentleness, her utter femininity that appeals to him, perhaps it is the dumb tragedy of her face; but at all events he wants her, and he tells her so. The girl does not believe that he loves her, for she has been taught that no man ever will look upon her with love. She has told him the story of her father, and the man cares nothing for the disgrace of it; he is a sea captain, and his ship will make the best possible place of refuge in which the poor, discredited old promoter may hide from the world. For her own sake, the girl would never bring herself to accept marriage with a man who merely pities her; but for her father's sake she can and does. Yet, with a remnant of spirit, and perhaps because she does not wholly understand her own emotions, on the eve of her marriage she writes a letter, pathetic in its defiance and girlish illogic, in which she tells her lover's sister that she cares nothing for him, and that she is marrying him solely in order to provide for her father after his release. All this is really a prelude to the story that Mr. Conrad has to tell, for the volume opens at the date of the marriage. We get at first only fugitive glimpses, we see darkly, through the medium of many eyes; and little by little, we grasp the tragedy of a man and woman, husband and wife in name only, because of a foolish, proud little letter, living in the enforced intimacy of a ship, and watched hour by hour by a half crazed old man, whose weak mentality fails to grasp the situation and who believes his daughter has sold herself for his sake, and consequently determines to commit murder in order to give her back her freedom. Somehow, in spite of its grimness, half the strength of this story slips away when one attempts to epitomise it by the straightforward method. It is Mr. Conrad's wonderful art of indirectness, his trick of letting us glimpse the truth only gradually and in fugitive flashes, that enables him to shake the very inmost fibres of our being. He has learned one of the cardinal secrets of great fiction: that the joys and the fears of anticipation vastly surpass those of actuality. It is the dread of the hidden thing, the panic fear of to-morrow that gives the ultimate turn of the screw, and Mr. Conrad is unsurpassed in his dexterity in using it.

"INITIATION"

Another writer who reaps the profit of a well-established manner of his own

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is Robert Hugh Benson, whose latest volume is entitled *Initiation*. A good illustration of just what this means was furnished a few days ago by a discussion in which the present reviewer took part, possessing as it happened the advantage of having read the volume, while the other two disputants were a woman who had read the first three chapters but had no other knowledge of the author, and a man who had not even seen the new book, but was familiar with Father Benson's earlier work. The woman was inclined to be surprised, if not a little shocked, by some of the outspoken criticisms of religious usages and theological doctrines which the author permitted his leading characters to utter. The man who had not read *Initiation* explained unhesitatingly that all such utterances must have been introduced deliberately, with the finished art of a master controversialist, for the purpose of using them in refutation later in the book. And of course he was quite correct, although no one unfamiliar with Father Benson's methods would catch his drift until the very moment when he chooses to drive his arguments home. *Initiation* is the story of a young Englishman of wealth and position, a Roman Catholic by profession, yet whose religion is like a loose cloak, ready to slip from his shoulders. The story opens in Rome, where the young man has met a Protestant girl whose faith is of the same unstable type as his own. The two soon fancy themselves in love, although to the reader it is obvious that the attraction between them is simply a recognition of kinship between two phenomenally selfish natures,—a kinship which the first serious clash of interests will inevitably disrupt. However, a rash and premature engagement results, the news of which strikes dismay into the heart of the hero's aunt, a gentle, golden-hearted lady of mature years and youthful spirit, whom any novelist might be proud of having portrayed, and whom few could have given us with the delicate touches and unerring instinct of Father Benson. This perturbed and anxious aunt consults an elderly friend and counsellor in regard to her nephew's prospective marriage with a Protestant, expressing her doubts as to the young man's religious convictions. Her friend says in reply, in substance if not in precisely these words: "My dear lady, the young man is a Catholic, only I should say that he has not yet been initiated." She replies in a puzzled tone, "I don't understand you," and he rejoins, "Oh, yes, I think you do. By 'initiated' I mean just the difference between your religion and his." There in a sentence we have the whole theme of Father Benson's novel; it is the intimate history of a man's initiation into the spiritual significance of the religion which he has emptily professed. In the course of this initiation he is tried as by fire. The girl, whose shallow flippancies he has hoped to make a substitute for a working philosophy of life, is taken from him by her own inane vanity; the sins of his fathers are visited upon him to the extent of robbing him of the light of day; and after protracted agonies, he loses his life in order to find it,—for at the last hour illumination breaks in upon him, and he recognises his monumental errors and gets a grasp upon the eternal verities. Such, so far as a reviewer not wholly in sympathy with Father Benson's views can interpret them, is the general purport of this volume. That it is painful in the extreme, grim with the grimness of a merciless purgatory upon earth, follows inevitably from the nature of the theme. And, of course, the degree of one's appreciation must depend in a measure upon one's individual creed. But the book is undeniably a brilliant piece of controversial work; it has a certain compelling power that forces serious thought; and incidentally it contains two contrasting portraitures of womanhood that stand out from the printed page as though executed by a master brush.

"MRS. BRAND"

The publisher's note which accompanies *Mrs. Brand*, by H. A. Mitchell Keays, defines the story as "a suggestive

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and powerful study of a decadent church as contrasted with an ascendant religion." Such it may appear to some readers, but after the lapse of a week, about all that stands out clearly in the present reviewer's memory is the portrait of a carnal-minded, self-seeking man who, under the cloak of a minister of the gospel is quite ready to betray his best friend and supporter, and to use his secret knowledge of this friend's wife and her past history to accomplish her undoing. The book skirts along the margin of melodrama and frankly is too much overdone to carry conviction. The man is depicted rather cleverly at first, as a fascinating personality and a conscienceless hypocrite, who makes his preaching sensational, not from conviction, but because it pays. Yet, although he is a false friend and a neglectful husband, his deliberate hastening of his wife's death by an overdose of morphine is an act for which the reader has not been sufficiently prepared, and consequently it jars upon us as an artistic blunder. Mrs. Brand herself, as a study of a woman whose emotional complexities are a puzzle to herself, has some fine moments and almost redeems what, in spite of her, must be labelled a disappointing and rather boresome book.

"SHALLOW SOIL"

Murder and suicide and a woman hovering on the brink of dishonour would be a fairly adequate definition of the book we have just been discussing; and suicide and dishonour are also leading ingredients of the volume next in order, *Shallow Soil,* translated from the Norwegian of Knut Hamsun. Yet to put the chief emphasis on this aspect of the volume would be to do it serious injustice. The author's main intent is to satirise existing social conditions in Norway, where it would seem,—at least if we are to accept the vivid and diverting picture that he draws,—that the younger literary and artistic circles are taken, both by themselves and by others, with a most portentous seriousness, while the merchant class, the real backbone of the country, is held up to contempt and ridicule, and tolerated only so long as it good-naturedly pays for extravagant suppers and other social diversions of impecunious poets and journalists. Even a reader with no personal experience of Norwegian life feels instinctively that the author's special brand of satire verges upon broad caricature, and at times one suspects that this whole picture of a Scandinavian Bohemia is a *roman à clef,* in which more than one portrait has been drawn with a certain amount of personal animosity. Unless we make allowance for exaggeration, it becomes impossible to understand how the delicate plants of literature and art could have put forth such a flourishing growth from such exceedingly shallow intellectual soil. Nevertheless, there are just a few unforgettable things in this volume. There are, for instance, Ole Henriksen and his business rival and dearest friend, Tidemant; and their close communions in some little back room of dim old warehouses, fragrant with all the mingled imports from the far-off East; the ceremonial opening of cobwebbed and priceless bottles; Ole's raptures over the beauty and charm of little unsophisticated Aagot, whom he hopes to marry, and Tidemant's unconquerable belief that sooner or later he and his wife Hanska will be reconciled,—all these are features of the book that obstinately refuse to be forgotten. And still another is Irgens, the poet, past-master of the two arts of self-glorification and seduction, — Irgens, whose monumental selfishness drags the innocence of little Aagot through the slime of the underworld and sends Ole to a suicide's grave, yet whose notorious intrigue with Mrs. Hanska is rendered powerless to do harm because of her husband's unconquerable optimism and almost divine forgiveness. The book is sadly uneven, but there are moments in it of monumental bigness.

"VICTORY LAW"

Victory Law, by Anne Warwick, need not detain us long. It is simply one more variant upon a theme which has

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become a sort of obsession with all the women writers of to-day who happen to be interested in the feministic movement. It once again raises the familiar battle-cry of woman's inalienable right to "self expression"; if a husband interferes with her career, let her cut out the husband! Victory Law, heroine of the title-rôle, is an actress who, after years of toil, has achieved an enviable success upon the Great White Way, has received the offer of a London engagement and the intimation that the King desires a private performance at Court. She does not know that she owes her success to the almost hypnotic influence of the leading man; she does not know that the leading man is in love with her; in fact, the amount of things that she does not know leaves us wondering how she knew enough to be an actress at all. Well, the upshot of the whole business is that she loses her heart and what little head she has to a rather pompous scion of an old Knickerbocker family who has an absurdly exaggerated distaste for the theatre and disbelief in the possibilities of an actress's virtue. Well, this gentleman marries Victory Law and removes her from her corrupt surroundings. Among the many things she does not know is the fact that he believes her as corrupt as the worst of her associates; and partly because she lacks this key to his attitude and partly because everything in life conspires to lure her back to the footlights, the good little lady goes through purgatory for a couple of years, until finally she rebels, leaves her husband and goes back to the stage. A most sensible thing for her to do and quite in accordance with probabilities. But the mental and moral somersaults performed by the deserted husband, and the husband's next of kin and connections by marriage, and the love feast partaken in beatific concord by husband, wife, and supposed lovers Nos. one and two, all has a flavour somewhere between that of the *Decameron* and of Offenbach's comic operas,—although even at that we are placing this volume in far too exalted company.

"MY LADY OF THE CHINESE COURTYARD"

It is like inhaling a long-deferred breath of clean fresh air to turn from the above book to the dainty, delicate artistry of a series of letters purporting to come from the wife of a high official of the Flowery Kingdom, *My Lady of the Chinese Courtyard*, by Elizabeth Cooper. By no outward sign is the fact indicated that these letters are fictitious. Perhaps in the ultimate sense of the word they are not really fiction. Through long years of residence in China, and exceptional opportunities for penetration into Chinese courtyards, — in other words, glimpses behind the veil of Chinese domestic life, the author has saturated herself with the point of view of the high-caste Chinese woman; and these letters mirror it back to us with a fidelity forever beyond the reach of even a moving-picture camera. The volume is divided into two parts, presenting two contrasting pictures and separated by nearly a quarter of a century. In the first part little Kwei-Li is a bride of only a few weeks. She is still rebelling against the novel restraints of her new life; she resents the despotic rule of her conservative old mother-in-law; she writhes under the daily infliction of long precepts quoted from Confucius. To crown all, her husband, in the very height of their first wedded happiness, is called upon as attaché to the Imperial Court to accompany certain Chinese dignitaries on a diplomatic voyage around the world. So little, lonely, heart-broken Kwei-Li pours out her very soul in this series of letters, wonderful in their descriptive power, compelling in their tenderness and pathos, illuminating in the light they shed upon a side of intimate Chinese life which to the Occident has been a closed book. The first half of the volume is tragic. Little Kwei-Li bears a son; she is radiant with her new-found joy, and almost simultaneously with the arrival of a letter announcing the husband's early return, Kwei-Li's son is taken from her. The bereaved little

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mother hovers on the brink of insanity; and the incident which saves her, while it might appeal to a certain type of sentimental bigots, would have been a sad artistic blunder if it constituted a closing chapter. Chance throws in her way a shabby, dog-eared Chinese version of the Gospel of St. John, and in reading those marvellous and inimitable pages, the promise of them sinks into her stricken heart and she finds comfort.

But Kwei-Li is essentially and incurably an Oriental, a daughter of the Moon, a descendant of Mandarins. No Western religion, no imported doctrines of the new freedom for women, can ever sink their roots deeply into her nature. In middle age we meet her again, the same Kwei-Li and yet curiously changed. In youth she was a radical according to Chinese standards; but radicalism in China outstripped her in the race with years; and in middle age we find her almost a counterpart of her husband's mother, scandalised at the changes she sees going on about her and firm in her conviction that the happiness of the Chinese wife depends upon the "safe shelter of the Chinese courtyard." This book may be safely commended to all readers capable of appreciating a most unusually sympathetic and penetrating interpretation of an alien race.

SIX BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Prince von Bülow's "Imperial Germany"*

Prince von Bülow's interesting volume is much more than a defence of his policy as Chancellor of the German Empire from 1900 to 1909; it is an illuminating exposition of the methods and ideals of the Imperial Government. The point of view is necessarily one with which those accustomed to American principles of administration cannot be expected to sympathise. Yet the writer is by no means an unenlightened partisan. He is free to admit the defects in the German national character. "Despite the abundance of merits and great qualities with which the German nation is endowed," he says in introducing the subject of domestic policy, "political talent has been denied it." There is no parliamentary government in Germany in the English sense and all attempts to establish it have been futile. The German idea of freedom is individualistic. It is not unlike that expressed by Charles I on the scaffold. The citizen has a right to justice, but not to participation in affairs of state. Our democratic predilections must not blind us to the success of other political theories. The test of a government is the efficiency of its operation. And no one can deny that the German Government is efficient.

The disadvantages of democracy are usually most clearly visible in foreign policy. This evil has been minimised in England by a sort of unwritten agreement between parties that partisanship shall cease at the water's edge. Even so, Ministers have to take careful account of public opinion. In the United States the President has large powers—larger in some respects than those of an English Prime Minister—but he has the Senate to reckon with, though the public be indifferent, and the Senate too often regards party interests. A German Chancellor who has the full confidence of the Emperor can shape his foreign policy pretty much as he pleases. If the Reichstag grows unruly about voting supplies, a new combination of groups can easily be forced. Prince von Bülow gives in these pages an entertaining account of the formation of the "Block" in 1907 and the defeat of the alliance between

*Imperial Germany. By Prince von Bülow. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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the Centre and the Social Democrats. It is a question of managing the representatives of the people, not of following the will of the people. Nevertheless, however autocratic its methods, the German Government does on the whole represent the German people. The Emperor is popular with all classes, except the Social Democrats; and these, though a considerable minority, are still a minority, and one not a little out of touch with the main currents of German life.

Despite occasional instances of failure to accomplish all it would, there is no question as to the success of the German Government in foreign policy generally. Prince von Bülow gives full credit to the sagacity of Bismarck in the years following the War of 1870:

> He realised that in Germany the willpower of the nation would not be strengthened, nor national passions roused by friction between the Government and the people, but by the clash of German pride and sense of honour with the resistance and the demands of foreign nations. So long as the question of German unification was a problem of home politics, a problem over which the political parties, and the Government and the people wrangled, it could not give birth to a mighty, compelling national movement that would sweep nations and princes alike along on a tide of enthusiasm. By making it clear that the German question was essentially a question of European politics, and when, soon after, the opponents of German unification began to move, Bismarck gave the princes the opportunity of putting themselves at the head of the national movement.

It was upon the creation of German sea power, however, that the success of German foreign policy finally depended; and for this a large share of the credit must be given to Prince von Bülow and the Emperor himself. The industrial transformation of the Empire required a merchant marine, and the merchant marine required a navy. The task was one of exceptional difficulty, the former Chancellor thinks, because of the jealousy of England, which deemed the movement one of aggression:

> Our fleet had to be built with an eye to English policy—and in this way it was built. My efforts in the field of international politics had to be directed to the fulfillment of this task. For two reasons Germany had to take up an internationally independent position. We could not be guided in our decisions and acts by a policy directed against England, nor might we, for the sake of England's friendship, become dependent upon her. Both dangers existed, and more than once were perilously imminent. In our development as a Sea Power we could not reach our goal either as England's satellite, or as her antagonist. England's unreserved and certain friendship could only have been bought at the price of those very international plans for the sake of which we had sought British friendship.

As we learn elsewhere, Germany has always been the good boy of the nations. "For centuries we Germans have aimed at nothing but the defence and security of our country." That presumably accounts for the Emperor's performances at Tangier and elsewhere, and for the urgent desire for "a place in the sun." The friction, which twice reached a perilous stage, between Germany and the United States was another revelation of pacific intentions. Those who thought otherwise were deluded by "the English and American press." All the Germans really want is to have their own way. Their present position in Europe gives them a reasonable assurance of getting it. Prince von Bülow is probably right in assuming that the Triple Alliance cannot easily be dissolved. Yet the interests of Italy by no means coincide with those of Germany and Austria. This was demonstrated in the Tripoli adventure. It was German ambition to obtain a foothold somewhere in North Africa that compelled Italy to take the decisive step. Italy could not afford to be hemmed in on the Mediterranean by possibly hostile Powers. Furthermore, no genuine friendship between Italy and

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Austria is possible while *Italia irredenta* remains unredeemed. And does any one suppose that if Germany had to choose between Italy and Austria she would hesitate? Prince von Bülow has no illusions regarding France. There can be no hope of reconciliation while Alsace-Lorraine remains in German hands; and Germany will never give up the conquered provinces. German foreign policy, therefore, must proceed with one eye on France and one on England.

On questions of home policy he is equally frank. He calls the history of that policy a "history of mistakes." The political disruption of Germany was ended by the establishment of the Empire; but the character of the German people has not been changed. The separatist spirit remains. The English idea of party government has obtained no foothold. The Government must use every party—or every combination of parties—one after the other. The reason is obvious. Without responsibility to the Reichstag, ministries shape their own course and manipulate the parties. Prince von Bülow, himself Conservative, has had to oppose the Conservatives on more than one occasion. Thus, every party being in a sense equally powerless, the ultimate principle of government is despotism. For the Government lays down certain lines to which parties must conform. A reversal of policy because of a hostile majority in the Reichstag is inconceivable. That is one reason why the Social Democrats are treated as aliens and outcasts. Prince von Bülow denies to them the very conception of patriotism. Yet it does not follow that, if they have their own ideal of Germany, they are to be esteemed traitors. He takes pains to show that while their numbers are steadily increasing the number of seats they gain in the Reichstag varies materially. For example, in 1903 these were cut in half. He calls this weakening the party. But the thoroughly unfair system which makes it possible may in the end weaken the Government rather than them.

The pages that deal with the economic policy of the Empire and the results of its industrial expansion are not the least interesting in the volume. There is no question as to the commercial sagacity of the Germans or the formidable nature of their rivalry in the markets of the world. This, too, is another proof of the fact that the kind of government matters less than the nature of government. The modern cry for efficiency has not been unheeded by the Germans. If prosperity is the touchstone of success, then Prince von Bülow may look back to his term of office with justifiable pride. *Edward Fuller.*

II

Mary Thacher Higginson's "Thomas Wentworth Higginson"*

"Oh, dear!" wrote his Aunt Nancy of the birth in 1823 of the eleventh child, "if this would only be the last blessing of the sort which was to fall to our happy lot!" And so began a noble, full and eager life, quietly lived and as quietly narrated by his wife. The pleasant volume is permeated with that reticent gentlemanliness which so distinguished its subject. The secret of Colonel Higginson's popularity was the overflowing fountain of sympathy which pulsed in his veins, says the author; yet in spite of this and his zealous soldiership under the banner of many reforms, his voice was never breathless or strident. Even in 1848, when he successfully kept three voices going at once—the preacher's, the stump-speaker's, and that which cried in the wilderness against negro and woman slavery! Higginson's comment on Beecher is a good comment upon himself. "He makes a wonderful exhibition of popularity and power, and Beecher is always Beecher, at his best and his worst; but still there is a coarse jauntiness about him. And he is the only man I have ever spoken with in public of whom I felt ashamed."

*Thomas Wentworth Higginson. By Mary Thacher Higginson. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

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At the age of thirteen he entered Harvard, the youngest of a class of forty-five. In his sophomore year he records: "Many of the class, having become slightly boozy, made somewhat of a noise in prayers." Later comes another entry of interest to those who mourn the degeneracy, even at Harvard, of the college youth of to-day. "What a sight the Chapel presented at prayers this morning! About two hundred panes of glass blown up, the hands of the clock taken off and the dial stove in, and the front panels of the pulpit removed, and 'A Bone for old Quin to pick' written on the wall." After college—where, in spite of cutting prayers and other things for skating, he made a brilliant record—he became assistant in a private school for boys. His salary was $600 a year, out of which he paid $25 the year for a good room and $3 to $4 a month for board. School began at six-thirty in the morning and continued until eleven, with an evening session of an hour. Then he spent a year as private tutor of three boys at a salary of $250 and found. But in spite of his eighteen years' maturity, the Hyde in him occasionally worsted the Jekyll. "I made an Excursion (about ¼12) and attacked the four steel signs in the neighbourhood—no one suspecting but the girls. No danger in spite of the $50 reward."

Sick of teaching, he estimated that he could live on a $100 proctorship at Cambridge and pick up $200 at writing. The proctorship did not materialise, but a call to preach did. He entered the Divinity School and lived on the $100 bonus offered to poor Divinity students. Having doubts about his theology, he left but later returned; and finally, in spite of radicalism and many heresies, began his life of preacher. Opposition to his anti-slavery views led to the resignation of his pulpit in two years, but at last a Free Church gave him a call. Edward Everett Hale was for a long time the only minister in Boston who was willing to exchange with him. But Massachusetts now began to seethe with the Fugitive Slave question. The pastor was arrested for inciting a riot; and soon he plunged into the thick of the Free State struggle in Kansas. "I am always ready," he wrote to John Brown, "to invest money in treason, but at present I have none to invest." He joined in the rash schemes to liberate Brown later. When finally came the call to arms, the ex-clergyman got a commission to open a recruiting office; but he resigned his commission to take command of a black regiment. "Will not Uncle Wentworth be in bliss!" exclaimed his niece. "A thousand men, every one as black as a coal!" One of his captains said he was always fearless, and rode amid flying bullets with note-book and pencil in hand. "Nothing can ever exaggerate the fascination of war," wrote the colonel afterward, "and the danger is so invisible it is not hard to disregard it." Not entirely recovering from a wound which he had not given time to heal, he was forced to resign on account of ill-health. The rest of his long and active life he devoted to lecturing and literary work, fighting still in causes which have happily yet remained bloodless, notably Women's Suffrage and Temperance. "I thought," said Dr. Crothers, "when I heard the bugle sounding Taps for him and the distant response of the muffled drums as his casket was borne by young Negro soldiers, of the passing of Mr. Valiant-for-truth in *Pilgrim's Progress*."

The pen-pictures in his diary of the notable people of his period are delightful. The combination of gentleman and labourer at Brook Farm struck him as perfect. He gives a glimpse of Jenny Lind quite unique. "I was ardent about Jenny Lind, partly because the Boston audience seemed so peculiarly icy. There was no spark of enthusiasm from beginning to end." The pastor and his wife during their first charge entertained all the lecturers who came to Newburyport. He found Thoreau more human and polite than he expected; the hermit talked sententiously, with a manner the most unvarying facsimile of Mr. Emerson's, but with thoughts quite his own. Emerson gave one of his old style lectures with

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his usual gentleness and graciousness. "Charles Sumner stretched his ponderous form of seven feet in length under our roof. He has not very good manners—always sits in the rocking chair, gapes almost constantly without any attempt at concealment. But he is a true moral reformer." Lucretia Mott had the most brilliant eyes and a regal erectness which went with her face—nobody else ever stood, upright before. Whittier was Yankee everywhere and could no doubt whittle, but how soft and beautiful was his tenderness! Miss Lucy Stone was a female anti-slavery lecturer, a little meek-looking Quakerish body with the sweetest, modest manners and yet as unshrinking and self-possessed as a cannon. She was a Bloomerised Quaker, and her delicious voice averred she wore them for health, since her lectures obliged her to be out in all sorts of weather.

Almost the last of the old guard was the Colonel, of men whose lives were as stern as they were gracious and serene. He always took off his hat when he voted.

Graham Berry.

III

Theron G. Strong's "Landmarks of a Lawyer's Lifetime"*

If that genial philosopher, Mr. Martin Dooley, had read *The Landmarks of a Lawyer's Lifetime* he might have revised his opinion that "there do be great changes takin' place ivery day, but very few ivery hundred years." Certainly there is much in Mr. Strong's interesting reminiscences of his career at the New York Bar to refute that idea. The law is supposed to be, and, as a matter of fact, is one of the most conservative professions in the world. It clings to old forms, persists in employing obsolete words and quaint phrases conforming to ancient usage, and otherwise delights in time-honoured precedents. But even this fortress of antiquity, buttressed by custom and tradition, has not escaped the spirit of innovation which has transformed so much of American life during the last half century. On the contrary, Mr. Strong demonstrates that the practice of the law has been well nigh revolutionised within that period. His record covers only forty years, yet in his time he has witnessed radical changes in the procedure of the courts, a complete reorganisation of office practice, the appearance of a new class of clients and the development of a new type of lawyer. A generation ago the general practitioner and the family solicitor were still important factors in the legal fraternity. To-day they are almost as extinct as the dodo. Then the law was a profession—to-day it is a business.

All this is clearly set forth by Mr. Strong, and if his volume contained nothing else it would justify itself, for the evolution of the profession as he describes it is a real footnote to history. This is, however, by no means the keynote of his book, which is a well-sustained and admirably written account of legal life in the great metropolis from the early seventies down to the present day, rich in anecdote and illustrated by capital pen portraits of the leaders of the Bench and Bar. Of course most of the scenes and events which Mr. Strong describes are local, but as many of the men whom he depicts were, or are, national characters, his volume will have a wide appeal. Certainly the author's pages do not lack authority, for he has an extended acquaintance among the members of his profession and unequalled opportunities for observing them at close range. At times his portrayal of the jurists with whom he is dealing contains errors of omission. But these are errors of the heart and not the head, and one can easily read between the lines that it is not ignorance of his subjects' faults, but knowledge of their virtues which has tempered the writer's judgment.

No small part of the book is devoted to information intended for junior members of the Bar or those who are consid-

*Landmarks of a Lawyer's Lifetime. By Theron G. Strong. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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ering the profession as a life work, and the advice which the author gives, founded, as it is, on a long and varied career in the courts, is extremely practical and helpful. Indeed, it is not often that a lawyer of high distinction and attainment has permitted the younger generation to enjoy the benefit of his experience, and in so doing Mr. Strong has performed a service, not only to the profession, but to the public.

Frederick Trevor Hill.

IV

Patrick MacGill's "Children of the Dead End"*

Years of service as a reviewer of books cannot deaden, in the mind of a lover of literature, the joy of the thrill when a new real personality comes to meet one through the pages of a first book. In reading this volume the thrill comes to one in the first chapters and holds good until the end, deepening with the realisation of the unusual quality of the writing—and further back than that—of the unusual quality of the author's personality. Patrick MacGill is a new name in literature, but it is not one which will long remain unknown. The quality of the prose in this book is sufficient of itself to name the author a poet. And heading each chapter there are snatches of verse from a previously published book of poems which show a power of realism and a swinging lilt in the rhyme that reminds one more of Kipling than any one else. But it is a Kipling with a far deeper outlook on life, a Kipling with an understanding of humanity and a love for it that comes nearer to Walt Whitman. A poet, in fact, who can stand on his own feet without the aid of comparison, is this Patrick MacGill.

His book is a song from out of the depths from which he himself has come. Dermod Flynn, the Irish peasant boy, working as hired servant on a farm in his own country, then a member of a potato squad in Scotland, and a navvy on construction works in the Highlands, is Patrick MacGill himself by his own confession. It would seem hardly possible to put the intensity of feeling, the intimate personal touch into the portrayal of such a life except in those rare cases where a man can live such a life and yet not let the grinding toil, the poverty and brutality of it, crush out the mentality that struggles to live, and develop, and to find expression. While leading us through the devious paths along which run his life story Dermod Flynn, despite his own sufferings, never loses sight of the life around him. He is a strong individualist, but an individualist who can still see things with the social sense—who can see things and question why. Just as he could always see the beauty of nature even when wandering the high road without a penny in his pocket, cold, wet and hungry.

We follow him from the first picture of the Irish peasant's home, the memory of which is saddened by the shadow of the Landlord waiting always for every penny that can be saved, even saved at the expense of the little life which must go out in death because there was nothing wherewith to pay the doctor. The Landlord and the Parish Priest, these two tyrants, drive Dermod, at twelve years of age, out into the slave market of the County Fair, where little children sell their labour that their parents may pay the rent. The early loosening of home ties, the treatment received at the various farms where he worked, developed in Dermod's soul a great longing for personal freedom and a resolve finally never to work for any particular master. This drives him to industrial life, first in its primitive form of the hired squads of potato diggers, then finally, as his body develops and his muscles grow hard from days of walking the high road and nights of sleeping under hedges, he becomes one of the great army of navvies, the floating population

*Children of the Dead End. By Patrick MacGill. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

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of unskilled labour which moves hither and thither in great human waves wherever some big enterprise calls for a number of strong hands.

Life on the high road, in the so-called "models," a sort of boarding-house for transient navvies, in the labour camps, is portrayed with such virility and strength, with such an underlying sense of the waste of it all, that there are times when it is almost too painful to bear. But with true artistic sense of values these moments are relieved by a simple-hearted joy in the beauties of nature, by a delight in sauntering by the wayside toward the adventure that is waiting around the corner, and by a sort of wholesome outburst of animality which makes Dermod Flynn, even at an early age, the best fighter in the camps. And through it all runs the delicate golden thread of Dermod's shy, half-acknowledged love for Norah Ryan. When pretty Norah, like many another sweet, innocent Irish girl, has gone under in the grip of the cruelty of life, Dermod's pure affection soothes her last moments in a scene that lingers long in the memory, although the two women in it, Norah and her sodden friend Ellen, are social outcasts, and Dermod and his faithful Moleskin Joe rough, unwashed navvies.

Dermod's first attempts at an expression of himself in writing attract the attention of a London editor who sends for him and offers him a journalistic position. But Dermod cannot stand civilisation as represented by the office in Fleet Street and he returns to the open road again. From beginning to end the book is intensely masculine. But it is not the masculinity of Kipling, for instance, not a masterful and possessing masculinity. It is rather the primitive, patient masculinity of the most primitive labour, the tiller of the soil and the unskilled navvy, upon whose strong muscles and broad shoulders all modern civilisation is built up. It is a book which delves to the heart of things with a touch as firm as it is tender.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

V

J. MacDougall Hay's "Gillespie"*

"Man is the blindest of God's creatures. We concert measures and cast the most sanguine of plans, and all the time are weaving a mesh for ourselves. We harness life and put a snaffle-bit in its mouth, and, gathering up the reins, direct our hopeful course. All the time we are trotting down a road that has been prepared for us."

"We are driven by something deep within us that we have got from our ancestors, to do strange things that were allowed in their age, but are unlawful now," she said. "Honk! Honk" vibrant and clear as a bell it rang out high over the snow in response—the bugling of birds borne along by the "something deep" within them—and was heard by these frigate-birds, a man and a woman, sitting facing one another in the pitiable belief that they, alone of all God's creatures, can stem the call of destiny.

These two paragraphs which appear in the first few pages of Mr. Hay's book sound the keynote of the tragic drama of destiny which slowly but surely unfolds itself in six hundred absorbing pages. Although the reader is early acquainted with the prophecy of doom which lowers over the house of Strang, never for a moment does he lose interest in its slow development: for the tragedy of Gillespie Strang is the most poignant of all tragedies, in that it is one of character, rather than of environment. In it, accident, in the ordinary sense, plays no part; unless one regards it as an accident rather than a trick of destiny that, in their blind wisdom, hoping to trick the Fates, his parents saw to it that he grew up with no other education than that of the fisher-folk of the village. And so, in the fertile soil of his ignorance, what in his father was simply keenness became greed. His passion for gain killed every other impulse. It is horrible to see him, when hardly more than a lad, spinning the web which is to enmesh one of his father's friends.

*Gillespie. By J. MacDougall Hay. New York: George H. Doran Company.

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Without scruple, without compassion, he lies and cheats his way to wealth. Weak men, trusting women, confiding children, all are fish for his net. And yet so skilfully does he mask his ultimate purpose under a false good fellowship and heartiness, that for a long period he is regarded as a public benefactor. His warehouses, his ships, his big shop are the pride of the village. Even when they come to a relisation that he is without generosity or pity and turn on him, he shows them that he can make a profit out of their hatred. Yet never, not in the moment of his greatest prosperity, does the reader fail to hear the tread of approaching fate. Day by day, almost hour by hour, he brings it nearer by his own acts, working out his own doom. He cheats his old father out of the savings of his industrious years; he batters the soul of the wife who loved him to death, until she becomes an unspeakable drunken drab, the jest and bye-word of the commonest tavern loafer; he lets his eldest son, one of the few really amiable characters the author has drawn, go to his death in an illy equipped ship which his greed prevents him from repairing properly. All this he survives. His head is bloody though unbowed. Then comes the unspeakable horror of the end for which the reader is not wholly unprepared. While one cannot pity him, while he is a dominant figure of malignity throughout the book, the tragic uselessness and waste of the lives he has spoiled and of his own life grip both the heart and the imagination.

There are four principal characters in the book: Gillespie, Morag, his wife; Eoghan, his son, and Margaret Gilbraith, the widow of the man he despoiled and ruined in the outset of his career. Strong and ruthless as Gillespie himself, she strides on to her revenge, the human embodiment of his pursuing destiny, until, at the last, she sits "in sackcloth at the altar of her revenge." These four characters, drawn with an unfailing sureness of touch and markedly differentiated, are living, breathing, pulsing and human. Each works out his destiny to its logical end. And if for all except Margaret that destiny is death, who will say that hers was the least bitter even if at the end "her heart was purged and purified." The whole book is vivid and graphic and it is done with understanding and sympathy, even, in places, with tenderness. Grim, sombre and unrelenting, it holds the reader from cover to cover. The grotesquely pathetic figure of one of the minor characters, the loyal and loving Topsail Janet would alone give the book distinction.

There are, of course, minor blemishes. The episode of the plague ship, for example, is unnecessary and hampers for the moment the progress of the story which may be considered to be a thought too leisurely as it is. Then there are certain reiterations which are sometimes irritating. The patter of rain drops on the window always suggest the foot-fall of some little animal. The simile grows tiresome. But the very leisurely manner of the author gives one time to become thoroughly acquainted with the least of the many figures and with every turn of the winding streets of the old fishing village. One has more the feeling of having lived in a real place and of having wandered about its streets and the fields of the surrounding country at the conclusion, than is usual.

Without suggesting any comparison, it may be said that the book recalls, partly because of its hopeless pessimism and partly because of its dominant principal figure, the powerful story by the late George Douglas, *The House With Green Shutters*. But for many reasons *Gillespie* is the bigger book of the two. Gillespie is a more gripping figure than Gourley for the mere reason that in Mr. Hay's longer book we have a more careful study of the gradual development of a character equally powerful and sinister.

H. Dick.

VI

Booth Tarkington's "Penrod"*

Almost invariably comparisons are exasperating. To damn a book for the dis-

*Penrod. By Booth Tarkington. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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criminating reader it is necessary only to speak of it as the American *Madame Bovary*, or the *David Copperfield* of mid Western life, or to suggest that such and such a character in the book deserves a niche in the Valhalla of fiction by the side of, say, Fielding's Tom Jones or Hawthorne's Arthur Dimmesdale. But to this rule there is the very occasional exception, and the exploitation of Mr. Tarkington's Penrod Schofield as fit companion for Mark Twain's Tom Sawyer is to be regarded, not merely without resentment, but as a comparison that is, on the whole, exceedingly felicitous. But if Penrod be a worthy cousin of Tom Sawyer, he is much more a worthy younger brother of Hedrick Madison, that diabolical and delightful boy of Mr. Tarkington's *The Flirt*. He lacks two years of Hedrick's age, and four or five years in the matter of literary precocity, but he has more sentiment, and every bit of Hedrick's riotous imagination. Hedrick, in his fourteenth year, aspired to *Henry Esmond*, and interspersed his conversation with fragments of French derisively intended. Penrod, at eleven, is himself a practitioner of the noble art of fiction, and his Harold Ramorez is a hero of truly epic proportions. The book would be worth while if it contained nothing but the chapter entitled "Romance." Those innumerable dashes indicate that Penrod has learned one supreme trick of his craft—that of leaving something to the imagination of the reader. The present reviewer respectfully calls the attention of Mr.—— —— and Mrs. —— —— and Miss —— —— (despite this evasion the names of those "best sellers" may easily be guessed) to HARoLD RAMoREZ THE RoADAGENT OR WiLD LiFE AMoNG THE ROCKY MTS. Despite certain limitations they must recognise and acclaim in its author, Penrod Schofield, a young Flaubert, a consummate master of his art.

Blair West Witherspoon.

BOOKS BY NEW AUTHORS

Antonin Dusserre's "Jean and Louise"*

It is no kindness to this new writer who is introduced to a foreign public with his first book, to quote some reviewer who classes the story as a "French *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*." But it certainly is true kindness to this "prominent reviewer" not to reveal his or her name. For anything more unlike Hardy's colourful masterpiece than this quiet little book could hardly be imagined. Against a background of the Auvergne mountains a quiet story of human joy and sorrow, told with exceeding simplicity, unfolds itself. Through it all pulses an intense love of nature, a filial affection for Mother Earth who is tyrant and protector alike to that most primitive toiler, the tiller of the soil. Jean Paulhac, son of the richest farmer of the village, loses an arm in an accident. Cut down in the pride of young manhood, thrown out from the ranks of the worker whose capital is physical strength, Jean becomes bitter and morose. But the quiet up on the hills, where he turns to herding as the only work left him, renews his courage. And it is up on the hillside that he meets the little shepherdess, Louise, a girl of unknown parentage. Their love ripens slowly during the long summer days, but ends in sorrow that finally turns to tragedy. It is a simple enough little tale, but there is genuine sincerity and depth of feeling in it and it holds the reader's attention close until the end. For the work of a self-taught peasant it is worthy of even more consideration

*Jean and Louise. By Antonin Dusserre. Translated from the French by John N. Raphael. New York: George H. Doran Company.

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than it justifiably demands on its own merit.

There is one curious quality about this book, however, for which it is not possible to fix the responsibility as we are dealing with a translation here. It would require a reading of the original French to determine whether it is indeed the author who has thrown such a veil of sentiment—sentimentality at times—about the setting and the people of his story, that we fail utterly to get the smell of the raw earth, the sense and touch of natural things. The characters are well drawn and the incidents absolutely probable for the setting. The rapacity of the elder Paulhac, the sensible good nature of Jerome Carrier and his wife, Jean's bitterness and sullen resentment against fate, the idle or malicious chatter of the girls and their natural way of speaking of natural things, are all familiar characteristics of the French peasant as we know him in the national literary masterpieces. But it is in this certain quality of sentimentalising everything that we find it hard to believe that this book is written by a man who grew up a peasant. It might more easily have been written by some highly intelligent cultivated woman living for a time among the peasants and becoming deeply interested in them. It may be the translation that is to blame for this. But the book would linger longer in the memory after reading if it had a little something more of the earth earthy about it: if it, for instance, found the golden mean between its own aloofness from realism and the brutality of Zola's *La Terre*.

Lee Foster Hartman's "The White Sapphire"*

It is greatly to any author's credit if he can do the unusual thing with his first book. Not that *The White Sapphire* as a novel is particularly unusual, it is an amiable, well-constructed story written in easy, natural style and it holds the reader's attention pleasantly until the end even if it is hardly likely to keep him sitting up nights. But while announcing itself as a mystery story it departs from the type in that it gives us no bloodshed, no tragedy of murder, guilt or deception. When the mystery is cleared up, no one has suffered, except possibly one attractive youth who turns out to be not quite as reliable as he should be. But even he is a gainer by his experience in that he has learned his lesson and will do better next time. A mystery story with a happy ending is a good commercial asset and we can wish this one all luck on its way.

All the pleasant turmoil of mystery hinges about the breaking into a safe in the Winthrop country home, and the theft of a ruby. For a time it brings tears to pretty Evelyn Winthrop and anxiety to some other members of her family. Yet in the end, it fulfils an excellent purpose in that it brings together in mutual love two young persons who seem eminently suited to each other. Therefore, since the preservation of the race is an all-important matter to this old world, a mystery which serves so good an end cannot be too highly recommended. The solution of the mysterious disappearances and reappearances of the ruby is a clever bit of modern scientific reasoning. But the reader must find out for himself what happened to the ruby and to the white sapphire, for it would be cruel to him to rob him of a very pleasant hour by revealing the plot here.

Ellen Wilkins Tompkins's "The Egotistical I"*

Timothy Wilkes, the egotist of this agreeable little book, may regret that he is not commonplace, but the reader certainly does not. The world would be a cheerier place to live in if Timothy's sweetness of temper were as much the usual thing as he would have us believe it to be. Timothy Wilkes is an amiable

*The White Sapphire. By Lee Foster Hartman. New York and London: Harper and Brothers.

*The Egotistical I. By Ellen Wilkins Tompkins. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

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semi-invalid of an elderly bachelor who loves flowers, the sea, his friends and even his chance acquaintances. But most of all he loves the Youthful Pessimist, a young girl whom he has watched grow up. Against the background of his own well-beloved garden, Timothy talks to us of his point of view of life and mingled in with it is the slenderest thread of the story which is still a delightful little bit of life. All the people to whom Timothy introduces us seem familiar, so much are they like people we have all met at some time or other. Even Ip, the abjectedly affectionate mongrel, is just the sort of dog one sees so frequently. Timothy had deep-laid plans for the Youthful Pessimist, but that energetic young person takes things into her own hands and selects her husband herself.

The book is like nothing so much as like some quiet corner of a well-kept garden where some of the flowers represent the poetry of life, others the Comic Spirit, and where everything goes on its appointed round of seasons carefully sheltered from cataclysmic forces that shake and rend the outer world. Timothy's own garden, his chief object in life, seems its symbol. Applying formal criticism to anything so elusively delicate as this book would be like brushing the down off the rose petals. It is best to let Timothy speak for himself in some samples of his philosophy that the reader may see it will be worth while to cultivate his further acquaintance. In discussing the apparent demise of the art of conversation in our national life he says:

> Our malady is not a dearth of brains, but a dearth of unselfishness, a dearth of interest in what is Biblically termed our neighbour. We are so self-centred that it becomes an actual annoyance to simulate an interest we do not feel, and so we continually stand outside the drab walls of conventionality simply because we are too careless and inert to reach for the key that opens the door of the temple itself——

Then, about the ocean, which he loves:

> It is undoubtedly true that by steadily staring at the shifting waves I have acquired a quaint moral benefit. To my mind the ocean so neatly illustrates the scheme of life and so efficaciously silences the why and wherefores of our existence upon this sphere. The countless waves and wavelets are but the millions of human beings all rolling shoreward to apparently aimlessly break upon the shoals and sand of an everyday life. At the turn of the tide, the Lord and Master of all gathers them together again in his large and capable hand only to repeat the performance with, to the naked eye, scarcely a hair breadth of difference. These waves, but small splashes of water by themselves, have contrived to beat the shifting sand into firm, well-packed beaches; have ground the unsightly stones to tinted and polished pebbles; have even changed the hard rocky face of old Mother Earth herself. I take it that our attempts in this life may lead to like results. Individually we may have failed. But collectively we may not only have justified our existence upon this sphere but have proved a glorification to our creator.

Bertrand W. Sinclair's "North of Fifty-Three"*

This is a rather big book, big with a sense of more than just the vision of what life can mean in the open. It is the evolution of the city woman into the pioneer home-maker in the waste spaces which furnishes the chief plot of the story. Beyond and above that there is a philosophy of life which while lacking possibly the ultimate courage of vision of what things might be, gives an honest, wholesome estimate of things as they are. We first make the acquaintance of Miss Hazel Weir when that young lady is working as a stenographer in a wholesale establishment. She is a wholesome type of the independent, fairly well-educated office worker, is happily engaged to the man she thinks she loves, earns a good salary and her lines lie in

*North of Fifty-three. By Bertrand W. Sinclair. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

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pleasant places. Then suddenly things begin to happen. She strikes the eye and the fancy of one of her employers, and when she refuses even his offer of marriage the man sets to work vindictively to make life impossible for her. He does this very effectively by leaving her a sum of money at his death shortly after, in an accident. The sensational wording of his will sets all the tongues of Hazel's little world a-wagging. The positions she seeks are closed to her and her lover leaves her in suspicious rage. Hazel's realisation of her utter innocence deepens the sting of the falsity of her world, all the world she had ever known. She leaves home and accepts a position as school-teacher in a pioneer community in British Columbia. But gossip follows her, and the unexpected appearance of a travelling salesman who knew her at home shows her how truly scandal has poisoned her life.

Smarting under the sting of this understanding, she wanders off into the woods and gets lost, an event which culminates in her being carried off bodily by Roaring Bill Wagstaff, who has also deserted civilisation for a life in the wilds. But Bill is a very gentlemanly sort of abductor, and though he keeps her up in his cabin all winter, he does not molest her in any way, but tries to win her affection honestly and manfully. The girl is stubborn, however, and when spring comes and she still wishes to return he feels he has made a mistake and lets her go. But it is she who is mistaken, as it turns out, and she goes back to him of her own free will. The full half of the book after that tells of their married life together. They move north into the gold regions of Alaska and pass a terrible winter there, which leaves them rich in that which men call wealth. They return to civilisation and cut a big dash in Hazel's home town. But the man is the stronger, and finally she realises that his view of life is saner and wholesomer, and as the book closes they are again among the pioneers breaking the way for those to come in the fertile valleys of the Canadian Northwest.

Victor Bridges's "Another Man's Shoes"*

When the reader has finished the first three chapters of this book he will sagely remark that its plot sounds familiar. Several earlier novels with a somewhat similar theme will obtrude themselves upon his memory. But by the time he has read several more chapters he will not care to waste time on literary reminiscences. He will keep at this book and not put it down until it is finished. For even if not entirely new in theme, the story of how Jack Burton, unsuccessful soldier of fortune, exchanged identities with Stuart Northcote, successful member of the same fraternity, develops some wrinkles quite its own and gallops onward in a series of thrills that leave the reader breathless. In taking over another man's personality Burton inherits not only a mansion and a motor car, but finds himself caught in a net of intrigue, the dim beginnings of which lie over-seas in a revolution-racked Central American state. Bound by his word to Northcote to balk at no danger, and finally beginning to take a personal interest in it all—particularly in the person of the beautiful Mercia Solano—Burton goes through enough adventures in a week to last the average mortal for a lifetime. In fact he becomes so accustomed to midnight visits from beautiful ladies or would-be assassins—and sometimes they are one and the same person—that when he finally does have an uninterrupted night's sleep, he feels positively neglected.

Besides, when you have been contemplating your last shilling it is comforting to find yourself the owner of a fine home furnished with every comfort, and to have a large sum of money safe in your inner belt. These unwonted luxuries and a sense of delight in adventure carry Jack Burton through the troublous first days of his impersonation of the millionaire Stuart Northcote. After that, he wants to see it out for his own sake,

*Another Man's Shoes. By Victor Bridges. New York: George H. Doran Company.

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and even the startling climax cannot shake him. What that climax—or rather series of climaxes—is, the reader must find out for himself. And the finding out will be most absorbing. There is a crisp, cheery humour in the telling of this tale that obviates the grewsome impression which might otherwise be made by a series of bloody skirmishes which even include a murder. It can be truthfully said that this story will satisfy even the most hardened seeker after fictional thrills, and yet it leaves a good taste in the mouth and a feeling that we would like to read the author's next book.

Ruth Holt Boucicault's "The Substance of His House"*

In the course of one of his lilting rhymes Kipling gives some sound advice to the soldier whose wife prefers his comrade to himself. The "make him take her and keep her" suggestion, with its implied effect of best punishment, seems to hold good in the case of Lady Mary Stanhope, the heroine of this novel. But there were excuses for Lady Mary and she certainly tried her best to do the right thing. She had been married very young to an English nobleman who was much older than herself. Although he is rather a nice sort, is Sir Arthur Stanhope. When he realises that his wife loves a younger man and that she is bravely combating her inclination, it is he who suggests the natural, sensible thing to do. And it is Mary who refuses his proffered divorce, from motives of conventional churchianity apparently. The problem of what would happen in such a case seems like a tempting one to the novelist. But Mrs. Boucicault has chosen the easier way. Sir Arthur conveniently dies and Mary is free to marry Philip Carmichael. But the manner of Sir Arthur's death gives rise to gossip that crushes Philip's hopes of a political career. He and Mary leave England and start life afresh in an orange grove in California.

*The Substance of His House. By Ruth Holt Boucicault. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Their love with its differing degrees of intensity and the influence of the new environment on their differing characters, are painted with delicate sympathy and fine understanding. Then comes the catastrophe which would have made Sir Arthur—had he been present to look on at it—agree with the above mentioned Kipling poem. The catastrophe is the usual thing, another woman—a spirit from the past. Lady Mary seems the sort of woman who might be noble enough to forgive the physical sin while she would stand firm in her demand for mental and spiritual congeniality. This is why it is disappointing to find her succumbing to the same old difference—as if there were nothing else under Heaven that could change the relations between a man and a woman, except another man or another woman! However, the book is well written, the style simple and natural, showing only occasionally the exaggeration—an exaggeration in values—which usually stamps a first novel. It is eminently sincere, and while, as often happens, the principal characters are too much the expression of the author's idea to be really alive, several of the minor characters are free from this fault and are distinctly engaging. The book is a very creditable piece of work for a first effort, and it deserves, as such, a sincere meed of praise.

W. D. Steele's "Storm"*

There is an astonishing vigour and virility about this book for a first effort. It has an overplus of strength which hurtles the pictures at us, pictures sometimes as lurid as those of a Doré Inferno. But too much strength is a fault that time and practice will cure in bringing to the writer a greater sense of proportion, and it is better far in its rich promise for the future than too little strength would be. The book is worthy of note in so many ways that it is hard to choose the quality to praise first. Possibly what first arrests our attention is the fact that we

*Storm. By Wilbur Daniel Steele. New York and London: Harper and Brothers.

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are reading a story of life on Cape Cod which is totally different from any other Cape Cod story that was ever published. Think of the placid, quaintly amusing or gently romantic stories of Cape Cod life and people to which we are accustomed, and then try to imagine what this life and these people would be like if portrayed by Zola in his most virile years. For there is a Zolaesque quality about this book which obtrudes itself constantly upon the attention. In the place of romance or comedy we have a brutality of realism, a pitiless portrayal of the risk and dangers, the daily sordid tragedies and the embruting drudgery of the coast fisherman's existence. And it is a new sort of fisherman we meet here, not the native American but the Portuguese, immigrated from the Azores, who are rapidly filling up our New England fishing villages, although they have not as yet caught the novelist's eye. All the danger, all the brutality, all the drudgery is doubly poignant in the case of these aliens who are expected to take their share of it all and to receive for reward the sneering taunt of "dirty Dago."

We see it all through the eyes of Joe Manta, a slow-witted but quick-hitting giant Portuguese fisherman. We follow him through a puzzled childhood and boyhood and a stirring young manhood until the day when he establishes himself as the most dangerous fighter of the village and carries off from another man the radiant girl whom he has always loved, although he scarcely dared speak to her. In fact, Joe's slowness of speech and heaviness of wit in his interviews with Allison Snow seem hardly credible to a man who can talk as well as he can about the beauty of nature and the mystery of life. It irritates the reader sometimes, just as the confusion and abruptness of style in the description of some outbreak of nature's cruelty or man's violence blurs the picture instead of deepening the colours. This, however, seems to be a fault which greater experience at writing will remedy and will leave in its stead a truly remarkable power of description. The background of Joe's strenuous life, the canvas of Cape Cod, is anything but the pastoral setting our writers have hitherto made it. The silent daily tragedy of the women who wait—the most pathetic figures of the fishing village—the women who wait for their men to return from the sea, living or dead they know not, is a poignant note in the general luridness. The description of the porgie ship with its festering freight is one of the most Zolaesque moments. And when the porgie-men land in Old Harbour the Cape Cod village seems more like another Port Said than like its usual peaceful self.

Maravene Thompson's "The Woman's Law"*

When a book has only one apparent aim, which it accomplishes, it is overcaptious to analyse too carefully the ammunition employed. Certainly Maravene Thompson's first novel serves the purpose of passing an absorbing hour amid strange coincidences, odd situations and terse vivid episodes. Founded on a case of double identity, skilfully handled, it is not difficult to surrender one's-self to the suspense which is the author's main concern. It makes no demands upon the reader, but invites him to read it through at a sitting—which is more than can be said of most novels of this calibre. Indeed, there are several new twists unfolded with considerable ingenuity which suggest that the author will no doubt gain the attention of those who merely like a good story. Frankly, the ethics discussed as the motivation of the story will not hold water, but perhaps the idea that a woman will sacrifice everything for the sake of her child is sufficiently popular to make an initial sympathetic appeal. In this particular case our heroine discovers that her husband has killed a man and, in order to keep the shame from her little boy, she resolves to save the father from prison.

*The Woman's Law. By Maravene Thompson. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

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She goes out in the street and finds a double of her husband, whom she brings into her house. It happens that, owing to a shock, this man has lost his memory and so easily fits into the scheme. The husband escapes and the substitute is taken to an asylum, where he is eventually cured save that he remembers little of the past. As it is necessary to keep up the lie, the mother of the boy is compelled to bring the double back to her house, where they promptly and reciprocally fall in love with each other. The doctor in the meantime has become suspicious and discovers the truth. It is easy to see the problem which confronts both man and woman when the fact is revealed. This leads to an inevitable conflict between love and what is called ethics, resulting in a series of rapid, melodramatic situations which will carry the reader along to a proper solution.

There is no denying the popular elements in this novel, written as it is in good, rattling dialogue and wasting little time in its kaleidoscopic whirl. The elemental nature of the emotions, the careful building, the abrupt transitions and twists suggest that it was written primarily with an eye to stage presentation. The glare of the footlights colours the entire story, which is only another way of saying that its externality is one of its best assets for the reader who prefers episode and situation to the inner reaches of character and profundity of feeling.

Margaret Vandercook's "The Loves of Ambrose"*

There is much that is quaintly tender in this little story. The author has succeeded in sustaining the atmosphere she has so skilfully created. One hardly needs the aid of the illustrations to assist in forming a mental picture of the little Kentucy village and its people of the middle of the last century. With the words which first introduce the hero to us: "So Abraham Lincoln may have looked on some dress-occasion in his youth," the figure of young Ambrose rises clearly. The same thing may be said of all the other simple characters. To the reader who has outgrown his taste for the sentimental, this simple old-time story will appeal but little, its homely philosophy and humour will seem tame and colourless. But there are some of us who will turn its pages with pleasure, recalling, perhaps, the day when "We, too, lived in Arcadia." It is a relief, too, to read a story so sectional, so typically Southern that does not depend for background and colour on the Civil War, that great conflict being merely touched upon to mark the passing of the years.

Ambrose Thompson, the hero, is in love with life and with love. He frankly acknowledges his absolute need of the companionship and society of women. So, when Death removes his wives, he always, after time has softened his grief without lessening his loneliness, falls in love again with undiminished ardour. So, in his four marriages, we have the loves, every one genuine and sincere, of his Springtime, his Summer, his Autumn and his Winter. The only thing that troubles him at the last is the problem as to which of his wives will be his companion in Heaven. And it must be confessed that the old man has secretly a preference. His first marriage, a boy and girl affair, had begun with a warm-hearted pity for a lonely girl little more than a child; his second had been the ideal union of his dreams; his third companion had been a little over-masterful; and his fourth and last had been inspired as much by pity for a forlorn woman as his first. The question as to which of the four will be his mate for all eternity troubles the old man considerably. There is, of course, a certain humour in the situation, but it is handled in the spirit of the age and place and could give offence to no one. To those who think that the burning question of feminine domination is a modern invention arising out of the fears aroused by the more aggressive women of to-day,

*The Loves of Ambrose. By Margaret Vandercook. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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it may come as a revelation that it was an issue in Ambrose's time as well. His escape from the strong-minded heiress of the village is one of the most mirth-inspiring passages in this little story, which contains much that is humorous.

Hamilton Gibbs's "The Hour of Conflict"*

It is refreshing to find a writer who, having a story to tell, sets about telling it in a workmanlike way. Mr. Gibbs's theme is not particularly original or daring. But his manner of telling his story is simple and direct, his sense of character strong and his style smooth and clear. He apparently knows his France and has a sympathetic comprehension of the French peasant and his outlook on life. He has what painters call the "seeing eye," and what he has seen he can paint in words. In many places where a less temperate writer would have succumbed to the temptation to over-write, he has exercised that wise restraint which marks the man who cannot only make for himself a literary ideal, but who is strong enough to keep it constantly before him, even in scenes where it would be easy to become emotional and sentimental. There are many well-drawn characters that will linger in the reader's memory, especially the Abbé, his housekeeper, Thérèse, the pompous old doctor, Monsieur Gonsard, père Guerchard, and the mischief-loving Marthe. All of them are sharply characterised. But standing out from them all is the figure of the heroine, Toinette, the simple-minded and trusting daughter of the innkeeper. With her devotion to her father, her reverence for her uncle, the priest, her sincere piety and her innate refinement, she is an appealing figure. When in despair over her one false step she prepares to make the only atonement which she thinks left for her, the appeal to the reader's sympathies is irresistible, although there will still be pity for the young English lad who is the cause of her undoing. Their common atonement is the serious part of the story. One must be a pharisee indeed who will not be glad when they both come into port safely at last.

*The Hour of Conflict. By Hamilton Gibbs. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Munson Haven's "Old Valentines"*

A pleasant little tale in which a pair of young lovers, frowned on by a rich relative, have their devotion and affection tested by the acids of want and poverty with everything ending in the good old-fashioned way, is what Mr. Haven has given us in *Old Valentines*. Phyllis Oglebay, by the accidental drowning of her parents, is left dependent, while still a child, on her father's only brother, Sir Peter Oglebay, a distinguished engineer who has retired from the practice of his profession, full of years and honours. Years before, the brothers had quarrelled, because the younger, a painter, had married a beautiful actress.

The old man finds his home brightened and his dead affections re-awakened by the presence in his house of this beautiful little child. In time Phyllis grows to womanhood and promptly falls in love with a young man who has the temerity to confess that he is a poet by profession. Naturally Uncle Peter cannot be made to take such a profession seriously, particularly as John Landless, the poet, confesses to having an income which only a poet could imagine could be made to provide for two. He refuses to listen to any talk of marriage between the young man and his ward and niece. They solve their problem in the time-honoured way: they run away and are married. Sir Peter is unforgiving. He shuts himself once more in his great gloomy mansion and is by far the most unhappy of the trio. Through the good offices of Mr. Rowlandson, an old bookseller who has dealt with Sir Peter for many years, a reconciliation is brought about, and Sir Peter lives to delight in

*Old Valentines. By Munson Havens. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

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the reproach that he is a doting great-uncle, quite unfit properly to look after children.

George Allan England's "Darkness and Dawn"*

Those who like full measure and running over in their tales of adventure will be satisfied with the extent and variety served up to them in the six hundred odd pages of Mr. England's book. One has only to run one's eyes over the headings of the chapters to discover a bill of fare calculated to tickle the most jaded palate if titles mean anything. "Terror," "Trapped," "Doomed," "Catastrophe," "Disaster" are some selected at random. And the writer keeps his promise; while in certain ways his work is open to criticism, he certainly is not lacking in invention. And the field he has chosen is but little trampled as yet by the writers of adventure stories. It would perhaps be demanding too much to ask for a more graceful and less mannered style in a book where the story is so essentially the thing. But if Mr. England could free himself from some tiresome mannerisms, which judging from the number of times he employs them, he rather fancies, his work would gain in simplicity and dignity. "Aloud she hailed: 'Oh! Help, help, help!'" "To him she clung"; "Came Allan to her;" "At her he peered." The author indulges himself in such phrases on nearly every page—forms that the schoolboy of to-day is rightly taught to avoid. If, as is suggested by the dedication, the plot of the book was suggested to him, the author's time could have profitably been devoted to improving his manner of presenting it.

The whole known world has been destroyed some thousands of years before Allen Stern, consulting engineer with an office on the forty-eighth floor of the Metropolitan Tower, and his stenographer, Beatrice Kendrick, awoke to find themselves the only survivors of the vanished races of the earth. Some stupendous catastrophe, unheralded and unforeseen, had destroyed the world they knew hundreds of years before their awakening. From the observation platform they looked out on the ruins of what had been, when they fell asleep, the great city of New York, now once more a forest primeval, overrun with wild beasts and tribes of bestial pygmies. After a battle in which they destroy their enemies with pulverite, they are nearly lost in a maelstrom while attempting to escape in a canoe which they have stolen from the enemy. They find a biplane, which the engineer is able to put into commission, and in attempting to fly westward to discover if the whole world is destroyed, they fall down a chasm and discover a white race who call themselves Merucaans, having in their language a few traces of the lost English tongue.

*Darkness and Dawn. By George Allan England. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

TO WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

THE POET OF "THE FIRE-BRINGER"

BY HERBERT HERON

Dead! and we gaze, unseeing, on your bier,
Where westward thunders roll;
But though you die, your living song is clear
(Prometheus lights your goal);
And till we too are taken, we can hear
That music from your soul!

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THE STORY OF AN EMPRESS

Part V—Years of Political Crisis

The baby Prince William thrived, in spite of the defect in his left arm, which was shorter than the other. We have some entertaining glimpses of him, and of his parents' pride in him, in the correspondence of Priscilla Lady Westmoreland. A German friend of hers, a lady of high rank, wrote to Lady Westmoreland when the Prince was only about a week old:

"I must tell you of my wonderful good fortune—I have actually seen this precious child in his father's arms! You will ask me what this child of so many prayers and wishes is like. They say all babies are alike: I do not think so: this one has a beautiful complexion, pink and white, and the most lovely little hand ever seen! The nose rather large; the eyes were shut, which was as well, as the light was so strong. His happy father was holding him in his arms, and himself showed traces of all he has gone through at the time. The child was believed to be dead, so you may conceive the ecstasy of every one at his first cry."

Prince Frederick William was indeed, as this lady put it, beside himself with joy. He delighted in showing his baby to his friends and loyal servants, calling him "mein Junge."

In the early summer of 1859 the Princess Royal spent a happy holiday at Osborne, and her English relatives and friends thought her extraordinarily well and happy; it was also considered that she had become much better looking. The Queen describes her as "flourishing, and so well and gay," and as "a most charming companion," while Prince Albert tells Stockmar that "We found Vicky very well, and looking blooming, somewhat grown, and in excellent spirits. The short stay here will certainly be beneficial both to her health and spirits."

While the Princess was in England, she was asked by her parents if she would make private inquiries as to any German princesses who might be suited to become Princess of Wales, but the search does not seem to have been successful. It was then that Sir Augustus Paget, who had been for two years British Minister in Copenhagen, spoke to his financée, the Princess Royal's lady-in-waiting, of Princess Alexandra. It was from this lady, now Walpurga Lady Paget, that Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort first heard of the beauty and many endearing graces of the Danish princess. So impressed were they by her account that it was arranged that the Princess Royal should meet Princess Alexandra informally at Strelitz, in the palace of the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg.

This meeting duly took place, and the Princess Royal wrote most enthusiastically of the result of their informal interview. It was directly owing to this fact that it was settled that the Prince of Wales and Princess Alexandra should meet, as if by chance, in the cathedral of Spiers, with a view to making close acquaintance.

The birth of Prince William brought a considerable change in the lives of his parents. Babelsberg had become too small to make a convenient summer home, and so the King granted them the use of the New Palace at Potsdam, which is only about half an hour's journey from Berlin.

This enormous rococo building, with its two hundred rooms, was erected by Frederick the Great at the end of the Seven Years' War, in order to show his enemies that he had plenty of money still left with which to go to war again if necessary. Prince Frederick William was very fond of the New Palace, where he had himself been born, and which was full of reminders of his great namesake. Apparently the only thing he did

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not like about it was its name, for it will be remembered that during his brief reign he altered it to Friedrichskron.

Queen Victoria, on her visit to Babelsberg in August, 1858, had gone to see the Palace, and she describes it in her diary as "a splendid building that reminded me much of Hampton Court—the same colour, same style, same kind of garden, with splendid orange trees, which in the cool, calm evening sent out a delicious smell. The Garten-Saal, one enormous hall, all in marble with incrustations of stones, opening into a splendid room or gallery, reminded me of the Salle des Glaces at Versailles. There is a theatre in the Palace, and many splendid fêtes have been given there. There are some rooms done in silver, like those at Sans Souci and Potsdam, and all in very rich Renaissance style. The millions it must have cost! But none of these palaces are *wohnlich* (liveable in). None like dear Babelsberg!"

The Princess Royal was determined to make, at any rate, her own rooms in the Palace *wohnlich*. After the fashion of the period, she surrounded herself with portraits of her relations, and with paintings of her various beloved English homes. There were endless souvenirs of her childhood scattered about in her rooms—souvenirs of her Christmases and of birthdays, little gifts presented to her as a child and young girl by her grandmother, by her "Aunt Gloucester," and by all those who had surrounded her during the days of her happy youth.

It is curious to reflect that, twenty years after the Princess Royal first took up her residence there, an English visitor was to write: "Without Carlyle's *Frederick the Great*, Potsdam would be a collection of mere dead walls enclosing a number of costly objects. Illuminated by the book, each room, each garden wall thrills with human interest." But when the Princess Royal first went there to make the New Palace her home for a part of each year, it might much more truly have been described as an arid and dusty waste, and that though it was surrounded by many waters. The gardens were very stiff, indeed ugly, but the Princess's active, creative mind saw their possibilities, and under her fostering hand and taste they were transformed and made to yield the utmost of beauty and delight.

The New Palace henceforth became associated, in the minds of all those who were truly attached to the Princess, with all that was best and most peaceful in her life. It was there that she was able to set the example of that helpful and happy country life which she had learned to value in England, and it was not long before its simple domestic character became known far and wide, and exercised an influence the extent of which it is impossible to estimate.

The Prince and Princess had a farm at Bornstedt, not far off, and there the Prince delighted to become for the time a simple farmer, managing himself all the details of the crops and the labourers, while the Princess occupied herself with the poultry and her model dairy. It may, indeed, be doubted whether the Prince and Princess found the farm a very good investment financially, but that was of small importance compared with the spiritual refreshment which they derived from this close periodical contact with the simple, natural gifts of mother earth.

Among the neighbouring villagers, too, they found plenty of scope for the exercise of an intelligent philanthropy, in gradually modifying the primitive ideas then prevalent on sanitation, and in caring for the children and the old people. The Prince would himself sometimes teach in the village schools. A pretty story is told that one day, when he was questioning a class, he asked a little girl to what kingdom his watch-chain and a flower in his button-hole respectively belonged, and when she had answered correctly, he went on to ask, "To what kingdom do I belong?" and the child replied, "To the kingdom of Heaven."

In June, 1859, the war between Austria and the allied French and Sardinian armies, culminating in the defeat of the Austrians at Solferino, brought

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natural anxieties to the Princess. The Prince Regent, while declaring the neutrality of Prussia, nevertheless ordered a mobilisation of the Army for the protection of Germany, and Major-General Prince Frederick William, commanding the First Infantry Brigade of Guards, was appointed to the command of the First Infantry Division of Guards. Though the Princess, thus early in her married life, showed by her quietude that she was a true soldier's wife, it was a great relief to her when the threatened danger was over and the mobilisation rescinded on the conclusion of the Peace of Villafranca in July. Prince Frederick William's promotion to command a division was then confirmed by his father.

The political situation, however, remained difficult, and Prince Albert and his daughter watched it with anxious concern. The following passage in a letter of his dated September is no doubt in reply to some comments of hers on the position of Prussia and Germany in view of the rising agitation for unity in Italy:

"I am for Prussia's hegemony; still *Germany* is for me first in importance, Prussia as Prussia second. Prussia will become the chief if she stand at the head of Germany: if she merely seek to drag Germany down to herself, she will not herself ascend. She must, therefore, be magnanimous, act as one with the German nation in a self-sacrificing spirit, prove that she is not bent on aggrandisement, and then she will gain preeminence, and keep it," and he goes on to point the moral in the sacrifices which Sardinia had already made for the Italian idea.

In November the Princess Royal paid a visit to England with her husband in time to celebrate the Prince of Wales's birthday on the 9th, and Prince Albert tells Stockmar:

"We find the Princess Royal looking extremely well, and in the highest spirits, infinitely lively, loving, and mentally active. In knowledge of the world, she has made great progress." The visit lasted till December 3d, and Prince Albert wrote to the Dowager Duchess of Coburg that Prince Frederick William "has delighted us much. Vicky has developed greatly of late, and yet remains quite a child; of such indeed is the kingdom of Heaven."

And after his daughter had gone back to Berlin, the loving father wrote to her:

"Your dear visit has left upon us the most delightful impression; you were well, full of life and freshness, and withal matured. I may, therefore, yield to the feeling, sweetest of all to my heart as your father, that you will be lastingly happy. In this feeling I wait without apprehension for what fate may bring."

On this visit to England the Princess did not fail to see her old friend and ruler, Sarah Lady Lyttelton, who records:

"The dear Princess came in, habited and hatted and cockfeathered from her ride, looking very well though in a *very* bad cold. She embraced me and received me *most* kindly, and took me into her magnificent sitting-room, where I spent almost an hour with her, till she had to go and change her dress for luncheon. She talked much of her baby and inquired after everybody belonging to me, and seemed as happy as ever."

II

The year 1860 was on the whole a happy one for the Princess Royal. It brought her a long visit from her parents and the birth of her eldest daughter, but on the other side of the account the relations between her two countries, England and Prussia, became perceptibly worse.

For the New Year her father sent her one of his customary letters of sagacious counsel, in which may be detected a certain note of uneasiness as to the development of his daughter's powers of self-control:

"You enter upon the New Year with hopes, which God will surely graciously

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suffer to be fulfilled, but you do also with good resolutions, whose fulfilment lies within your own hand and must necessarily contribute to your success, also happiness, in this suffering and difficult world. Hold firmly by these resolutions, and evermore cherish the determination, with which comes also the strength, to exercise unlimited control over yourself, that the moral law may govern and the propensity obey,—the end and aim of all education and culture, as we long ago discovered and reasoned out together."

It is remarkable that early in this year Prince Frederick William appears to have been for a time the centre of the hopes of the reactionary party. The Junkers actually planned to bring about the resignation of the Prince Regent, and to induce Prince Frederick William to assume the supreme power and govern without a constitution, which formed the great obstacle to their military ambitions. This scheme argued an extraordinary misapprehension, not only of Prince Frederick William's honest, straightforward character, but also of all his political ideals. He was, especially at this period of his life, a pure Constitutionalist, with a profound admiration for the free polity of England, and it would be difficult to imagine any form of government which would have seemed both to him and to his wife more immoral, as well as more certain to entail a counter-revolution, than a military dictatorship. It is perhaps not without significance that in March a British warship was launched at Portsmouth and was named *Frederick William* by way of compliment to the husband of the Princess Royal.

In June there was a parade at the Königsberg garrison, at which the Prince Regent said to his son, "Fritz, I appoint you to the First Infantry Regiment, the oldest Corps in the service," and about a month afterward the young commander was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-General.

The Princess Royal's eldest daughter was born on July 24th, and was christened Victoria Augusta Charlotte, being known as Princess Charlotte till her marriage in 1878 to the Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen. Queen Victoria records the news of the baby's birth in her usual vivid style:

"Soon after we sat down to breakfast came a telegram from Fritz—Vicky had got a daughter at 8.10, and both were well! What joy! Children jumping about—every one delighted—so thankful and relieved."

Only the day before there had come a letter from the Princess Royal containing the intelligence that Prince Louis of Hesse was ardently desirous of paying his addresses to Princess Alice, the Princess Royal's much-loved sister and companion of her childhood. To this Prince Albert refers in writing to his daughter:

"Only two words of hearty joy can I offer to the dear newly made mother, and these come from an overflowing heart. The little daughter is a kindly gift from heaven, that will (as I trust) procure for you many a happy hour in the days to come. The telegraph speaks only of your doing well; may this be so in the fullest sense!

"Upon the subject of your last interesting and most important letter, I have replied to Fritz, who will communicate to you as much of my answer as is good for you under present circumstances. Alice is very grateful for your love and kindness to her, and the young man behaves in a manner truly admirable."

A few days later the anxious father writes to the young mother one of his curious medical homilies:

"I hope you are very quiet, and keep this well in mind, that although you are well, and feel yourself well, the body has to take on a new conformation, and the nervous system a new life. Only rest of brain, heart, and body, along with good nourishment, and its assimilation by regular, undisturbed digestion, can restore the animal forces. My physiological treatise should not bore you, for it is always good to keep the GREAT PRINCIPLES in view, in accordance with

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which we have to regulate our actions."

But it was not all physiological treatise that was despatched from Osborne to Berlin. The Prince has an amusing reference to the busy importance with which the little Princess Beatrice, who was then three and a quarter years old, regarded the arrival of her first niece:

"The little girl must be a darling. Little maidens are much prettier than boys. I advise her to model herself after her Aunt Beatrice. That excellent lady has now not a moment to spare. 'I have no time,' she says, when she is asked for anything; 'I must write letters to my niece.'

"It will make you laugh if I tell you that I have christened a black mare Ayah (as black nurse). I lately asked the groom what was the horse's name, which I had forgotten. 'Haya,' was the answer. 'What?' I asked. 'We spell it Hay, Why, Hay.' You should call your Westphalian nurse, 'Hay, Why, Hay!'"

It had been arranged that the Queen and Prince Albert should pay their visit to their daughter and son-in-law at Coburg at the end of September. By a most unfortunate chance there had occurred about the middle of the month one of those "incidents" which are sometimes, when mishandled by officialdom and magnified by offended national pride, allowed to exercise an influence ludicrously disproportionate to their real triviality. The Macdonald affair, as it was called, at one moment threatened to bring about a serious breach between England and Prussia, and as it was unquestionably one of the causes of the dislike and suspicion with which the Princess Royal was to be regarded by a section of the Prussians, it is worth while to record it in some detail.

A Scottish gentleman, a certain Captain Macdonald, had a dispute about a seat in a railway carriage at Bonn. He knew no German, was ignorant of Prussian law, and very likely behaved, or was considered by the authorities to have behaved, in an autocratic manner. However that may be, he was not only ejected from the carriage, but was committed to prison, where he remained from September 12th to 18th. On the 18th he was tried and fined twenty thalers and costs. The English residents at Bonn warmly espoused his cause, and Captain Macdonald seems, apart from the original dispute, to have had reason to complain of violence used to him, and also of his treatment while in prison. It was also particularly unfortunate that at the trial the Staatsprocurator, or public prosecutor, should have denounced the behaviour when abroad of English people generally. "The English residing and travelling," he said, "are notorious for the rudeness, impudence, and boorish arrogance of their conduct."

This accusation, whether well founded or not, naturally seemed to English lawyers and the English public a piece of gratuitous irrelevance, intended merely to excite prejudice against Captain Macdonald. It is impossible now to apportion the blame for the way in which the incident was allowed to embitter public opinion in both countries. The affair dragged on for months—indeed, it was not finally disposed of till the following May. There were questions in Parliament, Lord Palmerston was extremely angry, and an article in the *Times* served to pour oil on the flame.

In the circumstances the incident inevitably rather dashed the joy of the happy family party at Coburg. The Queen conferred with Lord John Russell, then Foreign Secretary, whom she had brought with her, and she alludes in her journal to "the ejection and imprisonment (unfairly, it seems) of a Captain Macdonald, and the subsequent offensive behaviour of the authorities. It has led to ill blood, and much correspondence, but Lord John is very reasonable about it, and not inclined to do anything rash. These foreign governments are very arbitrary and violent, and our people apt to give offence, and to pay no regard to the laws of the country."

The Queen and Prince Albert arrived

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at Coburg on September 25th, and the Princess Royal delighted in visiting with her father the scenes of his boyhood. She went with the guns to a drive of wild boars, and almost every day there was an expedition to some interesting place in all the relief of *incognito*. One day Prince Albert had a narrow escape. He was alone in an open carriage when the horses ran away. With great presence of mind, he jumped out, and happily got off with nothing worse than a few cuts and bruises. Gustav Freytag, the distinguished German novelist and dramatist, was received, and the Queen records that there was much conversation with him after dinner. As we shall see later, Freytag was admitted to the confidence of the Princess Royal and her husband, and he repaid their kindness in strange fashion.

It was on this visit that the Queen saw her eldest grandchild for the first time. Writing on September 25th, she says:

"Our darling grandchild was brought. Such a little love! He came walking in at Mrs. Hobbs's [his nurse's] hand, in a little white dress with black bows, and was so good. He is a fine, fat child, with a beautiful white soft skin, very fine shoulders and limbs, and a very dear face, like Vicky and Fritz, and also Louise of Baden. He has Fritz's eyes and Vicky's mouth, and very fair curly hair. We felt so happy to see him at last!"

This was the beginning of an enduring friendship between grandmother and grandson, and no one with any historical imagination can help recalling the last scene of that friendship, when this fine little boy, grown to be a mighty Emperor, hastened to share the grief of the English people at the death-bed of their great Queen.

The Queen was evidently much attracted by the already characteristic energy of the little Prince, for there are references to him all through her records of this visit:

"Dear little William came to me as he does every morning. He is such a darling, so intelligent." "Dear little Wilhelm as usual with me before dinner—a darling child." "The dear little boy is so intelligent and pretty, so good and affectionate." "Had a last visit from dear Stockmar. Toward the end of his stay, dear little William came in and played about the room." "The darling little boy with us for nearly an hour, running about so dearly and merrily." "At Cologne our darling little William was brought into our carriage to bid good-bye. I felt the parting deeply."

Prince Albert wrote to the Duchess of Kent:

"Your great-grandson is a very pretty, clever child—a compound of both parents, just as it should be."

Mrs. Georgina Hobbs, the nurse mentioned above, first went to Germany as a maid in the service of the Princess Royal on her marriage, and was afterward promoted to be chief nurse to the Royal children. Prince William and his brother and sisters were devotedly attached to "Hobbsy," as they called her, and it was from "Hobbsy" that they learned English, for their parents always talked German to one another.

The Princess Royal, perhaps naturally, preferred to have her children's nursery arranged and conducted on the English rather than on the German model, but who can doubt that in this, as in other matters of even less importance, she would have done better to have studied the susceptibilities of her adopted country? Indeed, Dr. Hinzpeter, who was afterward appointed the tutor of her sons, bears witness that her nursery management became a great subject of gossip among the Berliners, and stories were even current of corporal punishment administered before the Court to princes with dirty faces. It is true that Dr. Hinzpeter describes these stories as mythical, but the fact that they were circulated and believed helps to account for the Princess's growing unpopularity.

At this period Prince Albert was seriously disturbed by the attacks which the

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Times was constantly making on Prussia and everything Prussian. In an article in the *Saturday Review*, recommended by him to his daughter, it was said: "The only reason the *Times* ever gives for its dislike of Prussia is that the Prussian and English Courts are connected by personal ties, and that British independence demands that everything proceeding from the Court should be watched with the most jealous suspicion."

The Prince was honestly indifferent to the insinuations against himself by which these attacks were frequently pointed, but he was reasonably anxious about the bad effect they would have in Germany. Writing to his daughter on October 24th, after his return to England, he refers to the Macdonald affair, which had already become acute:

"What abominable articles the *Times* has against Prussia! That of yesterday upon Warsaw and Schleinitz is positively too wicked. It is the Bonn story which continues to operate, and a total estrangement between the two countries may ensue, if a newspaper war be kept up for some time between the two nations. Feelings, and not arguments, constitute the basis for actions. An embitterment of feeling between England and Prussia would be a great misfortune, and yet they are content in Berlin to make no move in the Bonn affair."

It was only too true that the Prussian Government was in no hurry to settle the Macdonald affair. The bitterness which it engendered did not die out till long after its formal termination in May of the following year, and undoubtedly it contributed far more than was suspected at the time to increase the delicacy and difficulty of the Princess Royal's position. It was actually thought in Germany that she inspired the attacks in the British Press. "This attitude of the English newspapers preys upon the Princess Royal's spirits and materially affects her position in Prussia," so wrote Lord Clarendon.

This autumn and winter Prince Albert, in spite of many political and other anxieties and a sharp attack of illness, faithfully continued to instruct his daughter in the art of government.

It does not seem ever to have crossed his mind that such instruction, though admirable in itself, was ill-advised, in view of his pupil's position. The ideal woman in Prussia was then, and still is to a large extent, one who, conscious of her intellectual inferiority, contents herself with managing her household and children. If this view obtained with regard to women in private stations, much more was it considered to be the duty of princesses of the Royal House to abstain from any active interest in public affairs. But either Prince Albert did not appreciate this, or it is possible that he thought his daughter to be freed by her exceptional ability from the ordinary restrictions and limitations of her rank. There is yet a third possibility—that he did not altogether trust his son-in-law's political judgment, and was anxious to give him, in the troublous times that seemed impending, an help-meet who could influence him in the right, that is, in the Coburg direction. Whatever may have been the reason, the Prince certainly continued to the end of his life to cultivate his daughter's knowledge and grasp of public affairs.

In December, 1860, the Prince Consort received from Berlin a memorandum upon the advantages of a law of Ministerial responsibility. Its object was to remove the apprehensions entertained in high quarters at the Prussian Court as to the expediency of a measure of this kind. This memorandum was the work of the Princess Royal, and it is easy to imagine what a storm of indignation would have arisen in Prussia if by any accident or indiscretion the knowledge that the Princess had written such a paper had leaked out.

Still, it was undoubtedly an able piece of work. Sir Theodore Martin says that it would have been remarkable as the work of an experienced statesman; and, as the fruit of the liberal political views in which the Prince had been at pains to train its author, it must have

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filled his mind with the happiest auguries for her fulfilment of the great career which lay before her. "It would have delighted your heart to read it," were his words in writing to Baron Stockmar.

To his daughter he sent a long and flattering reply, beginning: "It is remarkably clear and complete, and does you the greatest credit. I agree with every word of it, and feel sure it must convince every one who is open to conviction from sound logic, and prepared to follow what sound logic dictates."

This pathetic faith in the potency of logic in political affairs is hard to reconcile with the Prince Consort's earlier and sounder dictum that feelings, not arguments, constitute the basis for actions. It is evident from the rest of the letter that the Princess had laid it down that the responsibility of his advisers does not in fact impair the monarch's dignity and importance, but is really for him the best of safeguards. She had gone on to discuss the proposition that the patriarchal relation in which the monarchs of old were supposed to stand towards their people was preferable to the constitutional system which interposes the Minister between the sovereign and his subjects. Her father's comments on this would have seemed to many Prussians most heretical doctrine to be imparted to their future Queen.

The patriarchal relation, he says, is pretty much like the idyllic life of the Arcadian shepherds—a figure of speech, and not much more. It was the fashionable phrase of an historical transition-period. Monarchy in the days of Attila, of Charlemagne, of the Hohenstaufen, of the Austrian Emperors, of Louis XI, XII, XIII, XIV, XV, etc., was as little like a patriarchal relation as anything could me. On the contrary, it was sovereignty based upon spoliation, war, murder, oppression, and massacre. That relation was sedulously developed in the small German States, whose rulers were little more than great landed proprietors, during a short period in the eighteenth century, and was cherished out of a sentimental feeling. It then gave way before the Voltairean philosophy during the reigns of Frederick II, Joseph II, Louis XVI, etc., was turned topsy-turvy by the French Revolution, and finally extinguished in the military despotism of Napoleon.

The Prince went on to say that in the great war of liberation the people and their princes stood by one another in struggling for the establishment of civic freedom, first against the foreign oppressor, and then as citizens in their own country; and the treaties of 1815, as well as the appeal to the people in 1813, decreed constitutional government in every country. The charter was granted in France, and special constitutions were promised in all the States; even to Poland the promise of one was made, although there, as well as in Prussia and Austria, that promise was not kept. Then came the Holy Alliance and introduced reaction into Germany, France, Spain and Italy, by dint of sword and Congress (in 1817-1823). Once more the patriarchal relation was fostered with the sentimentalism of the Kotzebue school, and the betrayed peoples were required to become good children, because the Princes styled themselves good fathers! The July Revolution, and all that has taken place since then, sufficiently demonstrate that the peoples neither will nor can play the part of children.

As for the personal government of absolute Sovereigns, Prince Albert declared that to be a pure illusion. Nowhere does history present us with such cases of government by Ministers and favourites as in the most absolute monarchies, because nowhere can the Minister play so safe a game. A Court cabal is the only thing he has to fear, and he is well skilled in the ways by which this is to be strangled. History is full of examples. Recent instances have occurred where the personal discredit into which the Sovereign has fallen makes the maintenance of the monarchy, not as a form of government, but as an effective State machine, all but impossible.

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When, as in the case of the King of Naples, this result has arisen, all that people are able to say in defence is, "He was surrounded by a bad set, he was badly advised, he did not know the state the country was in." To what purpose, then, is personal government, if a man in his own person knows nothing and learns nothing?

The Sovereign should give himself no trouble, said the Prince in conclusion, about details, but exercise a broad and general supervision, and see to the settlement of the principles on which action is to be based. This he can, nay, must do, where he has responsible Ministers, who are under the necessity of obtaining his sanction to the system which they pursue and intend to uphold in Parliament. This the personally ruling Sovereign cannot do, because he is smothered in details, does not see the wood for the trees, and has no occasion to come to an agreement with his Ministers about principles and systems, which to both him and them can only appear to be a great burden and superfluous nuisance.

How these doctrines would have been regarded by probably the majority of Prussians appears from another letter which the Prince wrote a fortnight later. His daughter had sent him an article from the Conservative *Kreuz-Zeitung,* and on it he comments:

"The article expresses in plain terms the view that *Monarchy* as an institution has for that party a value only so long as it is based upon arbitrary will; and so these people arrive at precisely the same confession of faith as the Red democrats, by reason of which a Republic is certain to prove neither more nor less than an arbitrary despotism. Freedom and order, which are set up as political antitheses, are, on the contrary, in fact, synonymous, and the necessary consequences of *legality*. 'The majesty of the law' is an idea which upon the Continent is not yet comprehended, probably because people cannot realise to themselves a dead thing as the supreme power, and seek for *personal* power in government or people. And yet virtue and morality are also dead things, which nevertheless have a prerogative and a vocation to govern living men—*divine laws,* upon which our human laws ought to be moulded."

Christmas brought the customary exchange of loving gifts. Prince Louis of Hesse, now the betrothed of Princess Alice, joined the family circle in England, and Prince Albert writes to his daughter in Berlin:

"Oh! if you, with Fritz and the children, were only with us! Louis was an accession. He is a very dear good fellow, who pleases us better and better daily. In my abstraction I call him 'Fritz.' *Your Fritz* must not take it amiss, for it is only the personification of a beloved, newly bestowed, full-grown son.

"But to return to the dear Christmas festival! Your gifts which were there have caused the highest delight, and those we have yet to expect will be looked for with impatience. To the latter belong Wilhelm's bust, Fritz's boar's head—for which in the meantime I beg you will give the lucky huntsman my hearty thanks. Wilhelm shall be placed in the light you wish when he issues (I hope unbroken) from his dusty box. The album, which arrived yesterday morning, is very precious to us, as it enables us to live altogether beside you—in imagination.

"Prejudice walking to and fro in flesh and blood is my horror, and, alas, a phenomenon so common; and people plume themselves so much upon their prejudices, as signs of decision of character and greatness of mind, nay, of true patriotism; and all the while they are simply the product of narrowness of intellect and narrowness of heart."

On January 2, 1861, died the King of Prussia, Frederick William IV, and his brother, the Prince Regent, succeeded as William I. Prince Frederick William became Crown Prince of Prussia, and henceforth the Princess Royal was called, both in England and in Germany, the Crown Princess.

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In the *Letters of Queen Victoria* there is a most impressive account, written by the Princess Royal, and there published for the first time, of the death of the King of Prussia. The event moved her the more deeply because, not only was she present at the death-bed, but it was really her first sight of death.

The King had been ailing so long that those about him had ceased to be specially anxious. On Monday evening, December 31, the Prince and Princess Frederick William were sitting at tea with the Prince Regent and the Princess of Prussia, when there was brought bad news from Sans Souci, but still nothing to make them particularly uneasy. In the middle of the night, or rather early next morning, they were called up with the intelligence that all hope for the King had been abandoned.

Without waiting for any kind of carriage, although, as the Princess notes, there were twelve degrees of cold Réaumur, she and Prince Frederick William hurried on foot to the Prince of Prussia's palace. From thence they went in a special train to Potsdam. There they found the King dying, and the members of the Royal family standing round watching the death struggle. The painful scene went on till five the next afternoon, when Prince Frederick William wisely sent the Princess off to bed. At one o'clock in the morning of January 2d they were again called, with the news that the King had not many minutes more to live.

The letter in which all these facts are recorded is a remarkable composition, especially when it is remembered that the writer was only twenty. We may be sure that any thought of literary effect was far from her, and yet no one, reading it now after the lapse of so many years, can be insensible to the poignancy of this simple, unstudied, almost artless description of the scene in the death-chamber—the dim lamp; the silence broken only by the crackling of the fire and the death-rattle; the Queen, Elizabeth, continually wiping the perspiration from the dying man's forehead.

But the letter also shows how really noble was the new Crown Princess's outlook on life. She speaks with the warmest affection of her parents-in-law: "May God bless and preserve them, and may theirs be a long and happy reign," and she goes on to describe the King as he lay dead, peaceful and quiet like a sleeping child. She could hardly bring herself to believe that this was really death, "that which I had so often shuddered at and felt afraid of"; there was nothing dreadful or appalling, only a heavenly calm and peace.

The Crown Princess also speaks with deep feeling for the Queen Dowager, who had never really liked her, and who, as we know, had been in sympathy so pro-Russian all through the Crimean War. But this grief brought the two together as perhaps nothing else could have done, and the Princess says: "She was so kind to me, kinder than she has ever been yet, and said I was like her own child and a comfort to her."

Prince Albert was evidently greatly moved by his daughter's letter. In his reply he reminds her that in one of the most impressive experiences of life she was now older than himself. The more frequently you look upon the body, the stronger will be your conviction that yonder casing is not the *man,* yea, that it is scarcely conceivable how it can have been. In seeing and observing the approach of death, as you have been called upon to do, you have become older in experience than myself. I have never seen any one die." To Stockmar the Prince wrote that "The Princess, now Crown Princess, has in the late trying time at Berlin again behaved quite admirably, and receives on all sides the most entire recognition."

That same eventful January of 1861, the Princess lost two firm and loyal friends in Lord and Lady Bloomfield. She parted with them with great regret, and presented to Lady Bloomfield a bust of little Prince William done by herself.

At that time it must indeed have seemed to the Crown Princess as if all her own and her husband's hopes and

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aspirations for a full and useful public life were about to be amply fulfilled. The new King had not only always been an affectionate father to his only son and heir, but he had also been marked among the princes of his time for his liberal opinions and English sympathies.

The third anniversary of the Crown Princess's marriage came very soon after the death of the old King, and writing on that day to her mother she said: "Every time our dear wedding day returns I feel so happy and thankful—and live every moment of that blessed and never-to-be-forgotten day over again in thought. I love to dwell on every minute of that day; not a hope has been disappointed, not an expectation that has not been realised, and much more—that few can say—and I *am* thankful as I ought to be."

Soon after the accession of William I, Herr Max Duncker was formally attached to the Crown Prince as a channel of communication in State matters. Duncker had been Professor of History at the Universities of Halle and Tubingen, and had also obtained some practical experience of politics as a member of the Frankfort and Erfurt Diet, and as a Prussian deputy. He had indeed been chosen by Stockmar for the position of confidential adviser to the Prince, with whom and with the Princess he was already in favour; and he saw in his new post an opportunity of sowing seed which might one day spring up and bear fruit an hundred-fold.

In March the death of the Duchess of Kent deprived the Crown Princess of a grandmother to whom she had been very warmly attached, and with whom was associated all the events of her happy childhood and girlhood.

On receiving the unexpected news, for the Duchess of Kent had only been really ill a few hours, the Princess started for England, not entirely with the approval of her father-in-law. The Prince Consort, who in this matter of his daughter's relations to her father-in-law always showed exceptional tact, wrote and thanked the King: "Her stay here has been a great comfort and delight to us in our sorrow and bereavement, and we are truly grateful for it."

The problem of the Schleswig-Holstein duchies and the unfortunate Macdonald affair combined to draw England and Prussia still further apart. It is true that the latter was formally settled in May, but the bad feeling it created was not appeased. Lord Palmerston said in the House that the conduct of the Prussian Government had been a blunder as well as a crime, while the Prussian Foreign Minister (Baron von Schleinitz), then on the eve of his retirement, retaliated with a stiff rejoinder.

A leading article in the *Times*, backing up Palmerston's view, is described by Prince Albert, in a letter to Berlin, as "studiedly insulting." At the same time the Prince saw clearly that Schleinitz had made a mistake in mixing up the Macdonald affair with *la haute politique*. "In Germany the idea of the State in the abstract is a thing divine; here it means the freedom of the individual citizen." And he goes on to say that the feeling in England ought to teach Prussia that mere talk will not do.

"Prussia has been always talking of being the only natural and real ally of England, but since 1815 she has taken no part in any European question. Prussia sets up a claim to stand at the head of Germany, but she is not German in her conduct. The Zollverein was the only really German action to which she can point. She leads Germany, not upon the path of liberty and constitutional development, which Germany (Prussia included) requires and desires. I can imagine that with the high military pretensions to which she has laid claim for the last forty-five years, she suffers under an oppressive consciousness that her army is the only one which during this long period has not been called into action. I repeat, however, that a large, liberal, generous policy is the preliminary condition for an alliance with England, for hegemony in Germany, and for her military renown."

These were the views with which the

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Crown Princess was steadily indoctrinated. It is possible that she found them a little too cool and impartially objective for her patriotism, but if so, there is no trace of such disagreement in Prince Albert's correspondence.

It was fortunate that Prussian opinion was at this time distracted by the thought of the coming coronation of the new King. The ceremony raised certain questions which, though nominally concerned with mere ceremonial, possessed in reality considerable importance from a constitutional point of view. The principal question was whether the oath of allegiance traditionally taken by the estates of the realm was consistent with the new constitutional law desired by the King. Apparently the King wished the oath to be taken, but was dissuaded by his Ministers, and it was decided that his Majesty should simply be crowned at Königsberg in the presence of the Landtag.

In July, 1861, the Crown Prince, who had gone with the Crown Princess to pay a visit to Queen Victoria, wrote from Osborne a long and remarkable letter to his father, a passage in which shows how constantly he consulted his wife on questions of high politics.

The Crown Prince begs the King not to regard the coronation with repugnance on account of the omission of the oath of allegiance. He describes the act of assuming the crown as a despotic act, and as a solemn proof that the crown is not conferred by any earthly power, in spite of the prerogatives abandoned in 1848. He goes on to argue that the ceremony will compel the Great Powers to show deference to Prussia by sending ambassadors, and that therefore it ought to take place in Berlin. In this way it would exhibit the development of Prussia. Frederick I, by being crowned at Königsberg, marked the beginning of a new era for the State, but now a coronation at Berlin would mark the new future which opened out for Prussia as the defender of the United German territories. The Crown Prince advised that the King and Queen should go to Königsberg before the coronation in Berlin, either to receive the oath of allegiance or to hold a great reception, and then he goes on:

"I have ventured, dear father, to express my opinion quite frankly, though you may perhaps be surprised by my strong inclination for the coronation ceremony. The fact is simply that I have often calmly discussed this with Vicky as the only desirable conclusion, when I saw the increasing difficulties arising in your mind with reference to the oath of allegiance."

These opinions of the Crown Prince's, in which his wife evidently concurred, would hardly have been approved by Prince Albert. They show the future Emperor Frederick in a new light—no longer as the liberal constitutionalist, the firm admirer of England's free polity, but as the champion of the divine right of the Hohenzollerns, with a splendid vision of a united Germany under the military protection of Prussia. At the same time there is that qualifying sentence in which the Crown Prince refers to the plan of a coronation at Berlin almost as if he and his wife had been driven to recommend it as the only solution of the King's difficulties regarding the oath of allegiance.

The whole question becomes the more interesting in the light of a remarkable piece of dynastic history which was revealed for the first time at the jubilee celebrations of the Emperor William II in June, 1913, in an address by Professor Hintze at the Berlin University. It seems that his Imperial Majesty was informed, before his father's death in 1888, that upon that event a sealed document of high importance would be placed in his hands. When he read it, he found that it was the political testament of his great-uncle, King Frederick William IV of Prussia, brother of the Emperor who made united Germany.

As its name implies, the paper contained King Frederick William's advice to his successors on the Throne of Prussia. Part at least of these counsels was deemed to be possibly so seductive to Sovereigns of a certain temperament that the Emperor William II felt it his duty

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to commit the whole paper to the flames. The Royal testator, who inherited from his mother, Queen Louise, an exceedingly exalted idea of the rights of the Crown, recommended his successors to revoke the written Constitution which he himself had granted his people. But he had a high sense of the obligations of his kingly word and of his Royal oath, and accordingly he advised any of them who might take the step to take it before he had sworn to observe the Constitution at his coronation.

The Emperors William I and Frederick III seem to have been content with ignoring the testament. It was left for their successor, William II, fearful lest it might one day tempt some "young and inexperienced ruler" into dangerous paths, to destroy it. His apprehensions were curiously strong. He felt, he told Professor Hintze, as if he had a barrel of gunpowder in his house, and he knew no peace until he had got rid of the terrible document.

We need not discuss here whether these apprehensions were well founded. What is of the highest interest is the knowledge, thus come to light after so many years, of this extraordinary political testament. It had unquestionably been read at this time, July, 1861, by the new King William I, and it is equally certain that it had not then been read by the Crown Prince and Crown Princess. Probably the knowledge of the document would have modified the views expressed in the Crown Prince's letter from Osborne. In any case, it seems so far to have influenced the new King that he rejected his son's advice and adhered to his decision in favour of a coronation at Königsberg, which duly took place there with all suitable pomp on October 18th.

Among the very few published letters of the Crown Princess is one which she wrote to her mother describing the ceremony. She modestly declares herself "a very bad hand at descriptions," but no one who reads the letter now could possibly agree with that. On the contrary, she shows the same remarkably vivid and picturesque power of narration of which we had an example in her account of the death-bed of King Frederick William IV.

The fact that the day chosen for the coronation was her husband's birthday gave the Crown Princess great pleasure, as also that an English artist, Mr. George Housman Thomas, was commissioned to paint a picture entitled "Homage of the Princess Royal at the Coronation of the King of Prussia."

Lord Clarendon, who was the British Special Ambassador on the occasion, writing to Queen Victoria on the day after the coronation, observed that "*the* great feature of the ceremony was the manner in which the Princess Royal did homage to the King. Lord Clarendon is at a loss for words to describe to your Majesty the exquisite grace and the intense emotion with which her Royal Highness gave effect to her feelings on the occasion. Many an older as well as younger man than Lord Clarendon, who had not his interest in the Princess Royal, were quite as unable as himself to repress their emotion at that which was so touching, because so unaffected and sincere."

Lord Granville also wrote to Prince Albert, "One of the most graceful and touching sights ever seen was the Princess's salute of the King."

Lord Clarendon added, in his letter to the Queen, the striking words: "If his Majesty had the mind, the judgment, and the foresight of the Princess Royal, there would be nothing to fear, and the example and influence of Prussia would soon be marvellously developed. Lord Clarendon has had the honour to hold a very long conversation with her Royal Highness, and has been more than ever astonished at the *statesmanlike* and comprehensive views which she takes of the policy of Prussia, both internal and foreign, and of the *duties* of a Constitutional King."

Unfortunately, Prussia was far from desiring the wife of the Heir Apparent to entertain any views, statesmanlike or other, on either domestic or foreign policy.

(*To be continued*)

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THE BOOK MART

A list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold by the booksellers throughout the country between the 1st of March and the 1st of April:

FICTION

City	1st on List	2d on List
New York	The Devil's Garden	Overland Red
Albany, N. Y.	Diane of the Green Van	Cap'n Dan's Daughter
Atlanta, Ga.	Diane of the Green Van	The Devil's Garden
Baltimore, Md.	Diane of the Green Van	Cap'n Dan's Daughter
Boston, Mass.	Cap'n Dan's Daughter	Diane of the Green Van
Buffalo, N. Y.	The Inside of the Cup	T. Tembarom
Chicago, Ill.	The Inside of the Cup	Diane of the Green Van
Cincinnati, Ohio	Diane of the Green Van	On the Seaboard
Cleveland, Ohio	The Best Man	Diane of the Green Van
Dallas, Texas	My Wife's Hidden Life	Diane of the Green Van
Denver, Colo.	Old Valentines	The Intriguers
Des Moines, Iowa	Diane of the Green Van	The Inside of the Cup
Detroit, Mich.	The Devil's Garden	Cap'n Dan's Daughter
Indianapolis, Ind.	The Inside of the Cup	When Ghost Meets Ghost
Kansas City, Mo.	T. Tembaron	The Inside of the Cup
Los Angeles, Cal.	The Devil's Garden	The Inside of the Cup
Louisville, Ky.	The Light of Western Stars	The Best Man
Memphis, Tenn.	Diane of the Green Van	The Devil's Garden
Milwaukee, Wis.	The Inside of the Cup	Black is White
Minneapolis, Minn.	Diane of the Green Van	Cap'n Dan's Daughter
New Haven, Conn.	The Fortunate Youth	Peacock Feather
New Orleans, La.	The Inside of the Cup	Laddie
Norfolk, Va.	The Light of Western Stars	Sunshine Jane
Omaha, Neb.	The Devil's Garden	Diane of the Green Van
Philadelphia, Pa.	Overland Red	The Witness for the Defense
Philadelphia, Pa.	Diane of the Green Van	Sunshine Jane
Portland, Me.	Cap'n Dan's Daughter	Overland Red
Portland, Ore.	Diane of the Green Van	Pollyanna
Richmond, Va.	Pollyanna	Overland Red
Rochester, N. Y.	Diane of the Green Van	Overland Red
St. Louis, Mo.	Diane of the Green Van	The Inside of the Cup
St. Louis, Mo.	The Inside of the Cup	T. Tembarom
St. Paul, Minn.	T. Tembarom	Diane of the Green Van
San Francisco, Cal.	The Fortunate Youth	Pollyanna
Seattle, Wash.	Diane of the Green Van	The Inside of the Cup
Spokane, Wash.	The Inside of the Cup	Laddie
Toledo, Ohio	Diane of the Green Van	The Best Man
Toronto, Canada	The Rock of Valpré	T. Tembarom
Waco, Tex.	The Devil's Garden	Pidgin Island
Washington, D. C.	Pollyanna	The Devil's Garden
Worcester, Mass.	Cap'n Dan's Daughter	Pollyanna

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(*Continued*)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
Cap'n Dan's Daughter	Light of Western Stars	Miss Billy Married	Fortitude
Overland Red	Pidgin Island	Miss Billy Married	Barnabetta
Light of Western Stars	Pollyanna	The Woman Thou Gavest Me	The Rocks of Valpré
Sunshine Jane	Pollyanna	The Inside of the Cup	The Rocks of Valpré
Overland Red	When Ghost Meets Ghost	Black is White	The Rocks of Valpré
Light of Western Stars	Cap'n Dan's Daughter	Overland Red	Dark Hollow
Pollyanna	Laddie	T. Tembarom	Sunshine Jane
Overland Red	The Best Man	Cap'n Dan's Daughter	The Red Emerald
Darkness and Dawn	Cap'n Dan's Daughter	Black is White	Overland Red
T. Tembarom	Pollyanna	The Inside of the Cup	The Devil's Garden
The Devil's Garden	Sunshine Jane	Diane of the Green Van	The Eagle's Mate
Laddie	T. Tembarom	The Woman Thou Gavest Me	The Passionate Friends
Diane of the Green Van	The Inside of the Cup	T. Tembarom	Sunshine Jane
The Devil's Garden	On the Seaboard	Pollyanna	Otherwise Phyllis
Diane of the Green Van	When Ghost Meets Ghost	Laddie	Pollyanna
The After House	When Ghost Meets Ghost	The Dark Flower	Pollyanna
The Inside of the Cup	Diane of the Green Van	Pollyanna	T. Tembarom
Pollyanna	Laddie	The White Linen Nurse	The Dark Flower
T. Tembarom	The Dark Flower	Cap'n Dan's Daughter	The Devil's Garden
The Inside of the Cup	The Treasure	T. Tembarom	Light of Western Stars
When Ghost Meets Ghost	Diane of the Green Var	Overland Red	Cap'n Dan's Daughter
Balcony Stories	Dark Hollow	T. Tembarom	The Dark Flower
The Devil's Garden	Black is White	A People's Man	Dark Hollow
Pollyanna	The Inside of the Cup	When Ghost Meets Ghost	Pidgin Island
The Devil's Garden	When Ghost Meets Ghost	The After House	The Best Man
The Rocks of Valpré	Cap'n Dan's Daughter	The Best Man	Barnabetta
The Inside of the Cup	T. Tembarom	Diane of the Green Van	The Peacock Feather
The Inside of the Cup	The Garden Without Walls	Laddie	The Iron Trail
The After House	Diane of the Green Var	Miss Billy Married	
Cap'n Dan's Daughter	Pollyanna	The Inside of the Cup	The Rocks of Valpré
T. Tembarom	Horace Blake	Old Mole	Light of Western Stars
Pollyanna	The Woman Thou Gavest Me	The Devil's Garden	When Ghost Meets Ghost
Westways	Pollyanna	The Inside of the Cup	The Dark Flower
T. Tembarom	The Inside of the Cup	Peg o' My Heart	Diane of the Green Van
T. Tembarom	Pollyanna	The Woman Thou Gavest Me	The Dark Flower
T. Tembarom	Light of Western Stars	The After House	Pollyanna
Sunshine Jane	It Happened in Egypt	The Devil's Garden	The After House
The Inside of the Cup	It Happened in Egypt	Cap'n Dan's Daughter	
		Dark Hollow	
Laddie	The Way Home	The Iron Trail	The Master Mind
The Fortunate Youth	The Man Inside	The World Set Free	Dodo's Daughter
T. Tembarom	The Rocks of Valpré	Black is White	Overland Red

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SALE OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The New York Public Library, Circulation Department, reports books most in demand, excluding fiction, as follows:

For the week ending March 4th:

1. Poems. Tagore.
2. Plays. Shaw.
3. Writing the Photo-Play. Esenwein.
4. Across Unknown South America. Landor.
5. Elements of Accounting. Klein.
6. The Promised Land. Antin.
7. The Philippines, Past and Present. Worcester.
8. The Life of the Fly. Fabre.
9. Plays. Strindberg.

For the week ending March 11th:

1. Poems. Tagore.
2. Elements of Accounting. Klein.
3. Crowds. Lee.
4. Village Life in America. Clarke.
5. Pragmatism. James.
6. Human Machine. Bennett.
7. Across Unknown South America. Landor.
8. Scott's Last Expedition. Scott.

For the week ending March 18th:

1. Scott's Last Expedition. Scott.
2. Home Furnishing. Hunter.
3. The Masked War. Burns.
4. John Barleycorn. London.
5. Village Life in America. Clarke.
6. Photoplay. Nelson.
7. Creative Evolution. Bergson.

For the week ending March 25th:

1. Plays. Shaw.
2. Methods in Education. McEvoy.
3. Tales of the Mermaid Tavern. Noyes.
4. Guide to Modern Opera. Singleton.
5. Life of Francis Thompson. Meynell.
6. Commercial Law. Gerstenberg.

Books—Non-Fiction—on Demand—from the Booksellers' Lists

What Men Live By. Cabot.
Gitanjali. Tagore.
Sadhana. Tagore.
Crowds. Lee.
Thinking Black. Crawford.
Poems. Masefield.
Poems. Noyes.
The Ascent of Denali. Stuck.
The Promised Land. Antin.
A Thousand Years Ago. MacKaye.
A Traveller at Forty. Dreiser.
South America. Bryce.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see chart, pages 358 and 359) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A	book	standing	1st	on	any	list	receives	10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

SEE HINTS FOR BUYERS
PAGE 42, ADVERTISING SECTION

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. Diane of the Green Van. Dalrymple. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.35	224
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50	183
3. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25	130
4. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40	129
5. The Devil's Garden. Maxwell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35	120
6. Cap'n Dan's Daughter. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.35	113

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THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

JUNE, 1914

Chronicle and Comment

Ten Tales of O. Henry

There came to this office the other day a letter suggesting an article about the late Sidney Porter's association with a certain city in a certain State at a certain period of his life. "Perhaps," the writer of the letter went on to say, "after the papers in The Bookman last summer and autumn, you are sated with the subject; but I feel sure that in the opinion of a great many American readers you have not begun to print enough." We are not sated with the subject; far from it. If we were it would make no difference, for we are keenly conscious of an attitude on the part of our readers toward O. Henry material that corresponds to Oliver Twist's attitude toward the porridge. There is hardly a mail that does not bring in letters calling for the back numbers containing those "Little Pictures of O. Henry." We are hard put to it to supply this demand. As a matter of fact, there are very few numbers of the magazine for the past twelve or fifteen months that are not scarce numbers; a condition to be regarded with mingled emotions of embarrassment and satisfaction.

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We confess that a few years ago we were half of the opinion that O. Henry's appeal was likely to be ephemeral. We were afraid that he had in many tales builded too much on a passing personality, a mood of the moment, the slang phrase of a day. For example, to illustrate, there were "The Enchanted Profile" and "The Rose of Dixie." These tales startled and delighted our own generation, but will they not be more or less enigmatical for the reader of a quarter of a century hence? And as personalities pass, and the bit of *argot* or the malapropism that tickles the fancy to-day will be to-morrow forgotten so cities will change and the "Little Old Bagdad on the Subway" of *The Voice of the City* and *The Four Million* and *The Trimmed Lamp* and the Coralio of *Cabbages and Kings* may be to the New Yorker or the Central American of 1940 almost as remote as Nineveh and Tyre.

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To nine hundred and ninety-nine of every thousand of his readers O. Henry has been a buffet lunch and not a solid repast. In other words, they have been nibbling at him, a story or two at a time, as the stories appeared in the magazines during a period of six or seven years. Of course, the slightest tidbit from this buffet was more satisfying than most full course dinners at other tables, but the fact remains that the method of the sampling of the nine hundred and ninety-nine has had the effect of blunting the palate to the real quality of the cuisine. Recently we have had the opinion of the thousandth reader. This reader is a woman who disclaims any literary pretensions. To her O. Henry came as a repast, and a repast in which she found infinite delight. The ten volumes of his

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stories were before her, she was being introduced to them for the first time, and for a month, day after day, she gave herself over to the two hundred and fifty odd tales of the modern Scheherazade. When she had finished the last story we asked her to jot down the ten that had most appealed to her, in the order of their appeal. Her choice was in many ways so surprising that it suggested this symposium. Here it is, the selection of the Thousandth Reader:

1. A Municipal Report.
2. The Pendulum.
3. A Blackjack Bargainer.
4. A Retrieved Reformation.
5. The Furnished Room.
6. The Hypotheses of Failure.
7. Roads of Destiny.
8. Next to Reading Matter.
9. The Enchanted Profile.
10. Two Renegades.

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To the list of the Thousandth Reader we decided that we would add nine other lists. The original plan called for five opinions from readers who were themselves conspicuously successful writers of short stories, and we called upon Jack London, Richard Harding Davis, Booth Tarkington, George McCutcheon and Owen Johnson. But Mr. Davis and Mr. London, being in Mexico, were inaccessible. So we were obliged to be content with the opinions of the other three. To these we have added the opinions of the Thousandth Reader (before mentioned), the One Who Knew Him Best (Mrs. William Sidney Porter), his biographer and publisher, one of his editors, the literary agent, his literary discoverer, and THE BOOKMAN'S selection. We asked these contributors to send us the names of the ten stories by O. Henry that had had to them the most appeal, not necessarily his ten best stories. The result of this canvass has proved astonishing. A similar canvass as to the most popular of Kipling's short stories, for example, would unquestionably show almost unanimity of choice. Every one of the lists would contain "The Man Who Would Be King," "The Drums of the Fore and Aft," "Without Benefit of Clergy," "The Finest Story in the World," and "The Brushwood Boy." It is doubtful if ten lists of ten titles apiece would mention more than fifteen different Kipling stories. But with O. Henry every opinion differs radically from every other opinion.

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To begin with the opinions of the three men who are themselves spinners of tales. The first of these lists to come to us is that of Mr. Booth Tarkington. Commenting upon it, he says, "The ten are not his best stories. I don't know which his 'best' ones are, of course. These ten are what you ask for—the ten I have enjoyed most. There is one I wanted to include. The boy who went to war after the girl flouted him and came back the town hero and said to her (she was married then): 'Oh, I don't know—maybe I could if I tried!' But I couldn't remember the title and couldn't find it." (The title of the story Mr. Tarkington has in mind is "The Moment of Victory.") Mr. Tarkington's list:

1. The Ransom of Red Chief.
2. The Harbinger.
3. The Passing of Black Eagle.
4. Squaring the Circle.
5. Past One at Rooney's.
6. The Handbook of Hymen.
7. Strictly Business.
8. The Clarion Call.
9. Jeff Peters as a Personal Magnet.
10. The Memento.

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The following titles represent the choice of Mr. Owen Johnson:

1. An Unfinished Story.
2. A Municipal Report.
3. The Rose of Dixie.
4. A Lickpenny Lover.
5. According to Their Lights.
6. Mammon and the Archer.
7. The Defeat of the City.
8. The Girl and the Graft.
9. The Shamrock and the Palm.
10. The Pendulum.

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Mr. George Barr McCutcheon's list:

1. The Tale of a Tainted Tenner.
2. Let Me Feel Your Pulse.
3. A Fog in Santone.
4. The Lost Blend.
5. The Duplicity of Hargraves.
6. The Marquis and Miss Sally.
7. The Gift of the Magi.
8. A Cosmopolite in a Café.
9. According to Their Lights.
10. The Making of a New Yorker.

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Naturally the greatest interest will attach to the opinion of The One Who Knew Him Best, and we are quoting, in part, from a very beautiful letter we have received from Mrs. Porter. To her the stories *are* Mr. Porter. She finds it hard to name them in a list in order. But immediately one story comes to her mind. That is "A Municipal Report." "After all," she writes, "I am not sure that it is the story—good as it is—for O. Henry's own face lifts from a Nashville 'roast' that was given that story and I hear his puzzled, 'Why did it offend? Do you see anything in it that should offend?' 'The Fifth Wheel' —and we stand together on Madison Square in the deep snow, or the biting wind, looking at the line waiting for beds. When we turn away ten men have found shelter. The recording angel must have seen us there some of the snowy nights of 1908. He must have known that when we turned homeward there were times when O. Henry had not a dollar fifty left in his pocket." One story in Mrs. Porter's list that is likely to surprise readers is "Madame Bo-Peep of the Ranches." But Mrs. Porter tells us that that story figured largely in her own life. In the spring of 1905 her mother came home from Greensboro and said to her: "Your old friend Will Porter is a writer. He lives in New York and writes under the name of O. Henry." "O. Henry! In my desk lay 'Madame Bo-Peep' and I loved her. I wrote O. Henry a note. 'If you are not Will Porter don't bother to answer,' I said. He bothered to answer. The letter came as fast as Uncle Sam could bring it. 'Some day when you are not real busy,' he wrote, 'won't you sit down at your desk where you keep those antiquated stories and write to me. I'd be so pleased to hear something about what the years have done for you, and what you think about when the tree frogs begin to holler in the evening.' Thus after many years a boy and girl friendship was renewed. Last in my list, but first in my heart, is 'Adventures in Neurasthenia,' the new title, 'Let Me Feel Your Pulse'—the publishers gave. It brings back the little office in Asheville, the pad, empty except for the title and the words: 'So I went to a doctor.' So often at the last the pad was empty. The sharp pencil points in their waiting seemed to me to mock the empty pencil, the weary brain. The picture is too vivid." This is Mrs. Porter's list:

1. A Municipal Report.
2. The Fifth Wheel.
3. A Lickpenny Lover.
4. A Doubledyed Deceiver.
5. Brickdust Row.
6. The Trimmed Lamp.
7. The Brief Début of Tildy.
8. An Unfinished Story.
9. Madame Bo-Peep of the Ranches.
10. Let Me Feel Your Pulse.

• • •

In this symposium we certainly want the impressions of the man (incidentally he was a close friend of the late Sidney Porter) who has read, accepted, and rejected more short stories than any other man in the world. That man is Mr. Robert H. Davis, and among the accepted stories were many of the stories of O. Henry. Prefacing his selection, Mr. Davis expresses the opinion that "The Last Leaf" will become more impressive as he grows older, whereas at the present time "A Tempered Wind" and "An Unfinished Story" entertain him greatly. There are times when he laughs inordinately at "The Handbook of Hymen" and "Hostages to Momus." "It is rather remarkable," writes Mr. Davis, "that a man of his temperament could do so many good stories under the high

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pressure of necessity. He was buoyant and lazy in prosperity, depressed and productive in adversity. How few of the millions who read him know what it cost O. Henry to make them laugh!" These are the ten tales that have been caught in the meshes of Robert H. Davis's memory:

1. A Tempered Wind.
2. The Last Leaf.
3. An Unfinished Story.
4. Hostages to Momus.
5. The Trimmed Lamp.
6. Friend Telemachus.
7. The Handbook of Hymen.
8. The Moment of Victory.
9. The Ethics of Pig.
10. A Technical Error.

• • •

Those "Little Pictures of O. Henry" to which allusion was made in the opening paragraph of this Chronicle were the work of Mr. Arthur W. Page, who drew largely from the material collected by Mr. H. Peyton Steger before Mr. Steger's death a year ago last winter. Mr. Page's opinion represents not only the opinion of Sidney Porter's biographer but also, in a measure, the opinion of Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Company, Mr. Porter's publishers. Here is the list sent in by Mr. Page:

1. The Rose of Dixie.
2. The Gift of the Magi.
3. The Cop and the Anthem.
4. Let Me Feel Your Pulse.
5. An Unfinished Story.
6. A Municipal Report.
7. The Guardian of the Accolade.
8. Witches Loaves.
9. Hearts and Crosses.
10. The Fifth Wheel.

• • •

There have been many persons who have claimed to have been the discoverers of O. Henry. Some of these claims have come from sources that filled Sidney Porter himself with astonishment. But the man who was responsible for O. Henry going to New York, who persuaded the publishers of a magazine to send the money that made that journey possible, is Mr. Gilman Hall. So among all the claimants Mr. Hall has the best title to recognition as O. Henry's discoverer. Here is his list:

1. An Unfinished Story.
2. A Municipal Report.
3. Roads of Destiny.
4. The Buyer from Cactus City.
5. The Furnished Room.
6. The Passing of Black Eagle.
7. The Gift of the Magi.
8. From the Cabby's Seat.
9. Brickdust Row.
10. A Retrieved Reformation.

• • •

We have had the opinions of those who write stories and of those who buy stories. What is the point of view of those whose business it is to sell stories? To find this out we called upon the three literary agents in this country in whose judgment and discrimination THE BOOKMAN has the most confidence. Naturally the list is a composite one.

1. A Harlem Tragedy.
2. Mammon and the Archer.
3. A Lickpenny Lover.
4. The Furnished Room.
5. The Marry Month of May.
6. The Gift of the Magi.
7. The Enchanted Profile.
8. An Unfinished Story.
9. The Last Leaf.
10. The Thing's the Play .

• • •

In conclusion, here are the impressions of the writer of these paragraphs:

1. The Defeat of the City.
2. Mammon and the Archer.
3. The Furnished Room.
4. The Shamrock and the Palm.
5. The Halberdier of the Rheinschloss.
6. The Lost Blend.
7. A Lickpenny Lover.
8. A Municipal Report.
9. Two Renegades.
10. Thimble, Thimble.

• • •

Curious, indeed, is the story told by these lists. It illustrates strikingly the

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wide range of O. Henry's appeal. Ten lists of ten tales apiece, and sixty-two different titles, most of them appearing on but one list. A few favourites there are: "A Municipal Report" (the narrative which probably shows its author at the highwater mark of his powers) with six mentions; "An Unfinished Story" with seven mentions; "A Lickpenny Lover" and "The Gift of the Magi" and "The Furnished Room" with four mentions; and "Mammon and the Archer" and "Let Me Feel Your Pulse" with three mentions. On the basis of these lists the New York stories have had the greatest appeal. Some of the individual selections are significant. For example, Mr. Tarkington picks as his first choice "The Ransom of Red Chief," a tale to be found in no other list. Perhaps that is only the expression of the mood of a moment, the liking of a man who during the past two or three years has invented Hedrick Madison and Penrod Schofield for a delightfully diabolical boy.

• • •

Paris Book Stalls

The French, if one may judge by the books exposed on the open stalls of Paris, must have curious ideas of American writers. A careful and recent examination of the authors to be found in the gallery under the Odeon Theatre showed Poe and William James hobnobbing with Andrew Carnegie and Nick Carter. The student's attention was also attracted by a novel entitled: *Le Crime de Gramercy Park*, by Anna Katherine Green. The volume was profusely illustrated both from photographs and with original illustrations, among which the Gramercy apartment and a number of clubs on the southern side of the Park were easily to be recognised. The book turned out to be the one made familiar to Miss Green's admirers under the title of *The Affair Next Door*. An attempt to find Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities* in the French led to a surprising discovery. Dickens is well known in Paris and one can pick up most of his novels in any bookstore. But the mention of *Le Conte de Deux Villes* met with no response but a shrug. No one knew anything about it. When finally a brief synopsis of the plot was given, it was learned that that particular romance was known as *Paris et Londres*. Moreover it is not to be had. The French do not like it, and it is no longer translated. Just why it was impossible to discover.

• • •

PIERRE SALES

A French Popular Novelist

Another French popular novelist of the last generation died recently. This was Pierre Sales, who achieved a success in his field equal to the successes of Emile Richepourg, Xavier de Montépin, and Emile Gaboriau, the last of whom certainly has been widely read in the United States. And the popularity of Sales was not due to any cynical apology for the heroes of police court dramas but to his exaltation of generous and noble sentiments. Among his best works were *Le Sergent Renault*, *La Fille de Don Juan*, and *Le Puits Mitoyen*.

• • •

American Sentiment

One hundred years ago Napoleon was King of Elba. One year from the 18th of this month will be the centenary of the battle of Waterloo. The approach of the latter event has led to a movement in England for the preservation of the historic battle ground. All of which has a certain interest for Americans. There

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is hardly a corner of Europe which has not been the scene of some famous conflict. Yet neither in England nor on the Continent is there such a thing as a parked battlefield. The United States with its brief history and few wars has many of them. Yet Americans are supposed to be utterly lacking in sentiment.

• • •

Washington Irving's Wig

There is a brief but amusing glimpse of Washington Irving in Mr. George Haven Putnam's *Memories of My Youth.* As a very small boy Mr. Putnam was taken by his father to Mr. Irving's home at Sunnyside. One Sunday afternoon the great man tried to entertain the child by telling about his own childhood. He recalled a day when General Washington was riding by on horseback. Washington Irving's nurse, holding up the little boy, called out to the General that here was a boy that had been named after him, and she hoped that the General would be willing to give the boy his blessing. Little Washingtons were not so plenty in 1784 as they became in later years, and the General was quite ready to delay his ride for the purpose of giving a greeting to his little namesake. He took the boy up on the saddle and, placing his hand upon the little one's head, gave him a formal blessing. Young George Haven Putnam looked up with interest at the head that had been touched by Washington, and then found himself perplexed at Mr. Irving's word that he should not see the spot on which the General's hand had rested. Afterward he spoke to his father about the incident, and the latter said, "Why, you stupid, don't you know that Mr. Irving wears a wig?"

• • •

J. Macdougal Hay

A first book discussed in the May BOOKMAN over which the reviewer waxed exceedingly enthusiastic was Mr. J. Macdougal Hay's *Gillespie,* a novel which our reviewer and many others have been comparing to Mr. George Douglas's *The House with the Green Shutters.* In view of the decidedly pessimistic tone of *Gillespie* it is a little surprising to learn that the author is a clergyman, the pastor of a large parish in the Western Highlands. But his calling does not keep him from speaking of Scotland with almost brutal frankness. Yet he is Scotch of the Scotch and close to the soil. As a boy and as a young man home on vacations from Glasgow University, he sailed with the fisherman described in *Gillespie,* and actually lived out many of the scenes of the book, including the foundering of a rotten steamer in a terrific gale. In these fishermen, their courage and their belief in old traditions, Mr. Hay does believe; but he also believes that Scotland is being swept by a spirit of materialism, which he represents in the person of Gillespie, the village storekeeper who controlled the whole fishing village. Mr. Hay is a young man—only thirty-two. Four arduous years he gave to the writing of *Gillespie* and he plans to take as much time for his prospective book, *The Martyr.* He was born in the village which he describes in *Gillespie.* At Glasgow University he was conspicuous as a student, and was the editor of the *Glasgow University Magazine,* besides contributing to the Glasgow papers and writing for the London *Spectator.*

• • •

Keats and His Friends

To the Literary Supplement of the London *Times* for April 16th Sir Sydney Colvin contributed a paper called "Keats and His Friends," consisting of unpublished poems and letters. The new poems consist only of one whole piece of twenty lines and some scraps. They occur in an album of copies from Keats's poems by Richard Woodhouse, the reader and intimate associate of Keats's publishers, Taylor and Hessey, and an admirable friend of the poet himself, an indefatigable transcriber, and annotator of his manuscripts. There is a joyous little ranting piece thrown off, as Keats was often used to do, for singing to a particular air of music, and runs as follows:

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J. MACDOUGALL HAY. MR. HAY'S PESSIMISTIC STUDY OF SCOTCH LIFE, "GILLESPIE," HAS BEEN COMPARED TO THE LATE GEORGE DOUGLAS'S "THE HOUSE WITH THE GREEN SHUTTERS"

APOLLO TO THE GRACES

Written to the tune of the air in "Don Giovanni"

Apollo

Which of the fairest three
To-day will ride with me?

My steeds are all pawing at the threshold of morn:
Which of the fairest three
To-day will ride with me
Across the gold Autumn's whole Kingdom of corn?

The Graces all answer

I will, I—I—I—
O young Apollo let me fly along with thee
I will—I, I, I,
The many many wonders see
I—I—I—I—
And thy lyre shall never have a slackened string
I, I, I, I,
Thro' the golden day will sing.

• • •

The second is a love plaint, which may possibly have been addressed to Fanny Brawne. Sir Sydney Colvin considers the first three verses rather charming, but regards the fourth and fifth as being marred by a taint of that strain of underbreeding which Keats shared with Leigh Hunt, and which furnished such justification for the label "Cockney" fastened upon them both by their enemies.

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You say you love; but with a voice
  Chaster than a nun's, who singeth
The soft Vespers to herself
  While the chime-bell ringeth—
    O love me truly!

You say you love; but with a smile
  Cold as sunrise in September,
As you were Saint Cupid's nun,
  And kept his weeks of Ember.
    O love me truly!

You say you love,—but then your lips
  Coral tinted teach no blisses,
More than coral in the sea—
  They never pout for kisses—
    O love me truly!

You say you love; but then your hand
  No soft squeeze for squeeze returneth,
It is like a statue's dead—
  While mine to passion burneth—
    O love me truly!

O breathe a word or two of fire!
  Smile, as if those words should burn me,
Squeeze as lovers should—O kiss
  And in thy heart inurn me!
    O love me truly!

• • •

Mrs. Jarr and Company

For the best part of the last few years we have been following, with more or less regularity, the fortunes of a certain respectable American family by the name of Jarr, and incidentally the fortunes of the Jarrs' various friends, acquaintances, neighbours and creditors as recorded by Mr. Roy McCardell in the columns of the *Evening World* of New York. By this time the chronicles of the Jarrs has probably reached the proportion, in bulk, of the novels dealing with Jean Christophe. But no one has read the Jarr annals in bulk, and no one ever will. These annals are served in homeopathic doses. The day's instalment runs to three or four hundred words. The tone is whimsical and topsy-turvy. The instalments are apparently dashed off without any idea of continuity, their author depending to a great extent on the event or the idea that is for the time being uppermost in the public mind. Yet despite this casual method of invention, Mrs. Jarr and Company have made some decided impressions, and we take this occasion to call attention to a narrative which has contained some real humour, some real caricature, and some real human nature.

• • •

Following the fortunes of the Jarrs leads us along many trails. In the immediate family circle Mrs. Jarr is the dominant figure. She came originally from Brooklyn and possesses a mother who was (to Mr. Jarr) painfully conspicuous in the early years, but who seems lately to have faded out of the picture. Mrs. Jarr rules over a Harlem flat, Mr. Jarr, two children, Willie and Emma, and, in a modified form, Gertrude, the "light running domestic." Mr. Jarr's days are given to working for the house of Jabez Smith, where he has recently completed ten years of service. When the daily toil is over he returns to Mrs. Jarr, incidentally stopping for light refreshment and companionship at the liquor emporium presided over by Gus, whose philosophy of life is ponderous and Teutonic. The company at Gus's is varied and democratic. In addition to Mr. Jarr there are Rangle, a business associate; Slavinsky, the glazier; Beppler, the butcher; and Rafferty, the builder. Gus is always there, and Elmer, his assistant (devoted to Gertrude, whose other swain is Claude the fireman), and there are occasional and memorable visits from other personages, notably Michael Angelo Dinkston—the admirable Dinkston, the unparalleled Dinkston, Dinkston of the unquenchable thirst, Dinkston the heavyweight champion of the English language. Speaking seriously, we regard Dinkston as a real creation, of which Mr. McCardell has every right to be proud.

• • •

In the annals of the Jarrs there are many plots. Perhaps the most enduring of these is the one which has in a remote

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way linked the Jarr family with Mr. Smith, Mr. Jarr's venerable employer. In former days Mrs. Jarr had a bosom friend, a Miss Mudridge, also from Brooklyn. Being a woman and a matchmaker, Mrs. Jarr felt it her duty to aid Miss Mudridge in the capture of a husband. The first marked down victim was Mr. Jarr's bachelor friend, Jack Silver. The fact that Silver regarded Miss Mudridge and the idea of matrimony with equal disfavour made no difference. His belief in his own strength was his undoing. There came a day when to his consternation he found himself an engaged man, the plighted property of the young lady from Brooklyn. That he succeeded in breaking through the net was not due to his own ingenuity. There appeared upon the scene Mr. Jabez Smith, pliable, aged, and immensely wealthy. A brief and whirlwind courtship, complicated by numerous misunderstandings, and Miss Mudridge became Mrs. Mudridge-Smith, the possessor of extensive credit accounts and many motor cars. At the present time the aged husband is tangoing blithely with the aid of his tango crutches, while Jack Silver refers to a certain episode in his life as the loss of the only woman he ever loved.

• • •

Thinking of the annals of the Jarrs twenty other characters come to mind; the social climbers, Mr. and Mrs. Stryver, the Philadelphia sisters, Irene and Gladys Cackleberry, their youthful stepfather, Bernard Blodger, the King Snake of the Order of Snakes, Captain Herbert Tinfoyle of the militia, Harold Dogstory the publicity promotor, and above all the stupendous Dinkston. But there is not space to tell of them. At the present moment Mr. Jarr is making a quick business trip through the West and is having adventures and misadventures. There are times when Mr. McCardell shows a command of slang that puts him in a class with Mr. George Ade. For example, here is a line of theatrical *argot* that for the moment is puzzling Mr. Jarr. It comes from the lips of La Belle Rotundi, who for the moment happens to be Edward Jarr's chief trouble in life:

"Surest thing you know. Can a grifter work flash slum unless he's got a Stetson on his bean? He kin not; indeed he kin not!

"Boosting on the outside of the gag or shilling in the simps when the door talk is canned and the grind begins, kin be done without a make-up, but the main squeeze dressing the front has got to be there with a set of furs on his bunny, and when you

ROY L. MC CARDELL

shoot it into the kister store show season is over!"

• • •

The army slang that was so incomprehensible to Eustace Cheever in Mr. Kipling's "A Conference of the Powers" was perfectly clear to the young subalterns who sat round the table relating their experiences. So the chatter of La Belle Rotundi, which proved so cryptic to Mr. Jarr's ears, was perfectly intelligible to Harold Dogstory, who translated it as follows:

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Bradley Studios, New York

THERON G. STRONG. MR. STRONG'S "LANDMARKS OF A LAWYER'S LIFETIME" WAS REVIEWED IN THE MAY "BOOKMAN"

"That isn't slang," the press agent explained. "La Belle Rotundi—that's your platform monicker" (the fat lady bowed)—"is just telling you that when it gets too warm for a fur overcoat the season is over for indoor sports. A grifter with flash slum is a gentleman who sells Arizona diamonds on street corners. As she says, and as you will remember, they always wear cowboy hats. She was also remarking that one may wear ordinary attire when boosting on the outside of the gag—that is, enticing others in as a shill—a fake auditor when the side show announcer is through his remarks and the grind begins—the grind is where the shillabars shove and lead and start the crowd to buying tickets and the ticket sellers and announcers begin shouting and grinding their arms toward the show and the music plays its loudest—the psychological effect of concerted excitement that gets a string of people following each other into shows like sheep. And the lady also says that the manager, or the manager's representative, must always be conspicuous for his sartorial splendour."

Concerning H. G. Wells

In the course of a chapter about "The Contemporary Novel" in his recently published *Social Forces in England and America,* Mr. H. G. Wells makes what we regard as a profound criticism of Thackeray's first personal interventions. To Mr. Wells's thinking, the trouble with Thackeray is not that he makes these first personal interventions, but that he does so with a curious touch of dishonesty.

I agree with the late Mrs. Craigie that there was something profoundly vulgar about Thackeray. It was a sham thoughtful, sham man-of-the-world pose he assumed; it is an aggressive, conscious, challenging person astride before a fire, and a little distended by dinner and a sense of social and literary precedences, who uses the first person in Thackeray's novels. It isn't the real Thackeray; it isn't a frank man who looks you in the eyes and bares his soul and demands your sympathy.

ARCHDEACON HUDSON STUCK, AUTHOR OF "THE ASCENT OF DENALI"

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What in this country is known as the Tired American Business Man, Mr. Wells in England calls the Weary Giant. The Weary Giant has been in his office from ten to four, with perhaps only two hours interval at his club for lunch; or he has been playing golf; or he has been waiting about and voting in the House, or he has been fishing; or he has been disputing a point of law; or writing a sermon; or doing one of a thousand other of the grave important things which constitute the substance of a prosperous man's life. Now at last comes the little precious interval of leisure, and the Weary Giant takes up a book. Perhaps he is vexed: he may have been bunkered, his line may have been entangled in the trees, his favourite investment may have slumped, or the Judge had had indigestion and been extremely rude to him. He wants to forget the troubles and realities of life. He wants romance without its defiance, and humour without its sting; and the business of the novelist, he holds, is to supply the cooling refreshment. That is the the Weary Giant theory of the novel. But to-day both fiction and criticism are against that theory. Mr. Wells can think of but one writer of distinction who is content to serve the purpose of these slippered hours. That writer is Mr. W. W. Jacobs.

• • •

Mr. Wells, by the way, is one of the Englishmen whom Mr. Henry James has been discussing in some papers on "The Younger Generation" which he has recently contributed to the literary supplement of the London *Times*. These papers are very much in the Henry James later manner. For example, Mr. James is writing of *Marriage:*

So that, to take an example susceptible of brief statement, we wince at a certain quite peculiarly gratuitous sacrifice to the casual in *Marriage* very much as at seeing some fine and indispensable little part of a mechanism slip through profane fingers and lose itself. Who does not remember what ensues after a little upon the aviational descent of the hero of that fiction into the garden occupied, in company with her parents, by the young lady with whom he is to fall in love?—and this even though the whole opening scene so constituted, with all the comedy hares its function appears to be to start, remains with its back squarely turned, æsthetically speaking, to the quarter in which

HAROLD MACGRATH AT SORRENTO. MR. MACGRATH'S LATEST NOVEL IS "PIDGIN ISLAND"

the picture develops. The point for our mortification is that by one of the first steps in this development, the first impression on him having been made, the hero accidentally meets the heroine, of a summer eventide, in a leafy lane which supplies them with the happiest occasion to pursue their acquaintance—or in other words supplies the author with the liveliest consciousness (as we feel it should be) that just so the relation between the pair, its seed already sown, and the fact of that bringing about all that is still to come, pushes aside whatever veil and steps forth into life. To show it step forth and affirm itself as a relation, what is this but the interesting function of the whole passage, on the performance of which what follows is to hang?—and yet who can say

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MARY HEATON VORSE IN A WRECKED SCHOONER OFF PROVINCETOWN, MASSACHUSETTS. MRS. VORSE'S "THE HEART'S COUNTRY" IS REVIEWED ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE

that when the ostensible sequence *is* presented, and our young lady, encountered again by her stirred swain, under cover of night, in a favouring wood, is at once encompassed by his arms and pressed to his lips and heart (for celebration thus of their third meeting), we do not assist at a well-nigh heartbreaking miscarriage of "effect"? We see effect, invoked in vain, simply stand off unconcerned; effect not having been at all consulted in advance, she is not to be secured on such terms. And her presence would so have redounded—perfectly punctual creature that she is on a made appointment and a clear understanding—to the advantage of all concerned. The bearing of the young man's act is all in our having begun to conceive it as possible, begun even to desire it, in the light of what has preceded; therefore if the participants have *not* been shown us as on the way to it, nor the question of it made beautifully to tremble for us in the air, its happiest connections fail and we but stare at it mystified. The instance is undoubtedly trifling, but in the infinite complex of such things resides for a work of art the shy virtue, shy at least till wooed forth, of the whole susceptibility.

From all this we gather that, at a certain point in the story, the young man has kissed the young woman. Candidly, however, we very much prefer the Henry James who wrote *Daisy Miller*.

THE LITERARY COLONY AT CARMEL, CALIFORNIA. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT STANDING: WILLIAM ROSE BÉNET, ALICE MACGOWAN AND SINCLAIR LEWIS. SITTING: ARTHUR VACHELL, KATHARINE COOKE, STELLA SAXTON, GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE AND HELEN COOKE (MRS. HARRY LEON WILSON)

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F. TENNYSON JESSE, AUTHOR OF "THE MILKY WAY." INCIDENTALLY MISS JESSE IS THE GREAT-NIECE OF ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

F. Tennyson Jesse

To us the fact that Miss F. Tennyson Jesse, the author of *The Milky Way,* is the great-niece of Alfred Lord Tennyson is of merely secondary importance. We find it much more interesting to think of her as the author of "The Black Mask," from which was made the exceedingly powerful and gruesome one-act play that was presented in New York last winter. But candidly, a comparison of the tale and the play is not flattering to Miss Jesse. Briefly the story is of a husband who has had his face obliterated in a mining accident, and who goes about with his head hooded in a black mask, of a wife who detests him, and of a lover who, in build and voice, closely resembles the husband. The wife takes advantage of the husband's absence one night to receive the lover. The husband returns unexpectedly, and in a struggle is apparently slain. The other two plan that the lover shall take the husband's place, wearing a black mask. The wife goes upstairs to prepare the mask. The husband recovers consciousness, kills the lover, and pulls the mask that is dropped from above over the dead man's face. The two survivors carry out the body for the purpose of dropping it down a disused shaft. Returning, the woman goes to her room to await the coming of her supposed lover. Slowly the husband ascends the stairs, and as he enters the room he tears away the mask. The curtain falls with the woman screaming. Now that is the story of the play, and substantially it is the story of the tale. But Miss Jesse did not know where to stop.

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Newspaper Making

Two recent books dealing with various phases of American newspaper life have been attracting our attention. The first of these is Charles Edward Russell's *These Shifting Scenes,* a rambling account of

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the author's years in journalism, which is fairly entertaining, but is conspicuous chiefly for its numerous inaccuracies in the matter of names. Mr. Russell takes the reader from the days of the old tramp printer to New York newspaper life as it was in the eighties, through various national conventions, the Johnstown flood, the Haymarket riots in Chicago, and the plight of the cholera fleet in New York Harbour. Leading up to the story of "Colonel Reflipe W. Thenuz," of Spanish-American war fame, Mr. Russell recalls one of the many hoaxes associated with the name of Eugene Field. About 1885, when Field was conducting the "Sharps and Flats" column in the Chicago *Daily News*, there was an inexplicable amount of pilfering from its first editions, and sometimes from its galley proofs.

THOMAS W. HANSHEW, HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER AT THEIR HOME NEAR LONDON. AMONG THE PSEUDONYMS USED BY THIS EXCEEDINGLY PROLIFIC WRITER, WHO DIED LATE LAST WINTER, WAS THE FAMILIAR ONE OF BERTHA M. CLAY

NOVELS PUBLISHED ANONYMOUSLY SEEM TO BE COMING BACK INTO FASHION. THE PUBLISHERS OF "OVERLAND RED" HAVE MADE THE ANNOUNCEMENT THAT THE IDENTITY OF THE AUTHOR WILL BE REVEALED NEXT MONTH. MEANWHILE THEY SEND US THE ACCOMPANYING NON-COMMITAL PORTRAIT

"Leave it to me," said Field when this situation was explained to him. Matthew Arnold had been recently on a tour through America and had returned to England. Field faked an exceedingly clever interview with Arnold in which the author told in his peculiar style of his experiences in this country and gave out some recondite and not complimentary views about Chicago and other cities. This stuff Field pretended had just appeared in the *Pall Mall Journal* and now purported to be cabled to the *News* by its London correspondent. It was done so perfectly that almost any editor might fall for it; only there was no such paper as the *Pall Mall Journal*. This was put into type and a proof of it hung up with the other office proofs; but the

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night editor was warned and the matter omitted in the make-up.

That same morning the Chicago *Tribune* bloomed on its first page with Field's concoction published as genuine, and adorned with a large head. It began thus:

(Special Cable Despatch to the Chicago *Tribune*.)

London, Nov. 18.—The *Pall Mall Journal* prints to-day a remarkable interview with Mr. Matthew Arnold on his recent visit to America. Mr. Arnold being asked what he thought of Chicago, said:

And then followed the rest of the Field fake.

With much reason Mr. Russell points out the astonishing literary quality of the staff of reporters that was under him on the New York *World* from 1894 to 1897. He probably goes too far in calling it the greatest staff that ever worked upon any newspaper; but it certainly contained a great number of young men and women who subsequently distinguished themselves in letters. In quoting from Mr. Russell we are changing to the extent of spelling correctly some of the names that are misspelled in the book.

Among the reporters were David Graham Phillips, who afterward attained the front rank among American novelists; Maximilian Foster, now famous as a short-story writer and the author of widely-read novels; Rudolph Block, who, as "Bruno Lessing," is the favourite writer of stories of the Ghetto; Roy L. McCardell, known to all lovers of humour; Joseph B. Eakins, who wrote *How Old Folks Won the Derby;* Mary Manning, author of *Lord Allington, Bankrupt, Judith of the Plains,* and a host of fascinating short stories; Anne O'Hagan, poet and distinguished short-story writer; Reginald Foster, successful as a writer of magazine articles; Olivia Howard Dunbar, author of *Pierre Vidal;* Jacob Dreyfus, the unequalled producer of genre sketches of the East Side; William O. Inglis, whose travel sketches and articles are familiar to all readers of *Harper's;* Arthur Greaves, now city editor of the New York *Times;* Bayard Veiller, author of *Within the Law,* one of the greatest plays of recent years. Arthur Brisbane was a special writer on local topics; Charles H. Meltzer wrote the music criticisms; E. F. Coward, the adapter of "The Belle's Stratagem," was the dramatic critic. Elsewhere than in the city room, too, we were a distinguished company. Elizabeth Jordan, now editor of *Harper's Bazar* and the author of many popular novels, was in charge of the woman's

CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL, AUTHOR OF "THESE SHIFTING SCENES"

page. Joseph Altsheler, author of *The Sun of Saratoga,* and the best writer of boys' books we have had in this generation, was a member of the staff. George Cary Eggleston wrote most of the editorials. E. Van Zile did the paragraphing.

In Mr. Russell's book there are glimpses of Joseph Pulitzer. It is a much pleasanter Mr. Pulitzer than we find in another book of the hour, Mr. Alleyne Ireland's Joseph Pulitzer. Comparison of the two volumes leads to the conviction that while to have worked for Mr. Pulitzer as a reporter on the *World* meant more arduous labour and smaller remuneration, it was more conducive to the preservation of one's self-respect than

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the post of private secretary travelling about the Mediterranean on the yacht *Liberty*.

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Concerning Mr. Ibid

Mr. Edmund Lester Pearson has written a little volume of bookish whimsicalities which he calls *The Secret Book*. One paragraph, concerning Ibid, has been rather extensively quoted. Candour forces us to say that we seem to recall something very similar in vein appearing many years ago about the prolific writer Anon. But here is Mr. Pearson's fanciful treatment of the idea.

Ibid, or Ibidimus, Marcus Alias Hortensius. Roman poet and rhetorician. Ibid is supposed to have flourished about 240 B. C., though in his own autobiography—a work of doubtful authenticity—he says: "I was

A PENCIL PORTRAIT OF PERCY MACKAYE BY KAHLIL GIBRAN, THE SYRIAN ARTIST

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born August 17, 185 B. C." He is the author of *De te, Fabula, De et Nox* and over three hundred other books. He invented the ablative absolute, for which he was rewarded by the Senate with the proconsulship of Ultima Verba. His military career seems to have led him into Northern Italy, for it is recorded that on one occasion, after a long siege, "he took Umbrage, and retired into hither Gaul." Umbrage is, perhaps, a false reading for Umbria. The latter years of his life are clouded in mystery, for he lived mostly in exile. He passed his time in writing the vast number of poems which were subsequently published under his pen name of "Anon." Finally he seems to have transgressed the laws seriously, for he was hanged in Effigy, a town in Lower Egypt, on Christmas Day, 102 B. C.

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"Saint Louis, a Civic Masque"

About the time of the appearance of this issue of THE BOOKMAN the city of Saint Louis will be on the eve of the presentation of Mr. Percy Mackaye's *Saint Louis, a Civic Masque*. The performances are to take place on the evenings of May 28th, 29th, 30th, and 31st. Apart from the literary quality of the Masque, statistics of the presentation are astonishing. In the first place, over seven thousand persons are to take part. The stage is built over the lagoon at the foot of Art's Hill, in Forest Farm. The sides of the hill form the auditorium of the amphitheatre in which sixty thousand spectators can be seated. One hundred and twenty-five feet of water, representing the Mississippi River, flows between the stage and the audience. The stage is five hundred and twenty feet at the back with a semicircular front of eight hundred and eighty feet. It is two hundred feet from footlights to background. The background is a great screen, fifty feet high and three hundred feet long. It will be both a sounding board and a decorative part of the scenery. In front of this screen will be the music pit. This pit will be large enough to house the chorus of five hundred singers and the band of one hundred pieces. The chorus and band will be heard but not seen by the audience. Near the front of the stage, on each side, will be a great tower four hundred feet high. Concealed within these towers will be the system to control the thousands of vari-coloured electric bulbs which light the stage and the telephone station of the stage manager. The stage is so large, and there will be so many actors that he will have to call them by telephone.

AMERICAN AUTHORS AND THEIR PUBLISHERS

"When Boston Was Athens" is the title of Mr. Tassin's next instalment of the story of American authors and publishers. It depicts the rapid growth of the Boston scorn and shows the grounds for it. "I doubt if anywhere in the world," wrote Mr. Howells, "there was ever so much taste and feeling for literature as there was in that Boston." The main effect of the Boston scorn was to unite its authors and publishers in a family group. Where in New York and Philadelphia the makers and manufacturers of books were still largely in open warfare, the trade in Boston partook of the nature of the country-store, a hospitable, neighbourly centre with confidence and credit on both sides.

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AMERICAN AUTHORS AND THEIR PUBLISHERS

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

Part III—When War was in the Air

The most delightful occasion of his publishing career, says Derby, was the Fruit and Flower Festival given to authors by the New York book-publishers at the Crystal Palace which had been erected in Reservoir Square. This was in 1855, and naturally it was a moment for retrospect and prophecy. About six hundred invited guests were present, chiefly authors and booksellers.

"Eighteen years ago," said G. P. Putnam, in response to the toast American Literature, "a gathering of authors and booksellers took place in the old City Hotel. Our recently formed association came to the sensible conclusion that it was quite time to have another. The interests of writers, publishers, and sellers of books are daily growing in magnitude and importance, and these interests are and should be identical." Bryant spoke in his happiest manner of the growth of American letters. "After Cotton Mather," he said, "the procession of American authors for one hundred and fifty years was a straggling one; at present they are a crowd which fairly choke the way." J. W. Francis, who had attended three such gatherings in fifty years, thus joined the general jubilation.

In our literary annals the making of books has not been an employment of selfish and inert gratification. This is indeed the offspring of but a recent period among us, but the fact is not less solacing to the pangs of intellectual labour. For much of the salutary change, let all praise be given to the higher culture of the people and to the patronage of our enlightened publishers. I allude to such patrons as the Appletons, the Harpers, Scribner, Wiley and Putnam. I am limited to New York in these specifications. The leading Boston firms are identified with our national historians, poets, essayists. What Childs and Peterson have done is enough of itself for the renown of Philadelphia. At the primary meeting (in 1802) the venerable Matthew Carey held forth in earnest language persuasive to renewed meetings of a like nature; at the Harper entertainment (1832) similar opinions proceeded from many minds.

The occasion, he said later in his book, was conducted on a scale of great variety and elegance. Those public-spirited publishers, the Appletons, with Wiley and Putnam, rendered the banquet a genial gathering of kindred spirits. As for the growth of public demand, the intelligent and patriotic Putnam had stated that in less than twenty years there had been an increase of about eight hundred per cent.; and the magazine of the Messrs. Harpers now reached the astounding number of one hundred and eighty thousand.

The epithets "public-spirited" and "patriotic" which Dr. Francis applied to Putnam were not universally re-echoed in those days. To some patriots of the book trade, it seemed in those touchy times that the publisher had been engaged in a project distinctly un-American. His senior partner, John Wiley, had allowed him seven years—as Mr. G. H. Putnam tells us—to work it out and see if it would pay. To try to build up in London an agency for American books was all very well, but some people thought that to try to secure equitable literary connections in England was a horse of another colour. Wiley was not impressed with the lack of patriotism in the proceeding, but he had his doubts about its business prudence; and these the seven years abundantly confirmed. His contention was that the labour and

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capital involved in introducing English authors to the American public was thrown away, since under the copyright conditions the authorised publishers could not control the books they introduced and the pirate publishers could wait until the market had been created and then flatten their sales. The large policy of Putnam was thwarted by the outcome which Wiley had anticipated, but the former persisted in his heroic endeavour for an honour impossible under the circumstances, and the two men, in 1848, decided to dissolve the partnership. This had been but a half dozen years before the Festival, and doubtless many who sat around the board that night remembered smilingly his abortive treachery to "American interests."

THE TWO HERMITS

"My friends," said Franklin to a committee of Philadelphia gentlemen who waited upon him to complain of his policy, any one who can subsist on sawdust pudding and water, as I can, needs no man's patronage." Franklin gained his point because he put his pudding to the proof. But Thoreau never pulled in his belt to make room for his conscience. His Walden cabin was of the world though not in it; for both in Boston and New York were friends disposing of his wares. Though his whole income during the twenty years he wrote cannot have been large, his simple life was far from going against the grain. "For two years and two months," he wrote, "all my expenses have amounted to but twenty-seven cents a week, and I have fared gloriously in all respects." On so small a budget, he ate no sawdust pudding for the sake of his convictions; for Emerson in Boston and Greeley in New York easily kept him going.

He might perhaps have made a sawdust pudding out of the Boston Miscellanies in which coin the publisher of that periodical wished to pay him for an article; but, thanks to Greeley, he never had to eat his words or any one else's. In New York, Greeley got shrewd prices for many of his papers; and was an ever-present help in the not infrequent time of trouble occasioned by Thoreau's unbending attitude. With such an agent, indeed, Thoreau occupied a strategic position as hermit.

His connection with Greeley began through Margaret Fuller, who had gone to New York to write for the *Tribune* and to live in its editor's family. Through her letters Thoreau heard much of Greeley, and soon, in 1843, the two men began writing on their own account. Thoreau sent him an essay on Carlyle to place. Greeley wrote him: "I am not sanguine of success and have hardly a hope that it will be immediate, if ever. Dids't thou ever, O my friend! ponder on the significance and cogency of the assurance Ye cannot serve God and Mammon as applicable to literature? In my poor judgment, if anything is calculated to make a scoundrel out of an honest man, writing to sell is that particular thing." It is a pity one has to guess at the significance and cogency of this editorial confidence and upon what experiences it is based. But at any rate, he placed the article with Griswold for *Graham's*. On getting a letter from Griswold announcing that the article was in type and would be paid for liberally, he wrote to Thoreau: "I know well the difference between a publisher's and an author's idea of what is liberally." The author himself spent a year speculating wherein the difference might lie and then complained to Greeley that he had not yet been given a chance to find out for himself. Fortunately Greeley—instead of paraphrasing his previous sonorous remarks by the simple substitution of "publishing" for "writing" to sell—promptly drew on Graham for seventy-five dollars and enclosed it in a letter saying, "Now you see how to get pay yourself another time." As this cheque would have supported Thoreau "gloriously" for about three hundred weeks, he might well have afforded more costly convictions than he had.

Far different was it with another hermit, who paid a well-nigh prohibitive price for his until he died. Like Bayard

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Taylor, he was one of the last offshoots of that elder race, the writing printer. "One book last summer came out in New York," wrote Emerson to Carlyle. "It is called *Leaves of Grass;* was written and printed by a journeyman printer in Brooklyn, New York, named Walter Whitman." The author had worked on a newspaper and learned the trade, started a country paper of his own, and in 1848 became editor of the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* for a short while. He printed eight hundred copies of *Leaves of Grass,* deposited them for sale with dealers in New York, Brooklyn, Boston, and put copies out for review. In spite of the general disapproval of his limited public and the attacks of critics, he sold very few copies. People were used in that day to professional savagery, and prurience had not yet become a reliable asset in the market. Fowler and Wells, of the *American Phrenological Journal,* afterward became his publishers and with better machinery of distribution managed to dispose of a thousand copies of the second edition. In 1860 a reprint of *Leaves of Grass* was made by Thayer and Eldredge of Boston. It was a firm of much better standing, and Whitman seemed at last about to make his bow to the public under the right auspices. But the house failed, with so many others, under the general tightening of funds at the outbreak of the war; and Whitman, after enlarging his public by something less than five thousand copies, found himself again silenced. Unsuccessful in securing a publisher for *Drum-Taps,* he again printed at his own expense. This year he was a clerk in the Indian Bureau, from which position he was discharged by the Secretary of the Interior for having in his desk an immoral book. Harlan had opened the desk and found therein *Leaves of Grass,* which the author was revising for re-publication.

"During my employment of seven years or more in Washington after the war, I regularly saved part of my wages," wrote this libertine to W. M. Rossetti, who had offered assistance, "and though the sum has now become about exhausted by my expenses of the last three years, there are already beginning at present welcome dribbles hitherward from the sales of my new edition, which I just job and sell myself (all through this illness my book-agents for three years in New York successively, badly cheated me) and shall continue to dispose of the books myself. In that way I cheerfully accept all the aid my friends find it convenient to proffer. Though poor I am not in want and I maintain good heart and cheer." Rossetti got up a handsome subscription for the two volumes. Though Whitman was to fare better in his old age, thanks to his English reputation and to American prudery, he remained his own shop-keeper until his death; and the front room of his two-story Camden cottage was piled with all the unsold copies of such editions of his books as were not in the handling of his latest Philadelphia publishers. He always needed simple assistance, however; and, says G. R. Carpenter, the many pecuniary favours extended to him in his declining years he took gratefully and gracefully, like a man who could pay his way no longer.

Though it takes us ahead of our chronology, his career may here be finished. In 1881 his *Leaves of Grass* received at last the ægis of one of America's most distinguished firms. But the second Boston edition under James R. Osgood and Company came to grief like the first, and for circumstances equally beyond the publisher's control. After two thousand copies had debauched America (how curious it all seems now!) a complaint was lodged against it by the Society for the Suppression of Vice. The publishers, says Carpenter, who had taken the volume on the express understanding that the poems about which discussion had previously arisen should be printed without change, now felt alarmed, shrinking timorously from the thought of a trial on such a charge. Whitman agreed to make minor changes, but the Attorney-General's office insisted on more extensive alterations; and the publishers decided to drop the book. In

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lieu of royalty they gave Whitman the electrotype plates, and these he put into the hands of a Philadelphia publisher. This firm sold in a single day an edition of three thousand and soon brought out another. No complaint was brought against the book in the lewder Quaker community—perhaps, says Carpenter, somewhat to the disappointment of the publisher, who would willingly have had the book advertised in that way. Even in provincial Washington calmer counsels prevailed, for the postmaster at Boston was forced to re-open the mails to the book, on direction from his superior officers. But the exploitation of Whitman had not been in the name of public interests only, for under cover of all this righteous uproar the plates of the original Boston edition had been bought at auction by an unscrupulous publisher and he succeeded in putting a number of copies on the market. These comedies of our mediæval period make strange reading in our more enlightened age!

Many authors besides Whitman saw their ambitions threatened with destruction by the suspension of their publishers' credit on the approaching rumble of war. "Bayard Taylor said to me once of a publishing house," writes Marion Harland in her autobiography, "'An honest firm but one that has an incorrigible habit of failing.' The habit was epidemic in the first half of 1861, and among others who caught the trick were my publishers." Even that Midas of letters, Proscott, had experienced, though only for the moment, the general depression of business. The last time he changed his publishers it was because fate itself drove the shrewder bargain. Phillips, Sampson and Company (whose contract was to publish in fifteen volumes and pay him fifty cents a volume) failed in the disastrous year of '59, after having paid him over thirty-five thousand dollars copyright in about three years. But even then his sun pushed smiling through the eclipse, for J. B. Lippincott and Company paid five thousand for the privilege of publishing the works and guaranteed a copyright of not less than six thousand a year.

Though Whitman came near being snuffed out by failure, Melville seems to have been completely ruined by fire. Murray in London had accepted *Typee,* and an arrangement was at once made with the London agent of Putnams for its simultaneous publication in America. He afterward switched to Harpers, who appear to have acquired the rights for *Typee* also. In 1852 the house of Harper was burned down, and in it the whole stock of Melville's books. Thus he fell out at what proved afterward to have been a critical moment for him. Whether despondent or engaged other where, he wrote in the succeeding ten years nothing but a few short stories and only one more romance, which was published in Putnam's magazine.

Both Putnam and Murray seem to have acquired caution from the Poe brand of imagination which purported to be strictly veracious, and before they published *Typee* they required proof that it narrated an actual expedition. It needed no affidavit, however, to assure Putnam that another travel narrative which fell into his hands was based upon real experience. For he himself had suggested the writing of it—after listening spellbound as Brabantio to the recital of the fortunes that had been passed by a stripling Othello, who soon afterward captured all America with his yarn. It was while Putnam was representing his firm in London that he received, in 1847, a call from a young American printer who having walked his way through the Continent was now on his uppers in London with no money for his passage home. He had secured work at a London printing office, says Derby, but had been thrown out through the jealousy of English compositors. Putnam gave him temporary employment, and thus laid the foundation of a life-long friendship. Within the year he published *Views Afoot, Europe Seen with Knapsack and Staff.* By Bayard Taylor. At this time Taylor was twenty-one years old, and he saw his book in demand all the rest of his life.

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CHILDS AND BONNER

The appetite of American readers for all sorts of expeditions was just then boundless. Preternaturally concerned so long with feeling their own pulse, they had lately waked to the fact that there were equally interesting ways of ascertaining how much healthier they were than everybody else in the world. It had not been ever thus, for once they had had the keenest palate for a grain of quinine in an ounce of jam and had refused to take the bitter with the sweet. When Cooper returned from abroad in 1833, his friends warned him by the shade of Washington and the memory of Jay to be prudent and not express at an evening party his surprise that the town was poorly paved and lighted; when he ventured to say to a wider public that he thought the bay of Naples of more classic association than the bay of New York, he was accused of a lack of patriôtism. But though it was many a weary year before the eagle ceased to scream, with or without pinching, patriots might now unreproached recollect that they had studied Morse's geography in childhood. It was because George W. Childs recognised their new willingness to enlarge their horizon that he laid the foundation of his fortune—though, to be sure, something else would have done so if that hadn't. Childs, indeed, was one of those that find stepping-stones in every brook. Having been errand-boy and clerk in a Philadelphia book-store and having made there the acquaintance of publishers and learned the rules of the game, he began to play it himself at the ripe age of eighteen. At twenty-one he was publishing under the firm name of Childs and Peterson. Almost their first book was a record-breaking hit. It was Kane's *Arctic Explorations,* and the publisher had more to do with its success than the author. Perceiving that the average American just then was anxious to learn of the outer world if he could keep himself unspotted from it in the learning, Childs persuaded Kane to change the purely scientific account of the Franklin expedition which he had brought the firm, into a popular narrative. The result was that in one year the royalty amounted to nearly seventy thousand dollars.

"I look back with genuine pleasure upon my experience as a publisher," wrote Childs. "I was more than prosperous in acquiring the friendship of so many worthy men among the publishers, booksellers, and authors with whom I came in contact. I have personally known and corresponded with all the writers who have given us an American literature. I visited Washington Irving several times at Sunnyside; he would go to sleep at dinner, but his guests understood his physical weakness and respected it. Longfellow I knew well and entertained him at my home, and when in Rome I passed several weeks with him and his family. Lowell, Emerson, Holmes, Motley, Prescott, Bancroft were valued friends. Prescott had his last photograph taken for me." A large part of Childs's library consisted, indeed, of presentation copies. Nor were his literary friendships confined to authors. Ticknor and Fields were old friends. G. P. Putnam printed a letter in which he warmly acknowledged the prompt and cheerful manner in which Childs gave him his name as security for one hundred thousand dollars in the hour of adversity. It is a pleasant picture—Irving and Childs, author and publisher alike, supporting Putnam as he slowly worked his manful way back to prosperity.

Childs tells an amusing story of the establishment of *Harper's Magazine* in 1850. "I can recall a solemn conversation in the office of the Harpers, then on Cliff Street. The four founders of the great firm were present. I was one of a group of Philadelphians and we were discussing the first number of Harper's new monthly. It seemed so certain to us that the publication would be a failure. 'It can't,' said one Philadelphian emphatically, 'it can't last very long.' The only successful magazines then published in the United States were in Philadelphia—*Graham's, Godey's, Sartain's,* and *Peterson's.*"

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"In 1833," says J. G. Bennett in his memoirs, "the periodical press was represented only by the *Knickerbocker,* the *North American,* the Philadelphia *Saturday Courier,* and the New York *Mirror;* besides these there was not a single firmly established literary journal in the whole country." By 1850, however, Philadelphia complacently saw a sturdy brood around her and felt herself not unreasonably a dispenser of the right Promethean ichor. And in her brief heyday, she sounded her note of triumph to the stars. But the Niobe of cities, she has seen herself bereft both of the seat of government and of literary dictatorship. Yet still she triumphs, for though her rivals accuse her of Philistinism she knows they know she has retained the better part. She may still boast—and does, as high as heaven—that her peculiar nourishment makes the best of circulations.

"I do not know," wrote Greeley of the Cary girls, "at whose suggestion they resolved to migrate to the city and attempt to live here by literary labour; it surely was not mine. Remember that we had then scarcely any periodical literature worthy of the name outside of the political and commercial journals. I doubt that so much money was paid in the aggregate for contributions to all the magazines and weeklies issued from this city as were paid in 1870 by the *Ledger* alone. The publishers of 1850 hardly paid a tithe of the prices now freely accorded to favourite writers; they paid what they could." Leland says that Phœbe and Alice stayed for a while at that literary rendezvous, Bixby's Hotel, but Mary Clemmes writes that from the first they had a home and began to make a circle of their own.

I have heard Alice tell how she papered one room with her own hands; and Phoebe, how she painted the doors, framed the pictures, and brightened things up generally. The nearest approach to the first ideal bluestocking reception ever reached in this country was their Sunday evening reception. Mr. Greeley never missed an evening when in the city, used to drink his two cups of sweetened milk and water, say his say, and then suddenly vanish. In manner he was not unlike Dr. Johnson. Then there were Whitelaw Reid of the *Tribune,* and R. W. Gilder of the *Hours at Home,* and George W. Carleton, the prince of publishers, whose elegant new book house on Broadway has already become the resort of literary and tasteful people. Robert Bonner, too, came constantly and was their faithful friend until their death. He has made illustrious the proverb, there is that scattereth and yet increaseth.

Robert Bonner, who was to become a horn of plenty to all scribblers of any reputation whatever and to all people of any reputation whatever whom he could bribe to scribble, began life, like so many other editors and publishers, as a printer. He bought the *Ledger* and set out to domesticate it. His design, like Addison's, was to make his paper the companion of the coffee cup. His first spectacular enterprise (however pallid it may seem to-day) was to engage Mrs. Sigourney as a regular contributor. Then, in 1855, he harnessed that young meteor, Fanny Fern. Soon his list embraced all the writers of the day—Everett, Bancroft, Bryant, Beecher, Bennett, Greeley, Raymond, Halleck, Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Stowe, the Cary girls, George D. Prentice. As well as Lady Bountiful to authors, he was the father of modern advertising; and like P. T. Barnum he had a large constructive imagination. Leland, at that time editing the *Illustrated News,* of which Barnum was one of the proprietors, properly sizes up the showman's genius. "Of all the men I met in those days in the way of business, Mr. Barnum, the great American humbug, was by far the honestest and freest from guile or deceit. (Here, if you please, is the bitterest drop in the cup of both publishers and authors!) To engineer some grotesque and startling paradox into tremendous notoriety was more of a motive with him than his desire for dollars. He was a genius like Rabelais, but one who em-

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ployed business and humanity for material instead of literature."

Just such a business imagination had Bonner. With boundless fertility he conceived scheme after scheme to keep the attention of the public riveted on his paper. Once he got twelve clergymen to write twelve stories; and the storm of discussion between those who deemed it undignified for a clergyman to add to his income (or even to seek to make both ends meet) and those who thought it wasn't, sold thousands of copies. He paid Henry Ward Beecher twenty thousand dollars for a commonplace novel; he published the Life of General Grant by his father; he paid Dickens five thousand dollars for a short story. When President Grant and Beecher got into difficulties, each in a different way, Bonner turned a trick that Machiavelli would have envied—he advanced equally his loyalty and his ledger by publishing correspondence prepared merely as an evidence of good faith and necessarily for publication.

THE SKY-ROCKET TWINS

Bonner offered Fanny Fern one thousand dollars a story, in order to get her to write for him. A short time before she had been drawing two dollars a column, space limited, as regular contributor to the Boston *True Flag*. After a while her breezy and zigzag style began to attract some little attention outside of Boston. Derby says that her only income for the support of herself and her child had been six dollars a week, the combined amounts received from her regular weekly contributions to the *Olive Branch* and the *True Flag*, when an offer from a New York paper enabled her to ask more. She raised her price to five dollars a column and then to twelve. Then, much to the chagrin of Boston, she broke her engagement without any notice and contracted to write exclusively for the New York paper. But the pay proved not as actual as it had been alluring, and after some experience with husks the prodigal child—much to the joy of Boston—returned. Derby and Miller, the New York publishers, provided the turning-point in her career. "I had occasion to look over the newspaper exchanges," writes Derby, "and it occurred to me that the sketches of Fanny Fern if gathered together and published could not fail to meet with a popular demand. (Derby all his life was poking among the slag of the newspapers for book material, and he uncovered some valuable nuggets—it was he who afterward collected the sketches of Mrs. Partington and Widow Bedott; and of Uncle Remus, which Appleton published in 1881.) I therefore wrote to the then unknown author (note the New York scorn of the idol of Boston!) addressing her as Fanny Fern and directing my letter to the Boston *True Flag*. My proposition was ten cents per copy for all sold, or one thousand dollars for the copyright." Fanny took a chance on the royalty. The book was called *Fern Leaves from Fanny's Portfolio*. Derby advertised it lavishly and spared no expense to create a sensation; and in one year it sold eighty thousand copies—within two she had received ten thousand dollars. How fortunate was Fanny to trust in her star!

Just as dashing in temperament and in career was her brother, N. P. Willis; and both of them carefully cherished their personalities. Their father had been publisher and editor of the *Recorder*, the oldest religious paper in New England. Nathaniel was the typical scion of ministerial stock. His social success was as brilliant as Byron's, and his mere presence intoxicated the impressionable. Accustomed in London, where for some time he was American correspondent, to be the flaming centre of Lady Blessington's group of rapt female seraphs who adored and burned, he came back to New York prepared to direct with a firm and jaunty baton the swelling chorus, See the Conquering Hero Comes. It swelled. "Next door to us," wrote Leland, "lived a family in which were four daughters who grew up to be famous belles. It is said that when the poet, N. P. Willis, visited them, one

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of these young ladies, who was familiar with his works, was so overcome that she fainted." Alas, there are no ladies now who swoon at too much brilliance, any more than there are poets who, like Keats, swoon at too much beauty! Even the word has gone out. Possibly this, too, is one of the many sad results of the commercialisation of literature.

"The literary career of Mr. Willis," wrote Stoddard, "was more brilliant in its beginning than that of any other American author. We had no literature then to speak of, and to write in the face of British insolence demanded as much courage as confidence. The attitude of the American mind and the absence of the critical faculty in this mind are apparent in the sensation created by the early poems of Willis. Where Bryant was diffident, reserved, ascetic, Willis was confident, bustling, and extravagant." Later writers, austerely reprimanded by some publishers, have advertised their works with their personalities; the trick is by no means a modern or even an American one. It may even be contended that Solomon began it. But life was not all coruscation for Willis. "Of all the editors whom I chanced to know in my early years," pursues Stoddard, "he was the most watchful for and considerate of young writers."

LITERATURE AND SOUTHERN LADIES

The bitterness of the literary era just before the war has been referred to, but there was another side. Marion Harland says that in 1855, when she began to extend her career beyond local bounds, the literary guild of America, though it harboured some professional jealousies it is true, exhibited much kindness to the newcomers.

In all frankness and with a swelling of heart that is both proud and thankful I aver that no other order of men and women is so informed and permeated and coloured with generous and loyal appreciation of whatever is worthy in the work of a fellow-craftsman, so little jealous of his reputation, and so ready to assist the lowliest member of his guild in the hour of need. Authors were not so plentiful then as to attract no attention in a crowd of non-literary people. Men and women who had climbed the heights sent back a cheering hail to those at the foot of the hill. I had many letters of encouragement from George D. Prentice, the poet-editor known of all men as friend and helper of youthful writers; and from Grace Greenwood, and Mrs. Sigourney, then on the retired list of American writers.

Marion Harland was writing after sixty years of literary life, during which she had borne a lily in her hand which had disarmed all malice. Sometimes, too, it had blotted out the landscape—for it was at the period of her first ventures that scribblers' squabbles were at their shrillest in New York. Furthermore she had been fortunate, too, in compiling, almost at the outset, a cook-book which had sold ten editions in ten months, and merrily soars at present beyond the million mark. (Mrs. Harland's publisher, by the way, said he accepted her cook-book only to bribe her into giving him a novel subsequently!) Success coupled with distance make soft lenses for aging eyes. Mrs. Sigourney, whose span was 1791-1865, was as tranquil and as hale as Mrs. Harland when she reviewed a very different career. "At an age surpassing three score and ten I still pursue literature with undiminished delight and unspectacled eyes. But with the exception of the initiatory volume sheltered under the patronage of my venerated friend Mr. Wadsworth, scarcely any profit has accrued to my literary labours in this vicinity or indeed in the whole of New England. On the contrary, some severe losses have occurred. To the States of New York and Pennsylvania I am mainly indebted for the remuneration of intellectual toil."

Some of her escape from the jealousies of her period, Marion Harland owed to her remoteness from the literary rialtos of New York and Philadelphia. Her recollections of the beginning of her career are a contribution not only to the

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history of Southern book-trade conditions but to the psychology of youthful Southern authoresses.

The principal bookstore in Richmond at that time (1853) was owned by Adolphus Morris. Though he was an intimate friend of the family, it was with sore and palpable quakings of the heart that I betook myself to the office of the man who took on dignity as a prospective publisher. It was positive pain to tell him I had been writing under divers signatures for the press since I was fourteen. The task grew harder as the judicial look I have learned to know since as the publisher's perfunctory guise, crept over his handsome face. He had patronised me from the moment I had said I had written a book. I have become familiar with this phase of publisherhood, also, since that awful day. When later I received a refusal, to my flayed sensibilities it was brutal. I see now that it was business-like and impersonal. Were I a professional reader I should indite one as brief and not a whit more sympathetic. But *Alone* was my first book, and a sentient fraction of my soul and my heart.

Her father determined to have Morris publish the book at his expense; but, although the leading publisher of Richmond, Morris had not the facilities to do so himself and had to print it at Philadelphia. Derby's account of his first dealings with that heavily weighted genius, Augusta Evans Wilson, shows also that publishers (especially Yankee ones) were expected to treat Southern ladies with a due sense of the honour conferred upon them of social position and of sex. Her cousin, a fiercely moustached person, accompanied her to the office and confessed later that if Derby had not accepted her manuscript it had been his firm intention to thrash the publisher. But *Beulah* was accepted, and the authoress became a guest at Derby's house instead. When the Civil War broke out she sent him, in 1863, by a blockade-runner via Cuba, a copy of her novel *Macaria,* published in Richmond. Derby arranged with Lippincott for its publication. To the surprise of both of them, one Michael Doolady, who had received a copy through the lines, had printed and nearly ready for publication five thousand copies.

I called upon Doolady and asked what copyright he intended to pay the author. He replied that the author was an arch-rebel, was not entitled to copyright, and would receive none. He finally agreed to pay me a royalty on all copies sold, and in consideration of this Lippincott withdrew the proposed edition. Late in the summer of '65 a lady closely veiled called at my office and said, "Mr. Derby, do you not know me?" Knowing well the familiar voice, I said, "Augusta Evans, is that you?" She had just arrived by steamer from Mobile, and I said that she must go at once to our home. She replied that she had come on with one of her brothers, who had been badly wounded, and that he was sitting on the steps outside. I told her he would find an excellent nurse in my wife. Then noticing her attire, I suggested that a new dress and bonnet would not be out of place, the styles of ladies' wearing apparel having changed considerably. She said her father had lost everything and she had no money to replenish her wardrobe. I then told her for the first time that she had considerable money for copyright received on *Macaria.*

Derby frequently visited Mrs. Evans at her home near Mobile, and she never had cause to complain of the Yankee publisher whom her cousin came near thrashing for not treating with due deference a Southern lady who was honouring him by consenting to be published. She wrote to Lippincott, "I have always been profoundly grateful for the generous and chivalric action in behalf of an unknown rebel, who at that period was nursing Confederate soldiers in a hospital established near "Camp Beulah" (so named in honour of her book). Not had she any reason to complain of the generosity and chivalry of other Yankee publishers. (Let us hope her fierce cousin lived to be told of it.) Of G. W. Carleton she wrote, "I should like the world to know how noble and generous he has always been to me. When pur-

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chasing the stereotype plates of my earlier books, he told me he was obliged to pay so much for the plates of *Macaria* that he could only allow me a moderate percentage on the future sales. Subsequently when *St. Elmo* and *Vashti* had been published, he said that the sales of the volumes justified him in increasing the percentage on *Macaria*. From that period until now he has done so, and the increase was his own voluntary, generous impulse."

SOME OTHER ANTE-BELLUM PUBLISHERS

George W. Carleton (of whom Alice Cary also wrote, "He has been very generous to me. I like him and you will") was a successful publisher—says Derby—without learning the trade; and in this respect he resembled Daniel Appleton, Robert Carter, and Charles Scribner. His first publication after establishing the firm in 1857 was a little poem by Aldrich, and he followed it with *Nothing to Wear*, by William Allen Butler. From so cautious a beginning no one could have foreseen that he would spend ten thousand dollars in advertising a translation of *Les Miserables*. Out of this and Hugo he made a great deal of money, but when he tried Balzac he found to his cost that the American public had not grown up as far as that. Derby tells us that his store was the rallying place of the brightest and most popular humourists of the day—possibly one of the indications that the American public was not ready for the *Comedie Humaine* was the great number of professional humourists it supported then!—and that Artemus Ward and Josh Billings were among his authors. At the noonday hour they would all adjourn to Pfaff's celebrated German restaurant, near Bleecker Street, the rendezvous at that time of the self-styled Bohemians.

Of these Mr. Howells gives us a glimpse in his *Literary Friends*. He had come out of the West to New York by way of Boston in 1860, gazing with ardent parochial eyes on gods and half-gods.

> I lost no time in going to the office of the *Saturday Press*. The Bohemia of New York was but a sickly colony, transplanted from the mother asphalt of Paris and never really striking root. What their ideas were in art and in life it would be very difficult to say; but in the *Saturday Press* they came to violent expression, not to say explosion, against all existing forms of respectability. If you were in the habit of rendering yourself in prose, you shredded your prose in very brief paragraphs that gave a quality of epigram to the style. The *Saturday Press* was clever, and attacked all literary shams but its own. It never paid in anything but hopes of paying, vaguer even than promises. I went to the office of the *Saturday Press* in New York with much the same feeling I had in going to the office of the *Atlantic Monthly* in Boston, but I came away with a very different feeling. I found there a bitterness against Boston as great as the bitterness against respectability. That night I went to the beer-cellar once very far up Broadway, where I was given to know that the bohemian nights were smoked and quaffed away. I stayed, hoping vainly for worse things till eleven o'clock, and then I rose and took my leave of a literary condition that had distinctly disappointed me. As I listened to the wit that did not seem very funny and thought of the dinner with Lowell, the breakfast with Fields, the supper at the Autocrats, I felt that I had fallen very far.

Carleton wrote three volumes of travels, yet seemed, in spite of it, to be able to keep the publisher's point of view separate from the author's. Mr. Henry Holt, in his article on the "Commercialisation of Literature," seems to agree with Mr. Robert Yard that the great danger of the publisher is that his temperament and the conditions under which he works will tempt him to forget that he is also a merchant and cause him to overestimate the actual market for the really fine work of literature. Mr. Holt recalls that the first Appleton said to that splendid gentleman, his son William, "The only misgiving I have regarding your success after I am gone, arises from my having noticed in you some symptoms of literary taste."

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Daniel Appleton had come to the publishing business not by way of printing but direct from bookselling. Perhaps never having in this way caught the fever of art for art's sake which publishers pleasantly fancy they are peculiarly susceptible to, he had a keener sense of values. At any rate, he had a vivid recollection of shelves of unsalable books; and he had begun his career without unduly exposing himself to it, building up his large business without greatly gambling in futures. Derby says his first book was *Daily Crumbs,* and his greatest literary enterprise—indeed, the greatest of any American publisher up to that date—was the New American Cyclopedia. His first book was about three inches square and half an inch thick, though it contained one hundred and ninety pages—in after years the firm obtained a copy of it by advertising that they would exchange for it the largest book they had published. Their Cyclopedia was compiled in sixteen volumes in about six years, in spite of the interruption of business by the Civil War; and if it was no venture by reason of the literary taste it tempted, it certainly could not have risked more in one basket if it had been.

Very different was it with Derby, who was always giving himself grandly, and—one is glad to be able to write—without loss, to his literary appreciations. It was in 1853 that Derby established himself as publisher in New York City, and during the eight years that the firm Derby and Miller continued they published more than three hundred volumes by American authors, most of them new books. Derby had the usual publishers' delight in "discovering" talent (a word which, applied in after years, diffuses a generous glow over what had been merely a business speculation). "In the year '54, soon after I had established myself in the book-publishing business in Nassau Street, a pleasant-looking young man called on me one day with a small manuscript of verses which he desired me to publish. That was my first acquaintance with Thomas Bailey Aldrich. He called on me a few days later (trembling, as he afterward told me) to learn the reader's opinion of his first effort. I told him I would print and publish a small edition. There was not much money in it to either author or publisher, but there was no loss." Derby tells an amusing story of how a friend of the author's tried to boom the book by asking at all the bookstores in town for a copy. He did this with success until he got them all to lay in a small stock, but over-reached himself at last and was forced through a miscalculation to buy a dozen copies. How often does a friendly turn turn in the hands of the turner against himself!

The one that Derby tried for two scribbling friends of his had, though abortive, less painful consequences.

It is a curious and strange fact that the three most famous of American journalists were not on speaking terms with each other up to the time of their deaths. Bryant and Thurlow Weed had never spoken to each other. They had been arrayed against each other politically. Introducing the matter to Bryant one day, I said that the friends of both felt that the time had arrived for them at least to recognise each other. I said I happened to know that Mr. Weed was anxious to become on friendly terms with all his former political adversaries, and mentioned the fact of his having been a pall-bearer at the funeral of Horace Greeley, notwithstanding that they had not been on speaking terms. Mr. Bryant listened to me in silence. Then slowly raising his clear grey eyes to mine he said, "Blessed are the peacemakers—". He paused for a moment or two; when I said, "Well, for they shall see—" He suddenly arose from his seat and left me saying, "Not yet, not yet!" The last time I saw him alive was the fatal day he was overcome after his oration on the unveiling of the statue of Mazzini in Central Park. On his way home he called to see me about his contract with the publishers of his *History of the United States,* which he had left with me for inspection.

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A BEST SELLER OF TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

When we consider the dominating influence which women exerted upon fiction in the nineteenth century in every modern language, and when we recall the specific qualities which fit women for novel-writing—their minuteness of observation, their delicacy of perception, their habitual seeking for concealed motives, their subtlety of sentiment—we may well wonder that they did not earlier adventure themselves in an art for which they were admirably equipped. Yet it is not until long after the epic had modified itself into the romance and even until after the romance had begun to transform itself into the novel that women made bold to enter on a rivalry with men in this work, for they had special gifts of their own.

It is to be noted also that it was not until they took up the pen themselves to portray life from their divergent point of view that prose-fiction began to be peopled with its proper proportion of female characters. It is true that a woman was the exciting cause of the siege of Troy, and yet the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* are essentially masculine narratives, written by a man about men and for men; and so is the *Æneid* also, although the pale image of deserted Dido emerges dimly in a single episode. The fair ladies who figure in the romances-of-chivalry occupy a large space in these impossible tales, but they are only sublimated shadows devoid of substance and reality. There are women a-plenty in the little novels of Boccaccio, but they are as summarily outlined as the men—even if Boccaccio's contemporary, Chaucer, had a keen eye for feminine foibles. Rabelais shrank from women with monkish dislike; and they in their turn have been repelled by the broad and robust fun of his sprawling story. Cervantes set before us men only; and in his careless masterpiece we catch only the fleeting flutter of a petticoat. When at last the hour was ripe for the romances-of-gallantry Mlle. de Scudéry proved herself at least as prolific as her brother and at least as extravagantly artificial and as elaborately tedious.

It was one of the contemporaries of Mlle. de Scudéry who was to reveal the ability of a woman to tell a story about a woman specially for other women. And we may hail Madame de La Fayette, the writer of the *Princess of Cleves,* as the earliest of women-novelists, the first in point of time, and only a little less than the first in point of achievement. We may call her, if we choose, the mother of the modern novel; and we can count among her children, Jane Austen and Maria Edgeworth, George Sand and George Eliot.

I

Marie-Magdeleine de la Vergne was born in Paris on March 18, 1634. She came of a good family; her father had friends at court, and her godmother was a favourite niece of Richelieu's. She was still a child when her father died; and she was only sixteen when her mother remarried. Her stepfather was the Chevalier de Sévigné, uncle of the Marquis de Sévigné, who died young and whose widow survived to reveal herself as an incomparable letter-writer. As a result of the mother's remarriage, the daughter became acquainted with Mme. de Sévigné, who was nearly ten years older; and their affinity of taste and of character caused this acquaintance to ripen speedily into a rich and enduring friendship. It was perhaps through their intimacy that the younger woman came to know Ménage, a scholar who posed as a man of the world and who delighted in the frequent composition of

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a pretty copy of verses. Ménage seems to have given her lessons in Latin, as he had given them also to Mme. de Sévigné. She became an accomplished Latinist; and she may even have attempted also the study of Greek and of Hebrew.

But her learning was never paraded, indeed she carefully concealed it. She was always as free from pedantry as she was from affectation of any sort. Even in her girlhood she possessed her full share of the taste and of the tact which was characteristic of the best society of that time. She and Mme. de Sévigné were both admitted to the circle that gathered around the Marquise de Rambouillet, the circle of the *précieuses,* which Molière was to immortalise a few years later. Although they both belonged to this coterie which was then beginning to break up, they were wholly free from the empty pretension and from the false prudery which characterised some of its members. They were as unlike the caricatured heroines of the early *Précieuses Ridicules* as they were unlike the more incisively etched figures of the later *Femmes Savantes.*

Like Mme. de Sévigné, the future Mme. de La Fayette was clever and cultivated; she had a pretty wit and not a little wholesome, youthful gaiety. Her temperament was calm, not to say placid. She revealed her self-control later in a letter she wrote to Ménage, in which she declared that she was contented with life because she believed herself to be contented. She was not exacting with others; and she was willing to make the best of what was offered. She displayed these characteristics in her marriage, which did not take place until she was nearly twenty-two, a rather advanced age for matrimony in France in the seventeenth century. If not an actual beauty, she had a charm which was even more attractive; and yet she had few suitors, perhaps because her dowry was small. But at last in February, 1655, she wedded a country gentleman, the Count de La Fayette.

Her husband appears to have been a simple-minded unpretending man. He took her to his estates in Auvergne and there they seem to have lived happily for several years. She wrote to a friend that her husband adored her and that she loved him very well. She bore him two children, both sons; and in time the elder took orders and the younger went into the army. She was always on the best of terms with her children, continually using her influence at court for their advancement in their several professions. She was very shrewd and practical in business matters, managing her affairs adroitly and knowing how to handle a lawsuit. The younger son, it may be recorded, survived her; and from his daughter the present family of the dukes de la Trémoïlle are descended. Her mother died in 1660, five years after her marriage; and about that time she returned to Paris, leaving her husband in the country; and thereafter he seems to have played no further part in her life. We do not know why they separated; indeed, we know very little about him, except that he lived until 1683, twenty-eight years after their wedding and at least twenty years after his wife had returned to her native city to take her place again in the society which she adorned.

She did not like the labour of letter-writing, and yet she was a most delightful correspondent, second only to Mme. de Sévigné. Many of her letters are extant and some of them have been printed here and there. It is to be hoped that they may yet be collected in a single volume with adequate annotation. Mistress of a style which was at once clear and easy, swift and supple, she overcame her disinclination for the fatigue of writing and published three works of fiction at varying intervals after her return from Paris. The *Princess of Montpensier* appeared in 1660, when she was twenty-six; *Zaÿde* in 1670, when she was thirty-six, and her masterpiece, the *Princess of Cleves,* in 1678, when she was forty-four. The novelists have usually flowered late in life; and it is rare for any one of them to produce a work of lasting value before the attainment of

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at least a half of the allotted three score years and ten.

Settled in Paris for the last thirty-odd years of her life, and established in the comfortable house which her father had left to her, a dwelling near the Luxembourg, with a quiet garden stretching away in the rear, she devoted herself to the cultivation of the fine art of living and to the development of her extraordinary gift of friendship. Mme. de Sévigné held her second only to the distant daughter, who was always a little jealous of the mother's affection for the more congenial friend. A bond almost as close united Mme. de La Fayette to "Madame," the wife of the King's brother, "Monsieur"; and this intimacy with one so near the throne and so beloved by the monarch, gave her an assured position at the court. Her friendship was of the best quality; it was never exacting or indiscreet; it was always devoted and reposeful. And if only for her friendships with the best of the brilliant men and women who illuminated the earlier years of the reign of Louis XIV. Mme. de La Fayette would demand recognition. She was intimate at one time or another with Bossuet, with Boileau and with Racine. And her association was even closer with Ménage, with La Fontaine, with Huet (who wrote an introduction for one of her works), with Ségrais (who lent her his name for the publication of this book), and with La Rochefoucauld, the author of those famous *Maxims,* which are the quintessence of worldly wisdom.

With none of these, excepting only Mme. de Sévigné, was her association as intimate as with La Rochefoucauld. The last years of the life of that disenchanted man of the world are inextricably bound up with Mme. de La Fayette. He was nineteen years older than she was, and she was to survive him thirteen years. She had met him after her marriage in 1655, but how soon we do not know, except that it was before 1663. Their friendship was consolidated soon after her return to Paris, whenever that might have been. Apparently it became closer after the death of La Rochefoucauld's wife in 1668 or 1669, when he had still a dozen years to live and when she had been separated about ten years from her husband (who was to survive La Rochefoucauld). La Rochefoucauld was no longer in robust health, and this may have intensified the acridity of his misanthropy, which found relief only in her society. With the revolving years she had lost her youthful buoyancy of spirit; and her invading melancholy may have been due also in some measure to failing health. La Rochefoucauld came to her every afternoon, and often Mme. de Sévigné joined them in interminable talks, sitting in the garden in the fading dusk of the long summer evenings.

Mme. de La Fayette was a victim of a nervous affection of some sort, almost as mysterious and incurable now as it was then. Although she disliked the fatigue of composition, she conducted a long correspondence with the court of Savoy and she even published two historical writings. But after the death of La Rochefoucauld sadness dominated her singularly sensitive nature. The last years of her life were filled with physical suffering. She found consolation in religion. She was comforted by the constant attention of Mme. de Sévigné and of Ménage. And she died in Paris on the 25th day of May, 1693, being then in her sixtieth year.

II

The life of Mme. de La Fayette is interesting in itself, if only from her friendships with the most significant men and women of her time. But it is as the author of the *Princess of Cleves* that she is most interesting to us. Sainte-Beuve called her the "reformer of the French novel," because she substituted simplicity and veracity for artificiality and fantasy. Anatole France declared that the *Princess of Cleves* was "the first novel in which the interest depended on the truth of its emotions." The Count d'Haussonville asserted that she created a new literary species, "the novel of observation and of sentiment." And Taine

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insisted that the *Princess of Cleves* was "the finest novel of its century"; and it seemed to him eminently characteristic of that century, with its orderly regularity, its stately dignity and its courtly tone.

To understand the extent of her innovation we must recall the condition of the novel in France when she composed her masterpiece, after the artificial pastoral-romance had been succeeded by the even more sophisticated romances-of-gallantry, which, as Professor Raleigh has remarked, "must be regarded as yet another step in the decadence of the romances-of-chivalry. The absolute predominance of love as a motive in war and politics, the immense complexity of the intrigue, the long soliloquies and sentimental analyses on perfectly conventional lines, the superhuman valour of lovers, and the number of continents that witnessed their exploits, the excitement of the satire, suspected or intended, on contemporary kingdoms and courts—all these, familiar already in the pastoral-romance, are introduced" in the romances-of-gallantry and "exaggerated to the point of distraction."

In her two earlier tales, Mme. de La Fayette had been subject to these contemporary influences. The *Princess of Montpensier* is a "novelette" not decidedly different from other stories of the same time. *Zayde* is even closer akin to the romances-of-gallantry, with its flamboyant adventures and its high-flown improbabilities; and only with difficulty can we detect in it any hint of the author's own individuality. But in the *Princess of Cleves* this individuality stands forth and all the trappings of the outworn formula are finally discarded. It is true that the author retained one tradition cherished by the writers of the romances-of-gallantry. She pretended that she was setting her story in an earlier day while she was actually describing the society of her own time. In the fiction the epoch is that of Henry II, but it is that of Louis XIV in fact. This is a transparent pretence; and she made no vain effort for historic accuracy, transporting boldly into the past the manners, the morals, and the social usages to which she was accustomed.

It is in the conduct of her plot and in the choice of her characters that she makes a new departure. The plot is simple and probable; the characters are few and true to life. Indeed, the story could scarcely be simpler without fading into insignificance. It has been sympathetically outlined by M. Anatole France: "Madame de Cleves, the most beautiful woman of the court, is loved by Monsieur de Nemours, the most accomplished gentleman of the whole kingdom. Monsieur de Nemours, though he had led a life of gallantry, becomes timid as soon as he is really in love. He hides his passion, but Madame de Cleves detects it, and involuntarily shares it. To defend herself from the danger to which her heart exposes her, she finally decides to tell her husband that she loves Monsieur de Nemours, that she fears him, and fears herself. Her husband at first reassures and consoles her; but through the imprudence and indiscretion of Monsieur de Nemours he imagines himself wronged, and dies of grief. His widow does not judge that she has thereby regained her liberty; she remains faithful to the memory of a husband whom she had never loved."

This story is as sincere as it is simple; and the characters are as alive as they are veracious. The atmosphere is aristocratic but the accent of genuine passion is heard in all its pages. The heroine is an honest woman with an exquisite delicacy of sentiment and with an inexorable pride. She has moral straightforwardness and ethical integrity. She is intensely feminine, and yet she is governed by reason. In spite of her deep affection for the man who loves her, she retains her charming serenity. As Taine said, "She never raises her voice." There are no loud words in the book, passionately as its pages may throb; there is no violence, no excess—ugly things which would have seemed to her not only shocking but vulgar. All is reserved, restrained, intimate, and in the best of taste, even when

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the emotion surges and our sympathy goes out to the pathos of her situation. All the shades and gradations of her growing affection for Nemours are indicated with the surest touch. The art of the narrative seems simple only because it is masterly. The etheriality of the heroine's sentiment is not detached from the reality of existence; but it is suggested with a subtlety and a certainty which none of the later experimenters in psychologic analysis have surpassed. And the end of her life is bathed in sadness like the autumn melancholy of the dying year.

The lover and the husband are painted with the same sure brush. Nemours is the ideal lover, with all the qualities physical and mental that an ideal lover can be endowed with—and also with the indiscretion and the selfishness which a real lover is likely to display. The husband is even better realised; he is not sacrificed to the lover, indeed he is perhaps more sympathetically portrayed because he is less idealised. He is very human and very manly. He lives and suffers like a man; and there is virile pathos in his parting words to his wife. There was courage as well as novelty in this presentation of the unloved husband, set over against the lover to whom the heroine has given her heart.

The *Princess of Cleves* is the earliest attempt to take a married woman for a heroine. Earlier novels had all ended like a fairy tale, with the perfunctory dismissal—"and they lived happily ever after." This suggestion is misleading, not to call it immoral. "Why is it that all comedies end with a marriage?" a cynic once asked only to answer his own question: "Because it is then that the tragedy begins." The romance of a married woman is likely always to contain the elements of tragedy; and tragic is scarcely too strong a word to apply to the *Princess of Cleves*. Dramatic it is beyond all question, rich in the very stuff out of which a vital drama is made—if we may believe Stevenson when he declared that the serious drama ought always to deal with "the great passionate *cruces* of existence when duty and inclination come nobly to the grapple." Here Mme. de La Fayette is a pupil of Corneille, whose sturdy vigour delighted her youth; and she was not seduced by the relaxing and pardoning plaintiveness of Racine. Her heroine has the loftiness of ideal and the austerity of motive of Corneille's noble woman, strong of will and resolute of purpose.

We need not wonder that her story was soon set on the stage both in France and in England, by Boursault and by Nat Lee. And two centuries after the *Princess of Cleves* was published its most effective situation, the confession of the wife to the husband and her appeal to him for protection against herself, reappeared again in a play of Bronson Howard's produced in New York as *The Banker's Daughter* and taken over to London as *The Old Love and the New*. But it had earlier been plagiarised from romance by reality, in the dramatic years of the French Revolution, when Madame Roland did not hesitate to tell her husband that she loved another man. And a dramatisation of the complete story, prepared with skilful sympathy by M. Jules Lemaitre, was acted in Paris in 1908.

This confession of Madame de Cleves to her husband has been called a piece of useless cruelty, laden with tragic consequences. Cruel it may be, and useless also, since the wife is saved at last by herself—as every one of us must be, if we are to be saved at all. But it is intensely human and intensely feminine. It is a deed which has its root in character. It is a natural manifestation of her scrupulous probity, of her ermine-like purity. She is consistent throughout, consistent in her passion, in her struggle, in her avowal, and in her self-respect. Especially is she consistent in her ultimate refusal to marry her lover after the death of her husband. Here her head controls her heart. Nemours was unwittingly, but none the less irrevocably, responsible for the death of Monsieur de Cleves. Should she mate with her husband's murderer? She could not but feel

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that if she descended to this, she would be an accessory after the fact.

III

Enough has been said to make plain the interest and the value of the *Princess of Cleves* in itself and to suggest its importance in the development of the art of fiction. All unconsciously and obeying only the promptings of her genius, Mme. de La Fayette broke new ground and enlarged the boundaries of the novel; she advanced its standards and set a profitable example to those who followed where she had been the first to venture. The story she composed may now seem to some readers a little old-fashioned in the stiffness of its form; but it is very modern in its theme and in the permanent truthfulness of its characters. Perhaps it might be a little pedantic to proclaim that the *Princess of Cleves* is an epoch-making work; but there is no pedantry in insisting that it was the first novel in which sentiment was truthfully analysed and in which the central figure was a real woman.

THE CITY OF "EDWIN DROOD"

BY BURTON EGBERT STEVENSON

THE little old town of Rochester, snuggled up into the curving arm of the Medway on the Kentish border, must always be the chief place of pilgrimage for the Dickensian. It fairly reeks of Dickens; it was the scene of his first story and his last, and of many others in between. Hither Mr. Pickwick and his three companions journeyed on their first historic expedition out of London. They stopped at the Bull Hotel, still standing, practically unaltered, where their rooms may yet be seen—and even slept in! It was here that Mr. Alfred Jingle and Mr. Tracy Tupman attended a ball—in a room still used for balls—and had an altercation with Dr. Slammer of the Ninety-seventh, which involved the bewildered Mr. Winkle in a duel next day. It was in this same Bull Hotel, masquerading under the name of the Blue Boar, that Pip and Mrs. Gargery and Uncle Pumblechook and the Hubbles and Mr. Wopsle celebrated a windfall of twenty-five guineas—the price of Pip's freedom—by a great dinner, at which, rather late in the evening, Mr. Wopsle favoured with Collins's Ode, and threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down with such effect that the commercials underneath sent a waiter up to protest.

It might be added that the Bull lives largely on its Pickwickian reputation. At either side of the wide entrance gateway is a board bearing Mr. Jingle's words, "Good house. Nice beds"; the words appear also on the bill of fare and the hotel stationery; and if one wishes to explore the place, a fee of sixpence must first be paid. One other title to fame has the Bull, and this, too, is proudly proclaimed by a board above the entrance, which informs the visitor that "Queen Victoria Stayed at This Hotel." Indeed, the inn is known officially as "The Bull and Royal Victoria Hotel," the latter part of the title having been added in 1836, when the Queen, then Princess Victoria, travelling to London with her mother, the Duchess of Kent, was overtaken by a terrific storm and forced to take refuge at the inn over night. Mr. Jingle's eulogium was pronounced by a man who had never stayed in the house, and Princess Victoria was forced to put up there against her will; so that the two principal items of its advertisement will not bear a critical examination. Never-

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ROCHESTER CATHEDRAL. THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE IS IN THE CORNER TOWER MARKED WITH A CROSS

theless, it is a good house, with pleasant rooms and a beautiful stairway and a snug bar and a bright, clean coffee-room, where some of the old furniture from Gad's Hill Place has been installed, and a great yard such as one sees nowhere but in these old coaching taverns; and the pilgrim to Rochester will do well to stop there.

One must stop some days, if one wishes to exhaust the Dickens interest of the town and neighbourhood, for Dickens's tales are filled with references to Rochester under various disguises. Naturally enough, for he spent six impressionable years of childhood in the adjoining town of Chatham, and, nearly forty years later, realised a childhood dream by buying Gad's Hill Place, three miles out on the Gravesend road, where he lived until his death.

But this paper is concerned only with Rochester's connection with *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*. To students of that unfinished tale—a mystery in a double sense—Rochester is exceedingly interesting, for, under the thin disguise of "Cloisterham," it is used as the scene of its principal events with remarkable exactness of detail. The action centres about the old cathedral, itself one of the most picturesque in England, and it has always been the hope of the present writer that a careful examination of the ground might give some clue to the solution of the story which Dickens had in mind. It was his good fortune to have been able to make that examination last summer, and his further good fortune to have had as companion and guide Mr. Edwin Harris, perhaps the most famous Dickensian now living at Rochester, and the author of a number of monographs dealing with Dickens's connection with the town. If any results were to be obtained at all by a careful survey of the ground, they would have been obtained in such company; but it may as well be said at once that such results as were obtained were wholly negative. In a word, they showed that certain things could *not* have happened, but they pointed to no certain solution of the mystery.

The protagonist of *Edwin Drood*, it will be remembered, is John Jasper, choir-master of Cloisterham cathedral, and uncle of the fated Edwin. He is painted as a dark and sinister individual, addicted to opium and subject to fits—rather a stage villain, all in all,

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JASPER'S GATEHOUSE

"The old gate still stands, a solid and handsome four-square piece of masonry. Above it is the little one-story-and-attic frame extension where Jasper dwelt."

scarcely convincing, and by no means so fearful as Dickens tried to make him. He lived in rooms over the old gate which shut the cathedral close from the High Street of the town. "One might fancy that the tide of life was stemmed by Mr. Jasper's own Gatehouse. The murmur of the tide is heard beyond, but no wave passes the archway, over which his lamp burns red behind the curtain, as if the building were a light-house."

This old gate still stands, a solid and handsome four-square piece of masonry, duly marked as "Jasper's Gatehouse" by a bronze plate put up by the Dickens Fellowship. Above it is the little one-story-and-attic frame extension where Jasper dwelt. It has been remodeled inside, so that the rooms no longer correspond with Dickens's description of them—perhaps they never did—but so far as the exterior goes, it has not changed since the day Dickens wrote of it. The march of improvement, however, has swept back the houses from one side and cut a street through, so that one may now enter the close without going through the gate at all. In Dickens's day, the houses hugged it closely on both sides, and one had only to close and bar the postern gate, which still hangs on its ancient hinges, to shut off ingress effectually.

Just within the gate, on the left as one enters, is the door where Mr. Datchery was wont to sit, his white hair about his ears, to watch Jasper's comings and goings. This was the house of Mr. Tope, the verger, and one may enter it now, for a sign above the door proclaims it, in language somewhat too archaic, to be "Ye Olde Gate House Tea Shoppe." The room beyond is as quaint as could well be imagined, with its low, beamed ceiling, its uneven floor, and quite authentic air of antiquity. But if one is looking for lunch, a better one may be had at the frankly modern shop on the other side of the High Street.

A hundred paces or so beyond the gate is the old graveyard adjoining the cathedral, shut off from the street by a high iron fence. It was through this fence that "Stony" Durdles, weaving his devious way homeward with Deputy at his heels, was wont to gaze admiringly at his creations in the tombstone line—"surrounded by his works, like a popular author." "'Your own brother-in-law,'" as Durdles remarked one night to Jasper, "introducing a sarcophagus within the railing, white and cold in the moonlight. 'Mrs. Sapsea!' introducing the monument of that devoted wife. 'Late Incumbent;' introducing the Reverend Gentleman's broken column. 'Departed Assessed Taxes;' introducing a vase and towel, standing on what might represent the cake of soap. 'Former Pastrycook and Muffin-maker, much respected;' introducing gravestone. 'All safe and sound here, sir, and all Durdles's work. Of the common folk, that is merely bundled up in turf and brambles, the less said the better. A poor lot, soon forgot."

It is naturally for the Sapsea monu-

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Photograph by the Author

THE CRYPT

"Since then, the crypt has been swept and whitewashed, and the air of mystery quite banished"

ment that one looks. As described in the book, it must have been a sort of burial vault which one could enter, for Durdles asks Sapsea for the key, in order that he may be sure that it is shipshape inside as well as out. Many hints in the story point to the likelihood that this monument was to play a most important part; most commentators believe that it was hither Jasper dragged his nephew's body and buried it in a bed of quicklime; some believe that Edwin died there, or was already dead; others think that Durdles, on his trip of inspection, stumbled upon the still-living body, snatched it forth, and brought it back to life, to confront the would-be murderer at the end of the story. Whatever purpose it was to serve, it need only be noted here that no monument even remotely resembling that assigned to Mrs. Sapsea exists in the churchyard, or, apparently, ever has existed there. It seems to have been wholly a creature of Dickens's fancy—which, of course, only makes it the more important, since he would scarcely have been at so much pains to imagine it in detail unless he had a very definite use for it.

Just beyond the graveyard is the west front of the cathedral, with its beautiful round-headed doorway—one of the finest Norman doorways to be seen anywhere. To gaze through it into the dim and picturesque interior is, indeed, as Mr. Grewgious declared, "like looking down the throat of Old Time"; but it is not the purpose here to deal with the architecture of this "venerable pile," except as it concerns *Edwin Drood*. From this point of view, the crypt is easily first in interest, for it was in the crypt that Durdles was constantly nosing about, turning up an "old un" now and then, or creeping into one of its dark corners to recover from the effects of a debauch; it was the crypt which Jasper carefully explored, with Durdles as guide, one moonlight night—an expedition about which Dickens sought to throw such an air of mystery and

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which he called "unaccountable" so often that every one agrees it had some close connection with the plot, the most obvious explanation being that Jasper was seeking a suitable place in which to make away with his nephew and dispose of his body, and had about decided that the crypt would do.

Forty years ago, the crypt was a dark and gloomy place, half-filled with dirt and rubbish—stone fragments, old tombstones, and débris of every sort, the accumulation of centuries. The glass was broken from the narrow windows, which were yet wide enough for a small boy to squeeze through, and so the boys of the neighbourhood used the place as a kind of gang headquarters. There are many men in Rochester, now verging into the sixties, who were more familiar with it at that time than they have ever been since, and who remember distinctly its damp and earthy smell, its darkness and general air of neglect and decay. It was in this condition that it was familiar to Dickens, and it must have seemed to him a very fitting place for the commission of such a crime as the murder of Edwin Drood. Here, too, a body could have been concealed, or placed in a bed of quicklime, with very little danger of discovery except by Durdles, and every one seems to be agreed that it was by Durdles the discovery was to be made.

Since then, the crypt has been swept and whitewashed, the glass restored to the windows, and the air of mystery quite banished. Throngs of visitors, at sixpence a head, troop through it daily, under the guidance of a verger, and it would now be quite impossible to conceal anything there, as a glance at the accompanying photograph will show. So it takes some effort of the imagination to reconstruct the place as it appeared on the night of the "unaccountable expedition."

Dickens has described its progress with great detail, and one can follow it step by step. Jasper calls for Durdles at the hole in the city wall in which he lives, just back of the Travellers' Twopenny, and together they cross the Monks' Vineyard and come to Minor Canon Corner, and pause behind a "piece of old dwarf wall, breast high, the only remaining boundary of what was once a garden, but is now the thoroughfare," and which has long since been swept away. Then they walk on toward the cathedral along a narrow passage past the ruined cloisters which still exists, and enter the crypt by a small side door of which Durdles has the key. The door and the "rugged steps" which they descend are, of course, easily identified.

They walk up and down the crypt for some time, then mount the flight of steps leading into the nave of the cathedral, and pause while Durdles unlocks the heavy door at the top, "with the key he has already used." It is perhaps worth remarking that this door does not need a key to be opened from the inside. Indeed, a key cannot be used, as the bolt of the lock is controlled by a catch. The catch is a trick catch, as the present writer found, after he had been shut into the crypt by the verger, spent an interesting half hour there, and then tried to get out again, for it was some time before he mastered the trick and regained his liberty. The lock is very old, and the key which is needed to work it from the outside is a heavy iron one—perhaps the very one which Durdles is supposed to have carried and which Jasper examined so minutely.

Another short flight of steps leads to the choir, which is a few feet higher than the nave, and here there is another gate, an iron one in the beautiful old choir-screen, which Durdles also unlocks. Once in the choir, they cross it diagonally to the far corner, pass through the door leading to the corner tower, and "go up the winding staircase, turning and turning, and lowering their heads to avoid the stairs above, or the rough stone pivot around which they twist. Twice or thrice," Dickens adds, "they emerge into low-arched galleries, whence they can look down into the moonlit nave." This is a curious mistake for Dickens, who had presumably been up this staircase many times, to make, for there is no open-

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ing from the stairway into the triforium, nor any through which one can look down into the nave.

It has been the theory of many people that Jasper killed his nephew by pushing him from the top of this tower on the night of the great storm, after having inveigled him up there in a semi-intoxicated condition, and that he then descended and bundled the body into the crypt. A visit to the tower disproves this theory, because there is no way in which this could be done. There is no way to get out to the top of it, for it is covered by a solid four-square roof, and the single narrow door opens upon the gutter of the church-roof, which is guarded by a parapet some three or four feet high. Over the parapet at this point a body might, indeed, be thrown, and would fall a sheer hundred feet or more to the pavement below. If the body was thrown over at all, it must have been just here, for at every other point the gutters overlook the lower roofs of the aisles or of similar projections built against the main body of the church. There can be little doubt that it was from this point Jasper and Durdles looked down on Cloisterham, "fair to see in the moonlight."

They seem to have descended without going any farther; but this is really only the beginning of a most interesting journey. Passing along this gutter, one en-

THE CATHEDRAL TRANSEPT

"Another short flight of steps leads to the choir, which is a few feet higher than the nave, and here there is another gate, an iron one, which Durdles also unlocks"

THE CATHEDRAL CLOSE

"They walk on toward the cathedral along a narrow passage past the ruined cloisters"

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Photograph by the Author

MINOR CANON ROW

"A wonderfully quaint row of brick tenements, with odd little porches over the doors, like sounding-boards over old pulpits"

ters a little door leading into the great central tower of the church. There is a platform here, from which a long steep ladder leads to a trapdoor opening on the platform above the bells. On either side stretches a dim space, circumscribed above by the heavy timbers of the roof, and below by the rolling masses of the stone vaulting of the transepts. A narrow walk of planks spans this vaulting, and one creeps forward cautiously above the billows of stone, bending low under the great cross-timbers of the roof, and peering down into abysses masked in blackness.

To the expert in architecture, this vaulting in reverse must be most interesting; to the student of *Edwin Drood* the thought occurs that this dark and eyrie place is more suggestive of tragedy than the crypt could ever have been, and one wonders if it was not in one of these black pits, whose depths are quite secure from any casual observation, and where even Durdles never came, that Edwin Drood's body was to be concealed, after he had been strangled with the long neckcloth. Dickens was, of course, familiar with it, and the picture which appeared on the cover of the original issue of the story, drawn from directions given by Dickens himself, might be held to give some basis for the theory. For, at the right of the cover, is shown a spiral stair up which three men, obviously Tartar, Grewgious and Crisparkle, are hastening. It is undoubtedly the tower stair which is depicted, and the present writer has always believed that the three men were hastening in pursuit of the fleeing Jasper, who was to be captured by the agile Tartar after a fierce chase over the cathedral roof; but the cause of their haste may really be the chance discovery of the body somewhere in the dim recesses overhead. Or perhaps the conscience-stricken Jasper, drawn back to the body of his victim, as murderers so often are in fiction, and sometimes even in real life, may be all unconsciously leading them to it.

One point more. Andrew Lang hazarded the guess that Jasper might have killed his nephew by drugging him and then pushing him down the winding staircase of the tower. Any one who has been up that staircase will realise the absurdity of this, for it is so narrow and turns so sharply that no one could possibly fall down it more than a few steps.

The first turning beyond the cathedral, as one leaves it by the west door, is Minor Canon Corner, leading to Minor Canon Row, "a wonderfully quaint row of brick tenements, with odd little porches over the doors, like sounding-boards over old pulpits." In one of them —the second one from the far end, so Mr. Harris says—the athletic Crisparkle lived with his mother, and took the ill-fated Neville Landless to stay as a pupil. This row of houses is quite unchanged, as may be seen from the accompanying photograph, and is still, no doubt, inhabited by the minor canons of the cathedral.

A hundred yards farther on is a public park known as The Vines, which was once the vineyard belonging to the Priory of Saint Andrew, connected with the cathedral. That the good monks were fond of wine the size of the vineyard shows.

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EASTGATE HOUSE
"It was here that Miss Twinkleton kept her Select Seminary for Young Ladies"

It is mentioned many times in *Edwin Drood*. Three days before his death, Dickens, who was finding the writing of the story unexpectedly difficult, walked over from Gad's Hill, and spent a long time in The Vines, leaning against the fence, apparently so deep in thought that he did not notice, as he certainly did not heed, the salutations of chance passers-by. That he was pondering his story cannot be doubted, for the Monks' Vineyard figures in the pages written a few hours before his death.

If one leaves The Vines by the gate in front of Restoration House and turns to the left along Crow Lane, one comes in a few minutes to the site of the "Travellers' Twopenny," as it is known in *Edwin Drood*. Its real name was "The White Duck," and Dickens certainly does not exaggerate its shady character, for its memory still survives in Rochester as a public house so disreputable that any girl seen coming out of it, or out of the alley leading to the rear entrance, lost her good name at once and forever. It was torn down many years ago.

The alley which runs back past the place leads to the fragment of the ancient city wall, in which Stony Durdles had his abode. The yard in which his monuments were cut and polished was in front of it, and it will be remembered that, on the night Jasper paid the place a visit, he nearly stepped into a heap of quicklime.

" 'Ware that there mound by the yard-gate, Mister Jarsper,' says Durdles.

" 'I see it. What is it?'

" 'Lime.'

"Mr. Jasper stops, and waits for him to come up, for he lags behind.

" 'What you call quicklime?'

" 'Ay!' says Durdles; 'quick enough to eat your boots. With a little handy stirring, quick enough to eat your bones.' "

That is all that is said about the quicklime, but the suggestion is obvious. The one thing which has puzzled the commentators is to explain how Jasper managed to get enough of the stuff to bury a body in inside the Sapsea vault, or into the crypt. Mr. Lang, or perhaps it is Mr. Proctor, suggests that Jasper spent a strenuous night wheeling it there in a barrow, and points out the emphasis which Dickens lays upon the fact that the close is absolutely silent and deserted after nightfall, so that Jasper would

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stand in small danger of discovery. But to get to the close, he would have had to come out past the Travellers' Twopenny, the one place in Cloisterham where stragglers were almost certain to be encountered at any hour of the night. It is possible that Dickens may have had at the back of his mind when he began to tale some such development, but he must have abandoned it when he came to consider it more carefully.

Returning to Crow Lane and proceeding on in the direction of the High Street, one presently finds one's self opposite a great, rambling, three-storied brick building, with many bays and dormers. It is known as the Eastgate House, and is now a museum owned by the town; but it is also both the Nuns' House of *Edwin Drood* and the Westgate House of the *Pickwick Papers*. It was here that Miss Twinkleton kept her Select Seminary for Young Ladies; it was here that Rosa Bud and Helena Landless went to school, and it was in the garden attached that Jasper made his violent and threatening declaration of love. It is a most interesting pile, dating from 1591; originally the mansion of a great gentleman, Sir Peter Bucke, it fell from that high estate, and for many years was really used as a school for girls. It is as a girls' school that it figures also in *Pickwick*, for it was here, one dark night, that Sam Weller boosted his portly employer over the wall, in the effort to prevent an elopement—an adventure which ended in Mr. Pickwick's discomfiture and confusion.

Just across the street is the three-storied house—each story overhanging the one below—where dwelt Mr. Sapsea, auctioneer and mayor of Cloisterham. The date 1684 is on a shield between the gables; and, by a curious coincidence, the lower story is the office of a firm of auctioneers.

All of which shows how closely Dickens followed local topography, and how clearly he had it in mind, as he built up his tale. No doubt he fancied he could thus give an added verisimilitude to a plot sadly in need of it! Only when there was absolute necessity did he invent a detail—and its invention proves how necessary it was. For instance, there is not and never has been a weir in the river near Cloisterham. Dickens, to furnish an additional clue to the person he wished suspected of the murder, placed a weir about two miles above the town. As has been said already, there was no burial vault in the churchyard such as the one assigned to Sapsea. And the dark, mysterious, Wilkie Collinsey atmosphere which Dickens tried to throw about the cathedral precincts existed, of course, only in his imagination.

Some months ago, the present writer hazarded some conjectures, in THE BOOKMAN, as to the outcome of the story. The careful examination of its scene, as here outlined, has added nothing new to these, nor suggested any modification of them, except perhaps a more pronounced leaning toward the belief to which Andrew Lang, after long continued effort to find a reasonable solution, ultimately came: that Dickens himself did not see clearly how the story was to end, and had need to ride most carefully and adroitly to avoid a cropper at the last.

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LEIPSIC, THE MUSEUM AND UNIVERSITY

LITERARY LEIPSIC

BY AMELIA VON ENDE

It is curious how a slight touch of ridicule will cling and colour one's conceptions, how a word, the occasion for which has long been forgotten, may affect one's attitude after centuries have gone by. Luther was the first malefactor to cast a slur upon the good and worthy city of Leipsic, when in one of his irascible moods he tersely crystallised his impression of it in the phrase: *Lipsia lipsiscit.* However little harm there was in the fact that Leipsic was wont in his time to go its own, perhaps narrow way, the phrase seemed ever after to reflect upon its character. The other malefactor was Goethe; for who does not feel the sting of satire in the words which he makes a drunken fellow say in *Faust:*

> Mein Leipzig lob' ich mir,
> Es ist ein klein Paris und bildet seine Leute.
> (My Leipsic I must praise!
> It is a little Paris and educates its people.)

Somehow these two utterances, combined with the city's reputation for slowness—*Lipsia vult expectari*—at an age not yet possessed of the demon of speed, tended to solidify into a notion of a city obstinately and deliberately going its way with an assumption of metropolitan airs—a provincial attempting the Parisian pose!

These preconceived and erroneous notions once corrected by better information and closer acquaintance, Leipsic emerges from the somewhat misleading mists of its reputation as a city with no little reason for local pride. For has it not been through its whole existence a centre of commerce and of knowledge? Leipsic without its "Messen,"—its fairs—Leipsic without its university, is a thing unthinkable. It is the fairs that have made Leipsic no less than the university, for those monster markets have given it that material prosperity which fosters intellectual ambitions and furnishes a solid foundation for ideal aspirations. Of these fairs with which Leipsic has become identified, there are three kinds: the weekly market which establishes the exchange of commodities between the city and the surrounding country and lasts only one day; the "Jahrmarkt" or annual market which lasts several days and assembles the representatives of the country's trade; and the "Messe" which attracts buyers and purchasers from far and

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near and lasts a week or more. The size of the market-place of Leipsic suggests that its founders had an eye for business, and the history of Leipsic records that these markets were indeed visited by foreign merchants a hundred years after its foundation—a record for growth which seems to contradict the city's reputation for slowness. The first "markets" were held at Easter and Michaelmas; a third was added at New Year's, and all three developed into fairs with the Eastermas the most important.

That these great conventions for purposes of trade were attended by spectacular features calculated to offer recreation after the serious labour of commercial negotiations, is proof of the shrewdness of the people. Itinerant showmen of every kind and calibre were admitted on signing pledges of good conduct, and reaped a rich harvest. While the legitimate trade was carried on in the booths on the market-place, relieved by stands and tables where refreshments were served, the shows on the "Rossmarkt"—horse market—attracted almost as great a crowd of mere pleasure-seekers. For there were menageries, circus performances, curiosity cabinets, panoramas, wax works, flea theatres, gambling booths and other amusements of a more or less innocent nature. It is recorded that no less than fifteen thousand strangers visited the Eastermas in the year 1800.

In the course of the century with its industrial development the popularity of these masses began to decline and other cities of Germany tried to wrest them from Leipsic. The city had grown in population—it numbers now some six hundred thousand inhabitants—until it ranked fifth in size after Berlin; but the profits for the individual participators at the monster markets had not grown in proportion. Through the efforts of a far-seeing businessman, however, the Leipsic chamber of commerce appointed a special committee to raise a fund for the maintenance of the fairs under more timely conditions. The old "Gewandhaus," the centre of Leipsic's musical life during the time of Mendelssohn and Schumann, was remodelled and made into an appropriate meeting-place for the wholesale trade and the retail trade and side-shows were established upon the new fair ground, the "Messplatz," which at least twice a year affords a spectacle as animated and fascinating as the old "Messen" had been.

While Frankfort, Nuremberg and other commercial cities of Germany were early identified with wholesale trade, Leipsic was always the middleman, the half-way station, where merchandise was exhibited for trade on its way north or south, east or west. The city dealt with a variety of articles: smoked and salt fish from northern seaports, dairy, farm and garden products from the surrounding country, tallow, wax and hides from the east, textile products from the south, spices from the west. This commercial activity promoted international intercourse and gave it an importance out of proportion to its size and age. Cities of such material prosperity are likely to emulate the great metropoles of the world in everything, even in metropolitan vice; for prosperity seems infallibly followed by luxury and license. An Italian priest who preached in Leipsic in 1452 against immoral dances, indecent dress and other sinful manifestations of the city's life, succeeded in bringing about a spiritual revival *à la* Savonarola. The people built a fire and threw into the flames cards and dice, dancing slippers and cosmetics, and other evidences of their frivolous frame of mind. But the good resolutions were not kept long.

For the university which had been founded in 1409 upon the model of the universities of Prague, Bologna, and Paris, attracted the well-to-do youth of the country and the ambitious and adventurous from far and near, and its chronicles record numerous trespasses against the decalogue. But the reputation of the students of Leipsic at that time was hardly worse than that of other universities. The only matter in which they seem to have surpassed the students of other learned institutions, was that of dress. The Beau Brummels were numerous, and dandyism was felt by them to be

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so essential a feature of their rank and station in life, that a ducal ordinance limiting the extravagance of students' fashions caused a riot in 1682. That this dandyism was calculated to impress the fair maidens of Leipsic goes without saying. The reputation of the girls of Saxony for beauty so naively expressed in the rhyme,

Sachsen,
Wo die schönen Mädchen auf den Bäumen wachsen.
(Saxony, where the pretty girls grow on trees).

and the reputation of the Leipsic students for dandyism combined to make the city worthy of being called "Das galante Leipzig," the term "galant" to be taken in the special German meaning, which is at once elegant, polished, chivalrous and—amorous. The amorous adventures of Leipsic students were indeed fully as remarkable as their academic achievements.

The interest of the population was early divided between trade and science. It is significant that Leipsic at an early period acquired and to this day retained a monopoly on the book-trade and allied industries. The first printing-press was owned by Andreas Frisner, professor of theology and rector of the university in 1482. Three years later one Kunz Kachelofen opened the first public printing office, and within the next half century the printing and book trade developed briskly. The religious struggles and persecutions of the Reformation for a time threatened to kill the trade which had done no little toward spreading the gospel of the new church. But by the middle of the sixteenth century the book-trade of Leipsic had grown to such proportions that its display at the "Messen" attracted great numbers of learned and distinguished visitors from all over the country. An enterprising Swiss who had studied in Leipsic, Ernst Vögelin, was one of its pioneers. He had married the daughter of a Leipsic printer and enlarged the establishment by a type foundry, a publishing house and a retail book store. But accused of being a secret adherent of

LEIPSIC, ROYAL CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

Calvinism and heavily indebted to unscrupulous creditors, he failed and had to leave the town. Another pioneer in the trade, Henning Gross, had also to suffer for his supposed religious heresies. He was the first to publish a catalogue of the fair of 1595, which placed Leipsic officially at the head of the trade.

The University was so inseparably associated with the city and its people that it had a succession of academic dynasties of almost autocratic power. They dictated its policy in the minutest details and caused no little discontent in the period when a new intellectual life began to assert itself even within its sacred walls, shaking the foundations of the old order and ushering in a period of enlightenment which made of Leipsic something like a centre of new thought. But the forerunners of this new life were no better treated at the university than other pioneers. The great philosopher Leibnitz had been refused his doctor title, left the university and never returned to his native city, which now honours the memory of its great son by a monument in the court of that same university. Thomasius, the other great thinker, shocked the supporters of various time-honoured archaisms by delivering a lecture in German instead of Latin, and for this misdemeanor was soon after removed, and also

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THE HOUSE WHERE RICHARD WAGNER WAS BORN

deserted his native town. Academic mediocrity ruled until the middle of the eighteenth century. Yet it was this same mediocrity that coined the boastful phrase, *"Extra Lipsia non est vita; si est vita, non est ita,"* a conviction shared by faculty and students and a good part of the citizens, although other universities of the country were much more alive—and some cities likewise.

That century made Leipsic a literary centre; for it brought to the city a man who, however limited were his creative gifts, became a stimulating and critical force in the literature of the country: Gottsched. He had an amazing receptive power, absorbed philosophy, letters and art as a sponge does water, and under the pressure of social stimulus gave to others what he had acquired, in a far more attractive form than he had received it. By his undeniable linguistic talent and his really fine feeling for the purity of speech, he became the savior and reformer of German prose which was at that time hopelessly encumbered with dialect elements. Gottsched was a great admirer of French drama, a taste shared by his gifted wife, Luise, and with her aid and that of his friend, the talented actress and theatrical director Karoline Neuber, set out to reform the German theatre. The Neuber company had appeared in Leipsic at Eastermas in 1727 and proved vastly superior to others of its kind. It settled in Leipsic and by restoring something of the lost dignity of the drama and banishing the "Hanswurst"—clown—from the stage, determined the future course of the German theatre. Gottsched's importance rests upon his function as dramatic critic. But it is indispensable in our days to take note of another feature of Gottsched's work: his attitude toward woman. His respect and admiration for the "gelehrte Frauenzimmer," the well-informed and learned woman of which Frau Gottsched was a brilliant example, was so great, that he edited two magazines for the special edification of woman readers. That he, who had set out to fight orthodoxy in letters and drama, ended by becoming rather orthodox himself and considering himself infallible, has dimmed his fame, but does not diminish his merits.

A man who at that time enjoyed great popularity at the university and outside of it was Gellert, the genial writer of fables that every German child knows, of sacred lyrics which are a bit doctrinal and rigid, and of a prose which is delightfully simple and graceful. Gellert was not a great creative genius, but an all around adviser and counsellor in matters secular and spiritual. As university professor he was of such scrupulous conscientiousness that he was wont, like a modest schoolmaster, to correct the treatises and dissertations of his students with red ink. He had a profound and wholesome influence upon his students, among whom were Lessing, the keenest, and Goethe, the most universal mind of Germany. It does credit to Goethe that he preserved among the souvenirs of his Leipsic days many a theme which bore corrections from the venerated master's

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hand. Gottsched's star was then waning; his intolerance had alienated from him men who had at first been in sympathy with his aims; the society which he had founded would not suffer his dictatorial pedantry and his famous controversy with the Swiss critics, Bodmer and Breitinger, who had taken English letters and especially Milton as their model, ended in defeat. Even the faithful "Neuberin," the dramatic exponent of his ideals, Lessing, Gellert and others deserted him, who had at one time reigned undisputed. But Leipsic continued to attract German poets of that time, and among the houses marked by commemorative tablets are not only those of Gellert, the student quarters of Goethe and Lessing, but also the house where Schiller wrote his "Lied an die Freude," and others.

Not only in literature and all the trades and arts connected with the book-industries did Leipsic early acquire prominence. In music, too, it had the rare luck of becoming the residence of no less a musician than Johann Sebastian Bach. But although Bach was organist of the Thomas church, the director of its choir, instructor in the Thomas school and "director musici" of all the other churches, as also of the town pipers and town fiddlers, he does not seem to have had a very easy time with the authorities in power. For his biography records numerous irritating little disputes concerning discipline and even his modest salary. When he died and the worthy burghers of Leipsic consulted about the choice of a successor, they expressed the opinion that Herr Bach had been a great musician, but not a great teacher. They forgot even to mark his grave. The Napoleonic wars which wrought such havoc in Germany and disturbed no little the "Lipsian" pace of life, naturally retarded the progress of the city, just as the Thirty Years' War had done. But the coffers of the citizens seem to have had a respectable reserve fund; for business was promptly resumed and the growth of the city was not perceptibly checked. The industries speedily revived,

THE HOUSE WHERE SCHILLER WROTE "LIED AN DIE FREUDE" (ODE TO JOY)

attendance at the fairs was as great as ever. It is certainly a proof of enterprise calculated to refute Leipsic's reputation for slowness that it built out of its own initiative the railroad from Leipsic to Dresden which was opened in 1839.

The book trade of Leipsic took another step forward when its first great encyclopedia was launched, the now forgotten *Universallexikon* by Zedler in sixty-four volumes, the forerunner of the encyclopedias now published in that city. Bernhard Christoph Breitkopf, the publisher of Gottsched, became the founder of the firm still carrying on business, though principally as music publishers, under the name of Breitkopf and Härtel. The older firms were joined in 1795 by Georg Joachim Göschen and in time followed Karl Christoph Traugott Tauchnitz, Benedikt Gotthelf Teubner, Friedrich Arnold Brockhaus and Christian

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LEIPSIC, THE HOUSE OF BOOK TRADES

Bernhard Tauchnitz. The firm of F. A. Brockhaus has become identified with the encyclopedia known as *Brockhaus' Konversationslexikon* and the Bibliographische Institut with *Meyer's Konversationslexikon* and a number of encyclopedias of art and science. The house of Philipp Reclam undertook to supply the German book market with cheap editions under the collective title *Universal-Bibliothek*. To this enterprise the German people owe in a great measure their astonishing familiarity with foreign literature, for in this edition translations of the works of the great Scandinavians, Russians and other foreign writers speedily followed the publication of the original and by their very low price—ten cents!—came within the reach of readers of moderate means. The demand for cheaper editions of musical works was also first supplied by a Leipsic firm, the "Bureau de Musique" which since the year 1814 bears the name of Carl Friedrich Peters.

During the first part of the nineteenth century Leipsic was pre-eminently a centre of musical life. For the old Gewandhaus was the scene of orchestral and choral performances in charge of eminent musicians, among them Mendelssohn, who made it world-famous. The conservatory of music was also founded in his time and, while Mendelssohn was its director another great German composer was a prominent member of the faculty, Robert Schumann. Finally Leipsic can lay claim to be indirectly the cradle of the new German opera; for Richard Wagner was born there on May 22, 1813. It is curious, however, that the city does not seem conscious of the significance of that fact; for the house in which he was born has recently been demolished; and no street, no square bears his name, nor has his memory been honoured by a monument.

It would seem, indeed, as if Leipsic had its own Lipsian way of treating its great sons, and it has been suggested that it does so quite innocently, because it is

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its nature. The thrifty and hustling city has its business interests so much at heart that it may lack the genuine appreciation of intellectual superiority and of artistic genius. Though identified with the book and music trade and indirectly also with the reproductive arts, it did not with the exception of Leibnitz, Thomasius and Wagner, produce any great writers or musicians. The great men associated with its literary life from the time of Goethe and Lessing to the present, were residents, but not natives. The list of these transients is long and illustrious; it includes the names of Schiller and Jean Paul; of Freytag and Busch, who were connected with the "Grenzboten," now published in Berlin; of Laube, the dramatist, prominent in the Young Germany of the thirties who lived there off and on as editor of a magazine; of Ebers, who is known in America only as author of "Egyptian" stories, but who for fifteen years was professor of Egyptology at the university; of Gottschall, novelist, dramatist and poet, Ernst Eckstein and others. But of the native writers who became widely known during the last century there are only Roderich Benedix, the prolific playwright, whose light little comedies are popular with teachers and students of German, Elise Polko and Marie Lipsius, known almost exclusively under her pseudonym "La Mara," both closely associated with the music of their time.

During the Mendelssohn-Schumann period, artistically one of the most brilliant in the history of Leipsic, a popular figure was the promising young singer Elise Vogel, who when failing health terminated her operatic career and marriage followed, became as Elise Polko one of the most prolific and popular writers of prose and verse of the "womanly womanly" style of the Victorian period. There is no denying the fact that the tales and sketches and short stories which she published under the collective title *Musikalische Märchen, Phantasien und Skizzen,* though far from giving the innocent young music student an idea of what the real life of the profession was and still is, were most stimulating and inspiring in a mild sentimental way and found scores of readers to whom a less emotional and sweetly idealistic manner would not have appealed. A more sophisticated generation has dubbed her "Musikalische Märchentante," but her numerous volumes of fiction, memoirs and recollections of the famous men and women of her day hold their own. As closely identified with a later period in the history of music is the name of Marie Lipsius, daughter of a rector of Thomas school. She, too, had studied music with a pupil of Liszt and when introduced to the Liszt circle at Weimar a friendship ensued between her and the master which lasted to his death. "La Mara," as she chose to call herself, when encouraged by Liszt she first began the publication of her biographical studies, *Musikalische Studienköpfe,* has written a respectable number of historical and other volumes, edited the letters of Liszt, von Bülow, Berlioz and the Princess Wittgenstein, translated into German Liszt's book on Chopin, and has made for herself in musical literature a prominent and permanent place.

But the most widely known name associated with Leipsic and one so dear to the American travelling abroad that it outweighs the names of all the literary celebrities that ever lived in Leipsic from Luther to Beyerlein, is—Karl Baedeker. For he has furnished the foreigner more than reading for an idle hour; he has been the helpful, wise and genial Mentor to an endless army of travellers coming and going in and out of season and so dependent upon his guiding hand that they are lost without him. An edition of Baedeker's *Italy from the Alps to Naples,* now before the writer, contains this "envoi" preceding the preface:

Go, little book, God send thee good passage,
And specially let this be thy prayere:
Unto them all that thee will read or hear,
Where thou art wrong, after their help to call,
Thee to correct in any part or all.

The sentiment is significant for the

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relation between these guide-books and the guided. It becomes personal, intimate; one might say, that on stepping upon foreign soil the traveller is—married to Baedeker!

The history of these guide-books is interesting. The house of Baedeker is a dynasty of printers and publishers which goes back to Bremen in the seventeenth century, and which in the course of time—a proof that they were themselves a race of travellers—appears in various cities of Germany, was established in Bielefeld in the eighteenth and in Essen in the nineteenth century. Here in 1801 was born Karl Baedeker—the First, who after studying at Heidelberg and Berlin and going through an apprenticeship of foreign travel, removed to Coblenz, while another member of the family continued the business at Essen. The first step in the enterprise which was to make him famous all over the world was his taking over from another publisher a little guide written by a German professor for "hurried travellers" on a Rhine journey between Mayence and Coblenz. The book had some descriptive and illustrative features which have since been eliminated and from that first edition has grown to double its size, the number of plans included having correspondingly increased from twenty-five to eighty-one. It had long grated upon Germans to see hosts of foreign travellers follow the itinerary of "Childe Harold" along their Rhine with a "Murray" in their hands and when Karl Baedeker conceived the idea of giving the travelling public German guide-books he acknowledged his indebtedness to Murray. The relations between the two publishers were friendly and they are known even to have exchanged suggestions referring to their books. The earlier Baedekers abounded in naïve personal reflections of the author; but as they assumed a more practical and businesslike character, his personality vanished from their pages and only the fruit of his experience was offered in a perfectly objective tone. For the practicability of these guide-books is due in no little measure to the fact that their author was a great traveller himself and that he took pains to gather information from other travellers for the benefit of his readers.

Karl Baedeker the Second, who became the head of the firm in 1859, was also a great traveller and especially a devoted Alpinist. It was he who transferred the business, which had by this time assumed large proportions, to Leipsic, the heart of German book trade. He was succeeded in 1878 by the present head of the house, Fritz Baedeker, who ten years later took in a partner, Heinrich Ritter. The number of guide-books published since that first venture in 1828 has reached some thirty volumes with an aggregate of about three hundred and fifty editions and a circulation of some one million fifty thousand copies, probably more, for these books come from the Baedeker press not only in German but in French and English as well. Although the firm has published many other works, especially books for instruction in languages, it is almost exclusively identified with the guide-books. The Essen branch of the Baedeker family under Julius Baedeker also removed to Leipsic and has hit upon books of wide, though not of as universal appeal as those of Karl Baedeker. It has brought out the works of Henriette Davidis, the author of the most popular cook-book and garden-book in the German language. The name of the firm occurs also on the title page of an anthology of maxims and reflections, a gilt-edge volume which has for the past fifty years been one of the most popular gift-books on the German market: *Pharus am Meere des Lebens.*

The literary importance of the city now centres in its encyclopedic and scientific publications and in a periodical literature of the widest possible range and appeal. Its publishers stand sponsors for the leading journals of archæology, biology, history, metaphysics, nature science, pedagogy, philology, philosophy, technology and theology. They were the first to found magazines of art, letters and music for professional discussion and

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for general information. They launched the first big illustrated weekly, the *Illustrirte Zeitung,* in 1843, which has been a pictorial commentator of current events ever since. They were also shrewd enough to find the appeal to woman readers, the parlour table and the fireside, a good business proposition, as is proved by the longevity and prosperity of such magazines as *Gartenlaube, Daheim* and *Velhagens und Klasings Monatshefte.* Leipsic seems indeed to have always managed to make letters, music and science pay. Its publishers supply what the public and the scholars need most, and its university and conservatory have been and still are in great favour with students all over the world.

In art the city has after centuries of mediocrity produced a man whose genius has set its seal upon the contemporary art of his country: Maximilian Klinger, sculptor, painter and etcher. Klinger is a native of Leipsic, and it does credit to the university to have its aula adorned by the great painting from his brush which was first seen at the festivities in 1909 when it celebrated the five hundred years of its existence. The Museum, too, owns some of Klinger's works. In an addition are exhibited his much-disputed Beethoven, the Bather, Cassandra and Salome, and near by hangs his canvas "The Blue Hour."

Leipsic was never given to revolutionary sentiments and manifestations, and was only by pressure of the unrest all around dragged into the revolutionary movement of 1848. But it became that very year the cradle of a peaceful revolution which has within the last half century or more upset many a cherished tradition and convention of German life. Luise Otto, who when a girl of eleven had been inspired by the revolution of 1830 to burst out into verse and had stirred the enthusiasms of the champions of 1848, addressed in that memorable year a petition to a labour committee appointed in Saxony, in which she declared that man's labour could not be effectively organised without woman's labour. This was the first voice coming from the middle-class woman of Germany that took cognisance of the existence of working women. Luise Otto married Peters, one of the martyrs of the revolution, and in 1865 founded the Allgemeine Deutsche Frauenverein, now Federation of German Women's Clubs and the first paper devoted to the cause. To the propaganda which she inaugurated is due that far-reaching revolution which has secured for the women of Germany admission to the colleges and professions previously barred to the sex. But the most astonishing fact is, that this forerunner and pioneer of modern German feminism, not a native of Leipsic, though of Saxony, has actually been honoured by a monument in the city otherwise so unappreciative of the greatness of her children.

Of the literary men and women at present residing there those best known to the general readers are Dr. Karl Lamprecht, the historian, who lectured in America some seasons ago; Dr. Heinrich H. Houben, a historian and critic, and author of numerous works dealing with Young Germany of the thirties, invaluable for information and admirable for impartiality; the dialect poet Edwin Bormann, whose "Boesien" under the title "Mei Leibzig low' ich mir!" are highly appreciated by those familiar with the local vernacular; Frau Elsa Asenijeff, a writer on philosophical, feministic and æsthetic problems; and the novelist and dramatist Franz Adam Beyerlein, who some ten years ago profoundly stirred Germany by his anti-militaristic novel *Jena-oder Sedan?* and whose *Zapfenstreich,* now on the repertory of the Irving Place Theatre, has been performed in English under the title *Taps.*

The international exhibition of the book trade which is taking place in Leipsic this summer is likely to turn the tide of summer travel toward the city which, although it has a large foreign population held there by the university and the conservatory, is rather neglected by the tourist. The streets will once more be alive with busy and with idle crowds; and there will be side-shows plenty, for Leipsic has not stood still and—if it had

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the reputation of being a "galante Stadt" two centuries ago, it will surely prove sophisticated enough for an ultra-modern taste. But there is no doubt that the interest of foreign visitors at the exhibition proper will centre in that of the firm Karl Baedeker, and that many will turn into the Nürnbergerstrasse and look up Nr. 46, from which are sent out into the world those precious red-linen volumes which are the foreigner's best friends abroad.

THE JEW IN DRAMA

BY ISRAEL ZANGWILL

"I AM ill and tired; I want to go home to my wife and children." So said Mendel Beilis just before the verdict in the grotesque blood-ritual trial in Russia.

> I pray you give me leave to go from hence.
> I am not well,

said Shylock at the conclusion of the grotesque pound-of-flesh trial in *The Merchant of Venice.* Never has the marvellous divination of Shakespeare been more triumphantly demonstrated than by his practical anticipation of the words of Beilis. A hack dramatist, if with Pegasus for hack, Shakespeare had to work up the story from old plays, stories or ballads (it occurs, for instance, in *The Adventures of Gianotto,* published at Milan in 1558), but his instinct for human nature was such that, though he could not alter the absurd outlines, the caricature changed almost unconsciously under his hands into a human being, nay into the incarnation of an injured race. For Shakespeare, like George Washington, could not tell a lie. Though it is improbable that he ever saw a Jew —for the Jews did not begin to return to England till forty years after his death —he even gave Shylock the religious touch—"I will not eat with you, nor drink with you"—the absence of which spoils almost every other stage-portrait of the Jew, even though painted by a Jewish artist.

For the mere race-Jew is a late and almost contemporary product, a purely transitional type, and though the modern dramatist may be justified in adding him to the stage gallery, he is almost too topical for art. Yet this sort of Jew is all we see in Bernstein's grandiosely entitled *Israel,* a play which reveals only a boulevardier's ignorance of all the deeper currents of Jewish life. Hejermann, the Dutch-Jewish dramatist, comes a little closer to them in *The Ghetto,* but his Ghetto is revealed only on the side on which it repels the younger generation; it is seen through hate, not through love, which according to Goethe is the only true vision.

But even love is not enough for art. There must be knowledge, too. For lack of it Lessing made only a colourless monster of virtue out of his *Nathan der Weise";* while *The Jew* of Richard Cumberland had not even poetry to veil his goody-goodiness. He, at least, produces more vitalised creations, though ignorance still keeps them monsters. No such devil as Marlowe's *Jew of Malta* ever drew breath even in the Inferno. But the fact that the Elizabethan audience could bear to see Barabbas boiled alive in the last act makes it easier to understand how their descendants in the Southern States can roast negroes.

In plays in which Jews are not the whole nor even the leading parts it is not unusual to find well-observed Jewish figures, for, with the sweeping away of the European Ghettos due to Napoleon's new broom and the greater mingling of the two life-streams, the Christian dramatist had better opportunities of observation. For the most part, though, familiarity has not removed contempt.

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Jewish life or the Jewish problem as a whole was not attempted, but more or less racy portraits of Jews were thrown in as minor constituents in the general dramatic scheme.

In Sheridan the Jew is still the money-lender. Shaw, with more verisimilitude, makes him a doctor—for medicine was from mediæval times one of the great callings of the race, even emperors who suspected the Jews of poisoning the wells never feeling safe without a Jewish physician. (In our own day, too, it would be difficult to find a monarch without one.) In Jerome the Jew is a bookmaker. Pinero gives us in Maldonado the amorous artistic type, descended like himself from Spanish-Jewish hidalgos. In his *Mind the Paint Girl* we get the genial bounder with a pathetic passion for the green room; and Clyde Fitch gave us a still more degenerate type in *The Woman in the Case*. No, it cannot be said that the stage-Jew has yet shaken off his past. Jews (as seen by the limelight) are certainly, as the charwoman of a friend of mine observed, "a bad lot." But then, "Christians is wuss," she added.

Mr. Augustus Thomas seems indeed to have done for American Jewry what Lessing did for German Jewry and Richard Cumberland for English Jewry, by presenting a perfect type of colourless Christian manhood as a Jew, and it seems to have been eagerly welcomed, especially by those Jews who are not a bit like it. But I have not seen this play, so must not sink into a dramatic critic. Nor have I seen *The House Next Door,* a highly popular intermarriage play in which, I understand, my own name is bandied about. But, considering the great Jews I have personally known—men like Berkson, the philosopher; Bloch, the inspirer of The Hague Conference; Fels, the single-tax crusader; Felix Moscheles, the peace prophet; Sir Matthew Nathan, the governor of Natal; Max Nordau, the critic and orator; Arminius Vambéry, the daring traveller and linguist; Jacob Schiff, the New York banker and philanthropist; and, above all, Dr. Herzl, the founder of Zionism—it seems curious that the cad and the money-lender should still practically monopolise the boards. But the stage is notoriously not, as Hamlet thought, a mirror held up to Nature, but a magic mirror reflecting types that have long since passed away. "Watch that man," I said once, pointing out the late Dr. Herzl, to a famous actor-manager; "you will one day play him."

That time is not yet. But *Disraeli* already treads the American stage, though only his author's other Jewish American success, *Joseph and his Brethren,* has yet penetrated to England. The stage-incarnation of Mendel Beilis is, however, an instance of the stage getting almost ahead of life. Like his fellow-Jew Dreyfus, he became a legend while still in prison, and both in melodrama and cinematograph he has been exploited wherever the Ghetto boasts of a theatre. It is pleasant to think that the real Beilis, though a mere clerk, has retired with dignity to Palestine.

And the Beilis drama recalls the swarm of Yiddish plays—the only species in which the Jew may be seen moving naturally in his true environment without explanation or apology. Admirable as episodes in these plays often are they are poor as a whole, as commercialised as the Christian drama.

It is true that when West End critics or parties make pleasure jaunts to the East End of London or the East Side of New York they inevitably cackle like Columbuses that they have at last discovered Art (with a Hebrew *Aleph*). But this is because they find the plays ending unhappily—and to your top-lofty critic unhappiness and art are synonyms. The truth is that the Ghetto loves tears and has a ghoulish passion for funerals, hence the death scenes are what it most enjoys. For the Ghetto the happy ending is the *un*happy ending.

It should be added in conclusion that, while the Jew has always tended to be a sordid stage-type, the Jewess has always been all that is most romantic. Even *The Jew of Malta* had, like Shylock, a beautiful daughter, his love for whom mitigated in turn the meanness of his passion for his ducats.

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PERSONAL PORTRAITS

I

ROBERT DUNN

THE author of *The Youngest World* is as odd, refreshing and as interesting as his book. Which is saying a great deal. He is fearfully brave. His vivid imagination keeps toppling him off every height he climbs, and—he's a mountain climber. He is hopelessly, helplessly honest. He cannot tell a lie. Robert Dunn is a bundle of prejudices, but when he was on my staff as a reporter, I used to assign him wherever I felt no one else could see and would report the truth; and many's the time I have watched him write, faithfully, angrily, almost involuntarily facts his opinions hated. And he is impudently reverent. *The Youngest World* illustrates this trait, and the youngest story I have heard of him shows he was born so.

A neighbour told it. One day she saw Bobbie sulking by himself in the yard where the other children were playing cave or something mystical. She knew they had set up the old root of a tree as a symbol of their worship. And she knew, too, why Bobbie was an outcast. But she asked him what was the matter.

"Nothing," he said darkly.

"Yes, there is," she said. "What did you do to their emblem?"

He wouldn't tell.

"I know," she said. "You spit on it."

The look he gave her, surprise, defiance, shame, convinced her she had guessed aright. And, I say, she knew the child as I knew the youth and as his book shows the man.

Robert Dunn is for the real thing. He cannot give to an emblem the allegiance which belongs to the thing it represents. He couldn't play to the flag the respect due the principles for which his country stands. You get this in his novel, which looks clean through exploration and mountain climbing to climbing man; through the love of woman to the passion for immortality. And instinctively; intelligently, too, but yet not consciously. He would deny this.

"Every Harvard man has a pose," he said once to me, "except myself. I have none. And—that's mine."

This isn't cleverness. Dunn is too sincere to be clever and too honest, and that's what that speech means. He can't help seeing and suspecting himself, and saying so. But he doesn't know what he doesn't know. He never thinks, for example, of excusing his hero's betrayal of one woman and his abandonment of another. He just tells it as it was, and is unconscious or insensitive to the brutality of the impression it makes. And yet he is highly sensitive, and sensitively true. He is the male, pure, mere male, and that's what his book reveals—the male, the pure male. And it doesn't matter that Dunn isn't aware of it. He isn't aware of lots of the traits which he has and has not. He no more knows what he is than what he isn't.

He is what many so-called intellectuals would like to be, think they are, and cannot be. He may be amazed to hear that I think he is a feminist, and a futurist, and an advanced radical. He will retort that he believes in war and a big navy, but I answer that he sees and sees through and paints things as they are; as they really are. Which is radical. He may say that he doesn't care for the radical schools of painting, the cubists, the post-impressionists and the futurists. But I answer that he loves to read the scores of Strauss, plays them with understanding, and himself writes with the futurist's blindness to the expectations of the conventional reader. And, as for feminism, the hero of *The Youngest World* gives his women their full share of the labour, the danger and the glory of self-discovery on the terrible trails of Alaska, and never a thought of their sex or his lack of gallantry. *The Youngest World* is well named in a double sense,

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in the sense in which the author is a citizen thereof.

Now I don't know Robert Dunn's family well enough to say who should have the credit (or the blame) for the unevolved originality to which he was born. I suspect an aunt, whom he often refers to with a sort of equal respect, much as he refers to Mount McKinley. She seems to have financed his wildest adventures into the wilds of Alaska. But she may only have backed the adventurous impulses begot by his father. Mr. Dunn, senior, seems to have gone off around the world somewhere for nothing; been wrecked as a young man on the coast of China, and gone ashore to make a fortune. No matter, however. The whole family somehow managed to spoil the child to such a degree that he is unspoiled as a man.

He is himself. And apparently he always was. Brought up in a civilised state at Newport (I think), he, and his brothers and sisters, were allowed to play dangerously in the salt water and range at random the woods and mountains. When he was an undergraduate he made a "foolish" trip deep into the unknown north, which always drew him. But it wasn't all play. He wanted to be; he wanted to know and, unafraid of the wilderness, he had no awe of civilisation either. He would do anything; he would do it his way, but he would do it.

When he joined my staff on the old New York *Commercial Advertiser*, he came insulting us all. We were all young, and enthusiastic, and, no doubt foolish. We talked much of "life" and "art" and "literature"; there was a lot of sentimentality, I guess, about us. We had our emblem all right. And Dunn spit on it. He broke up the conversations of the staff, which besought me to "fire" Dunn. But he could write. How he could write! So they consented to keep him. And I couldn't. I remember once I had to demand of him that he at least speak to the other reporters.

"All right," he said, and he turned to the nearest man, one of the ablest, cleanest fellows on the staff.

"Say," he said, "why don't you East Siders ever bathe?"

I had finally to "let Dunn go." I told him he was good stuff and a good writer, and I said I could bring him out, but only by disciplining and abusing him in typical city editor fashion. I refused to do that for my own sake. But I bade him find out who was the worst city editor on the Row, get a job under him, take the gaff for a year and then come back to me.

"Huh," said Dunn, "why would I come back? Why should I want to be a good newspaper man? Suppose I succeeded. Suppose I rose to the unthinkable height of the city desk and became a city editor!" He laughed his contempt. "Why, I'd rather clean streets."

So he went, insulting to the end. But he did what I advised. He got a job under a city editor who put him on the early morning trick in Harlem (from 1 A.M to 8 A.M.); who told him that since he was a college graduate and therefore probably couldn't write, he could "telephone his stuff in to a newspaper man who would write it up for him." And Dunn took all this, and more; much more. He can stand punishment, and he can stand work. But I think the end of this excellent test shows the man at his best.

At the end of the year he came back to me. It must have been hard to do. Proud, sensitive, "spoiled," with no need of money to drive him, and with his recollection, and mine, keen of that last defiant interview, it must have been like "eating dirt," as somebody on the staff remarked, to return to that office to ask for his job again. And indeed the manner of his return suggested that it was hard. I saw him the moment he entered the door, and as he came halting, blushing, down the long room, it looked as if he were kicking himself along. I eased it a bit. I jumped up, greeted him gladly (and sincerely; for "he sure could write") and asked him if he would come back.

"Will you take me?" he asked.

He was going to Alaska, he said, to some unknown part, and he wanted to

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write it for the paper. And he did. And I remember one characteristic article he sent in. It read like a poem in prose. He saw some deer up a hill. He described his approach to the game, and it was the chase; and as a chase he wrote it till he got to the top of the rise. And then—he described a sudden great field of flowers. He knows flowers, as he knows rocks, scientifically, romantically, and I think I never read such a rich, beautiful adoration of flowers. And never a word more of the deer. He had forgotten the chase at the sight of the wild flowers, and so—he forgot the deer in his article.

He has to tell things as his mind and his feelings get them. Just so. True; true to them and true to himself. That was why I treasured him so much as a reporter. That's why I treasure him as a writer. That's why I helped to get him on Cook's first expedition to Mount McKinley. I was an arctic crank myself, but I never could go north. I went only to the banquets and meetings. But I heard the stories of the men who did go, so I knew we didn't get the truth in their books. What we needed was a reporter along on some such trip, a reporter who couldn't help reporting how men really behaved when the real stress was on. And so Dunn went with Cook, and he wrote "The Shameless Diary of an Explorer." Read that, and you will see that Dunn told the truth not only about the rest, but about Dunn; and that he didn't change it for publication. He didn't edit it for consistency, for appearances, for the public. He saw it, he wrote it, and he left it—true. And so with his novel; and so with everything else he will write. It will be true, true, true; and—truly beautiful; and radical. Dunn is so plainly (and I mean "plainly," not gloriously) the superman, that he doesn't, like the rest of us, care to edit even the works of God.

Lincoln Steffens.

II

OWEN JOHNSON

It was five years ago, a sunshiny Sunday. The Stockbridge links were tantalising in their call, through them, as chronicled in "Even Threes," the Housatanic twinkled with mocking merriment, but the New England traditions held, so with reluctant steps the subject of this sketch and the writer of it left tee and swail and putting green behind, trudged along the main street, past the Red Lion Inn, over the railway track and bridge, and out into the open country. A climb up a picturesque path in the mountain, and they were in the Icy Glen, and there they found solitude and seats of a sort, and between the puffs of tobacco smoke there was talk.

In the month of July, 1909, the author of *The Salamander* was—well, he was very far from being the author of *The Salamander*. The years before had been years of persistent endeavour, of achievement, but in no more than a small way had they been years of material reward. "Owen Johnson! Oh, yes. The son of Robert Underwood Johnson, of the *Century*. He has written two or three books, and they are not at all bad, but they don't seem to have caught on. He may do something yet. But so far he does not seem quite to have found himself." As a matter of fact it was the moment when he was just beginning to find himself. Those first books. They were all more or less expressions of that early talent which is inevitably imitative. First *Arrows of the Almighty* and *In the Name of Liberty*. The work of a boy who had read and digested much romantic fiction. Then came *Max Fargus*, infinitely better than its predecessors, and correspondingly less popular. A grim tale of the shady side of the New York law courts involving chicanery and *chantage*. (What long evenings, Owen, you must have been spending with the immortal novels of a certain M. Honoré de Balzac before you wrote that book!) Then there was a play, *The Comet*. (It was also quite obvious that in your devotion to Balzac you had not entirely ignored Ibsen!) Imitation, of course, perhaps not recognised then, but not to be denied now. But there was some work struggling into the light that was all his

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own. The first few of those tales of schoolboy life at Lawrenceville had appeared here and there. Here was a fresh note, recognition was on the way, and *The Varmint* was in the making.

"And after *The Varmint?*" "Then I shall take Stover to college, probably to Yale, show him in conflict with the evils of the society system. For that system is wrong—all wrong." And there, in the Icy Glen that Sunday afternoon in July, 1909, the writer heard the story of *Stover at Yale* as later it became known to readers of the published book. There also, down to almost the smallest detail, he heard the story of *The Sixty-first Second.* There also the story of *The Salamander.* There also, the story, as yet unwritten, to be known as *The World That Dances.* And there, as the evening shadows were closing down upon Monument Mountain, was wrung from the listener the comment, *"Tu ira loin, mon cher, tu ira loin!"* A prophecy which is already far on its way toward fulfilment.

But this purports to be a personal portrait and not a critical appreciation. Even if the accompanying illustration (the assumption of impressive dignity on the part of the subject provokes a grin) were not presented, there would be no need to draw a picture of the personal appearance of Owen Johnson. The publishers of *The Salamander* may be relied upon implicitly to disseminate all that kind of information. In short they will adequately catalogue and exploit all his bright sayings and virtues. But when, some time back in the eighties of the last century, Mr. Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson agreed to share rooms in Upper Baker Street, London, the first began by drawing up a list of his most conspicuous shortcomings. Owen Johnson should be asked to supply a similar list of his faults. But candidly, on that score he is not in the least to be trusted. Thus the painful responsibility falls upon an observant, truthful and longsuffering friend. In the first place he is exceedingly stubborn. Pig-headed is the better word. To illustrate by little things, he has a strong dislike to being beaten when playing golf. You start out in the morning and by reason of his astonishing good luck and certain preposterous lies that you have encountered (rank injustice, those lies, and, of course, that bunker is in the wrong place and anyway your ball should have jumped it) he becomes

PERSONAL PORTRAITS—ROBERT DUNN

and finishes the round two up. He is the soul of an enthusiasm and an ebullient good nature which expresses itself in sarcastic references to your play. But in the afternoon you have occasion to believe again that there is something like justice under high heaven. You overcome that lead, you take a lead of your own. Then somehow he seems to forget

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PERSONAL PORTRAITS—RUPERT HUGHES IN HIS WORKSHOP AT BEDFORD HILLS, WESTCHESTER COUNTY, NEW YORK. THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF BEDFORD HILLS HAS TAKEN ON A LITERARY FLAVOUR. NEARBY ARE THE HOMES OF MR. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS AND MR. GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

the wonders of the game, the yielding softness of the turf, the charm of the prospect, the balm in the air. He suspects that some one is calling him up on the long-distance telephone. He is sure that some one is calling him up on the long-distance telephone. After all, it is a foolish game and must not be permitted to interfere with the more serious obligations of life. And perhaps, suddenly, you find that you are playing alone. To illustrate another side of his stubbornness by a story. With the writing of *Stover at Yale* and after it Owen Johnson took himself with humorous seriousness as the David of democracy in the colleges and lost no opportunity of taking his flings at the reactionary Goliaths. One day last autumn, he and the writer were visiting the new Graduate School at Princeton. The place is not here to describe the beautiful site, the noble architecture, the atmosphere, the tone. The business direction of the Graduate School is in the hands of Mr. George C. Wintringer, who happens to be a Princeton classmate of the writer. Under Mr. Wintringer's guidance every corner of the edifice was shown and every detail of the daily life of the graduate student explained. For a time Mr. Johnson was unguardedly generous in his enthusiastic admiration. Suddenly there came a change. He remembered that for the moment he was not fighting for the cause he had espoused. For all this the graduate student must inevitably be paying a crippling price. It could not be otherwise. What was the price? What was the cost of all this luxury? "About three hundred and fifty dollars a year," rejoined Mr. Wintringer sweetly. The blow was crushing, but the effect was but momentary. "It's all wrong. Perfectly preposterous. You give him a luxury which, when he goes out into the world, he will need fifteen thousand dollars a year to maintain. It is all wrong." And once more his countenance was illumined with the grin of revolt triumphant.

Innumerable are the tales that the writer could tell. Of a day in Lawrenceville not so long ago when the news spread like wildfire from house to house that the historian of Hickey, of the "Tennessee Shad," of "Doc" McNooder, of the "Triumphant Egg Head," of "Rinky Dink" Stover was somewhere on the

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PERSONAL PORTRAITS—OWEN JOHNSON

campus. In a twinkling, from north, south, east and west came the "slaves of the bell." For a time the writer basked in reflected glory, surrounded by fresh-faced, wide-eyed youths whispering to one another that here was the great man's car and this was the great man's chauffeur. Then from a doorway the great man himself emerged, was greeted by the writer with a riotous welcome of affectionate sarcasm and insulting invective worthy of Brian de Boru, Finnegan at his best, and astonished and abashed youth melted mysteriously away. Or that other tale of a wild night ride through New Jersey involving the subject and the writer of this sketch, another American author of whose identity no hint shall be given beyond mentioning the fact that among his books are *The Gentleman from Indiana, Monsieur Beaucaire, The Conquest of Cannan* and *Penrod,* a coloured man named Nichodemus with a wife named Miranda, and a plush waistcoat of dreadful colour and design. But, perhaps after all, that story had best not be told. Nor will the writer allude to his own wrongs by recalling the tale of the green hat, the wager, and the seven months of branded servitude.

Many readers of *The Salamander* have been amusing themselves by constructing a key to the story, finding for this character or that some prominent living original. It is Mr. Johnson's contention that his portraits are composites, and that it is an accident if one of them seems closely to resemble some existing person. In this contention he is probably

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quite honest, but on the other hand, he is exceedingly short-sighted. It would not be going too far to venture the guess that back in the days when he was writing *Max Fargus* there was an original for Alonzo Boffinger, and an original for Herman Groll. No one with a knowledge of the New York club that plays a part in the stories "Murder in Any Degree," and "One Hundred in the Dark," and, incidentally in *The Sixty-first Second,* can for a moment be doubtful about the identity of Quinny, "gaunt as a friar of the Middle Ages;" or the genial Steingal, with the black-rimmed eyeglasses, the military moustaches, and the closely-cropped beard; or De Gollyer, with his epigrams, his incisive mode of speech, and his military click of the heels; or Peters, who wrote a letter to the secretary once a week, and pursued the House Committee with a daily grievance. As for the Lawrenceville tales, there recognition is complicated by the fact that fully twenty different men have come forward with the information that they are either the real Hickey or the real Dink Stover. Some of these claimants have astonished even Mr. Johnson. Stover was a composite, and there was but one Hickey. Lawrenceville men of Owen Johnson's time knew him immediately as they knew "Turkey" Reiter, "King" Lentz, the "Walladoo Bird," the "Uncooked Beefsteak" and thirty more. In conclusion the writer points with pride to the fact that a certain cherished pose of his own went in part to the making of the author of the historic line "Dennis unmuzzled a humming bird," the immortal Brian de Boru Finnegan.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

FLIPPANT PORTRAITS

BY HENRY ROOD

I

WHERE HEROISM PAID

A Self-Chucked Job, and the Unexpected Home-Run of Dr. Queed

The simple, untangoed statement that Mr. H. S. Harrison has concluded a week's sojourn at the most expensive hotel in New York may not seem sufficient to affect foreign exchange or put a crimp in the baseball outlook. But the situation alters when one learns that this particular Mr. Harrison is Mr. Henry Sydnor Harrison, who earns his living by writing novels for folks to buy and read unless they are mean enough to wait until the free circulating libraries get hold of them.

The further statement that the author of *Queed* and of *V. V.'s Eyes* was able not only to remain for a week at this hostelry, but to leave there when he got good and ready, may seem a fairy-tale; but it isn't. All of which goes to prove that the novel-writing trade is a pretty good one to work at, provided a man is sober and industrious, and perseveringly sticks to his bench eight or ten hours a day, regardless of rain.

A dinky little awning with a rheumatic slant in its left hind shoulder stretches over the sidewalk in front of the hotel entrance. It is kept there to protect the complexion of a gorgeous creature in blue coat, with a row of double eagles for buttons, patent-leather boots with tops of undressed cerise, a ruffled shirt and an unruffled temper. Poetic beauty sits embalmed on the noble brow of this imported work of art which somehow escaped being tagged and placed in the Metropolitan Museum. If you approach the awning in a limousine, or even in a humble taxi, he opens the door and lets you down to earth. If you go afoot, or in a trolley chariot, he lets you de-

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FLIPPANT PORTRAITS—HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON

scend, or ascend, or do anything else that strikes your fancy, so long as it does not interfere with his repose of soul. I passed by without so much as interrupting his regular breathing; penetrated a portal, and found myself in an atmosphere heavily surcharged with flakes of gold and diamond dust.

At the cigar stand close by a ruddy gentleman was hastily making a purchase.

"Gimme somethin' t' smoke—quick!" he commanded.

Already I was in the romantic zone of the Best Seller!

"Yessir!" said the Italian prince back of the counter. "Which kind?"

"Anyol' thing—about three-fer."

He grabbed the cigars, tossed two ten-dollar bills and a five on the case, and dashed tumultuously thenceward. Whereupon I spoke—just as if I were accustomed to frequenting grand ducal palaces and biltmores and things of that kind.

"Eh—Mr. Harrison stopping here?" I asked easily. "Mr. Henry Sydnor Harrison—*the* Mr. Harrison," I added impressively.

"'Nformation on yourright," the prince responded, stooping to pick up a handful of pearls some careless guest had dropped without noticing it, and skimming them into a wastebasket.

I wandered on, breathing heavily, for the diamond dust kept getting into my windpipe, and finally found the Author in a lounging room decorated on the same general plan as the mint at Philadelphia.

"Good afternoon," I said. "If you don't mind, I'd like to find out how you do it."

"Do what?" he rejoined, waving aside a French count who drew near bearing a tray of radium sandwiches.

"Why, write," I explained. "For example, now, is it your custom to begin each sentence with a capital letter?"

Mr. Harrison admitted that it was; and I noted this important fact down verbatim.

"And," I continued mercilessly, "do you end each sentence with a period?"

Instantly the distinguished novelist was on his guard. He realised the danger of giving away vital secrets which have made his fame and fortune. After a moment of intense thought he said with assumed simplicity:

"Would you mind repeating that last question?"

"Listen!" I exclaimed, with upraised, warning finger. "Do—you—end—each—sentence—with—a—period?"

"I do—at least periodically," he confessed, blushing.

The secret was out. The interview was over. Now the world could know the innermost workings of literary genius.

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When Mr. Harrison started for New York, his neighbours down in Charleston, West Virginia, thought he had gone there to absorb local colour. But they were mistaken. What he went for was to escape magazine editors and book publishers who have been camping on his trail. He put up at the costliest hotel in town because that was the last place anybody would think of looking for an author, thus proving his ability to write a mystery story when he gets around to it. That will not be for some time yet, for he has been hard at work, during the past four months, on another novel of character which has to be finished this summer.

Many a man has become a novelist through sheer accident—such, for example, as failing to make good in the house-painting or burglarising line or in some other respectable profession. Mr. Harrison, however, dived into literature with cold-blooded malice aforethought. He was born in Sewana, Tennessee, on February 12, 1880, but spent much of his youth in and around New York, attending the Brooklyn Latin School, which his father founded, and later taking a shy at Columbia University from which he es-

FLIPPANT PORTRAITS—ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

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caped with the rest of the Class of 1900. Then he went into journalism, but soon found out that it was nothing but newspaper work. However, he slugged away at the game for ten years, and as Fate kept failing to intervene, he took the matter into his own hands, chucked his job, and deliberately sat down to write a novel.

On learning of this desperate undertaking the neighbours made ready to send him baskets of dried codfish and such like, for they are kindly folk down in Charleston. But by living on two sandwiches every other week for ten years Mr. Harrison had managed to save most of his salary; so he was able fearlessly to hammer the life out of a typewriter for just four months, at the end of which time *Queed* was finished; and a few minutes later the manuscript was on its way to a publisher, for Mr. Harrison couldn't get out of his system the feeling that it was up to him to catch the early, out-of-town edition.

Then for a few weeks he reposed back of the barn reminding himself that he had thrown away a perfectly good newspaper job. He knew he could hang on for several months without getting down to dandelion roots and acorns, but the ultimate development of his personal plot was some strain on his nerves just the same. Then, one day, a note came saying that *Queed* had been accepted. Within six months the book was published, and three months after that it was being read by everybody; people were talking about it all over the country, the Riverside Press was risking nervous prostration by printing edition after edition; and the neighbours down in Charleston were kinder glad they hadn't sent those baskets of dried codfish across the way, after all.

In appearance Mr. Harrison is of medium height, slender, with light hair, and merry blue eyes that crinkle all up at the corners whenever he smiles, which is pretty nearly all the time any one is talking with him. "Who's Who" says he is a bachelor; and he admits the charge. Last summer somebody reminded him that two novels having an aggregate sale of possibly 400,000 copies meant author's royalties of perhaps $75,000 or more. So he packed his grip and committed the extravagance of going abroad for a few weeks as a Cook's tourist. Since then he has published an abstruse philosophical essay in the *Atlantic* intended to prove that certain magazine editors who deplore the shortage in short stories don't know the difference between a short story and an underdone lollypop. Being of humane and sympathetic temperament, he is now engaged in framing a correspondence course which will teach editors how to read manuscripts when they are plainly typewritten, in words not exceeding two syllables. This is a hazardous, almost a hopeless, undertaking, of course; but Mr. Harrison is filled with youthful enthusiasm, and has no family dependent upon him.

The fact that he's a bachelor, however, should not encourage soulful ladies matrimonially inclined to send him their photographs. He's got so much work ahead that he won't be able to take another vacation for fifteen or twenty years; even one long enough to step around the corner and get married. He'd tell you so, himself—if you're a soulful lady M. I.

II

A MAN OF MYSTERY

THE MAN IS ROBERT W. CHAMBERS —THE MYSTERY IS HOW HE DOES IT.

Robert W. Chambers did not write the Prophecy of Isaiah.

This unequivocal statement is made by authority. There is no doubt whatever that he would have written the Book of Isaiah, as well as the Maxims of Confucius, and also *King Lear* and *Paradise Lost*, if he had had time to think of them. But various magazine editors were confronted with a lot of open pages to fill, and Mr. Joseph Sears, of D. Appleton and Company, had a lot of idle salesmen hanging around the shop doing nothing; so between them the editors

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and Sears haven't given Chambers time to think of anything for years and years. Those magazine pages had to be filled, somehow, and Sears had to have something for his salesmen to sell. Result: the Chambers fiction factory has been running day and night.

Perfectly logical; absolutely unavoidable; also a complete answer to those who have been calamity-howling ever since the panic of 1907. Nothing can

FLIPPANT PORTRAITS—EDWIN LEFÈVRE

hold back the material progress of the United States so long as its principal industrial plant has to work overtime, including Sundays and holidays.

The rumour that the Interstate Commerce Commission recently decided to prosecute Chambers on the charge of violating the Sherman Act by acquiring a monopoly of the fiction market, and that the Department of Justice was taking steps toward a dissolution of this brilliant author into his original constituent parts, is not correct. True, there was serious talk of regulating his production, and some time ago Chambers was summoned to a hearing before the Commission in Washington. When he entered the room where the Commission was assembled, he bowed to the Chairman, and remarked that he had arrived on time.

"All right, son," said the Chairman genially, "but where's the rest of you?"

"There ain't any (*sic.* Approved New England dialect)," said Chambers.

"Shades of Felicia Hemans!" exclaimed the Chairman, "I thought you was a syndicate."

"Paragraph, quotes, No, comma," Chambers made answer, "I'm them, comma, It I mean. Full stop, end quotes."

The members of the Commission looked perturbed. After a brief conference in whispers the Chairman spoke again.

"See here, young fellow; we can't afford to waste the Nation's money by meeting and doing nothing at all——"

"Delete 'at all,'" Chambers interrupted. "No superfluous syllable in modern usage."

"Our job," the Chairman continued impressively, "is to regulate. That's what we're for. If we can't regulate something every day we've got no use cluttering up the earth with our official presence. We've exhausted the railroads and most every other business in the country, and now we're going to tackle that handful of remorseless scoundrels who have cunningly contrived to gain control of the fiction output of the land, enmeshing the helpless American People in their toils, and grinding the faces of the poor under the capitalistic heel of novels that sweep o'er the nation in a mighty flood, seeking whom they may devour, and adding to the cost of living."

The Chairman paused, for Chambers was busily at work with fountain pen and pad of paper.

"What are you doing!" the Chairman shouted.

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"Paragraph, quotes. Finishing Chapter Four and beginning Chapter Five. Full stop, end quotes," said the accused, without looking up.

The Commission adjourned. There was nothing else for it to do; and leaping into a taxi between exclamation points, Chambers whirled off to the railroad station, caught a limited express for New York, started on his concluding love-scene as the train sailed through Newark, New Jersey, wrote the word "Finis" as he stepped out of the Terminal at Thirty-second Street, and, hurrying to his publishers, delivered the completed MS. of his novel for that current week to Sears, who was delighted as well as surprised, for he had not expected to receive it until noon of the next day.

It would be interesting to publish here a list of Mr. Chambers's works, including adult fiction, juveniles, in-betweens, nursery rhymes, philosophical dissertations on the cosmos and adjacent territory, pink poems for pale people, and mathematical phantasies; also nature studies, domesticated hints as to domestic science, and the annual guides to gladsome gardens that form a part of his steady output. The Editor of THE BOOKMAN, however, cannot find space at present for a serial consisting solely of titles, which would run three or four years; for this reason the undertaking is temporarily postponed.

It was said, recently, that friends of Chambers have urged him not to write more than thirty volumes a year, fearing that in time he might exhaust his fund of stories. But Chambers refused to be stampeded by these timorous ones.

"Never!" he cried. "Never shall it be said that the icy arrow of foreboding froze the marrow of my palpitating heart! Never will I be content until I turn out two novels per week without missing a meal or skipping a climax! . . . A task magnificent in its Titanic proportions, you say? Perhaps; but what have I to do with proportions? If the public can stand 'em, I can."

III

THE ONE AND ONLY AUTHOR TRUST IN HISTORY

BEING RAINBOW SIDELIGHTS AND DAZZLING SPOTLIGHTS ON THE MAN WHO MADE WALL STREET FAMOUS

For ages and ages that part of the world now known as the Republic of Panama, or the State of Colombia, or the City of Colon, or whatever it may be called by the time this piece of authentic history gets in type—that part of the world, let it be remarked for the twiceth time, during ages, yea and æons, had been preparing for the one great event in its existence.

Mighty forces of nature had been upheaving themselves and the inhabitants; mountains groaned and rumbled; forests fell and jungles sprang into being; war, peace, famines, feasts, succeeded one another. Dictators came, and went; with everything they could lay their hands on, as usual. The Spanish Armada and the crinoline passed to the limbo of things which had changed the appearance of the earth, and then vanished. Washington, Napoleon, Mary Ellen Lease, and lumbering stages on Broadway, all had their little day and faded off the map.

It was at this critical juncture, or thereabouts; on January 23, 1871, to be exact, that Colon, Colombia, achieved its destiny. It was then and there that Edwin Lefèvre entered upon his mundane career.

Six months later ominous warning came to the ears of the temporary ruler of that powerful domain. One of the sixteen revolutionary chiefs who were trying to upset his authority sent word that in Colon resided a babe with a colossal brain, whom Fate had picked out for dire purpose; that even while so young he was planning to swat the ruler one for luck, and grab the army and the treasury. In proof of which it was asserted that said babe was practising code words to be used in an uprising against the Government.

Naturally the temporary ruler was

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peeved. He also was scared; for which reason he assumed the disguise nearest at hand, and went to visit the Phenomenon, whom he found tied securely within a hammock.

"Are you Edwin Lefèvre?" demanded the Ruler, trying to keep his voice from trembling.

"Goo—ab—Blub!" the Babe instantly replied in no uncertain tone, transfixing the visitor with a piercing stare.

"Well, what's up?" the Ruler continued. "Partners 's better than enemies; what percentage do you want?"

It was at this moment that the Babe commenced softly to croon a lullaby which definitely foretold his future career. Grasping the hammock with one fist and kicking both feet high in air, he murmured:

M., K. & T. is a mighty good thing
When you're on the right side of the game;
But if you monkey with C., B. & Q.
You've only yourself to blame!"

"What's that!" the Ruler exclaimed, starting back in alarm.

The Babe regarded him with silent scorn; then continued his chaunt.

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To get a pail of water,
In which to soak a share of stock—
The way
that
water
orter."

Then, rising still further in his hammock, the Infant Phenomenon took a long breath, and ejaculated in high treble tones:

Hey, diddle, diddle, the Cat and the Fiddle;
The Cow jumped over the Moon;
Insiders let go her tail in time,
But the public went broke in a swoon.

The Ruler fled precipitately. As he skimmed over the back fence the Babe gleefully sang:

Oh, a buccaneer's life is the life for me!
I'll win Wall Street in a canter!
If you don't put up more margin, son,
I'll sell you out, instanter!

It was, of course, inevitable that Lefèvre should gravitate toward that Highway of Hope touchin' on an' appertainin' to the Sub-Treasury, Trinity Church, and Blasted Expectations. But, being a keen lad, he knew that modern High Finance proceeds by indirect, devious—not to mention mysterious—ways. Wherefore, instead of going straight from Colon to Wall Street, he approached it by way of San Francisco, where he spent the years 1880-84 in the public schools; then hypothecated three years at a military academy in Michigan, to perfect himself in the tactics and strategy necessary to his future career; thereafter dealing in call loans of more or less time at Lehigh University, where he was ostensibly registered as a student of mining engineering; after which he loped down the pike to New York, wondering what to do next.

At that moment he happened to find himself in front of the office of the old *Commercial Advertiser*. The next moment he found himself striding into the private sanctum of the Editor. Throwing himself into a chair he remarked casually:

"Say, my boy, your Wall Street reporter is simply the limit. Fire him by telephone. I take hold to-morrow."

Then he put in his pocket a box of Turkish cigarettes the Chief Editor had carelessly left in sight, and walked out.

The subsequent career of Edwin Lefèvre is known to all. One after another, the Wall Street magnates of a dozen years ago have retired from business, or removed to foreign shores. The insurance companies have been investigated; the Interstate Commerce Commission has taken a stranglehold on the railroads; the Northern Securities case has been settled; Standard Oil and American Tobacco have been dissolved; the Parcels Post has been instituted, the ancient Empire of China has become a republic, while even now mighty England faces Civil War in Ulster on the one hand, and Mrs. Pankhurst on the other.

Having seen a few things of this na-

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ture progressing satisfactorily, Lefèvre retired from Wall Street one day, wrote a couple of short stories that evening, sold them next morning, hopped on a train bound northward and bought a section of Vermont. He spends most of his time up there among the Green Mountains, decorating the landscape and playing host to fortunate friends. The rest of his time he spends in New York, Italy, Southern California, and points East and West.

Lefèvre doesn't write many stories. He doesn't have to. There are a multitude of women and several men who can write good short stories. There are a multitude of men and several women who know Wall Street. But Lefèvre is the only person who knows Wall Street, and can write entertaining stories about it and its folks. In other words, Lefèvre has a monopoly in stories connected with Wall Street finance. He is the only Fiction Trust on record. And having learned the lesson of efficient trust management, he limits his production, and in consequence is able to command first-class prices for first-class goods.

FABER AND HIS HYMNS

BY IRA SEYMOUR DODD

One hundred years ago, on the 28th of June, 1814, Frederick William Faber was born at the vicarage of his grandfather at Calverley in Yorkshire. His family was of Huguenot origin, and naturally their affiliations in the English Church were with the Evangelical school. As a boy Faber showed great promise, and after careful schooling, part of the time at Harrow, he entered Balliol College, Oxford, in the year 1832. Mentally bright, enthusiastic, high minded, full of the personal charm that went with him to the end, his university career began with brilliant prospects and many friendships. His gift of poetic expression showed itself in his first undergraduate year when he composed "The Cherwell Water Lily." With a few other poems this was published in 1840. He said of these early effusions, "They are youthful, but they will float." And they did float. "The Cherwell Water Lily" became quite popular though it has long since been forgotten. In 1836, after he had been elected to a scholarship in University College, he gained the Newdigate Prize for a poem on "The Knights of St. John."

During one of the long vacations he took a small reading party to Ambleside, where he formed a lasting friendship with Wordsworth, whom he had always admired and to whom he looked up as a master and model in poetry. Seven or eight years later, while in the midst of the spiritual conflict which was destined to change his life, after much inward debate Faber accepted the living at Elton. He wrote to Wordsworth giving the reasons for his decision. Wordsworth replied:

"I do not say that you are wrong, but England loses a poet."

Faber's university career was coincident with the Tractarian Controversy which was stirring the Church of England to its depths. At the evening service at St. Mary's, J. H. Newman was preaching those memorable sermons which took such hold upon the mind and imagination, especially of the younger men. Faber came under the spell. Admiration ripened into a friendship with Newman. In the course of a few years they both abandoned the Church of England and almost at the same time took Roman Catholic orders. In early life both Newman and Faber had been indoctrinated with the Calvinistic views of the Evangelicals. The stamp of their upbringing was never wholly effaced. Its mark upon Faber is peculiarly evident.

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During the period of conflict before his final secession from the Church of England, he several times experienced a reaction from the Oxford influences, toward his earlier faith, and one of the hymns which he wrote after he became a Roman Catholic and an Oratorian—a hymn entitled "Predestination," out Calvins Calvin in its statement of that dread doctrine. Newman was gently satirical about it. Receiving from Faber copies of lately composed hymns, he wrote:

"I admire your poems: I don't revolt at the Predestination—but I stuck at the Scholasticism. Have I not heard similar dogmatic effusions though of an opposite school? e.g.,

My righteousness is "filthy rags";
No "merits" can I plead;
For man is but a lump of sin,
And sin his worthiest deed.

A few stanzas from "Predestination" are worth quotation.

Father and God! my endless doom
Is hidden in Thy Hand,
And I shall not know what it is
Till at Thy bar I stand.

Thou knowest what Thou hast decreed
For me in Thy dread will;
I in my helpless ignorance
Must tremble and lie still.

Fixed, fixed, irrevocably fixed!
Oh at this silent hour
The thought of what is possible
Comes with terrific power.

As though into some awful depth
Rash hands had flung a stone,
And still the frightening echoes grow,
As it goes sounding on.

Father! Thy power is merciful
To us poor worms below,
Not bound by justice, but because
Thyself hath willed it so.

That Thou art God is my one joy;
What'er Thy will may be,
Thy glory will be magnified
In Thy last doom of me.

And so on for seventeen stanzas.

Mr. Wilfrid Ward, in his exceedingly frank and full *Life of John Henry Newman,* has much to say about the relations between Newman and Faber after they had become Catholics. Both of them left the church of their fathers at great personal sacrifice. Besides the break with hereditary associations and deeply rooted friendships, there was the sacrifice of bright prospects and worldly comfort. Faber exchanged modest wealth for actual poverty. All this naturally cemented their friendship. But the difference in disposition and mental characteristics made harmony between them increasingly difficult.

After some hesitations Newman decided that he could work best as an Oratorian according to the rule of St. Philip Neri. It was an Order less restricted than that of the Jesuits or Dominicans; it gave opportunity for attracting and influencing young people, and also leisure for study. An Oratory was accordingly established at Birmingham with Newman as Father Superior. Meanwhile Faber—who had taken the name of "Father Wilfrid," had organised a society which was popularly called "The Wilfridians." They now asked to be received into the Oratory and their request was granted. Very soon Newman's temperament and views began to clash with the ideas of "the young men from St. Wilfrid's." The proposal of a branch Oratory in London, where the energies and zeal of Faber might have scope, was welcomed.

The London Oratory was launched, but matters became worse instead of better. Newman deprecated display and innovation: he wished to avoid anything that might give offence to the older English Catholics or the ecclesiastical authorities. He dreaded "Arousing the British Lion," or exciting the cry of "No Popery." But the younger men were reckless. They paced the streets of London in their Oratorian garb; they were caricatured in *Punch;* there were rumours of popular irritation. In truth Faber was extravagant in more ways than in defiance of the Commissioner of

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Woods and Forests by his street parades. He encouraged an excessive devotion to the Virgin Mary and an abject submission to the Pope: he tried to introduce Italian devotions, which scandalised the conservative English Catholics.

Newman defended his friend: he laid his indiscretions to the joy of a newfound faith; but Faber's course worried him. As time went on Catholics in England became divided into disciples of Faber and the London Oratory and of Newman and the Birmingham house. The two men remained friends, but they could not work together. After Faber's death Newman, writing to his old friend Pusey said of him, "I believe judicious people think his ideas crude and young—perhaps extravagant. He was a poet."

A few lines from Faber's hymns to the Virgin—hymns unfamiliar to Protestants—may show what Newman meant. One deserves quotation in full because it illustrates his attitude toward the Pope at the time of the promulgation of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception.

O purest of creatures! Sweet Mother, sweet Maid!
The one spotless womb wherein Jesus was laid!
Dark night hath come down on us, Mother, and we
Look out for thy shining, sweet star of the sea.

O blissful and calm was the wonderful rest
That thou gavest thy God in thy virginal breast.
For the heaven He left, He found heaven in thee,
And He shone in thy shining, sweet star of the sea.

And now from the church of all lands thy dear name
Comes borne on the breath of a mighty acclaim;
Men call on their "father"* that he should decree
A new gem to thy shining, sweet star of the sea.

*The Pope.

O shine on us brighter than ever, then shine!
For the primest of honours, dear mother, is thine;
"Conceived without sin" thy new title shall be;
Clear light from thy breath spring, sweet star of the sea.

Here are a couple of stanzas from another called

MARY OUR MOTHER REIGNS ON HIGH

O vision bright!
The Land of Light
Beams goldenly beyond the sky;
Mid heavenly fires
'Bove angel choirs
Mary our Mother reigns on high.

O vision bright!
The Father's might
All round His daughter's throne doth lie,
Where in the balm
Of endless calm
Mary our Mother reigns on high.

Faber's hymns were, all of them, written after he became a Catholic—most of them during his Oratorian career in London. He threw himself into his work with fervent zeal and unsparing self-sacrifice. There were many conversions, chiefly from among the poor, who flocked to his services. His hymns were the outcome of his evangelistic labours and they show the marks of their origin. Naturally they are of unequal merit; but the poetic touch is felt in all of them, and his best are of enduring quality and universal in their appeal.

The treatment of Faber's hymns by editors of Protestant hymnals is interesting. Probably few people know how the hymns in our popular collections are made. Many of them are taken from poems too long for use as hymns. By a process of selection of stanzas—and then too commonly, by alterations, skilful or bungling—the hymn as finally presented may easily become—and sometimes is actually—a misrepresentation of the author.

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It should, in justice, be said that the newer books, such as *The English Hymnal, The Oxford Hymn Book,* and the later *American Hymnals* show a return to original texts and a conscientious effort to indicate alterations where made. But Faber has suffered severely from the common practice. An illustration is his hymn on the Crucifixion, which, as he wrote it, may be called a modern Stabat Mater. It will be best to place beside Faber's original the version of *Hymns Ancient and Modern,* because this is the most popular hymnal of high class ever published—over twenty-five million copies are in circulation—and also because the compilers of this widely used and seemingly authoritative book are past masters—or chief sinners, whichever you will, in the art of manipulating other people's work, and their alterations have been extensively copied. Faber's hymn has twelve stanzas; but it is enough to set beside the full, altered version, those which correspond and a couple of omitted ones which show Faber's purpose.

FABER

O come and mourn with me awhile;
  See! Mary calls us to her side;
O come and let us mourn with her;
  Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

Have we no tears to shed for Him
  While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Oh look! How patiently He hangs!
  Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

How fast His hands and feet are nailed;
  His blessed tongue with thirst is tied;
His failing eyes are blind with blood;
  Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

His mother cannot reach His face;
  She stands in helplessness beside;
Her heart is martyr'd with her Son;
  Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

Seven times He spake, seven words of love.
  And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men;
  Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

O break! O break, hard heart of mine!
  Thy weak self love and guilty pride
His Pilate and His Judas were;
  Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

A broken heart, a fount of tears
  Ask, and they will not be denied;
A broken heart love's cradle is;
  Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

O Love of God! O sin of man!
  In this dread act your strength is tried,
And victory remains with Love.
  For He, Our Love, is crucified.

HYMNS ANCIENT AND MODERN

O come and mourn with me awhile;
  O come ye to the Saviour's side;
O come together, let us mourn;
  Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

Have we no tears to shed for Him,
  While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! Look how patiently He hangs;
  Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

How fast His hands and feet are nailed;
  His throat with parching thirst is dried;
His failing eyes are dimm'd with blood;
  Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

Seven times He spake, seven words of love;
  And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men;
  Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

O Love of God, O sin of man,
  In this dread act your strength is tried;
And victory remains with love,
  For Love Himself is crucified.

O break, O break hard heart of mine!
  Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
Betrayed and slew thy God and King;
  And Love Himself is crucified.

A broken heart, a fount of tears,
  Ask, and they will not be denied;
Lord Jesus, may we love and weep
  Since Thou for us art crucified.

Another illustration is the hymn "Faith of our Fathers." This is found

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in the later American hymnals, and for some curious reason it appears to be a favourite with votaries of the new theology. Faber wrote two versions of this hymn: one for England and another for Ireland.

The version for England begins

Faith of our Fathers! living still
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword.
Oh how our hearts beat high with joy
When'er we hear that glorious word.
Faith of our Fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

The second verse shows Faber's purpose.

Faith of our Fathers! Mary's prayers
Shall win our country back to Thee.
And through the truth that comes from God,
England shall then indeed be free.
Faith of our Fathers, holy faith.

This is altered so that it reads

Faith of our Fathers, we will strive
To win all nations unto thee.
And through the truth that comes from God,
Mankind shall then indeed be free.
Faith of our Fathers, holy faith.

Then by selection from the remaining stanzas with the refrain, a stirring hymn is obtained.

But the version for Ireland shows Faber's almost fanatical feeling.

Faith of our Fathers! guile and force
To do thee bitter wrong unite;
But Erin's saints shall fight for us
And keep undimmed thy blessed light.
Faith of our Fathers! distant shore
Their happy faith to Ireland owe;
Then in our home, oh shall we not
Break the dark plots against thee now?

It is quite clear that the Faith of the Fathers meant one thing to Faber, and that it means another quite different thing to those who sing the manipulated version of his hymn.

Probably the best known and most popular of Faber's hymns are, "Hark! Hark my soul, Angelic songs are swelling," and, "O Paradise, O Paradise! who doth not crave for rest!" They are not really his best hymns. "O Paradise" in particular is omitted from some hymnals, because of its unreality and its expression of unwholesome longing for sudden death. "Souls of men why will ye scatter," or its variant beginning with the fourth stanza, "There's a wideness in God's mercy," is a fine hymn, whose free and lofty thought of salvation gives it strong appeal to many hearts. Perhaps best of all is "My God, how wonderful Thou art!"

Together with the emotional tenderness found in all his work this hymn strikes the note of grandeur; and apart from the omission of a couple of weak stanzas it has never invited or needed alteration. It is a noble poem which appeals to every Christian heart.

Faber's hymns are the expression of his personality. Nothing more genuine was ever written. The charm which all his contemporaries found in the man shines in these poems. One does not need to agree with his peculiar convictions in order to be convinced that he was a saint. His fervid religious life was true and honest. He literally wore himself out in his Master's service and died when he was only forty-nine years old.

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TOLD IN THE DROOLING WARD

BY JACK LONDON

Me? I'm not a drooler. I'm the assistant. I don't know what Miss Jones or Miss Kelsey could do without me. There are fifty-five low-grade droolers in this ward, and how could they ever all be fed if I wasn't around? I like to feed droolers. They don't make trouble. They can't. Something's wrong with most of their legs and arms, and they can't talk. They're very low-grade. I can walk, and talk, and do things. You must be careful with the droolers and not feed them too fast. Then they choke. Miss Jones says I'm an expert. When a new nurse comes I show her how to do it. It's funny watching a new nurse try to feed them. She goes at it so slow and careful that supper time would be around before she finished shoving down their breakfast. Then I show her, because I'm an expert. Dr. Dalrymple says I am, and he ought to know. A drooler can eat twice as fast if you know how to make him.

My name's Tom. I'm twenty-eight years old. Everybody knows me in the institution. This is an institution, you know. It belongs to the State of California and is run by politics. I know. I've been here a long time. Everybody trusts me. I run errands all over the place, when I'm not busy with the droolers. I like droolers. It makes me think how lucky I am that I ain't a drooler.

I like it here in the Home. I don't like the outside. I know. I've been around a bit, and run away, and adopted. Me for the Home, and for the drooling ward best of all. I don't look like a drooler, do I? You can tell the difference soon as you look at me. I'm an assistant, expert assistant. That's going some for a feeb. Feeb? Oh, that's feeble-minded. I thought you knew. We're all feebs in here.

But I'm a high-grade feeb. Dr. Dalrymple says I'm too smart to be in the Home, but I never let on. It's a pretty good place. And I don't throw fits like lots of the feebs. You see that house up there through the trees. The high-grade epilecs all live in it by themselves. They're stuck up because they ain't just ordinary feebs. They call it the club house, and they say they're just as good as anybody outside, only they're sick. I don't like them much. They laugh at me, when they ain't busy throwing fits. But I don't care. I never have to be scared about falling down and busting my head. Sometimes they run around in circles trying to find a place to sit down quick, only they don't. Low-grade epilecs are disgusting, and high-grade epilecs put on airs. I'm glad I ain't an epilec. There ain't anything to them. They just talk big, that's all.

Miss Kelsey says I talk too much. But I talk sense, and that's more than the other feebs do. Dr. Dalrymple says I have the gift of language. I know it. You ought to hear me talk when I'm by myself, or when I've got a drooler to listen. Sometimes I think I'd like to be a politician, only it's too much trouble. They're all great talkers; that's how they hold their jobs.

Nobody's crazy in this institution. They're just feeble in their minds. Let me tell you something funny. There's about a dozen high-grade girls that set the tables in the big dining-room. Sometimes when they're done ahead of time, they all sit down in chairs in a circle and talk. I sneak up to the door and listen, and I nearly die to keep from laughing. Do you want to know what they talk? It's like this. They don't say a word for a long time. And then one says, "Thank God I'm not feeble-minded." And all the rest nod their heads and look pleased. And then nobody says anything for a

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time. After which the next girl in the circle says, "Thank God I'm not feeble-minded," and they nod their heads all over again. And it goes on around the circle, and they never say anything else. Now they're real feebs, ain't they? I leave it to you. I'm not that kind of a feeb, thank God.

Sometimes I don't think I'm a feeb at all. I play in the band and read music. We're all supposed to be feebs in the band except the leader. He's crazy. We know it, but we never talk about it except amongst ourselves. His job is politics, too, and we don't want him to lose it. I play the drum. They can't get along without me in this institution. I was sick once, so I know. It's a wonder the drooling ward didn't break down while I was in hospital.

I could get out of here if I wanted to. I'm not so feeble as some might think. But I don't let on. I have too good a time. Besides, everything would run down if I went away. I'm afraid some time they'll find out I'm not a feeb and send me out into the world to earn my own living. I know the world, and I don't like it. The Home is fine enough for me.

You see how I grin sometimes. I can't help that. But I can put it on a lot. I'm not bad, though. I look at myself in the glass. My mouth is funny, I know that, and it lops down, and my teeth are bad. You can tell a feeb anywhere by looking at his mouth and teeth. But that doesn't prove I'm a feeb. It's just because I'm lucky that I look like one.

I know a lot. If I told you all I know, you'd be surprised. But when I don't want to know, or when they want me to do something I don't want to do, I just let my mouth lop down and laugh and make foolish noises. I watch the foolish noises made by the low-grades, and I can fool anybody. And I know a lot of foolish noises. Miss Kelsey called me a fool the other day. She was very angry, and that was where I fooled her.

Miss Kelsey asked me once why I don't write a book about feebs. I was telling her what was the matter with little Albert. He's a drooler, you know, and I can always tell the way he twists his left eye what's the matter with him. So I was explaining it to Miss Kelsey, and, because she didn't know, it made her mad. But some day, mebbe, I'll write that book. Only it's so much trouble. Besides, I'd sooner talk.

Do you know what a micro is? It's the kind with the little heads no bigger than your fist. They're usually droolers, and they live a long time. The hydros don't drool. They have the big heads, and they're smarter. But they never grow up. They always die. I never look at one without thinking he's going to die. Sometimes, when I'm feeling lazy, or the nurse is mad at me, I wish I was a drooler with nothing to do and somebody to feed me. But I guess I'd sooner talk and be what I am.

Only yesterday Dr. Dalrymple said to me, "Tom," he said, "I just don't know what I'd do without you." And he ought to know, seeing as he's had the bossing of a thousand feebs for going on two years. Dr. Whatcomb was before him. They get appointed, you know. It's politics. I've seen a whole lot of doctors here in my time. I was here before any of them. I've been in this institution twenty-five years. No, I've got no complaints. The institution couldn't be run better.

It's a snap to be a high-grade feeb. Just look at Dr. Dalrymple. He has troubles. He holds his job by politics. You bet we high-graders talk politics. We know all about it, and it's bad. An institution like this oughtn't to be run on politics. Look at Dr. Dalrymple. He's been here two years and learned a lot. Then politics will come along and throw him out and send a new doctor who don't know anything about feebs.

I've been acquainted with just thousands of nurses in my time. Some of them are nice. But they come and go. Most of the women get married. Sometimes I think I'd like to get married. I spoke to Dr. Whatcomb about it once, but he told me he was very sorry, because feebs ain't allowed to get married.

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I've been in love. She was a nurse. I won't tell you her name. She had blue eyes, and yellow hair, and a kind voice, and she liked me. She told me so. And she always told me to be a good boy. And I was, too, until afterward, and then I ran away. You see, she went off and got married, and she didn't tell me about it.

I guess being married ain't what it's cracked up to be. Dr. Anglin and his wife used to fight. I've seen them. And once I heard her call him a feeb. Now nobody has a right to call anybody a feeb that ain't. Dr. Anglin got awful mad when she called him that. But he didn't last long. Politics drove him out, and Dr. Mandeville came. He didn't have a wife. I heard him talking one time with the engineer. The engineer and his wife fought like cats and dogs, and that day Dr. Mandeville told him he was damn glad he wasn't tied to no petticoats. A petticoat is a skirt. I knew what he meant, if I was a feeb. But I never let on. You hear lots when you don't let on.

I've seen a lot in my time. Once I was adopted, and went away on the railroad over forty miles to live with a man named Peter Bopp and his wife. They had a ranch. Dr. Anglin said I was strong and bright, and I said I was, too. That was because I wanted to be adopted. And Peter Bopp said he'd give me a good home, and the lawyers fixed up the papers.

But I soon made up my mind that a ranch was no place for me. Mrs. Bopp was scared to death of me and wouldn't let me sleep in the house. They fixed up the woodshed and made me sleep there. I had to get up at four o'clock and feed the horses, and milk cows, and carry the milk to the neighbours. They called it chores, but it kept me going all day. I chopped wood, and cleaned chicken houses, and weeded vegetables, and did most everything on the place. I never had any fun. I hadn't no time.

Let me tell you one thing. I'd sooner feed mush and milk to feebs than milk cows with the frost on the ground. Mrs. Bopp was scared to let me play with her children. And I was scared, too. They used to make faces at me when nobody was looking, and call me "Looney." Everybody called me Looney Tom. And the other boys in the neighbourhood threw rocks at me. You never see anything like that in the Home here. The feebs are better behaved.

Mrs. Bopp used to pinch me and pull my hair when she thought I was too slow, and I only made foolish noises and went slower. She said I'd be the death of her some day. I left the boards off the old well in the pasture, and the pretty new calf fell in and got drowned. Then Peter Bopp said he was going to give me a licking. He did, too. He took a strap halter and went at me. It was awful. I'd never had a licking in my life. They don't do such things in the Home, which is why I say the Home is the place for me.

I knew the law, and I knew he had no right to lick me with a strap halter. That was being cruel, and the guardianship papers said he mustn't be cruel. I didn't say anything. I just waited, which shows you what kind of a feeb I am. I waited a long time, and got slower, and made more foolish noises; but he wouldn't send me back to the Home, which was what I wanted. But one day, it was the first of the month, Mrs. Brown gave me three dollars, which was for her milk bill with Peter Bopp. That was in the morning. When I brought the milk in the evening I was to bring back the receipt. But I didn't. I just walked down to the station, bought a ticket like any one, and rode on the train back to the Home. That's the kind of a feeb I am.

Dr. Anglin was gone then, and Dr. Mandeville had his place. I walked right into his office. He didn't know me. "Hello," he said, "this ain't visiting day." "I ain't a visitor," I said. "I'm Tom. I belong here." Then he whistled and showed he was surprised. I told him all about it, and showed him the marks of the strap halter, and he got madder and madder all the time and

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said he'd attend to Mr. Peter Bopp's case.

And mebbe you think some of them little droolers weren't glad to see me.

I walked right into the ward. There was a new nurse feeding little Albert. "Hold on," I said. "That ain't the way. Don't you see how he's twisting that left eye? Let me show you." Mebbe she thought I was a new doctor, for she just gave me the spoon, and I guess I filled little Albert up with the most comfortable meal he'd had since I went away. Droolers ain't bad when you understand them. I heard Miss Jones tell Miss Kelsey once that I had an amazing gift in handling droolers.

Some day, mebbe, I'm going to talk with Dr. Dalrymple and get him to give me a declaration that I ain't a feeb. Then I'll get him to make me a real assistant in the drooling ward, with forty dollars a month and my board. And then I'll marry Miss Jones and live right on here. And if she won't have me, I'll marry Miss Kelsey or some other nurse. There's lots of them that want to get married. And I won't care if my wife gets mad and calls me a feeb. What's the good? And I guess when one's learned to put up with droolers a wife won't be much worse.

I didn't tell you about when I ran away. I hadn't no idea of such a thing, and it was Charley and Joe who put me up to it. They're high-grade epilecs, you know. I'd been up to Dr. Wilson's office with a message, and was going back to the drooling ward, when I saw Charley and Joe hiding around the corner of the gymnasium and making motions to me. I went over to them.

"Hello," Joe said. "How's droolers?"

"Fine," I said. "Had any fits lately?"

That made them mad, and I was going on, when Joe said, "We're running away. Come on."

"What for?" I said.

"We're going up over the top of the mountain," Joe said.

"And find a gold mine," said Charley. "We don't have fits any more. We're cured."

"All right," I said. And we sneaked around back of the gymnasium and in among the trees. Mebbe we walked along about ten minutes, when I stopped.

"What's the matter?" said Joe.

"Wait," I said. "I got to go back."

"What for?" said Joe.

And I said, "To get little Albert."

And they said I couldn't, and got mad. But I didn't care. I knew they'd wait. You see, I've been here twenty-five years, and I know the back trails that lead up the mountain, and Charley and Joe didn't know those trails. That's why they wanted me to come.

So I went back and got little Albert. He can't walk, or talk, or do anything except drool, and I had to carry him in my arms. We went on past the last hayfield, which was as far as I'd ever gone. Then the woods and brush got so thick, and me not finding any more trail, we followed a cow-path down to a big creek and crawled through the fence which showed where the Home land stopped.

We climbed up the big hill on the other side of the creek. It was all big trees, and no brush, but it was so steep and slippery with dead leaves we could hardly walk. By and by we came to a real bad place. It was forty feet across, and if you slipped you'd fall a thousand feet, or mebbe a hundred. Anyway, you wouldn't fall—just slide. I went across first, carrying little Albert. Joe came next. But Charley got scared right in the middle and sat down.

"I'm going to have a fit," he said.

"No you're not," said Joe. "Because if you was you wouldn't 'a' sat down. You take all your fits standing."

"This is a different kind of a fit," said Charley, beginning to cry.

He shook and shook, but just because he wanted to he couldn't scare up the least kind of a fit.

Joe got mad and used awful language. But that didn't help none. So I talked soft and kind to Charley. That's the way to handle feebs. If you get mad, they get worse. I know. I'm that way myself. That's why I was almost the death of Mrs. Bopp. She got mad.

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It was getting along in the afternoon, and I knew we had to be on our way, so I said to Joe:

"Here, stop your cussing and hold Albert. I'll go back and get him."

And I did, too; but he was so scared and dizzy he crawled along on hands and knees while I helped him. When I got him across and took Albert back in my arms, I heard somebody laugh and looked down. And there was a man and woman on horseback looking up at us. He had a gun on his saddle, and it was her who was laughing.

"Who in hell's that?" said Joe, getting scared. "Somebody to catch us?"

"Shut up your cussing," I said to him. "That is the man who owns this ranch and writes books."

"How do you do, Mr. Endicott," I said down to him.

"Hello," he said. "What are you doing here?"

"We're running away," I said.

And he said, "Good luck. But be sure and get back before dark."

"But this is a real running away," I said.

And then both he and his wife laughed.

"All right," he said. "Good luck just the same. But watch out the bears and mountain lions don't get you when it gets dark."

Then they rode away laughing; pleasant like; but I wished he hadn't said that about the bears and mountain lions.

After we got around the hill, I found a trail, and we went much faster. Charley didn't have any more sign of fits, and began laughing and talking about gold mines. The trouble was with little Albert. He was almost as big as me. You see, all the time I'd been calling him little Albert, he'd been growing up. He was so heavy I couldn't keep up with Joe and Charley. I was all out of breath. So I told them they'd have to take turns in carrying him, which they said they wouldn't. Then I said I'd leave them and they'd get lost, and the mountain lions and bears would eat them. Charley looked like he was going to have a fit right there, and Joe said, "Give him to me." And after that we carried him in turn.

We kept right on up that mountain. I don't think there was any gold mine, but we might 'a' got to the top and found it, if we hadn't lost the trail, and if it hadn't got dark, and if little Albert hadn't tired us all out carrying him. Lots of feebs are scared of the dark, and Joe said he was going to have a fit right there. Only he didn't. I never saw such an unlucky boy. He never could throw a fit when he wanted to. Some of the feebs can throw fits as quick as a wink.

By and by it got real black, and we were hungry, and we didn't have no fire. You see, they don't let feebs carry matches, and all we could do was just shiver. And we'd never thought about being hungry. You see, feebs always have their food ready for them, and that's why it's better to be a feeb than earning your living in the world.

And worse than everything was the quiet. There was only one thing worse, and it was the noises. There was all kinds of noises every once in a while, with quiet spells in between. I reckon they were rabbits, but they made noises in the brush like wild animals—you know, rustle, rustle, thump, bump, crackle, crackle, just like that. First Charley got a fit, a real one, and Joe threw a terrible one. I don't mind fits in the Home with everybody around. But out in the woods on a dark night is different. You listen to me, and never go hunting gold mines with epilecs, even if they are high-grade.

I never had such an awful night. When Joe and Charley weren't throwing fits they were making believe, and in the darkness the shivers from the cold which I couldn't see seemed like fits, too. And I shivered so hard I thought I was getting fits myself. And little Albert, with nothing to eat, just drooled and drooled. I never seen him as bad as that before. Why, he twisted that left eye of his until it ought to have dropped out. I couldn't see it, but I could tell from the movements he made. And Joe just

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lay and cussed and cussed, and Charley cried and wished he was back in the Home.

We didn't die, and next morning we went right back the way we'd come. And little Albert got awful heavy. Dr. Wilson was mad as could be, and said I was the worst feeb in the institution, along with Joe and Charley. But Miss Striker, who was a nurse in the drooling ward then, just put her arms around me and cried, she was that happy I'd got back. I thought right there that mebbe I'd marry her. But only a month afterward she got married to the plumber that came up from the city to fix the gutter-pipes of the new hospital. And little Albert never twisted his eye for two days, it was that tired.

Next time I run away I'm going right over that mountain. But I ain't going to take epilecs along. They ain't never cured, and when they get scared or excited they throw fits to beat the band. But I'll take little Albert. Somehow I can't get along without him. And anyway, I ain't going to run away. The drooling ward's a better snap than gold mines, and I hear there's a new nurse coming. Besides, little Albert's bigger than I am now, and I could never carry him over a mountain. And he's growing bigger every day. It's astonishing.

NOVELISTS AT THE FRONT

BY GRIFFIN MACE

When the first threatening of hostilities in Mexico roused the newspapers of the country to their customary zeal in obtaining direct representation at the front, it is common gossip that one prominent daily cabled Rudyard Kipling a tentative commission of $20,000 down, with additional stipends, to act as its special correspondent. He cabled back the one word "Impossible." Whether this fact is absolutely accurate or not is unimportant; but it illustrates the desire to have prominent names attached to war stories. It is not because a novelist is necessarily a good war correspondent—indeed, the record holds many failures—but the game has lost its old zest when kings like Archibald Forbes, George W. Stevens and even "Bull Run" Russell preformed their adventurous and thrilling exploits. To-day, with the restrictions of modern warfare, the war correspondent must be a good writer who can dress up in a readable form the few facts which the censorship permits him to obtain. It is a fair assumption always that a novelist has this faculty and so no modern war is without such names upon its firing line. To the novelist it is a splendid opportunity, since it affords him new material for a new novel. Besides this, many novelists have graduated from the ranks of newspapers, where they gained the training which enables them to "scent" the real story in any series of events. It is not surprising that Kipling refused this offer; he has achieved a comfortable middle-age and possibly his experiences in the Boer War did not stimulate his imagination as he may have expected.

It is interesting to recall, in a casual manner, the fact that several novelists have embarked on this temporary career. Only the other day the cables recorded the fact that Richard Harding Davis had been imprisoned and subsequently released, with added advertising value to the articles he was writing. Davis is a veteran in this work; in fact, he has sent back special stories from the three recent wars. Jack London has been another venturer in this field, which seems to appeal to his fundamental love of combat. He is equally at home reporting a carnage or a prize fight and it is no surprise

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to see him already in Mexico, which resembles both.

But the American war correspondent is not going to have an easy time if actual hostilities eventuate. An order has already gone out from the War Department which will in a large measure limit his activities, and destroy "free-lancing," which was so picturesque a side to other conflicts. By this regulation a thousand dollars must be paid down. For this the Government supplies equipment, such as tents, a horse and service. This also includes mess. In addition each writer must put up a bond of two thousand dollars, which will be forfeited if certain regulations are violated. These include an oath of loyalty and a necessity of complying with all regulations which may be ordered in the field, as well as submitting to dispatch censorship. The war correspondent is thus a sub-officer with imagination. There will be no venturing unrecorded, which made Richard Barry's exploit in the Russian War such an admirable achievement.

In one particular instance, however, imagination was more potent to correct reporting than an actual observance of fact. It is not so many years since that erratic but powerful young novelist, Stephen Crane, burst on an astonished public with his *Red Badge of Courage*. In this was recorded the terror of war with a minutiæ of detail which even soldiers, who had been under fire, said was a literal transcript of their emotions. Yet Crane had never been in a battle. It was natural then, when war did break out and this book was fresh in the public mind, that he should have been sent to the front. Yet he was a comparative failure. Possibly war was too real.

Conan Doyle added little to his reputation through his letters to the London papers during the Boer War, even though he gained the material for a painstaking book. Of course, so acute an observer could not completely fail, but the subtle battle of a Sherlock Holmes against a criminal brings out what is best in his analytical mind. The letters of Pierre Loti about the Balkan War were not fair records, for ever since *Les Desenchantées* he has been a partisan of Turkey and the odour of Constantinople has intoxicated his vision. But he obtained some delicious sensations, and rare artist that he is in the realm of sensation, we shall no doubt soon have a novel along these themes. How different a story Tolstoy brought back from Crimea in *War and Peace*. But Tolstoy was a participant not a novelist; he became a novelist through the horrors of war.

In connection with a great name in literature one recalls the little known fact that George Meredith acted as correspondent for the *London Post* during the Italian War in 1866. It must be confessed that no matter how much one may admire this novelist, there is nothing to excite admiration in the collected letters he sent back from the front and which are reproduced in the Memorial Edition of his works. They are thoroughly good reports and nothing else. Yet he wrote these while he was serially publishing *Vittoria* in the *Fortnightly*, for which, incidentally, he received 250 pounds. In this war novel—the only one he wrote—there are pages flashing with imaginative insight which his letters, from the same field, do not reveal. Why Meredith entered even temporarily upon a career so foreign to his temperament is a mystery. Perhaps a clue is found in a letter written at this period to his son Arthur: "My novels have been kept back by having to write on newspapers—they are the only things that pay. So take this as a moral: don't think of literature as a profession. I believe you have too much good sense."

Possibly here we have the real secret why novelists go to the front: it pays.

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THE ATHEIST

BY CALE YOUNG RICE

Over a scuff of rocks the tide
Wanders inward far and wide,
Lifting the sea-weed's sloven hair,
Filling the pools and foaming there,
Sighing, sighing everywhere.

Merged are the marshes, merged the sands,
Save the dunes with pine-tree hands
Stretching upward toward the sky
Where the sun, their god, moves high:
Would I, too, had a god—e'en I!

For the sea is to me but sea,
And the sky but infinity.
Tides and times are but some chance
Born of a primal atom-dance.
All is but linked Circumstance.

In it there is no Heart—no Soul—
No illimitable Goal—
Only wild happenings that wont
Makes into laws no might can shunt
From the deep grooves in which they hunt.

Wings of the gull I watch or claws
Of the cold crab whose strangeness awes;
Faces of men that feel the force
Of a hid thing they call life's course:
It is their hoping or remorse.

Yet it may be that I have missed
Something that only they who tryst,
Not with the sequence of events
But with their viewless Immanence,
Find and acclaim with spirit-sense.

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SUMMER-TIME FICTION

THE JUNE INSTALMENT

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

ALONG with the advent of the straw hat and fluffy parasol, the renewal of interest in bathing-suits and golf sticks, the opening-up of cottages and bungalows, comes the annual revival of the old, vexed question, Is there any distinctive type of summer-time fiction, and if so, what are its characteristics? There is a sort of popular superstition to the effect that there is such a type, and that it differs from other types chiefly in the slightness of its tax upon the brain. Hot-weather reading, it is argued, should demand a minimum of intellectual effort; it should be as light and unsubstantial as a charlotte russe or an ice-cream soda, a mere *soufflé* of words and thoughts, to trick the mental palate into momentary oblivion of breezeless air and baking heat. Indeed, in several recent seasons the publishers themselves have taken this line of reasoning so seriously that the market has been quite flooded with gaudily bound samples of inanity, resplendent with cover designs of gay butterflies of fashion, clad in summer finery of all the blatant hues that modern colour printing makes possible. Hammock Novel was the term coined not many seasons ago to describe this special type of fiction; and many a popular magazine displayed for its midsummer fiction number a girl reclining in a hammock, day-dreaming, with eyes half-closed, while the novel she had been reading was usually depicted, with unconscious irony, lying open, cover upwards, in her lap. Its fluffiness had failed to hold her vagrant fancies.

It would be interesting to know whether there really is any ground at all for this idea that an intelligent human brain will respond more readily to an inferior sort of stimulus at a time when all nature conspires to render it difficult for it to respond at all. Ask yourself, ask your friends and acquaintances, whether a book that you or they would scorn as trivial on a rainy evening in December suddenly becomes by some strange alchemy potent to drive off the insomnia of a sultry August afternoon. Of course, you will not find anything of the kind. There are some perverted mental palates which demand the sweetmeats of fiction all the year around, and naturally they demand an intensification of sugar in the days when the woods and the fields and the skies all call out together, "Throw aside your book and come and play!" But most of us look upon summer reading, so far as there is to be any reading at all during vacation days, as an opportunity to run through the books that have been crying out to be read all winter long, and for which there has been no time. Perhaps the book that we enjoyed most of all last July was an autobiography or an art monograph or a volume of literary essays; perhaps a vivid account of Antarctic exploration sent little sympathetic shivers down our back, despite the fact that the thermometer was at that moment registering ninety odd degrees; perhaps, again, we welcomed the chance to read for the tenth,—or was it the eleventh?—time some old, old fa-

*What Will People Say? By Rupert Hughes. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Keeping up Appearances. By Maximilian Foster. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Idle Wives. By James Oppenheim. New York: The Century Company.

Vandover and the Brute. By Frank Norris. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Carmen and Mr. Dryasdust. By Humfrey Jordan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Milky Way. By F. Tennyson Jesse. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Once to Every Man. By Larry Evans. New York: H. K. Fly Company.

The Titan. By Theodore Dreiser. New York: John Lane Company.

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vourite, *The Three Musketeers,* or *David Copperfield,* or *Henry Esmond.* And if we analyse all these perhapses, we find that the whole question sifts down to this simple axiom: that people's tastes do not change radically with the seasons; the books we read in July differ from those we read in January, not in kind but in degree; they must be of our own favourite brand, high or low, good or bad, Tolstoy or Ouida,—but they must be peculiarly good specimens of their own special class.

And this principle, which, after all, is based upon simple logic, is apparently being recognised more and more. The new volumes of the current month give no indication that the publishers are trying to cater to any theoretical vacuity incident to the approaching hot months. On the contrary, the quality most conspicuous in the current fiction is its demand that the reader shall do some thinking. The habit of propounding a problem and expecting the reader to bestir himself, take sides, reason the question out, is becoming more and more general, both in England and America. You want to be entertained? the author seems to say to the reader. Well, so you shall be, only you must work for it. The day for dreaming in a hammock has gone by; you must take a live interest in the questions of the hour, and then, and then only, you will like my book.

There are, of course, a certain proportion of volumes, and well-written ones, too, to which the foregoing remarks do not apply. Certain types of books have enjoyed big successes in the past, and it is inevitable that these types, in more or less inferior form, should reappear from time to time. But there is nevertheless a well-defined tendency in the direction of serious discussion in fiction form of the big, current ethical and social problems, and it is all the more noticeable in this approaching season of hammock idleness.

"WHAT WILL PEOPLE SAY?"

At rare intervals we come across a book which, whatever its other merits or defects, impresses us as possessing an undeniable magnitude of theme and treatment. Every professional reviewer knows the sudden thrill of such discoveries. Sober second thought and the lapse of time naturally lead to some degree of readjustment; yet nothing can rob us of that first vivid impression of power and bigness. In glancing back over a decade or so, one recalls Robert Grant's *Unleavened Bread,* Theodore Dreiser's *Sister Carrie,* Robert Herrick's *Together,* Edith Wharton's *House of Mirth,* Frank Norris's *The Octopus,* as a few instances taken more or less at random, of books over which a reviewer could safely give rein to his enthusiasm without the fear that five years later he might regret having put himself on record quite so fervently. *What Will People Say?* by Rupert Hughes, falls under this category. It is a picture of New York of to-day, done relentlessly and with grim irony,—New York in the grip of the latest follies, the insensate, all-day and all-night chase after pleasure. The mad spirit of squandering, the breathless hurry from restaurant to restaurant, theatre to cabaret, the hectic fever of the modern dance, the whole wild, shifting phantasmagoria of sensuous rhythms, swaying bodies, a whole community abandoned to the pursuit of new sensations. There is something so chaotic in the life of the present hour that one would have said off-hand that it would defy the art of the printed page, and that nothing short of the motion picture could mirror it back with anything approaching adequacy. Yet that is precisely what Mr. Hughes has succeeded in doing; and in doing it, he has given us not only scene after scene of photographic vividness, but what is even more difficult, a sense of depth and atmosphere, a suggestion of infinitely varied life, behind and beyond the specific pictures of his immediate story. Perhaps the weakest thing about his book is its title; to a certain extent it expresses his central idea, but it does not express it with sufficient emphasis. The story deals with that ultra-modern class whose lives are in all things keyed to the superlative; nothing is too

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costly, nothing too eccentric, nothing too extreme, provided always that they do not transgress the unwritten code of their own kind. "What will people say?" is the haunting question forever in the back of their minds, stifling the natural affections, forcing loveless marriages, forging the links of a life-long slavery. Mr. Hughes has cleverly chosen to see all this through the unspoiled eyes of a young army officer just back from several years' service in the Philippines. The new dancing craze, among other innovations, is a revelation to him, and a rather unpleasant one, until he meets Persis Cabot, dances with her, and comes under the spell of an unknown intoxication of rhythm. Persis Cabot is an unforgettable figure in contemporary fiction. She is the incarnation of the social orchid of to-day, brilliant, vivid, scintillating, infinitely desirable yet infinitely remote,—that is, if you are a poor army officer whose only resources are two thousand a year. Yet even cold, calculating young women of the orchid type do sometimes kindle into flames; and Persis Cabot has her hour of madness, when she almost forgets what people will say, almost chooses poverty and the man she loves, instead of millions and the wretched, unwholesome, obnoxious little Willie Enslee who goes with them as a necessary part of the bargain. If Lieutenant Forbes could then and there have passed out of the life of Persis Enslee, Mr. Hughes of course would not have had a story to write; but it happened that Forbes lacked the courage to be wise, and that Persis the disillusioned wife was a very different person from Persis the inexperienced young girl, and never once thought of asking, as she did in an earlier chapter, "Help me against myself." Mr. Hughes shows just one structural weakness, he does not know when to stop, the last few chapters of his book are sheer surplusage. But there is one scene that stands out with grim and haunting power, and that is the dinner scene, just after Enslee has learned, beyond the possibility of doubt, his wife's infidelity. He knows that he is going to kill her, and she knows it too, yet they go through the gruesome farce of a formal dinner, course after course, hatred in their hearts, and empty, banal commonplaces on their lips,—for the servants are present and at any cost they must keep up appearances even to the last. The story should have ended as the knife was driven home; yet even the egregious blunder of the inquest and the order for disinterment of the body cannot alter the fact that Mr. Hughes has done a rather big piece of work and has incarnated a certain social aspect which, even though a fleeting one, will not soon be forgotten.

"KEEPING UP APPEARANCES"

Keeping up Appearances, by Maximilian Foster, is a story which naturally comes next in order because, although in a far lighter vein, it deals with analogous conditions. It directly concerns the destinies of a young couple who leave their quiet Western home and come to New York, dazzled with the affluence that seems to be offered them in the form of a salary of five thousand a year in a Wall Street broker's office. Jim Agnew had hitherto been a clerk in a firm that dealt in coal, and he was not only impatient of the plodding life and slow advancement, but ashamed of his job as well; so when his former college chum offers him a position in his New York office, Jim jumps at it, even though he knows that the offer is made in the hope that he can swing a good share of his wealthy uncle's business into the hands of his new employer,—a thing which he cannot possibly do, because he and his uncle quarrelled hopelessly years ago. The purpose of the volume is to show how very small a distance five thousand dollars will go in New York, where a young couple are bent on keeping up appearances, and especially where they have the misfortune to get into the wrong sort of set, the sort that cares primarily only for outward show, and lives on credit, skirting the thin ice of bankruptcy. One becomes a trifle tired of the everlasting domestic account book, the price of meat, the ser-

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vants' unpaid and accumulating wages, the whole sordid story of a foolish young couple whose vaulting ambition overleaps itself, the husband losing his position simultaneously with the departure of indignant servants, and the mounting flood of unpaid bills. A kindly friend helps to tide them over, and with better luck than he deserved, the husband finds the old desk still vacant in his Western town, and goes back to it, wiser if not sadder,—indeed rather elated at the outcome of the venture. On the whole, a readable book, though too obviously written for the sake of the lesson rather than for the story.

"IDLE WIVES"

There is a certain formula that is being rather over-worked recently, averaging at least one example a month throughout the current year. Of course, in these days of feministic agitation the phenomenon is natural enough, but there is a sameness about the theme that becomes irritating. The formula in question may be briefly defined as an object-lesson in woman's right to "self-expression." Sometimes the heroine is already married, perhaps she has one or more children; sometimes she is a young girl striving to know her own mind, and wavering between a husband and a career. But in any case the formula is always worked out in just one way: the girl refuses to marry, or the wife to live with her husband, until the man is willing not only to recognise the woman's right to do her own independent work in the world, but to concede that her work is finer, nobler, altogether more important than his own. Mr. James Oppenheim's new volume, *Idle Wives,* is no exception to this general rule. Technically it is a good piece of work, with the careful finish that we have learned to expect from him. And there is no small amount of truth in the indictment that he brings against a large proportion of the women of the leisure class in New York to-day,—women whose occupation as wives and home-makers and mothers is largely taken from them by trained servants and graduate nurses, and who bore themselves to death over the inanities of bridge and gossip and an endless round of futile gaieties. Anne Wall, like her brother Richard, has scant patience with the conventions that mean so much to her mother, her sister and her husband John. She rebels against the ordered narrowness of routine, she stifles in a home where her own children care more for their German governess than for her, and where her little boy refuses her a good-night kiss because "there's germs in kisses." So, when her brother Richard insists upon marrying his stenographer and adopting the fatherless child that was the penalty of her ignorance of the world, Anne stands by him, in spite of her husband's anger, until their quarrel results in open rupture, and she leaves home, joins Richard and his wife on the lower East Side, and throws herself ardently into settlement work, and more especially the redemption of wayward young girls. This portion of the book is distinctly better material than the chapters dealing with the atmosphere of Riverside Drive; it rings truer. The Shane family especially contains some good portraiture; Mrs. Shane, overworked drudge; impetuous, wilful Mollie Shane, eager for the joys of living, and ready to fall an easy prey to the practiced wiles of "Lefty Larry," and old Shane himself, eating his heart out for his lost daughter, and slowly sinking into an untimely senility; all this is tragedy, sordid perhaps, yet of the kind that sets one's heart to aching. Good also is the psychology of Anne's reawakened longing for her own children, after her trying vigil on the night when Mollie Shane's child is born. But where the machinery of construction shows itself, with a discordant grating of wheels, is when Anne learns that the husband who had so bitterly opposed her claim to the right to follow her own career, has himself readjusted his own business interests in order to give a large part of his time to the same work that his wife is doing, the redemption of unfortunate women. Anne and her husband are

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reconciled, and we leave them doubly happy because they are working hand in hand for a common cause,—all of which is very pretty and idealistic. But it would be a comfort to see this theme handled for once in a perfectly simple and prosaic manner, not on the basis of a woman's right to "self-expression" or her duty to uplift the masses, but merely her right to "have a job," and earn her ten or twenty-five or hundred dollars a week, whether she is married or not. The heroine of the typical feministic novel of to-day is a genius, a philanthropist, a new Jane Addams sent to revolutionise our social system. The argument in these stories seems to be that women of this type are so important to the world that no husband has the right to hamper their usefulness. But why does not some novelist give us the common, average type of the young wife who, perhaps, has no exceptional talent, but plenty of good intentions and energy, and who would rather run a typewriter at fifteen dollars a week than dawdle her days away over fancy-work and a box of chocolates? The woman who can go to her husband and say, "I have the greatest soprano voice since Patti," or "I have written a novel that the publishers think will be a best seller," or "The trustees have offered me the presidency of the State college for women," holds in her hands a lever that will lift a world of prejudice and conservatism. But take your narrow, middle-class little man, making his twelve or fifteen hundred a year, commuting because a distant suburb, which costs him a tedious hour, morning and night, means better social surroundings for wife and children. He is not working for any "up-lift of society;" it is his "job," the only one he knows, and it means bread and butter, neither more nor less; well, supposing that his wife, instead of boring herself to distraction over Ladies' Aid Societies and Rummage Sales, wanted to take some perfectly respectable position on a weekly salary, would he agree to it? Of course not! The traditions of unnumbered middle-class generations would rise up and do battle. That is the theme that some novelist ought to undertake: the equal rights problem on a strict economic basis, shorn of all "uplift" and "self-expression" idealism, and brought right down to a matter of simple dollars and cents.

"VANDOVER AND THE BRUTE"

Those whose privilege it was to know Frank Norris in the few brief transition years between the Nineteenth Century and the Twentieth, and to watch his rare and virile powers slowly find themselves and compel recognition of his brilliant and short-lived promise, find themselves facing a painful duty when asked to review his long lost posthumous novel, *Vandover and the Brute*. One thing seems certain: had Norris lived, this early work might have served him profitably as a source-book of youthful impressions, college-day spontaneity which, when once lost, is gone irretrievably:—but he would never have made the colossal blunder of publishing it in its present form. Until he became known, he, of course, could not have found a publisher for a work so audacious; and by the time that he had made a name and secured his public, his awakened understanding of his art would have forbidden the publishing of a piece of sheer apprentice work,—powerful in streaks, Zolaesque in the sheer surface mannerisms and a startling frankness of theme which he never again sought to attain, and yet revealing, in countless subtle ways, his lack of full understanding of his self-elected model. The briefest and simplest way of defining *Vandover and the Brute* is to say that Norris was gropingly trying to do what Mr. W. B. Maxwell has done of clear purpose and with masterly execution in his much debated volume, *In Cotton Wool*. Both these books tell the life of a man who always chooses the line of least resistance, the man who, starting out with high ideals and brilliant opportunities, finds it easier, month by month and year by year, to yield to the brute side of human nature that is perpetually striving to drag us down. The fatal weakness of *Vandover and the*

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Brute is its lack of explanation: there is nothing to account for the hero's weakness of will. There is no hint of any defective heredity, no evidence that there was anything especially vicious in Vandover's environment. His college course was fairly normal; he had his lapses, but they were comparatively rare. The only abnormal thing about him at this time was an unhealthy super-sensitiveness of conscience, a tendency to magnify out of all proportion his occasional departures from the strait and narrow path. Furthermore, luck played a large part in Vandover's slow disintegration. If he had not lost his mother when a mere boy; if a certain girl had not committed suicide; if he had not been shipwrecked at a crucial moment; if his father had not succumbed to heart-failure; if he had not had a scoundrel for a friend; if,—we might go on indefinitely with the swelling list of "ifs." In real life, the issues are often complicated by apparently wanton intrusions of fate; but the novelist who knows his art tries to keep the issues clear; he says, accidents may happen, but let us work out the problem without their help. Norris had not yet learned this when he was breaking himself in by writing *Vandover and the Brute,* and that is why, for the sake of his reputation, it ought to have been issued for private circulation only and placed in the hands of the few who would have regarded it as a human document and nothing more.

"CARMEN AND MR. DRYASDUST"

This is a story based upon a glaringly obvious "made" situation, yet so deftly told and with such a delicious appreciation of the little ironies of life, that we not only forgive but welcome it. Imagine two brothers, the one an erratic genius, the other a painfully conservative possessor of a single talent, and content to tread throughout life the narrow foot-path ordained for an assistant tutor in Cambridge University. The genius had a meteoric career, scandalised some narrow souls, wrote one immortal book, went on an errand of noble sacrifice to South America, and died of fever, leaving only one person to mourn him, a broken-hearted girl who was soon to have been his wife. Six years pass, and as luck would have it, this girl chances to meet the assistant tutor of Holy Ghost College during his vacation on the Continent. He has never heard of her; but she, recognising his identity, conceives a sudden strange design. She sees his weakness of character, his monumental narrowness of soul,—and yet there is just enough of the dead brother in him to make her want him as father of the children for whom she dumbly longs,—children who would bear the name of Pontifax. This is all by way of prelude. The story itself deals with the awakening of a weak man from the rut in which he has been content to waste his years; his discovery that there are bigger things in life than the petty, sordid university politics and rivalries; and finally his voluntary resignation, and transference to a wider and higher field of activity. And all this is wrought by the calm, tactful persistence of a woman who knows unerringly what she wants, and who guides the man so subtly that he never fully knows how much he owes her. And best of all, the one thing of which she has long since given up all hope at last comes to her, because little by little she learns that "love can grow for people, grow and get strong in them, become something more than a mere tolerant affection, make for itself a place, a real place, forever in their lives." A keen, discerning book, written in a spirit of blended irony and indulgence.

"THE MILKY WAY"

The Milky Way, by F. Tennyson Jesse, finds the explanation of its title in a Provençal proverb, "He who is light of heart and heels can wander in the milky way." In type, it belongs to the prolific line of pseudo-Borrovian fiction, that includes in its recent annals such various examples as *The Beloved Vagabond, The Broad Highway,* and *The Happy Warrior.* The accepted formula for this type is a group of eccentrics,

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kindly, lovable people, of course, but the more hopelessly incongruous the better; and they roam the highways and by-ways gypsy-fashion, penniless, ill-fed and carefree, rejoicing in that touch of vagabondage which makes the whole world of bohemia kin. *The Milky Way* is by no means the worst specimen of its type; on the contrary, it has its good points and its moments of real appeal. Yet it is, taken as a whole, rather more preposterous than the majority of its class. The heroine is an unsuccessful illustrator, who out of sheer discouragement is about to make a loveless marriage, when she hears an utter stranger, in rags and tatters, piping tunefully down in the steerage of the tramp freighter on which she chances to be. A shipwreck in mid-channel has the result of burdening the heroine with another woman's baby, and presently she, the baby and the tuneful piper find themselves annexed to a troop of strolling players, doing one-night stands through English country towns. Subsequent events continue to arrive haphazard; people vanish and reappear again with dizzy unexpectedness, and after a good deal of tedious uncertainty, the heroine and her piper find that they love each other and decide to be married. And that is literally all. The characters are some of them quaintly diverting, but the story is sadly lacking in plot interest.

"ONCE TO EVERY MAN"

It is astonishing how a story of such strong appeal could have been wrought out of such simple, homely material. Imagine a little backwater of civilisation, a primitive, almost stagnant little village in a setting of the "everlasting hills." Ask for the substance of the story in briefest possible form, and for the moment one is puzzled how to answer truthfully and yet do the tale justice. After all, it is nothing more nor less than the simple love story of Denny Bolton, Young Denny, and Dryad Anderson, the daughter of pathetic, old, half-witted Anderson, once the cutter of tombstones; but since the day when his fragile child wife died, he has spent his life in a daze, ceaselessly modelling white marble images, always of the same subject,—the beautiful young woman taken from him before her time. Young Denny has his tragedy, too. It is a matter of history that for unnumbered generations the Boltons sooner or later drank themselves to death; and it is freely predicted by the village greybeards, with Judge Maynard as their spokesman, that sooner or later, Young Denny will follow suit. Prejudice is strong in the village, and the tall, lank, massive shouldered lad leads a lonely life, save for his horses and cow and stolen interviews with Dryad. And always in one corner of his lonely cabin stands a jug full of whiskey, a perpetual reminder of the inherited taint and a daily test of his strength of resistance. What the villagers cannot pardon Young Denny for is that he has proved them false prophets; he should have taken to drink long ago; gossip insists scores of times that he has done so, and gossip always proves to have been mistaken. But a day comes when a series of mischances give sudden colour to the rumour that he has at last fallen from grace, Dryad herself loses faith in him, and her loss of faith coincides with Denny's departure from town. But his real reason for going has nothing to do with the little brown jug. He has read in a newspaper the chances of big money awaiting a successful prizefighter, he knows the strength and endurance stored up in his massive bones and muscles, he thinks of Dryad and his hopes, and the slow and painful toil of accumulating dollars from a rocky farm. And when we have said this, we have told the whole simple story. That is, all but the Homeric fight itself in which Denny makes his first appearance in the ring and wins his laurels and a neat little fortune. But it isn't the plot that holds us; it is a trick that the author has learned early, and that cannot be taught,—the trick of making us care for his people, not for what they do, but for what they are. Young Denny is a good lover, a good fighter, and a good all-around human being, and who would be so unreasonable as to ask more?

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"THE TITAN"

Whatever value we may place upon Mr. Theodore Dreiser as a novelist, he is certainly not one whose works may be dismissed lightly. That he is tremendously in earnest, is obvious. That an amount of patient toil and endeavour goes into each and every one of his volumes is evidenced by the crowded detail, the tumultuous activity, the multitudinous sequence of episode, the whole effect of thronging humanity, the ceaseless storm and surge of existence. And yet, in his later books he fails to produce the effects that he secured by far simpler means years ago in *Sister Carrie*. There was no confusion of many characters and many incidents in that volume, no overcrowding of the canvas. It was all quite direct and elemental, and poignantly true. The reader took sides keenly, glowing hot and cold alternately, with the surge of personal sympathy,—because every character in the book was a personality, some one whom we could have loved or hated in real life in a frankly human fashion. The new volumes are vastly more elaborate: one feels that Mr. Dreiser has studied and toiled and striven, before reaching the minute understanding of business and finance, monopoly and graft that makes books like *The Titan* and *The Financier* read like the concentrated extract of a whole world of bribery and corruption. And yet, by the very force of iteration, the wearing action of endless repetition, they deaden their own effect; the sheer volume and extent of the detailed schemes pall upon us and leave us indifferent. In *The Financier,* it will be remembered that Cowperwood, Frank Algernon Cowperwood, having defied gods and men once too often, was borne down under the wreckage of his own vast schemes and landed for some thirteen months in the Eastern District Penitentiary in Philadelphia. *The Titan* takes up his subsequent career from the date of his release, witnesses his achievement of a fresh fortune, his removal to Chicago and his ambitious plans for effecting a consolidation of the city gas companies, with the ulterior design of controlling the monopoly himself. Incidentally, the volume is a detailed, minute and rather sordid secret life of a modern Don Juan. Cowperwood is not content to divorce his patient, long-suffering first wife and marry his mistress in her stead; but he seems temperamentally unable to look upon any woman without desire. Mr. Dreiser spares us none of his many gallantries. They become wearisome, repellent, almost nauseating from the sheer monotony of their endless sameness. It is all, no doubt, true to the actualities of a certain side of life, although one wonders at times how any one man could always have the luck of such seemingly easy conquests; the law of probabilities would point at least to an occasional rebuff. But, be that as it may, Mr. Dreiser might have been content to give us a few specimen cases and let us conjecture the rest. Infidelity following infidelity, discovery following discovery, husband and wife both hiring detectives to spy out their respective rendezvous, hair-pulling, face-scratching and torrential outpourings of billingsgate invective do not make pleasant reading when extended over upward of five hundred closely printed pages. The reviewer's quarrel is not with the author's method, nor with his outlook upon life, but merely with his sense of proportion and quantity, his tendency to overstate his case so vastly. Cowperwood's first few lapses from virtue compel our attention, but the time comes when we merely say wearily, "What, not another one?" And the only relief from this obsession of women is an equally tiresome obsession of monopoly, Gas Company shares, street-railway shares, bills, ordinances, injunctions, the whole machinery of legal and legislative chicanery. Undeniably, the book has a certain bigness, it is cast on broad, bold lines, and incidentally it strips a human soul bare of its last remnant of covering. But it is not enough to tell the reader the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; it is necessary also to hold his interest,—and to do that, an author must be careful not to try the reader's patience too far nor too long.

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TWELVE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Mrs. Evan Nepean's "On the Left of a Throne"*

There was nothing heroic in "King Monmouth," and Mrs. Nepean does not attempt to make him a hero. Her purpose is rather to reveal the human side of him, to set forth that charm of manner and beauty of person which won him popularity everywhere, and to recount the happy and unhappy story of the one great love of his life. She is right in thinking that history has on the whole dealt rather too harshly with the son of Charles II and Lucy Walter. Macaulay makes him almost contemptible, and less partisan writers have cast ridicule upon his hope of succeeding to his father's throne. Yet if we consider the state of public feeling in England when Charles died there is nothing surprising in it. James was widely distrusted for his religion; and although the Tories might try to allay the anxiety of English Churchmen by saying, "We have the word of a king, and a king who was never worse than his word," the attitude of the Protestant party in general remained as it had been when Charles dismissed his brother's fears lest he be assassinated with the characteristically witty remark, "They'll never kill me, James, to make you king." The effort to exclude at that time the last of the Stewarts to wear the crown happily failed, and the Monmouth rebellion was easily suppressed. But the son of Charles had for the moment good reason to believe that he might displace the brother. The love the people felt for him was sincere enough, though it did not suffice to save him from disaster. The end was inevitable, of course; the stain of illegitimacy would doubtless have made it so, even had James then as completely alienated his subjects as he had when William of Orange almost failed in his enterprise.

The might-have-beens of history are not profitable topics of speculation. Whatever the views of Monmouth or his partisans, the kingdom was not ready for revolt. Nor does Mrs. Nepean's favourable account of the most interesting of the royal bastards convince us that it would have been well for England had the time then been ripe. Questions of this kind, indeed, she does not argue. Her chief purpose is to show Monmouth in his habit as he lived. Her volume would be a more interesting footnote to history had she refrained from a too obvious straining after the sentimental and the picturesque. Frankly, it is about as bad as a book of the kind can be. She has disdained the simple art of straightforward narrative. The reader who knew nothing of Monmouth would get from these pages a confused idea of his story. To be sure, she disclaims trying to write a biography. But the "study" which she essays is far from illuminating. She has unquestionably devoted much labour to it, and has used some hitherto imperfectly known material. Many of the portraits, too, are unfamiliar to the public. There are descriptive passages to which a vivid style, and that degree of sympathetic insight which women have more often than men, give genuine value. But too often we cannot see the wood for the trees. Thus nearly a third of the volume is devoted to the Duchess of Monmouth, and to members of her family whose history had nothing to do with that of the Duke. Thus, too, the moving narrative of the Duke's love for Lady Wentworth and her sacrifice for him is interrupted by more or less circumstantial accounts of matters remote from the purpose. These excursions into blind alleys, accompanied by a running fire of exclamation points and question marks, are little less than exasperating.

*On the Left of a Throne. A Personal Study of James, Duke of Monmouth. By Mrs. Evan Nepean. New York: John Lane Company.

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The one mystery in Monmouth's life —if it be still a mystery—is whether he was really a legitimate son of Charles and the rightful heir to the throne. If we could accept this hypothesis it would explain many things. It is true, as Mrs. Nepean says, that he was never treated as illegitimate. Henrietta Maria made much of him; Charles loved him best of all his children and set the example for the respect with which the Court treated him. When foreign royalties died he wore the long purple cloak just as Charles, James and Prince Rupert did—a singular honour for the son of an unmarried mother! It is said that he himself "knew" he was legitimate. If so, he never gave convincing proof of such knowledge. The conclusion which we must reach after balancing all the probabilities of the case is that Charles never married Lucy Walter. The only approach to evidence that he did is a fourth-hand statement that the Duke of Buccleuch found the marriage certificate in the muniment room at Dalkeith and burned it. Against this may be set the unlikelihood that even a king without a throne, as Charles was in 1849, would marry a lady with no reputation to lose and attainable on easier terms. Lucy tried to make a great scandal about it afterward, and sought to keep the child, whether from love or a less worthy motive we need not too curiously inquire. But if any woman were ever without a shred of morality it was she, and she does not deserve our pity.

And what of Monmouth himself? He was no hero surely, or he would not have begged for his life from the justly implacable James. He had a bad heritage in his mother, and his environment at the Court of his father was no school of virtue. He was, besides, one of those handsome men whom women spoil. His emotions were easily stirred, but until he met Henrietta Wentworth he seems to have been capable of no great passion. For her who was married to him while he was still a boy he never cared—or did not care long. She was a cold, hard person, ambitious to be queen, no doubt, but with little concern for the fate of the man who would have made her queen. There are, in truth, but two things in Monmouth's life which are wholly without a touch of the sordid. He loved Henrietta devotedly. In his last hours he refused to acknowledge that it was a sin to love her. He told the bishops who were with him that "this was a marriage, their choice of one another being guided not by lust, but by judgment upon due consideration." They might refuse him the communion, but he would not repudiate her. This was not the attitude of a weakling or a mere profligate. And he went to his death "with an air of undisturbed courage that was grave and composed." The moment of cowardice when he fell on his knees before James had passed. He had the Stewart blood, after all, and he died like a gentleman. There is something pathetic in his story, something to admire, even though he was no hero. We wish it might have been told with fewer sentimental flourishes.

Edward Fuller.

II

George Henry Nettleton's "English Drama of the Restoration and Eighteenth Century"*

Professor Nettleton's book provides a history of English dramatic development from the re-opening of the theatres in 1642 to Sheridan. His plan is roughly similar to that of Ward's history of the earlier drama—a brief, detailed study of individual men and plays set in a solid framework of the general evolution of dramatic ideas. The main intention is to furnish a perspective, and the result is thoroughly orderly and competent. Containing little that is new and suggestive, it at the same time avoids the attractive generalisations by which research so often mars its achievements in fitting phenomena to theory.

The period here covered has been ne-

*English Drama of the Restoration and Eighteenth Century. By George Henry Nettleton. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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glected apparently because it afforded few high lights. But the author finely points out that, whatever the drama, it has importance because it represents the demand of the people. Despite the limitations of the drama of the past two centuries and a half, he says, it has been linked too closely with the lives and interest of the English people to be dismissed as unworthy of serious notice. Whether comedy laughs with the sins of the Restoration or weeps with the sentimentality of the eighteenth century, it bears the form and pressure of the age; and even when tragedy seems most aloof from human hearts, it won the plaudits of the passing day. Furthermore, the comedy of manners came in this period to its fullest development, tragedy learned to speak prose and to find suffering and sorrow in bourgeois life, and stage-craft and acting steadily developed —the latter, at least, rising to noble heights.

The English drama is itself a drama of national life. Even the multiple Gallic graftings on the stock of Restoration drama left its roots still firmly set in English soil. The re-established stage owed neither its origin nor its initial progress to France; and the novelty of English opera itself seems chiefly attributable to native influences. Always, too, there was conflict between Continental example and English practice.

The failure of the Heroic drama lay in its attempt to achieve the impossible, but the effort in spite of much grotesqueness was not ignoble and echoed faintly an earlier faith in chivalry and love. As tragedy, except for Otway, moved further from ordinary life, comedy came nearer to the only life it presented—that of London fashionable society. It held the boards for many years and powerfully influenced eighteenth century drama, though even Sheridan—its final and finest flower—did not attempt to reproduce its traditional license. The attack of Collier against this license has been over and underestimated. Macaulay is wrong when he says that Collier reformed the stage, and so is modern criticism when it dismisses this attack as a failure. The superficial aspect of drama was not largely altered, but there were many signs of reaction against its immorality. The purging came, however, not through the reform of the old but the advent of the new. While Cibber resolutely turned his back on licentiousness, Steele sought for his feeble *vis comica* the new prop of sentiment. Otway and Southerne had already sentimentalised tragedy; and now the rising tide of sentiment invaded comedy, as it was later to sweep away Richardson and Sterne in the novel. Steele's dictum that laughter is but a distorted passion is proof that sentiment became for his generation the link between comedy and tragedy. Rowe's domesticated and moralising tragedies maintained their vitality well into the nineteenth century, pallidly reviving the Elizabethan tradition, whose "native rage," Addison's Cato sought to chill with the classical restraints of the Continental drama. The French influence derived a new and powerful support from Voltaire, who yet borrowed very freely from Shakespeare. Lillo's crude conception of natural dialogue in his domestic tragedies made a step toward modern realism by breaking the old shackles of verse tragedy, the prestige of which was further shaken by the destructive force of Fielding's burlesques. As tragedy was being moralised, comedy was increasingly sentimentalised. Sentimental comedy proved no less artificial than Restoration comedy, and—as so often has happened in this ticklishly-poised world—the hand that led the way to moral reform led the way to moral decay.

It led to dramatic decay also. The stage was too much concerned with an artificial mechanism of morality to represent life. Besides, both comedy and tragedy were wavering flabbily between respect for the old conventions—Elizabethan or classical—and more modern needs; and all the while Italian opera, pantomime and spectacle, burlesque and farce, were pressing them hard. In the decline of the harassed drama the novel found its opportunity. Only a strong

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repertory of stock plays and the genius of some of its actors sustained the theatre. The test of time had already established Shakespeare's supremacy among the earlier dramatists, but Garrick now powerfully confirmed his position. The arbiter of Drury Lane set the fashion decisively. In the tragedies of his era there were few traces of dramatic power; and though the farces of Foote and the comedies of the elder Colman showed glimpses of genuine comic spirit, the players, and not the plays, dominated the Garrick era. As for the sentimental drama, it rose to its height —encouraged by actors who were able to conceal its falsity and mediocrity. It not merely caused the sun to shine on the good and the rain to fall on the unjust, but it made all temporal prosperity the handmaiden of morality. Goldsmith and Sheridan were unable to rid themselves of the sentimentality they attacked. Judged by standards of continued popularity, Sheridan stands second only to Shakespeare.

A. de Vivier.

III

C. Gasquoine Hartley's "The Age of Mother-Power"*

The first questions that occur to the reader of this book is whether it was worth writing; whether it is very useful that we should inquire into the distant period when woman was enthroned above man, a period so remote that no documents prove its existence; whether a full knowledge thereof is of any practical value. Mrs. Gallichan might reply that no knowledge is sterile and would not be quite wrong; but on the other hand experience in, say, pathology, does not help very much a man who wants to learn to carve wood. But, these ill-natured remarks made, the reader very soon discovers that Mrs. Gallichan has not, after all, wasted her time, for she has managed to suggest through the medium of anthropology a good deal that affects what we generally call the Woman Problem.

For the author is not an unreasonable person. She seems to have shed the prejudices supposed to be inherent in her sex and shows herself much fairer than a purely androcratic person, such as Westermark. The story she has to tell is that of the constitution of the early family and of its evolution into the modern form and, in the first half of the book, she has made of it something so romantic that one reads it almost as a utopia by Mr. Wells—with this difference, that it is probably not a utopia. To summarise her theory briefly, according to Mrs. Gallichan, the earliest grouping of human creatures was a fierce, jealous, solitary male surrounded by females who were, without any distinction of consanguinity, subject to his physical appetites. That, at first sight, was a patriarchal system, but Mrs. Gallichan proceeds with remarkable ingenuity to sketch out the probable psychology of the alleged patriarch. Entirely governed by sex-appetites, jealous, pugnacious and solitary in his harem, he seemed to rule, but the author qualifies his position by suggesting that one man is much less likely to feed twenty women than twenty women to feed one man. That is very important, for it does away with the idea of man's early pacha attitude; if he had to be fed he became a dependent, so that his physical power availed him little. Thence springs the conclusion that all government, administration and domestic artistry fell into the hands of women, who formed a sort of Socialistic republic under the sway of a purely constitutional head.

Mrs. Gallichan then leads us further; she shows that the sons, expelled by the jealous patriarch, formed similar and hostile communities by stealing wives—or being stolen by them, for Mrs. Gallichan will not have it that woman is passive in love, as to which the writer will not commit himself in this short article. But she conceives, and she is probably right, that at some period mother-love gained for sons the right to remain within the

*The Age of Mother-Power. By C. Gasquoine Hartley (Mrs. W. M. Gallichan). New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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community, provided they mated outside its boundaries. That was presumably the origin of exogamy to which every civilised race and almost every savage tribe attaches to-day so much importance. Arguing from mythology, folk-lore and the probability that basic humanity does not vary much, she shows that this group-marriage in no wise amounted to promiscuity and that thereto must be ascribed the complicated systems of taboos and totems familiar to all who study savage races. Lastly comes the revolt of man, who by purchase acquires slave-women, until little by little women pass within his power, until the mother-age vanishes into the patriarchal period of fist and sword.

The book is extraordinarily interesting and subtle. Mrs. Gallichan shows that it was quite natural to trace descent through the mother, not because the father was unknown but because woman represented property; that women must have become civilised because they had an interest in combining against the lonely man. And she must be commended especially for not allowing herself to be deluded by the current practice of animals, in which direction the writer believes error to lie. Sometimes, however, she is carried away by her belief in her case. Thus when Andromache says to Hector (after the destruction of her father's house and its inmates): "Thou art my father and gracious mother, thou art my brother . . . ," Mrs. Gallichan considers that this implies transfer to the husband of all the old mother-right relationships. The writer would rather look upon it as a poetic flight akin to that in Francis Thompson's "Arab Lore Song." And to see signs of mother-right in the seven years that Jacob served Laban to gain Leah is sheer prejudice; Laban's *wife* does not seem to have profited much by the transaction!

Still Mrs. Gallichan has made a fine case for the matriarchy, and it follows that woman should still be potentially able to organise the State. Whether she actually is capable to do so alone, whether it is desirable she should is very doubtful. We have passed the time when men must work and women must weep, but the time is not upon us when women must work and men must fight, for there is nothing to fight except men. Mrs. Gallichan does not wish to prove that women and not men must control the State; she is far too wise to commit herself, but one feels all through her book two impulses: one is Socialist and the other is Feminist. Now we are beyond doubt becoming socialised, and it will not matter much if we call our next system "Empire," for it will be a Socialism of sorts; believing as does Mrs. Gallichan that all communism is good, the writer cannot fail to be impressed by the fact that in the midst of savagery the communism of woman was the only good thing. As for Feminism, that is vaguer of course, but it is permissible to say that the relation between woman and man cannot so much have changed that woman cannot take her share in State affairs. For this reason it is impossible to say that this study of the matriarchy is useless; it says, more or less: "What woman has done, woman can do," and if we turn the old saying into "What man has done, woman can do," we shall be expressing something well in accord with the feeling that to-day inspires the feminine revolt.

W. L. George.

IV

Dean C. Worcester's "The Philippines"*

In approaching the two large volumes which Mr. Worcester has just written, supplementing his exhaustive observations contained in *The Philippine Islands and Their People,* it is well to bear in mind that he writes somewhat as a controversialist. There is about the entire study an air of indignation at the aspersions cast upon the government which the United States have been forced to put upon our Western possessions, a government in which the author himself has been an important factor. It seems at

*The Philippines. By Dean C. Worcester. 2 Vols. New York: Macmillan.

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times as though this newer work has been written as a complete refutation of these aspersions, and at the same time as a plea that the direction in which our Government has pointed its energies should not be altered. In fact, Mr. Worcester makes little attempt throughout to avoid partisanship both in praise and in blame. It is well to call attention to this fact, by way of warning, since an occasional splenetic note mars the calm and massive accumulation of data, which, it must be confessed, seem to prove the main contention of the book. For the author has set upon himself the task of examining in detail all charges of mal-administration and the like, and also to place quite clearly before the uninformed reader the actual work as accomplished and the actual conditions under which that work has been pursued. Though Mr. Worcester does not write with much humour or variety he has none the less achieved a contribution which is, without doubt, the most exhaustive and informing that has been published on the subject. Exactly how accurate are all his deductions it is impossible to say—since facts are easily coloured by the temperament and point of view through which they are sifted—but, on the whole, his contentions are buttressed with documentary evidence which seems to clinch his case.

The early chapters are devoted to an episodic history of the part which the United States have played in the Islands, particularly in reference to our relations with Aguinaldo and the Insurgents under him. Mr. Worcester vehemently denies that independence was ever promised the Filipinos. As this has been an important contention of the opponents of our recent policy, Mr. Worcester gives much space to an examination of the government files as well as the Tagalog correspondence—written exclusively by the Filipinos for their own people—which was captured by our officials. In these there is nothing to prove that our officials co-operated on any such basis of promised independence with the Filipinos. The only co-operation was against the common enemy before Spain surrendered. The contention has also been made by various critics that Aguinaldo had established a Republic and that we upset it. This, too, Mr. Worcester shows to be a bit of rhetorical imagination; for, in great detail, he reveals the terrible anarchy which existed in the very territory alleged to have enjoyed the benefits of a sound rule under Aguinaldo. The author minces no words in depicting the treachery and cruelty of this celebrated Filipino. Even when technical peace had been proclaimed between him and the United States, Mr. Worcester brings much evidence to bear upon his continued treachery and double-dealing. In fact this suggests the main contention of these elaborate volumes: the Filipinos are not qualified for independence. This opinion is based upon the manner in which they tried to govern themselves, and on the author's wide experience as an official dealing with them. It is not a pleasant picture which he draws of this period, and he feels, in spite of great advances which have been made under American rule, there is nothing as yet to warrant the demand of many of the Filipino politicians and American sentimentalists that they could govern themselves. All this is, of course, controversial.

To the lay reader, merely interested in obtaining information, the many chapters devoted to an exposition of what the United States have accomplished is of great importance. First of all stress is laid upon the tremendous strides which have been made in the health of the particular islands where the Government has directed its efforts. Sanitation and medical supervision have made a complete change in the lives of the people. Not only has success attended the elimination of the great scourges which have inflicted the inhabitants for centuries, but there has been encouraging if not complete betterment in the diseases which periodically affected the cattle and beasts of burden. Indeed, one gathers from Mr. Worcester's facts that this is one of our proudest achievements—for sewerage and sanitation were practically unknown in Manila itself. Scientific studies have also

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been carried on to improve certain districts which were pest laden. A number of chapters are also devoted to the spread of education in the islands which are still weighted with the superstitions of many anti-Christian beliefs. No field of human activity, in fact, has remained untouched and the statistical record which Mr. Worcester gives will do much to explain the manner in which we have met our obligations as an agent of civilisation.

Throughout the two volumes there are many fascinating descriptions of the islands themselves; and here the author is at his best. The reader detects a real love for the tangled forests rich in lumber, the broad fields awaiting scientific and systematic cultivation, and the mountains full of unmined ore. However one may choose to doubt Mr. Worcester's main contentions on matters of governmental policy, one will readily linger on these chapters for their charm and information. Especially absorbing are the pages in which he describes the first visits made by white men in districts controlled by savage head-hunters. These add a touch of adventure amid the heralding of iterated fact. Among the lighter and more graceful observations those devoted to a description of the abundant game and fish will attract the sportsman. For the Philippines are a very Paradise in the variation of wild life. Especially alluring to the followers of Izaak Walton, it is recorded that there are over fourteen hundred species of fish already reported—many of which are ferocious fighters of size and power. Deer shooting is very common and the tamarau—a true buffalo which appears nowhere in the world except on the island of Mindoro—is one of the most formidable of antagonists. Mr. Worcester makes a curious comment about the crocodiles, which are also very common. It seems that in many pools and rivers the children bathe without apparent fear, even though these animals are resting in plain sight below. Yet individual crocodiles gain evil reputations, and their fame becomes a by-word in the Province.

One conclusion can be safely made from this book: that the present Administration, whatever policy it may develop toward the government of these islands, cannot afford to ignore the mass of material which Mr. Worcester has gathered together. The individual hostilities among the various tribes, as well as the fundamental distrust between the Mahomedan and Christian groups complicate the question. Mr. Worcester feels very strongly that before they can ever approximate independence these various groups must be amalgamated into a people. At present he sees no such possibility and his opinions, backed by his facts, should warrant the strongest consideration.

George Middleton.

V

Hugo Münsterberg's "Psychology and Social Sanity"*

No word carries to the modern mind a more complete suggestion of disfavour than the word Academic. It implies a person who, indeed, knows; but whose knowledge is incapable of practical application. The somewhat superstitious reverence for "book-learning" has pretty well disappeared from a society where every one can read what books he will and esteems himself therefore sufficiently learned. Thus the scholarly study of the Drama has for some time been a joke along Broadway; but recently a number of young men have proceeded straight from the drama courses of the universities to the production of plays that succeed. And this case is already one of many. Scholarship and science are attending more and more to the application of their theories, and are teaching the practical man (to his intense surprise) undeniable improvements in his own business. We are breeding a new sort of specialist whose first concern is the use of his specialty. The scholar who did this used to be rather looked down upon by his colleagues as a "populariser."

*Psychology and Social Sanity. By Hugo Münsterberg. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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He who devoted his learning plainly to the understanding of the people was, to their thinking, somehow unprofessional: at best a smatterer, at worst a charlatan.

Professor Münsterberg is absolutely above either of these obsolescent reproaches. As a leader in that New Psychology which has moved from metaphysics to science, which studies mental action through physical reactions by scientific experiment and induction, and which applies its results as practically as biology or chemistry, his position is recognised beyond question. He is a leading authority, one of the few most learned and best known specialists in his field. And he is about as academic as Mr. Edison. A mere glance at his table of contents is refreshing to such of us as had considered psychology a sort of abstruse mental solitaire. Telepathy, the quackery of the supernatural, even the mind of the juryman, are not surprising subjects; but to find psychology dealing with investment, advertising, and the modern dance gives the whole subject a queer new air of reality; and when it comes to Socialism, to the Sex Education question, to the probable value in cold cash of psychological science on the modern farm, we realise that something has been happening in the laboratories. Nor is all this a by-product or recreation of the new science, but its main line of research and application. Many of us indeed had already been made aware, from sources as diverse as sundry recent detective stories and the press reports of Professor Münsterberg's own work, that some such thing was going on; yet his book none the less quickens and clarifies the impression. It is before all else practical, and about practical things; there is not a word nor a sentence in it but the veriest layman may understand; and many a native writer might envy this German scholar's clear and easy command of English. There is the sense, too, that in such chapters as that on Sex Education and Modern Dancing, a wiser and better balanced mind than heretofore, as well as one deeplier informed and as thoroughly abreast of events, has here spoken something like an authoritative last word on the subject. He knows: you cannot question his facts, and his reasoning defends itself; nor is there any pedantry on which to hang a doubt of his human fairness and common-sense.

Just because the book is at once so practical and so authoritative, it is the more worth while to object at any point where it fails to convince. Professor Münsterberg is never academic nor uninformed: he is fallible not as a professor but as a scientist. By virtue indeed of being thoroughly scientific he is not untouched by the great Scientific Fallacy, which may be shortly defined as the application of scientific method where it cannot, in the nature of the case, apply. There is just one thing that you cannot prove by experiment: and that is whether experimental conditions alter the natural facts. The scientist knows that all the water in the world must act precisely like the water in his test tube. The scientist does not know how far all the humanity in the world will act like his few chosen subjects. He cannot prove that the man at liberty and the man even unconsciously under observation do not react differently to the same circumstances; and to take this for granted begs that whole question of telepathy which he is attempting scientifically to solve. What we learn about the man in the laboratory may not apply to the man in the street. How accurately it applies we can only guess by recording many natural cases, under the dilemma that the most normal case can be least accurately recorded, and the case most carefully observed may be least natural. This is not to say that the human sciences are futile, but that they are necessarily inexact. So much no one realises more clearly than the scientist himself; but the habit of postulating for the sake of experiment a validity which truly does not exist tends to lead even so sane a human being as Professor Münsterberg aside from the mark. It would be merely impertinent for the layman to attack the precision of his data or the scope of his inductions. But in the field of normal, uncontrolled human

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events, the layman is as it were a specialist; and the scientist has here a blind spot in his mental retina.

Professor Münsterberg (for example) is irritated, as many of us have been, by the new magazine practice of running reading matter through the advertising pages. Unlike many of us, he therefore goes to work to find out, scientifically and without prejudice, whether the practice is really good advertising. He prepares a number of specimen pages, half of them filled with clipped advertisements and the rest with advertisements and comic pictures together. He then mixes up the pages, and has a number of people look them over, thirty seconds to a page; after which a carefully managed test shows that the advertisements on those pages which contained no other matter are decidedly the better remembered. It does not apparently occur to Professor Münsterberg that he may unconsciously have selected better or more familiar advertising for his solid pages. But a far deeper flaw is that he consciously and intentionally excludes the question whether an uncontrolled reader spends more time and attention upon the mixed pages. That, from the advertiser's point of view, is the whole question; and by insisting upon thirty seconds to each page, the experiment is practically vitiated.

Another abstraction of the same kind occurs in the experiment upon the correctness of jury decisions. Cards are prepared having slightly different numbers of round spots, the spots varying in size and in arrangement. Two such cards having been shown to an experimental jury, a ballot is taken as to which card contains the greater number of spots; then there is a vote by hands; then follow alternate votes and periods of discussion, until the greatest probable unanimity is attained. It is found that fifty-two per cent. of the jurors decided correctly on the first ballot; whereas seventy-eight per cent. voted correctly after the discussion. These results are for men. Juries of women show forty-five per cent. of correctness before discussion, and precisely the same percentage after discussion; which fact is hereby respectfully offered to the attention of all Feminists. Now, it is evident to any rational mind that this experiment has no flaw within itself. It proves what it sets out to prove: it is an absolutely sound and typical test of the probable accuracy of a jury in determining a purely abstract question. But that is precisely the trouble with it. The life or liberty or oppression of a human being is not merely an abstract question. And that is why we have juries. The equable chance of emotional bias, the idea that the jury feels humanly what the judge would decide too intellectually upon sheer fact and law, is not only a practical characteristic of the jury system; it is its *raison d'être*. The bare truth (if that were all) would be much better left to the decision of an expert; just as a trained observer like Professor Münsterberg himself, would doubtless have given better results in his own experiment. But its human fallibility is absolutely the only logical ground upon which the jury can be defended.

But these two cases are far from being typical of Professor Münsterberg's thinking or of his book. They are worth noting thus in detail only as exceptions proving the rule of his general sanity and soundness. He has the authority of the expert and the judicial caution of the scientist, who tests everything, seeks impartially to know, and is not to be led into partisan extremes. The thing to notice is the nature of the uncertainty when he does for once in a way appear less than certain. For the error is not in his personal equation, but is the characteristic error of science itself; which tends now and then in this day of its supremacy to let its reach exceed its grasp. Because we owe to modern science almost the whole rise and power and promise of our civilisation, it is the more needful to realise that some human knowledge is forever outside the field of science, just as some human conduct is beyond the scope of law. And the reason for seeking out this fallibility in the work

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of Professor Münsterberg is only that the weakness of all human nature is to be sought for at the roots of its strength.

Brian Hooker.

VI

Mme. Waddington's "My First Years as a Frenchwoman"*

The period covered by these recollections—1876 to 1879—is that of the struggle of the young Republic in France, the third, toward something like stability, under the able leadership of Marshal MacMahon who had been elected President after the forced resignation of Thiers. Party feeling ran even higher than normally. The National Assembly sat at Versailles, the temper of the "man in the street" in Paris being considered even more uncertain than usual. The old society, that of the Faubourg St. Germain, was divided into Legitimists, Orleanists and Bonapartists. On one point only were they united: in their hatred and contempt for the new republic.

Mme. Waddington, first as the wife of the Minister of Public Instruction, to which post M. Waddington was appointed in 1876 and which he held for two years, until he became Minister of Foreign Affairs and finally Prime Minister under President Grévy, had unusual opportunities for intelligent observation of affairs both political and social during this stormy period. That she has availed herself to the utmost of the advantages which were hers as the wife of an able and patriotic statesman, no one who has enjoyed her earlier books will doubt for a moment. Here is no dry chronological recapitulation, but a vivid and graphic picture of the times further illuminated by timely anecdote. In addition to that valuable possession which painters describe as the "seeing eye," she has that even greater gift of projecting what must be a personality of unusual charm onto the printed page. Throughout her narrative, she herself moves, a graceful, cultured and witty figure, giving one the intimate feeling of being "personally conducted" through the scenes she so vividly describes, without ever once becoming intrusive. In sharp contrast to two other American women who, having risen to positions of eminence on the smaller stages dedicated to the tragic and the lyric drama, have within the last few years given the world their recollections, Mme. Waddington never indulges in ill-natured personalities: always she is good humoured, always she is well bred.

The position of the wife of a man in public life in those early days of the Republic was not always easy. On one occasion, when the author was paying a formal visit upon a countess with Legitimist affiliations, she was astonished to have her hostess address her by name every time she made an observation. Upon returning home, she commented on the fact to her husband: "Mme. de B—— must have said 'Waddington' at least twenty times; is it an old French custom?" He explained that it was so that all the other people present might know who she was and not say things about the *infecte gouvernment,* or make slighting remarks about the Republic, "which no gentleman could serve." On one point, of course, all parties were united, hatred of Germany and everything German. For many years after the war, the German military attaché had to return from the annual review at Longchamps in a closed carriage to guard against being insulted by the crowd. Once, at a dinner given at the German embassy to the President and the Maréchale MacMahon, a small bear made its appearance in the drawing-room with the coffee. When Mme. MacMahon was asked afterward if she was frightened, she said: "Yes, I was very much frightened, but I would not show it before those Germans!"

A large variety of interesting figures are presented to the reader, many of whom were in Paris during the International Exposition of 1878. By some timely anecdote or by some little graphic

*My First Years as a Frenchwoman. By Mme. Waddington. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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touch, every one is made vivid. During the exposition year the President and Mme. MacMahon gave a state dinner to Ex-President and Mrs. Grant. Mme. Waddington's account of Mrs. Grant's natural dismay on discovering that her host on whose right she was placed neither spoke nor understood a word of English and her own difficulties with the Chinese ambassador who sat next her is most amusing. The ambassador was credited with a fluent knowledge of English. Apparently he had learned a few phrases which he used in rotation with all the spontaneity of a phonograph. Among them, "Yes, yes, very hot, very cold, very hot, very cold," seemed to be the one in which he had most confidence. One gathers that, conversationally, at least at the end of the table at which Mrs. Grant and Mme. Waddington found themselves, the dinner was hardly a success.

One has little glimpses of life away from Paris during occasional holidays when this very cosmopolitan family were united. M. Waddington's mother was Scottish by birth, his sister-in-law an English woman, while his sister had married the German diplomatist, de Bunsen, and his wife was an American. French, English, Italian and German were used with equal ease and facility. The elder Mme. Waddington did not at all approve of the careless habit of mixing their languages. She made it a rule that they should keep to one language at least at meals. She did not care which one they chose, as she spoke all four fluently herself. But whichever one the repast began with, had to be held to throughout.

In the author's opinion, none of the celebrities she met ever surpassed the late King Edward, then Prince of Wales, for kindly tact and charm of manner. As a sort of footnote to history, the reviewer recalls reading in the *Figaro* a few weeks before the late king's death, that on his return to Paris from what was to be his last journey to the south of France, the only engagement he made was to attend a breakfast at the house of Mme. Waddington. The author devotes a paragraph to recording a protest against the modern craze of Bridge which she complains has destroyed all real conversation and has opened the doors to many people who formerly knocked vainly at the portals of good society. It would be interesting to hear her opinion of the more recent craze for dancing and of the people who have tangoed their way into that once exclusive region!

Edmond L. Coubert.

VII

Mary Antin's "They Who Knock at Our Gates"*

The one fundamental criticism which could be made against *The Promised Land* rested in that it may have led readers to feel it was America and not Mary Antin who made Mary Antin. Indeed that remarkable human document, written with so much eloquence, was primarily the story of a very exceptional woman who had the power to make America give her the things which lay waiting but are undiscoverable to many other immigrants. Seldom has there been written a more moving story of personal experience and, as such, it has already taken its very definite place in the literature of the decade. But one could not help feeling that the flush of gratitude with which the author faced the country where she was able to achieve so much, had blinded her vision somewhat as to actual conditions here. In her latest little volume there is the same lyrical note, touched at times with rhapsodical rhetoric; but one gains a sense of deeper study of the problem as it faces the sordid facts confronting the immigrant. This is not said in deprecation of the earlier volume: merely to point out that as a discussion of the general problem this later book has a distinct and somewhat different contribution.

In the three sections into which she divides the problem the first seems the less convincing. For in it she endeavours to discuss the large problem as to whether

*They Who Knock at Our Gates. By Mary Antin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin.

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we have the right to restrict immigration at all. Most of her arguments are based upon abstract principles of brotherhood and liberty as voiced in our Declaration. Here we have the familiar analogies drawn between pioneer immigration and present day immigration. Mary Antin feels very strongly, indeed, that the inalienable rights of a common humanity should bid us pause if we are to restrict what was formerly unrestricted.

A little attention to the principles involved would have convinced us long ago that an American citizen who preaches wholesale restriction of immigration is guilty of political heresy. The Declaration of Independence accords to *all* men an equal share in the inherent rights of humanity. When we go contrary to that principle, we are not acting as Americans; for, by definition, an American is one who lives by the principles of the Declaration. . . . We shall have to recall officially the Declaration before we can lawfully limit the application of its principles to this or that group of men. . . . If under that authority the immigrant appears to have rights in our land parallel to our own rights, we shall not lightly deny his claims, lest we forfeit our only title to national glory.

When it comes to a closer analysis of the restrictionist theory the authoress takes up with much vigour and emotion the various arguments with which this question is usually faced and gives the answers out of her own rich experience. It is here we detect the new note which did not appear in the earlier volume: a note of just criticism of social abuses which are not caused by the immigrant, but of which he is the victim. With a sustained utterance, she cumulatively shows the exploitation to which the immigrant is submitted and over which he has no control; yet because of which he is so unjustly blamed. Mary Antin urges that we look to our own civic housekeeping and see whether many of the exploitations are not our own social sins. Her argument is that we should scrape off the parasites that feed on immigration and unjustly exploit it, rather than put the bars up upon those to whom America is an ideal and a "promised land."

Mount guard in the name of the Republic, if the health of the Republic requires it, but let no such order be issued until her statesmen and philosophers and patriots have consulted together. Above all, let the voice of prejudice be stilled, let not self-interest chew the cud of envy in full sight of the nation, and let no syllable of wilful defamation mar the oracles of state. For those who are excluded when our bars are down are exiles from Egypt, whose feet stumble in the deserts of political and social slavery, whose hearts hunger for the bread of freedom. The ghost of the *Mayflower* pilots every immigrant ship, and Ellis Island is another name for Plymouth Rock.

This book is highly compressed with fact and feeling: it is moving to a degree because of the author's eloquent sincerity. It is essentially a plea for the immigrant, an exposition of what this country means to him and what he means to it. Colouring all the pages is a belief in an idealistic conception of our destiny which bids the cynic shame. Some may feel that much of it is sentimental—the resort of the cynic; but no student of the problem can ignore the passion of its utterance. In fact, this book does for the immigrant what Olive Schreiner has done for woman in *Woman and Labour;* both have expressed with a broad epic touch the inner cry of a group. If all the immigrants were endowed as Mary Antin how simple the problem would be. One leaves the book with a sense of wonder, for she has humanised the problem better than any other writer who has tried to express it. *Geoffry Monmouth.*

VIII

George Lincoln Burr's "Narratives of the Witchcraft Cases"*

This is one of the series of Original Narratives of Early American History. It includes all contemporary American

*Narratives of the Witchcraft Cases. Edited by George Lincoln Burr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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contributions to this subject that can be counted classical. Most of them are now costly or unprocurable in their original form. The documents are thirteen in number, and each is placed and discussed as far as is necessary by a brief introduction. They include various court-records of cases, four essays of the Mathers and several others written in the same tenour, the Letters of Governor Phips to the Home Government on the Salem Witch Panic, the extraordinary attack against witch-hysteria by Calef, and Hale's *Modest Inquiry Into the Nature of Witchcraft*—a manly attempt by one of the witch-mongers to make amends for what he now felt to be a malevolent error which had shed much innocent blood. Thus every attitude of mind is laid bare. The book is wisely planned and ideally serves its purpose.

Weird though these narratives of witchcraft seem to us, says Professor Burr in his admirable and judicious preface, they were to thousands of men and women in seventeenth-century America the intensest of realities. To count witchcraft a local panic or even a passing madness of the Christian world is to take a narrow view of history. While witchcraft belongs only to Christian thought and to centuries called modern —theologians not having worked out their theory of human relations with Satan until late in the thirteenth century —still it took possession of entire Christendom for some hundreds of years.

The circumstantial quality of these papers must have been indeed convincing in an age when even the most scientific of minds and tempers were content with the loosest of deductions from physical phenomena. It is not surprising that people could not discern the absurdity of Ollendorfian devils who were perpetually offering to furnish pen, ink, and paper to sign a material contract with their victims, when one remembers that a scientist gravely explained the migration of birds by announcing that they flew straight up into the air until they got beyond the pull of the earth and there waited until the globe had sufficiently revolved beneath them. Increase and Cotton Mather, as well as the rest of men less soberly inclined, state repeatedly that they set down only what they themselves do know. "This story of Goodwin's children, all made up of marvels," wrote Cotton Mather in *Memorable Providences,* "I was myself an eye-witness to a large part. I am resolved after this never to use but just one grain of patience with any man that shall go to impose upon me a denial of devils or witches. I shall count that man ignorant who shall suspect, but I shall count him downright impudent if he assert the non-existence of things which we have had such palpable convictions of." Add to scientific attitude the perennial ability of moralists sincerely to falsify life for didactic purposes, and convictions become doubly palpable. Increase Mather records in his *Remarkable Providences* that a man wished if he had stolen a sheep that God would cause the horns of a sheep to grow on him—whereupon a horn grew out of the corner of his mouth, from which he had cut seventeen inches, but was yet forced to keep it tied by a string to his ear to prevent its growing up to his eye. Probably the moralist never lived who could have resisted so delectable and tidy an illustration of the maxim Be sure your sin will find you out. "Her first familiarity with the Devil came by discontent," wrote Cotton, "and wishing the Devil to take That and 'Tother thing; whereupon a Devil appeared unto her, tendering her the best service he could do for her." As for the victims themselves, their state of mind is even more easily explained. "As long as the pretended afflicted shall be received as more valid to condemn than the plea of not-guilty by the supposed witches to acquit." Robert Calef concluded his celebrated attack in which he brought satire and common sense to bear upon the panic —"and as long as the accused be forced to undergo torments for not confessing and have their lives and liberties confirmed on doing so, so long will God be daily dishonoured."

This famous pamphlet, which the vol-

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ume includes in entirety was written in 1697 and, unable to find a printer in New England, was printed in London in 1700. Cotton Mather's diary, eloquent with vexation against the author, notes that he had prayed God in vain to let this cup of bitterness pass from him—"the volume of invented and notorious lies which a sort of Sadducee in this town hath raked together, a creel of libels wherein I am the chief butt of his malice, written on purpose to damnify my precious opportunities of glorifying my Lord."

What witch-trials the New York colony had, came as a result of the New England occupation. The early scepticism of sensible and practical Holland, which was throughout the seventeenth century a refuge for the victims of witch-persecution, showed in her colony. When New England asked her opinion, she sagely replied that if there was anything the matter it had arisen through Indian medicine men. As for the early Friends, though they did not formally differ from the Puritans as to witchcraft, their gentle mysticism had at bottom no place for the arch-fiend of Orthodoxy. Penn's writings show scarce a trace of the current demonology, and a witch meant to him a fortune-teller and a diviner merely. The only action for witchcraft in the Pennsylvania records was brought by the Swedish peasants on the further bank of the Delaware. The witch-terrors of the Cavalier colony found their source in folk-lore and not in theology.

The history of man's monstrous folly in support of the prevailing religious idea is not yet complete, and it may be possible that a coming generation will marvel at the depth of it in us as do we at these narratives. More often to support religion than to destroy it has the devil appeared as an angel of light. "Who that peruses these praeternatural Occurrences," thunders Mather, "can possibly be so much an Enemy to his own Soul, and irrefutable Reason, as obstinately to oppose himself to, or confusedly fluctuate in, the opinion and doctrine of Daemons, or Spirits and Witches! Certainly he that does so must do two things more: He must temerariously unhinge or undermine the fundamentals of the Best Religion in the world; and he must disingenuously quit and abandon that of the Three Theologick Virtues or Graces through his unchristian and uncharitable Incredulity."

Graham Berry.

IX

H. G. Wells's "Social Forces in England and America"*

We do not really know Mr. H. G. Wells here in America. We think of him generally as the contemporary Jules Verne, author of a few wild super-scientific fantasies in which men go to war with the Martians, invent a food that breeds up giant bugs, or turn backward the course of time. Somewhat fewer of us recognise him also as a realistic novelist of merit whose creed of revelation and discussion is not too rigidly restrained by spiritual modesty. All this does not quite explain why England takes him so seriously as a social and political thinker, a diagnostician of civil disease and a prophet not without honour in his own country. When we hear him spoken of in the same breath with Chesterton and Bernard Shaw, we do not quite know what to make of it: we think of *The War of the Worlds* and take the comparison as being on the fantastic side. But it is not as jesters that the three men are comparable, but as serious thinkers. Their comic masks have little in common; and of the three Mr. Wells wears that mask the least.

Mr. Wells may be roughly described as the sanest living Socialist. If that phrase be vague, its very vagueness suggests the point of his superior sanity. For the chief trouble with modern Socialism is that, like Mrs. Quickly, a man knows not where to have it. Socialists as a whole are busy building Babel amid a confusion of tongues: they prefer "tendencies" and "viewpoints" to anything

*Social Forces in England and America. By H. G. Wells. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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like a definite ideal; perhaps because this saves them the trouble of defining their desires, with its prerequisite agony of actual thought. At any rate, they will by no means agree upon what they want, but only upon some things they do not want: which is somewhat too negative a propaganda. That all Presbyterians dislike toothache, murder, and debauchery, hardly suffices as a statement of their creed. The result is that most of us have only a confused notion of Socialism, and that our confusion breeds contempt. That is just where Mr. Wells is different. He knows precisely what he means by Socialism, and he is both ready and able to explain: he has a perfectly sharp and detailed vision of the Ideal State. And he devotes a good deal of conscious cerebration to expounding this ideal and fighting for it, instead of talking nebulously about inevitable evolution or conducting a propaganda without a programme.

He does not want Communism; he does not want equality of income; he does not propose to abolish private property, nor to abolish anything whatever without providing a rational substitute; and he disposes of Syndicalism by the pertinent question whether a railway porter is primarily a man or a railway porter. As to social panaceas, he observes that nobody in his senses expects a panacea for the comparatively simple difficulties of the game of Chess; such as "rely wholly upon your pawns," for instance, or "give us a third knight and all will be well." He does want a collective State in charge of every enterprise powerful enough to be turned in private hands against the community; a Democracy made really representative by a system which gives the voter practical elective power by giving him actual nominating power; an industrial organisation scientifically centralised and efficient, in which every citizen shall serve as a conscript for a certain time, and then be retired on a pension; in fine, a community without classes, toward which the individual shall hold himself unselfishly, a subordinate and a beneficiary. I wrong him in thus attempting to summarise; for where condensation crushes detail into a phrase, Mr. Wells himself explains what he thinks ought to be done and by what means it is to be achieved. That he is too sensible to deem his Utopia perfect or final does not in the least prevent him from presenting plainly and practically his present view of it. "The land and all sorts of great common interests must be, if not owned, then at least controlled, managed, checked, redistributed by the State. State or plutocrat, there is really no other practical alternative before the world at the present time. Either we have to let the big financial adventurers, the aggregating capitalist and his Press, in a loose informal combination rule the earth, either we have got to stand aside from preventive legislation and leave things to work out on their present lines, or we have got to construct a collective organisation sufficiently strong for the protection of the liberties of the some-day-to-be-jolly common man." You may disagree with that, but you may at least have the pleasure of knowing with what you disagree; nowadays a rather rare pleasure. It may be perniciously untrue, but it is at least not nonsense.

In fact, the shortest way of conveying the real content and character of Mr. Wells's book is by a few scattering, almost random quotations; for these will show more sharply than much comment the temper and the content of the man's mind. Hear him now speak for himself:

> The old-ashioned strike was a method of bargaining, clumsy and violent perhaps, but bargaining still; the new-fashioned strike is far less of a haggle, far more of a display of temper.

> All patriotic vehemence does not serve one's country. The essence of success is in the ability to develop those qualities which make action effective, and without which strenuousness is merely a clumsy and noisy protest against inevitable defeat.

> We do not have Elections any more; we have Rejections. What really happens is that the party organisations appoint about

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twelve hundred men to be our rulers, and all that we, the so-called self-governing people, are permitted to do is, in a muddled, angry way to strike off the names of about half of these selected gentlemen.

It is Everyman who must be the saviour of the State in a modern community; we cannot shift our share in the burthen.

We cannot put Humanity into a museum, or dry it for examination; our one single still living specimen is all history, all anthropology, and the fluctuating world of men.

Divorce, as it is known in most Christian countries, has a punitive element, and is obtained through the failure of one of the parties to observe the conditions of the bond, and the determination of the other to exact suffering. Divorce as it exists at present is not a readjustment but a revenge.

That is more or less the real Mr. H. G. Wells; a penetrating, but unprejudiced, observer of things as they are; with a scepticism just acid enough to dissolve gush without corroding enthusiasm, and a curious tendency to actual thought. One does not immediately recognise the author of *The Food of the Gods* and *The New Macchiavelli.* Yet both of these, and especially the earlier spirit of scientific extravaganza, are alive in him nevertheless. Those first wild science-stories were only his dreams. But dreams (as we have lately learned) are no bad index to the suppressed desires, the subconscious flaws and scars and leanings of a man otherwise in reasonable health. There is a mad spot in the mind of every one of us, as there is a blind spot in every eye. And when this very sane and human thinker does unbalance for a moment, he goes mad upon science and organisation. You will find him using undefined such words as "broad" and "progress" whose presence is a tuberculin test for the white plague of modern thought. He forgets occasionally that The State is a vain abstraction except as composed of you and me and Smith; and sets up as actually desirable that collective consciousness which we choose to impute to ants and bees. He plots the social and scientific future along the curve of the immediate past, in defiance of the plain showing of all history that civilisation moves in a spiral with a very small pitch. And he bows down to a locomotive or an aeroplane as idolatrously as ever a Fijian kowtowing before the work of his own hands. Nevertheless, while he remains so generally saner than most of us, we need not feel very superior to him for showing some tincture of our own pet fallacies. His ways are pretty much our ways, and his thoughts (except for their greater frequency) our thoughts.

Bernard Keith.

X

Gordon Le Sueur's "Cecil Rhodes"*

Cecil Rhodes was both human and great to his secretaries, and for this reason Mr. Le Sueur's gossipy reminiscences of his chief are full of frank and intimate interest. We have had a good deal about the political side of the Colossus of South Africa; here is the revelation of the man as he ate, walked, rode, talked and showed his temper and his genius. Like most of his calibre, he was an amazing contradiction. He would reject the most piteous appeal with brutal bluntness, but no sooner was the suppliant out of his sight than he ordered a handsome cheque sent to him. His many-sidedness made him fascinating. Indeed, when one has finished this very satisfying volume one feels that Rhodes was more of an institution than a man.

Since he was a man who clung tenaciously to his ideas it followed that he literally followed suit with his clothes. Though his valet bought him all manner of apparel, he clung to the same garments year in and year out. He had one favourite old coat which he wore day after day. Once he burned a large hole in it. Rhodes was in dismay. In vain the valet brought forth many others. He demanded that the inseparable garment be sent to the tailor's and repaired,

*Cecil Rhodes. By Gordon Le Sueur. New York: McBride, Nast and Company.

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whereupon the valet received the following note:

DEAR SIR: Herewith the Right Honourable C. J. Rhodes's coat uncleaned and unmended. We regret that all we can do with the garment is to make a new coat to match the buttons.

Rhodes had a habit of giving away all the clothes belonging to his associates. As a result more than one Matabele or Zulu chief adorned himself with Bond Street dress coats.

So much has been said and written about Rhodes's alleged intemperance that it is interesting to see just what the real facts were. The Great Man did drink a good deal, but he was no drunkard. Le Sueur says that his favourite drink was champagne, which he took in a tumbler. After his meals he had Russian kummel. His system required stimulant and he was fond of a mixture of champagne and stout. When very thirsty, however, he would take a long draught of pure water. On one occasion when he had slaked his thirst with a fine brand of South African water he said, as he wiped his chin with the palm of his hand:

"By Jove, if people had to pay five shillings a bottle for that, I don't believe they would drink anything else."

Rhodes, of course, was not without vanity. There was a strong facial resemblance between him and the Roman Cæsars (his was rather the physiognomy of Nero, however), and he was rather proud of it. Personally, he considered himself like the Emperor Hadrian and he was once surprised by a friend standing and stroking his chin before a portrait of that august gentleman. In apparently small instances he was constantly revealing his bigness of outlook, as this incident shows: He was on terms of great intimacy with General "Chinese" Gordon, who once told him of having been offered a roomful of silver in China. "What would you have done?" asked the soldier.

"Why, taken it, to be sure," replied Rhodes. "And as many more as they liked to give me, for what is the earthly use of having ideas if you haven't the money to carry them out?"

A little-known fact that is revealed in this book shows that for years there was a friendly rivalry for careers between Rhodes and Kitchener. It was an amazing combination too; both men were big, grim, aloof and taciturn. Neither married; each wrought a vast conquest. After Atbara Kitchener sent Rhodes a telegram which showed that he was thinking of their race for world-glory, for the wire read: "Have smashed the Mahdi—if you don't hurry up I will be through before you."

Rhodes had no illusions about the great, and he treated royalty almost with scant courtesy. His experience with the Kaiser illustrates this to an amusing degree. Naturally the ruler of the Germans and this South African constructor had much in common, and their conversation became rather prolonged. Suddenly Rhodes glanced at the clock; got up and without waiting to be dismissed (a formality which Court etiquette strictly demands) held out his hand and said, to the Emperor's great amusement: "Well, good-bye; I've got to go now, as I have some people coming into dinner."

When he visited the Sultan of Turkey he arrived at the Palace with his overcoat buttoned up. Fearful of allowing him into the Presence with a topcoat on under which deadly weapons might be concealed the attendants advanced to take it off. But Rhodes insisted upon keeping the coat on. In fact, he declared with vehemence that if he could not approach the Sultan with the overcoat buttoned up he would leave the place. As usual he had his way. Later he explained the reason, which was characteristic. He had not taken the trouble to put on court clothes, and wore a wrinkled old lounging suit under the overcoat that had caused so much discussion.

Rhodes's attitude toward women has been the subject of much comment. He

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was generally regarded as an incorrigible bachelor with a deep-seated hatred of the other sex. Once when discussing this subject with his biographer he said: "Women! Of course I don't hate women. I like them, but I don't want them always fussing about." He preferred the society of men, but when the occasion required he could say and do the graceful thing. Once when he was talking to Queen Victoria, that prim old lady remarked that she had heard that he was a woman-hater, whereupon Rhodes made reply: "How could I possibly hate a sex to which Your Majesty belongs?"

Once some one asked Rhodes why he never married and he said: "You ask why I never married and do you know? I answer you very fairly that I have never yet seen the woman whom I could get on in the house with."

Rhodes used to say that the greatest of all life's pleasures was the faculty of creation. The man who had the genius of creation he regarded as the person who could contemplate his handiwork with the keenest satisfaction. "Creative genius; that's what I've got," he used to say. His method of work was interesting. Best described as "thorough," he gave matters his undivided personal attention. Le Sueur says that the widespread belief that Rhodes was no stickler for details is a mistake. As a matter of fact, he never neglected the slightest thing. He had an immense power of concentration; he believed in maintaining the utmost secrecy until all danger of check was gone; his sense of organisation amounted to genius and his memory was a marvel.

But best of all his qualities was his vision, a vast and thrilling outlook that added a whole empire to British Dominion. Nothing could more eloquently sum up this phase of Rhodes than the remark he once made to a native king when he was showing his famous house, Groote Schuur. When they came to his bedroom, he pointed to his bed and said to the dusky chief: "This is where I lie and think in continents."

The great and compelling force that swung Rhodes through the darkest and most troubled years of his life was the desire of conquest. Even in his earlier days he would stroke the map of Africa and say, "Africa all Red; that is my dream." The red ink betokened the British territory. He always carried a map of Africa with him, and in those many long and brooding hours of meditation he marked it up with the plans of his restless conquest. In this he had a double in our own E. H. Harriman, who stood every day before a huge map of the United States on which he traced the path of his militant railroad way.

Rhodes loved silence; it fitted his masterful mood and he was much alone. Mountains fascinated him with their bigness, vastness and solemn sense of infinity. His house was so built that he could see the great peaks from nearly every room. He had a special back porch, where he sat for hours wraped in solitary contemplation. Here he worked out some of his most pressing problems. Though he was blunt and brutal Rhodes had warm affection. Perhaps he lavished most on Doctor Jameson, hero of the famous "Raid." They were great pals. Rhodes showed how much he cared for him when he received the news that Groote Schuur had been burned. He was away up country at the time and the word came by wire. The secretary who brought the message said that he was the bearer of bad news. Rhodes snatched the envelope; tore it open and then said with the utmost relief: "Thank God, I thought something had happened to Jameson."

Perhaps nothing that Rhodes said during his whole trouble-studded life was so eloquent as his last words: "So little done; so much to do." He had sadly under-rated his own worth, for he left a name at which a whole empire flushed with pride. Nothing is more in harmony with the man and his splendid vision than his place of burial, for it is high up amid the grim and solitary mountains where he loved to sit and think in terms of hemispheres. Here "the immense and brooding Spirit" was caged in

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granite mould, but its influence remains, for, as his friend Kipling wrote of him:

> Living he was the land and dead
> His soul shall be her soul.

Isaac F. Marcosson.

XI

Mary Heaton Vorse's "The Heart's Country"*

"The years when women are in the making—that land of glamour—are the hardest thing for grown-up people to understand." Most grown people realise the truth of this observation which the author makes in her prologue, particularly those of us who have at any time tried to feel again in their real poignancy the emotions of our youth. Values and prospectives change with the added years. It is a rare gift to be able to re-capture even for ourselves the forgotten angle of our earlier point of view. Mrs. Vorse has not only achieved this, but has been able to place it before her readers, a far more difficult task. And she has done so with simplicity and charm.

Ellen Payne is a delicious figure, full of life and colour, standing out clearly in her grey New England setting. It is her love story that one follows with absorbing interest. And if at times she seems wayward, one can follow her with the patient eyes of Alec Yorke and realise with him that she was well worth waiting for and winning in the end. All the characters are well drawn: the outwardly harsh Miss Sarah Grant and her "doless" sister, Ellen's mother who, when the day was too beautiful, subsisted on bread and milk so as not to lose a moment of its beauty in cooking; Roger Byington, sorry figure that he is, is finely done; last of all, Alec Gay, brave and tender, but never unmanly, he prepares to make the sacrifice of marrying a woman he does not love once he is convinced that his own love is not returned, on the principle that he can save another heart from unhappiness. The whole story is so human, so sympathetic, so full of understanding that it will live long in the memory of the reader.

Alfred Curran Petrie.

*The Heart's Country. By Mary Heaton Vorse. Boston: Houghton Mifflin.

XII

Rowland Thomas's "Felicidad"*

Once more Mr. Thomas transports his readers to the land of nodding palm trees and perpetual sunshine which he knows so well. This time, his story has to do with the subjugation of a hardened and confirmed bachelor who believes that he has left romance behind him for good. The reader will readily recognise the type and know that he is only the more ripe for the picking because lulled into a feeling of fancied security. One awaits the arrival of the Destined Woman. This time, she is called Pepita. And with her coming, the interest of the story is more concerned with her particular method than with the result, a foregone conclusion, of course.

The author knows how to create his atmosphere. One feels the lazy charm of the tropics and shares the hero's inclination to postpone indefinitely the consideration of any really serious matter. One sympathises with his dilemma when, having set up a bachelor establishment in the Island of the Cane, he found that he had unknowingly apparently engaged a horde of servants. Although realising that such a scale of living was of course ruinous, he confessed to rather liking it after all. Anyway, it was too much trouble in that land where it was always afternoon, to make the exertion necessary to dismiss them. What he would have eventually done if Pepita had not rescued him, is a matter of speculation. But one is sure that Pepita would know how to arrange things with feminine skill and understanding. There is not much body to this little tale, but it fills the purpose of the author in that it is gracefully told in a light and pleasant manner.

Robert Linton.

*Felicidad. By Rowland Thomas. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

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THE PAP WE HAVE BEEN FED ON

I—The First Freewoman in Fiction

BY EDNA KENTON

When Mary Wollstonecraft died, in 1797, she left an unfinished novel, called *The Wrongs of Woman; or, Maria.* It is a quaint little book, with a flavour of the stilted epistolary formality of the earliest letter romances, with a savour of the "horror" school in its absurd madhouse setting, made up of scraps and fragments, never completely planned, for it carries, with its abrupt discontinuance, a dozen or more jotted suggestions for endings tragic and triumphant or propagandic and commonplace. It would never have been a great literary achievement, for Mary Wollstonecraft was too much the propagandist to be the artist. Even in her title, *The Wrongs of Woman*—that grave abstraction—preceded in importance its mere personification, *Maria.* And her preface frankly admits this:

"In writing this novel," she says, "I have rather endeavoured to portray passions than manners. In many instances I could have made the incidents more dramatic would I have sacrificed my main object, the desire of exhibiting the misery and oppression peculiar to women that arise out of the partial laws and customs of society. In the invention of this story, this view restrained my fancy, and the history ought rather to be considered as of woman than of an individual."

Nevertheless, *Maria,* as a creation, is interesting, not only because it sums up undoubtedly the conclusions of Mary Wollstonecraft's own adventures, but because in *Maria* is seen an attempt to portray in a heroine of the eighteenth century a woman with individuality, honesty, frankness, definite desires, an attitude to life, a personality in process of realisation through thought and action, a perfectly clear attitude toward the world's opinion and society, and a recognition of the only possible basis upon which women in general might hope to achieve freedom to express themselves.

But it is a quaint, even absurd, old book, opening with an English madhouse setting, and Maria's incarceration there, the victim of her husband's tyranny, separated from her child, meeting through the connivance of Jemima, a keeper, another victim of unjust imprisonment, Darnford, whom she loves. To him, therefore, before their love is consummated, she gives a series of letters written by her to her daughter, in the hope that they may eventually reach their destination. It is with these letters, and not with the book's first third, that *The Wrongs of Woman; or, Maria,* really begins:

"The tenderness of a father who knew the world might be great," she writes, "but could it equal that of a mother, labouring under a portion of the misery which the constitution of society seems to have entailed on all her kind?" Later she adds:

> I would . . . lead you very early in life to form your grand principle of action, to save you from the vain regret of having, through irresolution, let the spring-tide of existence pass away unenjoyed. Gain experience while experience is worth having, and acquire sufficient fortitude to pursue your own happiness; it includes your utility by a direct path. . . . Had I not wasted years in deliberating, after I ceased to doubt how I ought to have acted, I might now be useful and happy.

Having laid down the hedonistic philosophy as a guide of conduct to an eighteenth century woman, and having intimated that thinking one way and acting another constitutes perhaps the greatest immorality, Maria writes, with considerable frankness, of her father's home. She had a brother, Robert, whose rear-

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ing differed greatly from hers. "Such is the force of prejudice," she writes, "that what was called spirit and wit in him was cruelly repressed as forwardness in me." Then she adds this general observation:

Though boys may be reckoned the pillars of the house without doors, girls are often the only comfort within. They but too frequently waste their health and spirits attending a dying parent who leaves them in comparative poverty. After closing with filial piety a father's eyes, they are chased from the paternal roof to make room for the first born, the son, who is to carry the empty name down to posterity.

Maria married a man well born, wealthy, charming, and a rake. She soon perceived that she could not "become the friend or confidant" of her husband, whose temper toward her changed distressingly after marriage; and she perceived also that in her haste to escape a temporary dependence on her family and submission to the men of her home, she had been "caught in a trap and caged for life." Again she says: "Marriage had bastilled me for life. I discovered in myself a capacity for the enjoyment of the various pleasures existence affords, yet, fettered by the partial laws of society, this fair globe was to me a universal blank."

Maria's husband was slovenly, a glutton, a good deal of a brute, with but one idea of all women, and his wife rated considerably below that low idea. At first, Maria admits, she was happy in an ideal, but, that shattered once for all, her sense of justice overcame the conventional teachings of wifely duty, and she permits herself this bit of honest talk to her daughter:

Those who support a system of what I call false refinement, and will not allow great part of love in the female as well as male breast to spring in some respects involuntarily may not admit that charms are as necessary to feed the passion as virtues to convert the mellowing spirit into friendship. To such observers I have nothing to say, any more than to the moralists who insist that women ought to and can love their husbands because it is their duty. To you, my child, I may add, with a heart tremblingly alive to your future conduct, some observations dictated by my present feelings, on calmly reviewing this period of my life. When novelists or moralists praise as a virtue a woman's coldness of constitution and want of passion, and make her yield to the ardour of her lover out of sheer compassion or to promote a frigid plan of future comfort, I am disgusted. They may be good women in the ordinary acceptation of the phrase, and do no harm, but they appear to me not to have those "finely fashioned nerves" which render the senses exquisite. They may possess tenderness, but they want that fire of the imagination which produces *active* sensibility and *positive* virtue. . . . Truth is the only basis of virtue, and we cannot, without depraving our minds, endeavour to please a lover or husband but in proportion as he pleases us.

Maria, by the way, happened to be the favourite niece of a wealthy uncle, who left her five thousand pounds under a trusteeship, which she fancied was still not under her husband's control. Firm in this belief that she still possessed her own money, she went from her husband's home, leaving her wedding ring behind her, resolved upon taking back her own name, and eager to provide for herself and the child she was to bear, without making claims on him, or permitting him to make settlements on her. Only when this was resolved upon and acted upon did she feel, through action following upon conviction, "the perfect emancipation of her mind." Divorce, under the English law, was impossible for her, but she held herself free, self-divorced; and later, when her husband brought suit against Darnford, charging him with seduction and adultery, Maria, while admitting adultery under the law, vehemently denied that Darnford had seduced her. "I met the man charged with seducing me," she says, in court. "We became attached. I deemed, and ever shall deem, myself free. . . . I vol-

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untarily gave myself. . . . I protest equally against any charge being brought to criminate the man whom I consider as my husband. . . . I acted with deliberation. . . . (When I left my husband) from that moment I believed myself in the sight of heaven free, and no power on earth shall force me to renounce my resolution."

It is all amusingly propagandic, and as literature very crude indeed. Its plot is absurd and not new. The Wrongs of Woman had been rehearsed in hundreds of romances antedating this one, where the cruel husband, the devoted lover, the submerged wife played all their parts. However, most of them were in the end what Maria calls, casually, "good women," loving their husbands because it was "duty," and loving their lovers "compassionately," who, being in the end absolutely at the mercy of their male relatives, or husbands or lovers, however far they had violated the legal code, were more than willing to take final refuge under the passive, hoary, "chivalrous" status of the one who had been "seduced." Maria stands on the Wollstonecraftian plane of self-ownership and personal responsibility, in admitting, with honour, her personal share in the pleasures and the pains of love, while she spurns the degrading, infantile classification as the passive instrument, and, proclaiming proudly her voluntary participation in what the world called crime, she as proudly proclaims her refusal to participate, without desire, in what the world called duty. She does this in a period of society when all the laws were against women's self-expression, and when ways for their self-support were non-existent, and yet, realising these social and economic disabilities, she writes her daughter again, after this manner:

I am far from thinking that a woman once married ought to consider the engagement as indissoluble (especially if there be no children to reward her for sacrificing her feelings) in case her husband merits neither her love nor esteem. Esteem will often supply the place of love and prevent a woman from being wretched, though it may not make her happy. The magnitude of a sacrifice ought always to bear some proportion to the utility in view, and for a woman to live with a man for whom she can cherish neither affection nor esteem, nor even be of any use to him excepting in the light of a housekeeper, is an abjectness of condition the enduring of which no concurrence of circumstances can ever make a duty in the sight of God or just men. *If, indeed, she submits to it, merely to be maintained in idleness, she has no right to complain bitterly of her fate, or to act as a person of independent character might, as if she had a title to disregard general rules.*

This was written before such a thing as the economic independence of women was visioned, though all through folktales and romances had sounded the complaints of unhappy women, rebelling against the conventions that held them captive in the homes and to the laws of men. Almost always submission followed their murmurings; if, indeed, they rebelled actively, they either died, living, or lived, dead. This was written years before the beginning of the industrial age that drove the first hordes of stolid, unvisioning women from their homes into the factories; before machinery was; and before there was a sign that the domestic exploitation of women was to change in less than a century into a world-wide capitalistic exploitation of women along with men. But, fired by the need of women for a share in the wealth of the world, and unstaggered by the lack of any indication that they could ever get it for themselves, Mary Wollstonecraft flung down this ringing coin, whose obverse tore away the whining cant of inactive parasites by denying them the right to complain against their masters. "If you are servants, you are servants," she tells them tersely. And the reverse of this coin is stamped as clearly in an age in which it was more visionary as thought and more revolutionary as action, than the wildest pronouncement today: "If you are to hold yourselves free to act upon what you think, you must

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have your own money with which to support your own life while you live it."

She develops this idea further, a little later, when, speaking of a favourite sister, she says:

> She was pretty, yet had never had an opportunity to marry, excepting to a very old man. She had abilities sufficient to have shone in any profession, had there been any professions for women, though she shrunk at the name of milliner or mantua-maker as degrading to a gentlewoman. I would not term this feeling false pride to any one but you, my child, whom I fondly hope to see . . . possessed of that energy of character which gives dignity to any station, and with that clear, firm spirit that will enable you to choose a situation for yourself, or submit to be classed in the lowest, if it be the only one in which you can be mistress of your own actions.

Again the new-minted coin is thrown down; the clear realisation of the necessity for the economic freeing of women from the untrammelled power of men over their bodies, before their attempts at self-freeing could amount to anything beyond the silent thinking of a prisoner, or the futile complaining of a creature too weak to do more than rebel in words! How, neither Maria nor Mary Wollstonecraft could forecast, though even then the skeletons of machines were in men's minds that were, in a few brief years, to make the age-long vaunted physical strength of men a comparatively unessential thing in all the future civilising of the earth, and was to break forever the old barriers that had divided man's work in the world from women's work within four walls and the world shut out.

How little the really revolutionary part of this single novel of Mary Wollstonecraft's was understood is evidenced by the publication of another book, six years after her death, called *Adeline Mowbray; or, The Mother and Daughter,* written by Amelia Opie, a moral and religious woman and the wife of the painter Opie, who did a portrait of Mary Wollstonecraft some years before. Mary Wollstonecraft's life suggested the story, which is far more highly finished than *Maria,* and was written as a protest against Mary Wollstonecraft and her unfinished novel. Briefly, it is the story of Adeline, whose mother was a woman given to abstruse studies; for whom "history, biography, poetry and discoveries in natural philosophy had few attractions, while she poured with still unsatisfied delight over abstract systems of morals and metaphysics. That inclination for study, which, had it been directed to proper objects, would have been the charm of her life and the safeguard of her happiness, proved to her, from the unfortunate direction which it took, the abundant cause of misery and disappointment." Adeline naturally followed her mother's reading, and one author, Glenmurray, made of her a delighted convert to his theories, which proved marriage a tyranny and profanation of love, "and prepared her young and impassioned heart for the practice of vice by filling her mind, ardent in the love of virtue, with new and singular opinions on the subject of moral duty." Adeline, in brief, made up her mind solemnly to act upon what her mother merely theorised about, and, meeting Glenmurray, was the deciding one in favour of theory put into practice. Glenmurray demurred strenuously, and Adeline gave him back clinching argument for objection until he was silenced, although Mrs. Opie exclaims, at the tender moment of betrothal: "Who had seen her countenance and gesture at that moment could have imagined she was calling on heaven to lead a life of infamy!" From which Mrs. Opie's attitude is clear, and it is made clearer, as Adeline's servants, Glenmurray's friends, and Glenmurray himself insult her and her mode of life. The curious thing about this protesting novel is this: that, despite the author's plain purpose, what she succeeds in doing is diverting sympathy from the virtuous to the oppressed. Adeline really outargues, and certainly outlives, her censors. But she calls herself free, while she is dependent upon the bounty of her

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lover, and her claim upon him is made all the greater because her life with him has made her, conventionally and socially, an outcast—this was in 1804. By so little did Mrs. Opie understand Mary Wollstonecraft's first rule of freedom: "If you are to consider yourselves free to act upon what you think, you must have your own money with which to support your own life while you live it," preached at a time when the trades of milliner and mantua-maker were all that were open to women.

It is a long time since then, and the untrammelled economic opportunity for women, of which Mary Wollstonecraft dreamed, is not yet in sight. It is possible now for women to exchange a personal for an impersonal master, and to become, instead of servants to men, servants with men to the industrial age today. But a woman may save alive now, not only her soul, but her body. When *Maria* was written, the tragic end was sure. In the dozen suggested endings, that were never sifted out or written, her spirit lived, but her body died a dozen deaths. By so much—or so little—have we crept on in one hundred and seventeen years of the Christian era of the world.

SECOND-RATE CLASSICS

BY EDWARD FULLER

There are not a few books in English literature—mainly novels, though "Proverbial Philosophy" and "Festus," for example, might be added to the list—that come within the category of second-rate classics. They have been, often justly, the scorn of critics, and yet they have maintained a hold upon fame which better books have lost. "East Lynne" is a typical illustration. It is full of crudities, even absurdities, and it is easy to turn its sentimental plot to ridicule. Yet its popularity after fifty years is testimony to its vital human qualities. Nor do it and others of its class appeal to uneducated readers only. Many highly intelligent persons have had a real affection for these second-rate classics, partly, perhaps, because of early associations. Macaulay and Gladstone were among their admirers. There must be some virtue in them, or they would not thus survive. What is their charm? Mr. Fuller's article attempts to discover it.

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THE STORY OF AN EMPRESS

Part VI—Shifting Scenes

Lord Clarendon also told the Queen that the Princess was appreciated and beloved by all classes. Every member of the Royal Family, he said, had spoken of her to him in terms of admiration, and through various channels he had had opportunities of learning how strong was the feeling of educated and enlightened people toward her.

There is significance in the English statesman's reference to "educated and enlightened" people. He must have been aware that the majority of Prussians of that day were neither educated nor enlightened in his sense of the words, and that the Princess was really only appreciated by the small intellectual group who were flattered by the recognition which she and the Crown Prince bestowed on them. But Lord Clarendon was perhaps disposed to see everything *en beau*. The Crown Princess mentions that the King and Queen showed a marked cordiality to him, contrasting with the stiff etiquette observed in their reception of the other Ambassadors.

To return to the Crown Princess's account of the coronation. She contrives to give in comparatively few words an unforgettable picture of the *coup d'œil* in the chapel—the Knights of the Black Eagle in their red velvet cloaks, the various colours of the uniforms, and the diamonds and Court dresses of the ladies, all harmonised by the sun pouring in through the high windows. The Princess says that she herself was in gold with ermine and white satin, while one of her ladies wore blue and the other red velvet. "Dearest Fritz was in a great state of emotion and excitement, as we all were." The King looked so handsome and noble with the crown on, and the moment when he put the crown on the Queen's head was so touching that there was hardly a dry eye in the chapel.

The Princess's keen sense of humour was stirred by the large assemblage of princes and other notables. "Half Europe is here, and one sees the funniest combinations in the world. It is like a happy family shut up in a cage!" and she mentions as an example the Italian Ambassador sitting close to a Cardinal. There is also a young prince of Hesse who nearly dies of fright and shyness among so many people; he at once excites the sympathy of the warm-hearted Princess, though she herself had no experience of the agonies of shyness.

But the Princess was even more diverted by a compliment which the King paid her:

"The King gave me a charming little locket for his hair, and only think—what will sound most extraordinary, absurd, and incredible to your ears—made me second *Chef* of the 2nd Regiment of Hussars! I laughed so much, because really I thought it was a joke—it seemed so strange for ladies; but the Regiments like particularly having ladies for their *Chefs!* The Queen and the Queen Dowager have Regiments, but I believe I am the first Princess on whom such an honour is conferred."

Possibly the Princess thought at first that she was being appointed honorary cook to the regiment! In any case it is curious that she should not have known of the custom of conferring such distinctions on Royal ladies, which obtains in the British Army as well as on the Continent.

We have no means of knowing how the Crown Prince and Crown Princess regarded the new King's declaration at Königsberg — that declaration which amounted to an explicit assertion of the divine right of Kings. But in Queen Victoria's Letters there is a curious revelation of the anxiety with which her Majesty regarded the constant at-

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tacks of the *Times* on everything German, and particularly everything Prussian. She even wrote to Lord Palmerston about it, suggesting that he might see his way to remonstrate with the conductors of the journal. "Pam" did see his way, and he got an entertaining answer from the great Delane, then at the zenith of his power, which he forwarded to her Majesty. The editor says that he would not have intruded advice on the Prussians during the splendid ceremonies of the coronation "had not the King uttered those surprising anachronisms upon the Divine Right."

We learn from a letter written by Lord Clarendon to Queen Victoria that the Crown Princess was much alarmed at the state of affairs in Berlin at this time. The King saw democracy and revolution in every symptom of opposition to his will. His Ministers were mere clerks, content to register his decrees, and there was no one from whom he sought advice, or indeed who was capable or would have the moral courage to give it. The King would never accept the consequences of representative government or allow it to be a reality, though at the same time he would always religiously keep his word and never overturn the institutions he had sworn to maintain. Such was this experienced statesman's diagnosis of the situation, arrived at after an audience of the Crown Princess.

The Princess celebrated her twenty-first birthday on November 21, 1861. In the letter which she received from her father, almost the last which he was ever to write to her, one detects a pathetic note, as if the Prince, wearied and out of health, actually foresaw his approaching death and wished to give her his parting counsel and blessing:

"May your life, which has begun beautifully, expand still further to the good of others and the contentment of your own mind! True inward happiness is to be sought only in the internal consciousness of effort systematically directed to good and useful ends. Success indeed depends upon the blessing which the Most High sees meet to vouchsafe to our endeavours. May this success not fail you, and may your outward life leave you unhurt by the storms, to which the sad heart so often looks forward with a shrinking dread! Without the basis of health it is impossible to rear anything stable. Therefore see that you spare yourself now, so that at some future time you may be able to do more."

The death of Prince Albert on December 14, 1861, at the age of forty-two, profoundly affected the lives of both his widow, on her now lonely throne, and his idolised daughter in Berlin. It is evident from Queen Victoria's correspondence that she was quite unprepared. Her letters to King Leopold almost up to the last are full of the most pathetic hopefulness, and she certainly wrote in the same vein of cheery optimism to Berlin. The blow fell therefore with all the more stunning effect on both mother and daughter—indeed, it is hard to say which of the two felt more utterly crushed and broken-hearted.

The Crown Princess, as we have seen, was much more her father's child than is usual in family life in any station. The tie between them was something deeper and stronger even than the natural affection of parent and daughter; he had sedulously formed her mind and tastes, and he had become the one counsellor to whom she felt she could ever turn in any perplexity or trouble, sure of his helpful understanding and sympathy. Very soon after her marriage, in a letter to the Prince of Wales, she dwelt on their father as the master and leader ever to be respected: "You don't know," she wrote, "how one longs for a word from him when one is distant."

Nor did the Princess, like many daughters, allow her marriage to weaken this tie; indeed, the thought of the physical distance between them seemed to bring them, if possible, spiritually nearer. For her mother, the Princess felt the tenderest and most filial affection, writing to her every day, sometimes twice a

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day, about the little details of her personal life. But though she and her father only wrote to one another once a week, it was to him that she poured out her full self, the total of her varied interests in politics, literature, science, art, and philosophy. The citations already made in the preceding pages from the Prince's letters to her show, not only the many fields over which their correspondence ranged, but also the singular charm of their mutual confidence. It would be difficult to find in history a more touching and beautiful example of spiritual and intellectual communion between father and daughter.

And now this great solace and stay of the Princess's life is suddenly withdrawn from her, practically without any warning. If only she had known, even suspected, that there was danger, how she would have hurried to him! No one with any imagination and human sympathy can think of it without profound pity.

During the first weeks which followed the receipt of the telegram announcing his death, the Crown Princess fell into a silent, listless state, only rousing herself to bursts of grief which were terrible to witness. The simple religious faith to which her mother turned could not bring her the same consolation. In her extremity it was on her husband that she leaned. He was untiringly patient and tender, though it must have been most painful for him to be told that she felt as if her life was over and she could never be happy again.

It is surely true to say that in these difficult days the Crown Prince revealed the essential nobility of his character quite as much as he did in the great spectacular moments of his life—on the stricken field and in the glory of conquest. Many a husband would have shown a certain resentment at his wife's absorption in her father, but it is clear that the Crown Prince, far from feeling any such petty jealousy, brought his wife the truest consolation by understanding and himself sharing in her sorrow. He knew what a really remarkable man Prince Albert was, he had felt the charm of his personality and of his intellectual gifts; and so we find him looking back on this bereavement, in a letter written some months later to his old tutor, M. Godet:

"Our whole life is, if such a thing be possible, increasing in happiness daily. All the tribulation, all the bitterness, of my outside life, and of what I may call my practical life, I am able to leave behind me when I reach the door which leads to my 'home.' We had the great grief of losing my dear father-in-law, the most intimate and tender friend of my wife, and to me a true second father. It came like a clap of thunder on our peaceful, happy life. We are now deprived of him whom we thought would help to guide us during many, many years, and now the British Sovereign is bereft of her only help, while Europe is deprived of one of her most brilliant and most distinguished minds."

It may reasonably be doubted whether to the Crown Princess the prolongation of her father's life would have been of great service. We cannot feel at all sure that in her critical relations with Bismarck, for instance, his counsel would always have been of the safest kind. He had not brought her up to be the wife of an autocratic sovereign, still less that of the wife of an Heir Apparent; she was brought up as might have been a Prince of Wales in a constitutional country.

By an unfortunate irony of fate, all those who warmly and sincerely sympathised with the point of view of the Prince Consort, and of herself and the Crown Prince, were not Prussians; they were—in the phrase then generally used—Coburgers. This was preëminently the case with Stockmar, and in a less degree with Bunsen and other Liberal Germans. The mere fact that they were not Prussians discounted any value their opinions might otherwise have had, both with the then King of Prussia and with those who surrounded him.

Fortunately for the Crown Princess, the course of public events soon came to rouse her from her apathy and grief.

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Early in that same December which saw the death of the Prince Consort, the Prussian elections had resulted in large democratic gains, thus considerably weakening the Ministry. In a memorandum addressed to the Crown Prince just before he left for England to attend the funeral of his father-in-law, Duncker prophesied the fall of the Ministry, and for the first time suggested the plan of calling Bismarck to office. In his reports during the Ministerial crisis which followed, Duncker warned both the Crown Prince and the Crown Princess of the danger of trying to govern at one time with the Liberals and at another with the Conservatives. He advocated a Ministry composed of business rather than party men, who would know how to govern as Liberals on a Conservative basis; and he again urged that Bismarck should be utilised to strengthen the Ministry.

The Crown Princess after her bereavement seemed to cling the more closely to the ties which bound her to the land of her birth and of her father's adoption, and this, as we shall see later, provoked a good deal of criticism in Berlin. She went to England as often as she could, or perhaps it would be truer to say as often as her father-in-law could be induced to give his permission.

Her first visit after the Prince Consort's death was in March, 1862. Princess Mary of Cambridge went to Windsor especially to see her cousin. She says: "We fond her well, and better in spirits than we expected." But it must have been a very sad and mournful time, for the Queen was "rigid as stone, the picture of desolate misery"; and everything reminded the Crown Princess of the father she had lost.

In the following May, the Crown Prince, at the special request of Queen Victoria, represented his father at the Great Exhibition of 1862, but the Crown Princess, much to her regret, could not accompany him. He had served as chairman of the committee appointed to secure an adequate representation of German arts and industries, and had thus greatly promoted the success of the enterprise.

The Crown Princess, however, went to England at the end of June to be present at the quiet wedding of her favourite sister, Princess Alice, to Prince Louis, afterward Grand Duke of Hesse. It was solemnised at Osborne on July 1st.

On August 14, 1862, a second son, Prince Henry, destined to be Germany's Sailor Prince, was born. The choice of his name seems to have troubled his grandmother, Queen Augusta. She wrote to her son from Baden: "My dear Fritz, your first letter moved me deeply, because of your affectionate heart, and because of all the particulars it contained about our beloved Vicky. I certainly anticipated that your son would be called Albert, for that name, no matter whether it is more or less German, really ought to be handed down as a legacy from the never-to-be-forgotten grandfather—and I believe that Queen Victoria expected it too."

As a matter of fact the baby was christened Albert William Henry, but probably what Queen Augusta meant was that he ought to have been generally known as Prince Albert instead of Prince Henry.

It might have been expected that the birth of three healthy children, two of whom were boys, would have, at least in a measure, disarmed the hostility with which the Crown Princess was regarded by a powerful section in Prussia. But these people were dissatisfied because the arrival of the children naturally strengthened the position of the Princess, and they also feared that the Princes in the direct line of succession to the throne would be brought up under English rather than Prussian influence.

There was, it must be admitted, a certain justification for the belief that the Crown Princess had never really ceased to be an Englishwoman.

In 1855 there had been presented to Prince Albert a remarkable young Englishman who was destined to play a con-

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siderable part in the life of the Crown Princess. This was Robert Morier, already well and affectionately known to Baron Stockmar, who even styled him his "adopted son." It was natural that Prince Albert should take a warm interest in the young man who came to him with such credentials—indeed, Morier was quickly made to understand that the Prince wished him to prepare himself in every way for diplomatic work in Germany. And in January, 1858, at the time of the Royal marriage, Prince Albert did everything in his power to have Morier appointed an attaché to the British Embassy in Berlin.

Morier had another good friend in the Princess of Prussia, the Princess Royal's mother-in-law. She had known, not only Morier but his distinguished father, for many years, and it was her personal wish, which she expressed to Lord Clarendon, that the young man should be sent to Berlin in order that he might be of use to her son and her daughter-in-law. It need hardly be said that Morier was also on intimate terms with Ernest von Stockmar, who at the same time was appointed private secretary to the Princess.

Morier obtained the appointment, and it was the beginning of a lifelong intimacy with Prince Frederick William and the Princess Royal. He became and remained one of their most trusted friends and advisers, a fact which undoubtedly injured his diplomatic career. When, many years later, it was proposed that Sir Robert Morier, as he had then become, should be appointed Ambassador in Berlin, his name was the only one which was absolutely vetoed by the then all-powerful Bismarck.

Probably because Morier had a remarkably strong and original personality, he at once aroused jealousy, dislike, and suspicion; he was even said to influence the then dying King, as afterwards he was supposed to influence King William through Queen Augusta, and the Crown Prince through the Crown Princess.

When one now reads the very frank letters written by Morier to English relations and friends, one cannot help feeling an uncomfortable suspicion that the contents of some of them may have gone back to Germany, perhaps in exaggerated and distorted versions, in spite of the great precautions taken to keep their contents secret. One observation in one of his letters certainly leaked out—namely, that his long experience of German little statesmen had taught him that "like certain plain middle-aged women, they delight in nothing so much as to talk with pretended indignation of attacks supposed to have been made upon their virtue!" Such judgments, when barbed with a sufficient measure of truth, are apt to rankle.

It must not be thought for a moment that Morier was incorrect in his official relations in Berlin, but his remarkable ability and strength of character gave importance to his known Liberal and Constitutional sympathies. Had he been a diplomatist of merely ordinary qualifications, there would have been hardly need to mention him at all, but as a matter of fact he was an important factor in the complex situation of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess at this period.

A passage in Theodor von Bernhardi's diary, written in November, 1862, exhibits the feeling in Berlin aroused by the Crown Princess's visits to England:

"Conversation with Frau Duncker. I showed myself very impatient and discontented over the repeated long visits the Crown Princess made to England. 'She has nothing to do there and nothing to seek,' I exclaimed. Frau Duncker replied: 'The Crown Princess has her own views and her own will; her views and resolutions are very quickly formed—but when formed, there is nothing to be done against them.' Further conversation showed me that the Crown Princess cannot distinguish between our Three-thaler Diets and the English Parliament; that she thinks everything here must be just as in England; the Government must ever be by majority, the Ministry always chosen by the majority

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—that she tries to force these views on her husband, and that Max Duncker fights against it as much as he can. Max Duncker let me see that he is ever trying to set this young couple by the ears; their ideas cannot be acted upon here."

The formation in the spring of a new Prussian Cabinet composed entirely of Conservatives placed the Crown Prince in a considerable difficulty, because he had openly given his support to the late Liberal Ministry. Duncker's advice to him was that he should absent himself for a time, and that he should thereafter be present at the Ministerial councils without himself taking part in the discussions. This advice was accepted, and when the Ministry endeavoured to remove Duncker to an appointment at Bonn University, the Crown Prince prevented it by emphatically declaring that he did not wish to lose his counsellor.

The events which followed—the crisis on the subject of military reforms, and the accession of Bismarck to office—were regarded by the Crown Prince with something like dismay, but he was disarmed by the King's threats of abdication. The Crown Princess's secretary, the younger Stockmar, in particular, strongly urged that the Crown Prince should not intervene, as it was essential that he should preserve his position removed from party strife.

The Crown Prince saw the wisdom of this advice, and on October 15, 1862, he started with his wife on a long visit to Italy. As the guests of the Prince of Wales, they joined the English Royal Yacht *Osborne* at Marseilles, and went to Sicily and the coast of Africa, including Tunis, where they visited the Bey at his castle, and the ruins of Carthage. At Naples the Crown Princess enjoyed herself particularly, sketching and taking long walks and excursions in all the delights of *incognito*. November 21st, the Princess's twenty-second birthday, was spent by her in Rome, where the party made a long stay. After visiting other Italian cities, they returned to Berlin by way of Trieste and Vienna, having been away altogether rather more than three months.

It was this tour which laid the foundation of the great love for Italy and for Italian art which henceforth was a marked characteristic of the Crown Princess.

In the December of 1862 the Crown Prince and Princess made a short stay in Vienna. The American historian, Motley, was visiting Austria at the time, and it was characteristic of the Princess that the only person, outside the Imperial family, whom she desired to see was this brilliant writer. He gives a charming account of the interview in a letter to his mother:

"She is rather *petite*, has a fresh young face with pretty features, fine teeth, and a frank and agreeable smile and an interested, earnest and intelligent manner. Nothing could be simpler or more natural than her style, which I should say was the perfection of good breeding."

The Crown Princess told Mr. Motley that she had been reading Froude with great admiration, and she was surprised to find that, though Motley admired Froude and had a high opinion of him as an historian, he had been by no means converted to Froude's view of Henry VIII. "The Princess was evidently disposed to admire that polygamous party, and was also a great admirer of Queen Elizabeth." The Princess also spoke of Carlyle's *Frederick the Great*, which she had just read, but we are not told whether she agreed with Motley's view that Carlyle was a most immoral writer, owing to his exaggerated reverence for brute force, so often confounded by him with wisdom and genius.

(*To be continued*)

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THE BOOK MART

A list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold by the booksellers throughout the country between the 1st of April and the 1st of May:

FICTION

City	1st on List	2d on List
New York (Downtown)	The Devil's Garden	Overland Red
New York (Uptown)	The Fortunate Youth	What Will People Say?
Albany, N. Y.	The Fortunate Youth	Penrod
Atlanta, Ga.	The Woman's Law	The Light of Western Stars
Baltimore, Md.	The Fortunate Youth	T. Tembarom
Birmingham, Ala.	Diane of the Green Van	The Inside of the Cup
Boston, Mass.	The Fortunate Youth	Chance
Boston, Mass.	The Fortunate Youth	Penrod
Buffalo, N. Y.	Penrod	What Will People Say?
Chicago, Ill.	Diane of the Green Van	Ariadne of Allan Water
Cincinnati, Ohio	Diane of the Green Van	On the Seaboard
Cleveland, Ohio	The Fortunate Youth	Black is White
Denver, Colo.	Barnabetta	The Way of All Flesh
Des Moines, Iowa	Diane of the Green Van	Home
Detroit, Mich.	Diane of the Green Van	Penrod
Indianapolis, Ind.	Penrod	When Ghost Meets Ghost
Jacksonville, Fla.	What Will People Say?	Overland Red
Kansas City, Mo.	Diane of the Green Van	Pollyanna
Los Angeles, Cal.	The Fortunate Youth	Penrod
Louisville, Ky.	What Will People Say?	Diane of the Green Van
Memphis, Tenn.	Diane of the Green Van	The Devil's Garden
Minneapolis, Minn.	Pollyanna	Sunshine Jane
New Haven, Conn.	The Fortunate Youth	Quick Action
New Orleans, La.	The Fortunate Youth	The Inside of the Cup
Norfolk, Va.	What Will People Say?	Black is White
Omaha, Neb.	Diane of the Green Van	Chance
Philadelphia, Pa.	The Fortunate Youth	Overland Red
Philadelphia, Pa.	Diane of the Green Van	Barnabetta
Pittsburgh, Pa.	The Fortunate Youth	The Light of Western Stars
Portland, Me.	Chance	Diane of the Green Van
Portland, Ore.	Overland Red	Penrod
Providence, R. I.	The Fortunate Youth	Overland Red
Richmond, Va.	Miss Billy Married	What Will People Say?
Rochester, N. Y.	Diane of the Green Van	Barnabetta
St. Louis, Mo.	Diane of the Green Van	T. Tembarom
St. Louis, Mo.	The Fortunate Youth	The Inside of the Cup
St. Paul, Minn.	Diane of the Green Van	Pollyanna
San Francisco, Cal.	The Devil's Garden	Penrod
Seattle, Wash.	The Fortunate Youth	North of Fifty-three
Spokane, Wash.	Penrod	Pollyanna
Toledo, Ohio	Diane of the Green Van	The Inside of the Cup
Toronto, Canada	The Rocks of Valpré	T. Tembarom
Waco, Tex.	What Will People Say?	Diane of the Green Van
Washington, D. C.	Overland Red	What Will People Say?
Worcester, Mass.	Pollyanna	Cap'n Dan's Daughter

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(*Continued*)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
The Inside of the Cup	T. Tembarom	Quick Action	Pidgin Island
The Sale of Lady Daventry	Dodo's Daughter	World's End	Overland Red
Pidgin Island	North of Fifty-three	Ariadne of Allan Water	Pollyanna
The Devil's Garden	The Substance of His House	Diane of the Green Van	The Fortunate Youth
Penrod	Chance	Diane of the Green Van	Sunshine Jane
The Woman Thou Gavest Me	The Devil's Garden	Light of Western Stars	Ariadne of Allan Water
Cap'n Dan's Daughter	Peacock Feather	Fortitude	Pollyanna
The Women We Marry	Cap'n Dan's Daughter	Ariadne of Allan Water	When Ghost Meets Ghost
Cap'n Dan's Daughter	T. Tembarom	The Devil's Garden	Sunshine Jane
Black is White	World's End	Pollyanna	Daddy-Long-Legs
Penrod	Overland Red	The Red Emerald	Peter Piper
Penrod	The Best Man	Making Over Martha	Darkness and Dawn
Sunshine Jane	Diane of the Green Van	The Fortunate Youth	Cap'n Dan's Daughter
Light of Western Stars	Laddie	The Inside of the Cup	T. Tembarom
The Fortunate Youth	T. Tembarom	Pollyanna	The Devil's Garden
Chance	The Fortunate Youth	The Inside of the Cup	The Devil's Garden
Diane of the Green Van	World's End	The Woman Thou Gavest Me	Pollyanna
The Fortunate Youth	The Inside of the Cup	T. Tembarom	Things He Wrote to Her
When Ghost Meets Ghost	The Devil's Garden	Chance	Overland Red
The Fortunate Youth	Penrod	Overland Red	Pollyanna
Overland Red	The After House	Light of Western Stars	The Forester's Daughter
Chance	Penrod	The Passionate Friends	The Fortunate Youth
Penrod	What Will People Say?	Barnabetta	The Last Shot
Laddie	Diane of the Green Van	T. Tembarom	When Ghost Meets Ghost
The Witness for the Defense	When Ghost Meets Ghost	Dark Hollow	The Salamander
The Devil's Garden	Cleek of Scotland Yard	Pollyanna	Pidgin Island
What Will People Say?	When Ghost Meets Ghost	The World Set Free	World's End
The Fortunate Youth	Chance	Cap'n Dan's Daughter	World's End
The Devil's Garden	Sunshine Jane	Dark Hollow	Chance
Penrod	The Fortunate Youth	Cap'n Dan's Daughter	Ariadne of Allan Water
The Devil's Garden	Pollyanna	The Fortunate Youth	When Ghost Meets Ghost
Penrod	Miss Billy Married	Cap'n Dan's Daughter	Ariadne of Allan Water
The Fortunate Youth	Rung Ho	Pollyanna	The Treasure
Overland Red	The Devil's Garden	The Fortunate Youth	Cap'n Dan's Daughter
The Fortunate Youth	Horace Blake	Pollyanna	Laddie
The Devil's Garden	Black is White	When Ghost Meets Ghost	The World Set Free
Penrod	The Fortunate Youth	T. Tembarom	Sunshine Jane
Overland Red	Kazan	Sunshine Jane	Diane of the Green Van
Penrod	Home	Overland Red	Sunshine Jane
Light of Western Stars	Laddie	The After House	Barnabetta
Black is White	Quick Action	Overland Red	What Will People Say?
Diane of the Green Van	Black is White	What Happened in Egypt	Sunshine Jane
Light of Western Stars	The Devil's Garden	Ariadne of Allan Water	The Woman's Law
Peter Piper	The Mask of Love	The Congress Woman	The Marryers
T. Tembarom	Overland Red	What Will People Say?	The Women We Marry

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SALE OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The New York Public Library, Circulation Department, reports books most in demand, excluding fiction, as follows:

For the week ending April 1st:
1. The Promised Land. Antin.
2. John Barleycorn. London.
3. Our Eternity. Maeterlinck.
4. The House in Good Taste. DeWolfe.
5. The Call of the Carpenter. White.
6. The Montessori Method. Montessori.
7. Plays. Shaw.

For the week ending April 8th:
1. Paris Nights. Bennett.
2. Crowds. Lee.
3. Motion Picture Book. Richardson.
4. Scott's Last Expedition. Scott.
5. Poems. Tagore.
6. Plays. Schnitzler.

For the week ending April 15th:
1. Gentle France. Bazin.
2. Poems. Tagore.
3. Life in Ancient Athens. Tucker.
4. Stained Glass Tour in Italy. Sherrill.
5. Our Common Road. Edwards.
6. Motion Picture Hand Book. Richardson.
7. Meccas of the World. Warwick.

For the week ending April 22d:
1. Creative Evolution. Bergson.
2. Paradoxes of Catholicism. Benson.
3. Motion Picture Hand Book. Richardson.
4. How France is Governed. Poincare.
5. Poems. Tagore.
6. Life in Ancient Athens. Tucker.

For the week ending April 29th:
1. A Bookman's Letters. Nicoll.
2. The Gospel Story in Art. LaFarge.
3. Dramatic Portraits. Howe.
4. Fires and Fire Fighters. Kenlon.
5. Motion Picture Hand Book. Richardson.
6. Modern Dancing. Castle.

Books—Non-Fiction—in Demand—from the Booksellers' Lists

What Men Live By. Cabot.
Modern Dancing. Castle.
Notes of a Son and Brother. James.
Social Forces in England and America. Wells.
The Carpenter and the Rich Man. White.
Poems. Tagore.
Poems. Noyes.
The Real Mexico. Fyfe.
The Panama Gateway. Bishop.
European Cities at Work. Howe.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various city (see chart, pages 478 and 479) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st on any list receives	10
" " "	2d " " " "	8
" " "	3d " " " "	7
" " "	4th " " " "	6
" " "	5th " " " "	5
" " "	6th " " " "	4

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Fortunate Youth. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35	223
2. Diane of the Green Van. Dalrymple. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.35	194
3. Penrod. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25	146
4. Overland Red. Anonymous. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35	108
5. The Devil's Garden. Maxwell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35	100
6. What Will People Say? Hughes. (Harper.) $1.35	94

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THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

JULY, 1914

Chronicle and Comment

Exploitation

A GREAT deal of comment has been caused by a recent bit of literary exploitation. There is a novel dealing with New York life and a certain feminine type which is just now exceedingly conspicuous. That novel is reviewed in this month's BOOKMAN and its author was the subject of a "Personal Portrait" in the June issue. Almost simultaneously with the publication of the novel in book form one of the largest American department stores announced a new gown giving it the name of the novel, and from various recreation resorts throughout the country there came to the newspapers accounts of the triumphs being scored by the gown in question. All of which has been accepted as a strategy startlingly new.

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As a matter of fact, the device is not entirely new, and we Americans still have something to learn from Europe in matters of literary ingenuity. It was about ten years ago that eccentric methods of exploitation in France and England reached a point that made it necessary for the authorities to interfere. Most of those schemes were launched for the purpose of building up the circulation of newspapers. You were in the railway station at Strasbourg, let us say, with a copy of the *Temps,* of Paris, in your hand. A stranger of distinguished appearance approached you. *"Monsieur, je vois que vous lisez le Temps,"* and so forth. I beg you to accept this little present, and so forth. Then the editor of another Paris newspaper came out one day with the statement that six bronze medals, each good for six thousand francs, and one good for seven thousand francs, had been hidden, and that they would become the property of any one who could find them. Soon thousands engaged in the search and the circulation of the progressive journal went up by leaps and bounds, until the Government stepped in and stopped all hidden treasure competitions on the ground that they were lotteries.

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Then London tried the scheme, with even more spectacular results. An enormous number of adventurers and persons of moderate means roamed about the city at all hours of the day and night. One man following a given clue—"a fair lady"—went to Margaretta Street and was digging a hole when he was arrested. He declared he worked chiefly in the mud in the gutters. Late one night another was found scraping the ground with a stick while holding a lantern in his other hand. Certain suburbs were invaded by London roughs engaged in the search. In one case a witness declared that a friend of his who had been arrested was merely touching the loose stones with a latchkey. "Oh, yes," commented the magistrate. "I see. He was trying to let himself into the pavement."

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The Case for the Editor

In the *Atlantic Monthly* for April there appeared an article by Mr. Henry Sydnor Harrison entitled "Adventures with Editors" which attracted much attention and has been very widely quoted. It was an interesting paper, containing a great deal that is unquestionably true, but the impression that it was likely to leave on the reader without special knowledge was not quite a fair one. Briefly the argument in Mr. Harrison's narrative is this: Several years ago he wrote certain short stories and sent them to various magazines. As a rule these stories came back with the conventional line of formal thanks, and there was little evidence that any serious consideration had been given them. Then, in the course of time, came *Queed* and its success. Some of the very editors who had rejected Mr. Harrison's work before wrote to him asking him to send them stories. There is the case, and what are the deductions to be drawn from it? That editors are almost invariably careless or incompetent. Either they did not read Mr. Harrison's stories, or if they did read them they were utterly unable to recognise quality. When, however, others had detected the pure gold they were eager to follow. In a word, there is no use sending a masterpiece to an editor. He will not know it as a masterpiece. Anything that is not commonplace will either mystify or frighten him.

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There is a certain note running through Mr. Harrison's article that is likely to bring a grin to the lips of the observant reader. From Mount Olympus on occasion gods descended to the earth and assumed mortal guise. Haroun Al Raschid, wearing the garb of some humble calling, nightly walked the streets of Bagdad that with his own eyes he might see the condition of his subjects. The great Alfred was rebuked for allowing the cakes to burn. Perhaps, in some playful moment the War Lord has donned a workman's blouse and studied at close range the latest raw recruit at the barracks at Potsdam. Jove sharing a repast of figs with some Thracian shepherd, the Caliph listening to gossip in the shop of Fitbad the Tailor, the Saxon king dreaming of brighter days in the peasant's hut, the Hohenzollern strolling arm in arm with Hans or Fritz! How easy it is to picture the amusement at the situation in the minds of the mighty! If their companions of the moment only knew! Ah, if they only knew! And there is perceptible just a little suggestion of that Olympian merriment in "Adventures with Editors." Throughout the paper Mr. Harrison seems to be chuckling when he thinks how much the joke was on those men of the magazines. If they had only known that this volunteer whose services they were dismissing so lightly was destined to be the author of *Queed* and *V. V.'s Eyes*—so soon to be standing in the fierce white light that beats about the throne. We call attention to this note with the friendliest feelings for Mr. Harrison. But it did amuse us, and it must have amused others. In the same amiable spirit we call Mr. Harrison's attention to the fact that he has not quite yet a M. Honoré de Balzac, a Mr. William Makepeace Thackeray, or a Mr. Rudyard Kipling. He is to be congratulated upon having written two novels that proved successful. *Queed* was all right. *V. V.'s Eyes* was accepted as all right because *Queed* was all right. It showed that Mr. Harrison had made a careful study of the methods of Mr. Winston Churchill, but in the estimation of a good many discriminating readers, it was, as a narrative, unutterably dull.

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Not for a moment do we contend that editors do not make mistakes, many of them; that they are not lacking in perception, that they are not every day letting something worth while slip through their fingers. But in this case the joke is not quite so uproarious a joke as Mr. Harrison seems to think it. For a magazine may have declined a story by the comparatively unknown Henry Sydnor Harrison, and later desired to acquire the same story when it was by the author of

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Queed, and been entirely justified in each case. The early rejection may have been sound editing, and the change of heart may have been sound editing. Suppose, for example, the story was just an average good story, and that the magazine in question had a number of similar stories already accepted. There would be no reason for taking the story from an obscure author, whereas the same tale, as the work of a man whose name had come to mean something, would naturally have a vastly augmented value. It would be a feature, a "circulation builder." Of course, there is the occasional short story which is the exception to the rule, the story that no editor can afford to reject. There is a legend to the effect that many years ago Rudyard Kipling went about magazine offices in Philadelphia and New York, carrying a Gladstone bag filled with wonderful short stories that he wanted to sell. Everywhere he was told that nobody knew anything about India or wanted to read anything about India. That was not good editing. A good editor would have bought those stories and published them at once. But a better editor (from his own and his publisher's point of view) would have taken the stories, paid for them then and there, and held them till the day when their publication would have meant the most to his magazine. One New York editor did just that thing. But he deserves no credit. He took a story and then forgot about it completely until Kipling himself, who had in the meantime reached the full flush of his fame, recalled it to his mind.

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Indeed, quality in a story does not necessarily assure its success. An editor may believe profoundly in a tale and yet be quite justified in rejecting it if he feels that its flavour is not exactly suited to his audience. A long time ago Mr. Booth Tarkington, then entirely unknown, and, figuratively speaking, like his hero John Harkless, sitting on a rail fence in Indiana, wrote the whimsical and entirely delightful *Cherry.* He sent it to *Harper's Magazine,* and there it was accepted. But it was a long time before it appeared. Its acceptance was regarded as a kind of editorial "bad break." Not that any one questioned its charm, but it was felt that the topsy-turvy humour, from an unknown writer, might prove puzzling to many readers. Then Mr. Tarkington came into his own and *Cherry* was brought out with the certainty of success. For the same reader who would have turned away before, baffled and annoyed by the tone of the first few paragraphs of the story by an author of whom he had never heard, could now be trusted to read on until he caught the spirit and found the flavour of the romance when that romance was by the man who had written *The Gentleman from Indiana* and *Monsieur Beaucaire.*

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One of the silliest and most persistent fallacies about editors is that selection goes by personal favour. Another is that a manuscript has a much better chance if the author is able to present it personally. The first idea assumes an altruism on the part of the editor which he does not possess. That is expressing it politely. There is another and better way of expressing it. That is to say the idea assumes that he is both a fool and a cheat. If he accepts a manuscript without regard to its value simply because it is the work of a personal friend he is a fool because he is necessarily working himself irreparable harm. He is a cheat because he is spending the money of those who employ him for something that he knows to be valueless. If you are contemplating asking an editor for a favour of this kind modify the request. Do not ask him to buy a worthless manuscript from you simply because it is temporarily in his power to do so. Ask him to rifle the firm's safe of the amount you expect for the article and present it to you. Of the two actions the latter would be much the manlier on his part.

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A. R. Hope Moncrieff, in his recently published *A Book About Authors,* has a

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chapter dealing with editors in which he discusses that other idea of authors who think that all might go well with them if only they have an editor by the ear. He recalls the tale, told before by Anthony Trollope, of the aspirant to fame who spent his last three shillings and sixpence for the privilege of imposing his acquaintance upon an editor in the nakedness of a Turkish bath. Fleet Street, Mr. Moncrieff tells us, has many such tales and legends. There is one of the journalist whose hatter, in pressing him for payment, had hinted that he would cry quits to his bill if the customer could name his establishment in a leading article. Promising to do his best, the journalist scribbled an article on Hats, beginning with the days of Herodotus and working round to our own time, so as artfully to bring in his creditor's name. This he kept by him till, as will happen in a newspaper office, an article had to be dropped in haste, and he was called on to fill the gap with a kind of literary fagot for which the paper had no small reputation. In went his article on Hats, and he stayed after the editor to make sure that the main point had not been deleted. Next day he betook himself to his hatter, who received him with an unexpectedly frowning countenance, explained when he saw his article marred by one slight alteration. Another contributor, perhaps in debt to his own hatter, had stayed behind to change the important name to that of a rival over the way.

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There have been in the BOOKMAN frequent allusions to the always interesting subject of the author and his earnings. Mr. Moncrieff touches upon this in his chapter "The Trade of Author." He tells of a clergyman commissioned by a certain princess to write a short letter to the London papers stating the part she had played in three coronations. For this communication one paper sent him an honorarium of eighteen pence, which the clergyman pocketed with pride, and exhibited as the first money his pen had ever fairly earned in three score and ten years. Mr. Moncrieff estimates Lafcadio Hearn's earnings as about one hundred pounds a year. James Payn, modestly reckoning himself among the first dozen or so of popular story-tellers of his time, reported that for more than thirty years he made an average income of fifteen hundred pounds. The case of the poets is worse. Tennyson was the exception—the phenomenal exception. He was such a keen man of business, or so well advised, that he could afford a coronet, after ruining three publishers, as the jibe went. Herbert Spencer toiled in poverty for years. Such a leviathan of literature as Carlyle made out of it for the best part of his life less than two hundred pounds a year.

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But there is the reverse of the shield upon which Mr. Moncrieff does not put so much emphasis. Dickens made his ten thousand pounds a year, Trollope in prosperity his three thousand pounds a year, Thackeray was paid one hundred pounds apiece for the "Roundabout Papers." But Sir Walter Besant, in *The Pen and the Book,* calculated that there were some thirteen hundred English writing novelists at work, of whom some dozen at the most gained large incomes, and sixty or seventy might reach four figures in their return, while rather more than twice as many made four hundred pounds a year and upwards, two hundred had to content themselves with one hundred pounds a year or so, and the rest with "little or nothing." Since then, Mr. Moncrieff comments, Mr. Arnold Bennett has furnished a more cheerful estimate. He states that more than a hundred novelists get three hundred pounds for every novel they write; that a certain number count their gains in thousands of pounds, and that a handful run into five figures. One popular story-teller he mentions as being paid at the rate of three shillings a word, or thirty shillings a line, an advance upon the sixpence a word Stevenson could command at the end of his career.

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Then and Now

Seventy years ago Thackeray in Paris found hugely amusing certain French men of letters expressing opinions on political matters. M. de Balzac, writing in approval of such a Government measure, or Victor Hugo discussing it in hostile terms were alike objects of his derision. His contention was that the novelist or the poet should stick to his *métier*. Yet a little later Thackeray himself had diplomatic ambitions, and would have been quite willing to have stopped story spinning for all time and dawdled with sealing wax as an underling in the British Embassy at Washington. Nowadays there are many English writers who seem to be taking themselves quite seriously as political factors. Mr. H. G. Wells has ideas without number for the improvement of the world at large as well as the British Empire. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is inclined to believe that his greatest contribution to literature is his *History of the Boer War*. But foremost among them all and almost continuously in the political limelight is Mr. Rudyard Kipling. In younger years he thought it his duty to rouse his country to the realisation of the Russian menace. Then he talked of the white man's burden, and then became an apostle of the Greater England. Recently he has been speaking quite plainly, and seems effectively to have stirred up matters. He does not like the present Government and has been denouncing it, with particular reference to the situation in Ulster, with characteristic vigour.

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Where is Mulvaney?

Is it not about time for Mr. Kipling generously to redeem a half promise made by him back in the nineties of the last century? A young American woman who had been reading *The Jungle Book* and *Soldiers Three*, wrote to him deploring the return of Mowgli to the "man pack," which jarred upon her artistic sense, and begging that Terence Mulvaney might be allowed to die some worthy death on Indian soil, and not go back to England. Mr. Kipling wrote a letter in reply, in the course of which he said that he had done all he could for Mowgli, in that he had shown him a married man, and in service under the Indian government. "But as to Mulvaney," he went on, "his fate cannot be altered. If you

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remember the curse of Shielygh laid on him by old Mrs. Sheehy, he was 'to die quick in a strange land, seeing his death before it came *and unable to stir hand or foot.*' Some day I may tell how that came upon him."

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The Books of Yesterday

Mr. Burton Egbert Stevenson, in addition to being the author of ingenious **novels,** is the librarian of the public library of Chillicothe, Ohio, and in that capacity has ample opportunities for comparing the reading taste of the generation that is just growing up with the taste of readers of ten and twenty years ago. A bitter regret of his is that he cannot, try as he will, interest the young men and young women of to-day in Du Maurier's *Trilby.* That story, which took America by storm in 1894, seems strangely to have lost its appeal in 1914. It is not that people do not like it; they will not be persuaded to read it. A few readers have an acquaintance with Anthony Hope's *The Prisoner of Zenda,* which, after Stevenson's *Prince Otto,*

The Achievement of George Du Maurier.

A REMINISCENCE OF "TRILBY'S" DAY. THE DU MAURIER COAT OF ARMS. DRAWN BY JOHN LEIGHTON, F.S.A.

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was the father of a long and prosperous line of romances involving imaginary kingdoms and principalities in southeastern Europe, but ten times as many claim intimate friendship with the Graustark novels of Mr. George Barr McCutcheon. Chimmie Fadden, whose "wot'ell" rolled glibly from the lips of the débutante of twenty years ago, is almost a forgotten hero. Mr. Richard Harding Davis's Van Bibber seems to have survived as a name, but merely as a name. One and twenty will be quite mystified by any questions about Van Bibber's exploits with the swan boats of Central Park, with the burglar, with the runaway couple, or with the chambermaid and the elevator boy.

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Speaking of Van Bibber, we came across, the other day, the story of the origin of that once renowned and always agreeable young gentleman, as told by the woman whom circumstances and Mr. Davis made Van Bibber's godmother. The name, by the way, was said to have been suggested to Mr. Davis from the sign of a well-known physician of Baltimore (where Mr. Davis once studied), whose name was Van Bibber, and who was obliged to spend a great deal of valuable time in assuring enthusiastic young ladies that he was not the original of the Davis hero. Here is the story of the godmother.

When Mr. Davis and I were together on the *Evening Sun*, and before he had written any of the stories that have since made him famous, he handed me one day a short paragraph for the column of which I had charge at that time. It was about the Yale-Princeton football game, and recounted in the first person the amusing bewilderment and incompetence of a young girl who found herself looking for the first time at the scrimmage. "I asked Van Bibber," she said, "why the umpires hung their whistles on chains about their necks as we did our lorgnons, and he said it was to keep from swallowing them in their excitement." This, it is to be observed, is not at all the way in which the full-grown and finished hero would have answered a young girl's questions.

A few days after that, Mr. Davis wrote a short sketch for what was known in the office as the "Saturday page," in which Van Bibber's name, but not his personality, appeared. A few days later he wrote another, and then Mr. Davis conceived the idea of writing a series of short stories centring about a single personality. With this idea in mind, he wrote the sketch which stands really as the first Van Bibber story, "How Van Bibber Fed the Tramp." It was quite to be expected that Van Bibber's advent into the *Evening Sun* office, where a good story never went unpraised, should be hailed with great delight. In a few days Mr. Davis again challenged envious criticism in the office, which he did not get, by writing "Van Bibber and the Swan Boats," "Van Bibber's Burglar," and a half a dozen others, each one adding a firm and meaning stroke to the characterisation of his "champion lightweight hero," as one of the staff once called him. It was some time later, after "Gallagher" had made Mr. Davis famous, that the Van Bibber stories were digged out of the pit of the *Sun's* file room for the additional circulation which book form would give them.

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A New Whistler Portrait

Mr. A. E. Gallatin collects no new anecdotes in his brochure entitled *The Portraits and Caricatures of James McNeil Whistler,* but he does catalogue a new self-portrait of the artist in his iconography, which contains over two hundred items, including photographs. It is an early study, according to Mr. Gallatin, executed about 1860, which only came to light in the spring of 1913. It shows the artist, whose head and shoulders only are visible, smoking. To quote the more extended description in the catalogue notes: "A straw hat, about which is a grey ribbon, is perched upon the artist's long, black, curly hair. The painter wears a black coat, and about his neck is a loose scarf with white spots. In the right hand, which is just indicated, is a cigarette; smoke issues from his

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mouth. The background of the portrait is dark. The face is carefully modelled, the rest of the picture freely painted. . . . Oil on wood. Signed 'Whistler' (in red, lower right-hand corner)." It is now the property of H. R. Ickelheimer, Esq., of New York, and was acquired, through dealers, from a French family.

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A Link

With the death of Robert Bruce McClure there passed a man who, in a way, was the first link between Rudyard Kipling and his American audience. For, as told in THE BOOKMAN last autumn, it was Mr. McClure who, representing the McClure syndicate in London, was "tipped off" by Edmund Gosse to the possibilities in a young Anglo-Indian writer with a queer name; and found Kipling in the Embankment Chambers with the result that "The Man from Nowhere" soon began to have an American market. Representing the syndicate in London, Robert McClure had a wide circle of acquaintances among English men of letters. He was on terms of especial intimacy with Conan Doyle when the creator of Sherlock Holmes was still a practising physician at Southsea, finding neither medicine nor literature especially profitable. It happened that Mr. McClure's death was coincident with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's visit to this country.

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Doyle's First Visit

The recent visit of Conan Doyle was his second visit. How familiar that sounds. We think of Dickens's first and second visits, Thackeray's first and second visits, Stevenson's first and second visits. English men of letters have made third and fourth visits, but these do not seem to count. Doyle came here first in the autumn of 1894, when the earlier Sherlock Holmes stories were in the full swing of their popularity. He delivered a series of readings under the direction of the late Major Pond. These readings—forty of them—proved immensely successful. Had it not been for his invalid wife, with whom he had promised to spend Christmas, he could have continued his season and returned home with a small fortune in American dollars. He had an exceedingly good time, prowling about in all sorts of unusual places, taking his adventures in a spirit of boyish delight. The only fly in the ointment was the necessity of meeting people socially. A certain native diffidence and a secret feeling that he was a failure as a public entertainer made this part of his visit almost painful. Once he was told that a number of well-known society women had requested that they might meet him after the reading. His flurry was pathetic. "Oh, I cannot. I cannot! What do they want of me? Do let me get away. I haven't the courage to look any one in the face."

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In connection with that first visit there is a story which has been told before in THE BOOKMAN, but which, we think, will bear repetition. Just before Dr. Doyle's departure for England the Aldine Club of New York gave him a farewell dinner. He began an offhand speech by giving an account of his arrival in Boston.

I arrived in Boston and alighted from the train almost into the arms of a dozen cabbies. One of them had a dog-eared book peeping out of his pocket, and I instinctively called him, saying as I got in: "You may drive me to Young's, or Parker's—perhaps."

"Pardon me," said the cabby. "I think you'll find Major Pond waiting for you at Parker's, sir."

What could I do but stare and acquiesce by taking my seat speechlessly? We arrived, and the observant cabman was at the door. I started to pay my fare, when he said, quite respectfully:

"If it is not too great an intrusion, sir, I should greatly prefer a ticket to your lecture. If you have none of the printed ones with you, your agent would doubtless honour one of your visiting-cards, if pencilled by yourself."

I had to be gruff or laugh outright, and so said:

"Come, come, I am not accustomed to be

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ROBERT BARR CONAN DOYLE ROBERT MCCLURE
MISS DOYLE MRS. CONAN DOYLE

This group picture was taken just twenty years ago in front of Conan Doyle's house in Surrey, near London. Miss Doyle later became Mrs. Cromarsh, and is herself an author.

beaten by my own tricks. Tell me how you ascertained who I am, and you shall have tickets for your whole family, and such cigars as you smoke in America, besides!"

"Of course we all knew that you were coming on this train—that is, all of the members of the Cabmen's Literary Guild," was the half-apologetic reply. "As it happens, I am the only member on duty at this station this morning, and I had that advantage.

"If you will excuse other personal remarks, your coat lapels are badly twisted downward, where you have been grasped by the pertinacious New York reporters. Your hair has the Quakerish cut of a Philadelphia barber, and your hat, battered at the brim in front, shows where you have tightly grasped it, in the struggle to stand your ground at a Chicago literary luncheon. Your right overshoe has a large block of Chicago mud just under the instep, the odour of a Utica cigar hangs about your clothing, and the overcoat itself shows the slovenly brushing of the porters of the through sleepers from Albany. The crumbs of doughnut on the top of your bag—pardon me, your luggage—could only have come there in Springfield, and stencilled upon the

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ON THE WAY TO WASHINGTON

very end of the 'Wellington,' in fairly plain lettering, is the name, 'Conan Doyle.'"

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The Boy and the Colonel

As a rule THE BOOKMAN does not care to print illustrations of the kind presented on this page showing a very well-known personage (to every one except the editor of "The Rose of Dixie" of O. Henry's story) perusing, apparently with much relish, a recent popular book. We have two excuses to offer. The first is the unquestionable ingenuity of the idea, credit for which goes to the Baltimore *Sun*. The second is that the book in question is one that we are willing very heartily to endorse.

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The Siege of Berlin

Readers who remember Alphonse Daudet's charming tale "The Siege of Berlin" will be interested to know that it has been made into a one-act play which was printed in *Les Annales* of Paris in the issue for May 3d. With the possible exception of Maupassant's "The Necklace" there is no French short story that is so widely known to Americans. Briefly it is the narrative of an old colonel, a veteran of the wars of the first Napoleon, who at the outbreak of the conflict of 1870 goes to Paris and takes an apartment overlooking the Champs Elysees in order to witness the triumphant return of the French troops. His granddaughter, who is living with him, is obliged, during the months of disaster, to invent for his ears imaginary victories won by the French arms and, during the siege to live herself on horseflesh while providing him with every delicacy. After the conclusion of peace the old man overhears some one saying, "They will enter to-morrow," and imagines that it means the French army returning after a victorious invasion of Germany. Secretly he dresses himself in full uniform and at dawn totters out on the balcony, amazed to find the long avenue so silent and deserted. But in the distance there is the

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glitter of sun on shining cuirass and under the Arch of Triumph German trumpets blare out the triumphant march of Schubert. A cry, a terrible cry, "To arms, to arms, the Prussians," and Colonel Jouve falls dead. Miss Ellen Glasgow, by the way, made very effective use of the same idea in *The Battleground*.

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Literary Necrology

Several conspicuous men of letters in Europe and this country have died during the past few months. First there was Frédéric Mistral, of whom Mr. Stuart Henry wrote in the May issue in an article under the title "The Last of the Troubadours," Then there was Sir John Tenniel, probably best known by his long years of service as the political cartoonist of London *Punch*, but also a man of strong literary affiliations, and the illustrator of a very charming edition of Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland*. Early in April Mr. S. R. Crockett died in the south of France at the early age of fifty-three. Twenty years ago Mr. Crockett rose to his prominence as a member of the famous kailyard school of fiction; since then he has written some thirty novels. Late in May Mr. Jacob Riis died, after a singularly picturesque and useful career. He, probably more than any other man, was responsible for reclaiming New York City from the contamination of the slum. Mr. Riis's best known books were *How the Other Half Live, The Making of an American, The Battle with the Slum,* and *The Children of the Tenements.*

FRÉDÉRIC MISTRAL AND MADAME MISTRAL. TAKEN AT MAILLANE, APRIL, 1912

MISTRAL'S BIRTHPLACE

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A fine tribute to Mr. Crockett's memory was paid by Sir William Robertson Nicoll in *The British Weekly* for April 30th. Sir William first knew Crockett when the latter was writing the series of sketches that afterward became famous under the title *The Stickit Minister*. Speaking of the over-productiveness of the later years, Sir William writes:

> When the great and sudden rush of popularity came to him, when his income in one year was multiplied by twenty and thirty times, when from all parts of the English-speaking world he received invitations to work, can it be wondered that he wrote too much and too fast? He had no fear of the

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THE LATE S. R. CROCKETT

future. He was always in the very highest spirits whether in his library or out in the sun and storm and the thin air of the hills. In a sense he never scamped his work. His preliminary studies were made with patient thoroughness and serious intention. He would take any trouble and travel any distance to verify a small fact. But he wrote too quickly; in fact, at one time he used to talk to the phonograph, and though he revised the results very carefully, there were passages in his later books short of his high standard. Still, he retained round him to the last a large public, and of late years this public has shown an increase. In the last year of his life he was greatly cheered to find that both in this country and in America his sales were going up. He was, as I have remarked already, quite capable of starting a new career, for he was always feeding his mind, and he never ceased to be the keenest of students and observers. We need not predict the fate of his books. I for one believe that some of them are going to last, and there is not one of them in which his individuality is colourless and intangible.

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Since the above paragraphs were written news comes of the death of Theodore

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Watts-Dunton, who was the intimate friend of Tennyson, Browning, William Morris, and Meredith, and the housemate of Rossetti and Swinburne. Mr. Watts-Dunton was born at St. Ives, Huntingdonshire, on October 12, 1832. He received his education from private tutors at Cambridge. In 1874 he became literary and artistic critic on the *London Examiner,* and from 1875 until 1898 he was associated with the *Athenæum.* The *Encyclopædia Britannica* contains many articles from his pen, but he did not publish anything under his own name until 1897, when *The Coming of Love* appeared, to be followed by *Aylwin* the next year. In fact, so much did he shun publicity that Mr. Coulson Kernahan, writing about him in an article for THE BOOKMAN for February, 1898, commented that the public, outside literary circles, had come to regard Theodore Watts-Dunton as a kind of literary "Mrs. Harris."

• • •

James Stephens

Outside of the continuing revelation of George Moore's own personality, that which has perhaps most of the interest of *actualité,* as the French say, in *Vale,* the third volume of his *Hail and Farewell,* is what this agreeably gossiping and acutely critical writer has to say of Mr. James Stephens. This is all too little concerning a delicious poet and *prosateur* who is chiefly known in this country by his two books entitled *Here Are Ladies* and *The Crock of Gold,* and is limited entirely to his early origins. Yeats having discovered Synge, so Moore's account goes, "A. E." was eager to make a discovery of his own (to discredit Yeats, who had denied the possibility), so every Thursday evening he and Moore searched the columns of *Sinn Fein.* Every lilt was considered, every accent noted: "But the days and the weeks went by without a new "peep-o-peep, sweet, sweet," until the day that James Stephens began to trill; and, recognising at once a strange songster, A. E. put on his hat and went away with his cage, discovering him in a lawyer's office. A grey head and two soft brown eyes looked at him over a typewriter, and an alert and intelligent voice asked him whom he wanted to see. A. E. said that he was looking for James Stephens, a poet, and the typist answered: 'I am he.'" The next Sunday evening he was admitted to the circle, and they were impressed by his wit and whimsicality of mind, but thought A. E. exaggerated

THE LATE JACOB RIIS

the talents of the young man. He was distressed at their apathy, for he himself was certain that James Stephens was a new note in Irish poetry. "Our visions," writes Moore, "were not as clear as his. I was conscious of little more than harsh versification, and crude courage in the choice of subjects." But Yeats was the blindest of all, and "it was with ill-grace that he consented to hear A. E. read the poems, giving his opinion casually; and

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when A. E. spoke of the advantage the publication of a volume would be to Stephens, he answered: 'For me, the æsthetical question; for you, my dear friend, the philanthropic.'" A. E., Moore goes on to say, was hurt, but not discouraged, and to interest his friends in the lad told stories from the life of the new poet, who was a truer vagrant than ever Synge had been. "Synge had fifty pounds a year; but Stephens, a poor boy without education or a penny, had wandered all over Ireland, and would have lost his life in Belfast from hunger had it not been for a charitable applewoman." After that Stephens had somehow picked up an education, had learned typewriting and stenography, and got employment in the lawyer's office, where he was found, at five-and-twenty shillings a week, on which sum he had to support a wife and a child. We have seen elsewhere recently that when he published his first book, and achieved his first success, he and his wife went to Paris to enjoy a belated honeymoon. While there he came home one day to find that his wife had cut sharply into their small capital accrued from his royalty earnings by buying an expensive gown. Apparently he expressed something of the dismay felt by the husband of the heroine in Wells's *Marriage,* when he questioned that young lady concerning the purchase of a post-impressionist masterpiece. But Mrs. Stephens was enough of an Irishwoman to find a flattering retort in reminding *her* husband that the finest clothes in all Paris were not too fine for the poet's wife!

THE PINES, PUTNEY. THE HOME OF SWINBURNE AND WATTS-DUNTON

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Mr. Zangwill's Opinion

A propos of Mr. Israel Zangwill's paper in our June issue, we recall an opinion expressed by him some fifteen years ago about the Jew in American fiction in the course of an interview with him by a contributor to THE BOOKMAN. Of course, that was long before the Potash and Perlmutter studies of Montague Glass, and the stories of Bruno Lessing and James Oppenheim. In 1898 Mr. Zangwill could find no Jew in American fiction. "The only Jew I have been able to discover," he said, "is the Jew of the comic papers, the caricature of all times. There is but one book descriptive of the American Jew, and that is the *Yekl* of Abraham Cahan, which describes the East Side portion of New York, resembling the European Ghetto in many particulars. Aside from this there is no picture of the Jew over here as he really is."

I. ZANGWILL. CARICATURE BY GINSBURY

H. G. WELLS. CARICATURE BY GINSBURY

The May number of the English *Bookman* was a "Zangwill Number," and the leading article of the issue was a summing up of Mr. Zangwill's work both as a literary workman and as a practical reformer, from the pen of Mr. Holbrook Jackson. Speaking of Zangwill's cycle of Jewish stories, Mr. Jackson went on to say:

> Shakespeare, who had probably never seen a Jew, makes Shylock the mere symbol of an exacting business man who is permitted to claim relationship with the rest of humanity on the grounds of senses which are possessed in common. But there is nothing in Shylock's claims to human kinship which might not with equal logic have made him kin with cat or dog—nothing, save the claim that if a Jew is tickled he will laugh. It is clear that Shakespeare did not visualise the Jew as fully human. When he made Falstaff plead, "I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew," he associated himself with the popular conception of the Jew as rogue and outlaw. Dickens probably held a similar view when he created Fagin, but he sought to

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make amends in a later book by fashioning a Jew as impossibly good as Fagin was impossibly evil. Zangwill, on the other hand, having had the most intimate experience of Jews, and possessing both a sense of humour and a sense of fact, gives us a more convincing idea of his compatriots than we have yet had or are likely to have. But he does not give us only realistic portraiture, after the manner of the newer novelists of his early days; nor does he strive particularly to see the good and bad, and to apportion praise and blame, after the manner of pre-Meredithian novelists. He knows the Jew to be human, not only because he hath "hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions," but because he is capable of the same virtues and vices, the same splendours and the same littlenesses as other human beings; that he is in short compact of good and bad like the rest of us. But he does not commit the opposite folly of concluding therefore that the Jew is not different. That would have left us where Shakespeare and Dickens stood. He knows the Jew is different and that this difference is surmounted only by a genius for adaptability.

ELINOR GLYN'S LATEST PORTRAIT

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Our Southern Highlanders

In one of Poe's minor tales, written in 1845, there is a vague allusion to wild mountains in western Virginia "tenanted by fierce and uncouth races of men." This, remarks Mr. Horace Kephart in the begining of his volume entitled *The Southern Highlanders,* is, so far as he knows, the first reference in literature to the mountaineers who inhabit the fastnesses of the Southern Appalachian system. And yet a little later on he refers to Arthur Lee, of Virginia, who told Dr. Samuel Johnson, in London, of a colony of Scotch who had settled upon a particularly sterile tract in western Virginia. He had expressed his wonder that they should do so, and Johnson replied: "Why, sir, all barrenness is comparative, the Scotch will never know that it is barren." A third source for the study of the literary origins of this region has been thought to be Defoe's *Moll Flanders,* with its account of the "Redemptioners," who settled parts of the Carolinas with the spawn of the London prisons. But Mr. Kephart denies that their descendants, in any considerable numbers, moved back up into the Blue Ridge and

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Alleghany mountains there to perpetuate the depraved characteristics of the race of criminals. Yet we have heard an educated mountain woman herself strongly assert the truth of this theory, and state that the historian who really wished to investigate the pedigree of this primitive people would do well to make prolonged researches in the Newgate Calendar and compare the names found there with those still commonly found in the Unakas and the Cumberlands.

• • •

Mr. Kephart further states that Poe's characterisation of the mountaineers stood alone until Miss Murfree ("Charles Egbert Craddock") began her stories of the Cumberland hills (1884). This is probably true, although there have been descriptions of their manners and customs and ways of living in much earlier writings by Audubon and others. Since Miss Murfree, of course, many writers have found their inspiration in the same general region which is, however, too wide and too varied for any single writer to compass, since it includes parts of some six or eight States, and present many local diversities of type and civilisation. Of these subsequent writers Mr. Fox is probably the best known, and has brought the peculiarities of Appalachian America home to the greatest number of readers, although there doubtless have been individual works of a wider circulation than any one novel he has written, as, for example, John Uri Lloyd's *Stringtown on the Pike*. Then there is that charming collection of stories dealing with the life of mountain children at a remote settlement school entitled *Mothering on Perilous*, by Miss Lucy Furman, which was reviewed favourably in these pages when it appeared last autumn.

• • •

Outside of fiction, however, there is certainly a great dearth of reliable information concerning this whole region: "The Southern Highlands themselves are a mysterious realm," writes Mr. Kephart. "When I prepared, eight years ago, for my first sojourn in the Great Smoky Mountains, which form the master chain of the Appalachian system, I could find in no library a guide to that region. The most diligent research failed to discover so much as a magazine article, written within this generation, that described the land and its people. Nay, there was not even a novel or a story that showed intimate local knowledge. Had I been going to Teneriffe or Timbuctoo, the libraries would have furnished information a-plenty, but about this housetop of eastern America they were strangely silent, it was *terra incognita*." During these last eight years there has been a considerable change in this respect. Much publicity has been given to the region on one ground or another, and there has appeared more than one good article, notably that by America's leading geographer, Miss Ellen Churchill Semple, which was published in the English *Geographical Journal* in 1911, and to which Mr. Kephart later refers.

A PEN AND INK DRAWING OF DR. MARIA MONTESSORI

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THE HOME OF SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, UNDERSHAW, HINDHEAD, SURREY

NOTES ON CONAN DOYLE

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

I

ENTIRELY too much has been written about Conan Doyle as the creator of Sherlock Holmes, the most widely known character in all fiction, and entirely too little about him as the author of *Rodney Stone, The White Company, The Adventures of Gerard, The Refugees, Uncle Bernac* and *The Great Shadow,* not to mention the very delightful book of essays, *Through the Magic Door.* As a matter of fact we wonder how many persons there are, considering themselves familiar with his works, who will be just a little bit puzzled by some of these titles. How many of them will recall readily *Beyond the City,* or *The Doings of Raffles Haw?* Yet it is in these comparatively neglected books, and not in the Sherlock Holmes stories, that Conan Doyle's best work has been done. Not only that, but his heart was never in the making of Sherlock Holmes as it was in the making of Colonel Etienne Gerard. He loved Gerard for his dash, his daring, and his devotion, and still more for the very human shortcomings with which he endowed him. This partiality has always been marked, ever since the day, in *Uncle Bernac,* he first introduced a Gerard quite as different from the Brigadier of the later stories as the embryonic Sherlock Holmes of *A Study in Scarlet* was different from the Sherlock Holmes of "The Final Problem."

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UNDERSHAW. ANOTHER VIEW

II

Keen as has been Conan Doyle's interest in the Hundred Years War between France and England (*The White Company* and *Sir Nigel*) the Rebellion of Monmouth (*Micah Clarke*), and the court of Louis the Magnificent (*The Refugees*), to him the surpreme dramatic chapter of all history is that which tells the story of the great Napoleon and the men with hairy knapsacks and hearts of steel whose tramp shook the continent for so many years. In the twenty odd stories which tell of the exploits of Gerard he has shown us every phase of that epic struggle. Throughout, if we except the brief appearance on the scene in *Uncle Bernac,* the Brigadier is always consistent. He is lacking in subtle perception, as became a dashing lieutenant-colonel of Hussars of the Napoleonic campaigns, but is by no means devoid of native wit. That he is brave and generous goes without saying. In the babble of his old age he is reminiscently vain of his early physical prowess and personal fascinations, although he is always discreet, and always stops short of mentioning the lady of the particular story by name. There was hardly a corner of Europe in which he had not served. He had been a prisoner in England and there engaged in fisticuffs, to his wondering discomfiture, with the Bristol Bustler. In the terrible retreat from Russia he had found shelter in the carcases of dead horses. At Waterloo, had not the face of history been against him, as the face of history was against Athos, Porthos, Aramis and d'Artagnan in their efforts to save the head of Charles I, his individual stratagem would have turned the fortunes of the day and made Napoleon once more master of Europe.

III

But it was in Spain that Gerard was at his best. Countless there were his performances of dash and intrepidity. To the end of his days he delighted in narrating the story of his uninvited participa-

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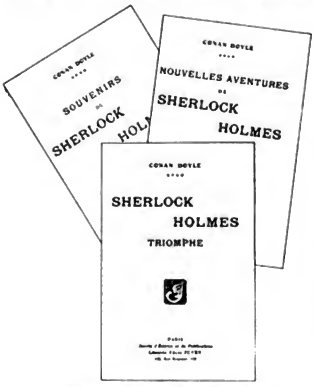
tion in the fox hunt of the English officers, outriding them all, cutting the fox in two with a sweep of his sword, and riding away with the profound belief that the yells of execration at the unhallowed deed were simply shouts of generous admiration. Perhaps as typical an exploit as any was that which brought him into the merciless hands of the Portuguese "Smiler." Massena was about to retreat and wished to apprise



SHERLOCK HOLMES IN FRANCE

another French army, that was seriously threatened, of his move. The beacon that had been prearranged for this signal was on top of a mountain held by the bandit. Two French officers had been sent to light it, and had apparently met dreadful fates. It was Gerard's turn. After various adventures the Brigadier fell into the hands of the "Smiler." The latter offered him his choice of deaths in return for certain information. Gerard had an inspiration. He gave the information and then made his conditions. "I choose to be burned on yonder beacon at the stroke of midnight." Even with the final fall of the Empire Gerard's activities do not cease. In a fast adventure we find him, some six years after Waterloo, on an expedition to St. Helena to set the Emperor free. It is too late. Gerard arrives only to witness strange ceremonies and to catch one brief glimpse of the dead face of the master he has served so long and so well. To Conan Doyle the story of the Napoleonic years is the story of all stories and Gerard is its personification.

IV

To say that in the veins of Arthur Conan Doyle are commingled the three bloods that flowed at Fontenoy and the battle of the Boyne is far from being a mere rhetorical flourish. It is in expressing it in just that way that the significance lies. When associated with his work it suggests the British sturdiness, tempered by the Irish wit and mellowness, and the French *finesse* and dash. It explains the catholicism of his personal enthusiasms, and his unvarying historical partiality whether the background of the story be Gascony during the Hundred Years War, or the Iberian Peninsula, when Wellington was grappling with Napoleon's marshals. Always the dominant note is one of generous appreciation of a valiant enemy. His British heroes who fought at Waterloo never fail in giving credit to that last intrepid stand of the Old Guard. His weather-beaten naval officers who served under Nelson cannot find epithets strong enough to express their hatred of the French and of the French leader. Yet that does not prevent them from being outspoken in the recognition of the prowess of a worthy foe. Gerard himself is contemptuous in speaking of those who are so blind as to imagine that the virtues of valour and fortitude belong exclusively to any one nation. "I who have fought in all countries," he tells us in one story, "against the Russians, the Prussians, the English, the Austrians, the Italians, the Spaniards—against all the world in short, tell you, my children, that the soldiers of all these countries are equally brave. Except," he adds with a touch of gorgeous Gascon naïveté, "that the French have rather more courage than the rest."

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Mr. Sherlock Holmes upon one occasion imparted to Watson the information that his grandmother had been a French woman. Inevitably, some day, in a similar sudden burst of confidence, he will allude to another line of his ancestry which will carry superbly back to the Irish kings.

V

If a certain famous romance is called a novel without a hero, Conan Doyle may be regarded as a novelist without a heroine. For certainly, there has never been another writer of equal achievement in whose books woman has played so Oriental a part. The name of Conan Doyle conjures up a great number and variety of men, all distinct, definite, sharply outlined. Etienne Gerard swings lightly into the saddle. Buck Tregellis superbly crushes a bore's presumptuous familiarity. Sir Nigel Loring makes a knightly vow. Corporal Gregory Brewster shakes his head and mutters, "It wouldn't have done for the Duke." To ascribe to any one of these male characters the action or the words belonging to another would be a glaring inconsistency. But the women of his books! Is there a Doyle heroine who can be regarded as much more than a marionette? How many of them are remembered at all? In what story does Winnie LaForce appear? Who is the heroine of *The Firm of Girdlestone?* Of *Micah Clarke?* Of *The Refugees?* True, there is individuality in the historical characters, the Empress Josephine, Lady Hamilton, Madame de Maintenon. Doyle is too good a transmuter to have failed there. But out of the Doyle heroines in the strict sense of the term we know only that she is a well-behaved young person, fond of lawn tennis, and addicted to afternoon tea. Perhaps it is enough.

VI

Some Frenchman has said that the most dramatic situation in all literature is where Robinson Crusoe finds the human footprint in the sand. That is an opinion with which a good many of us will be inclined to take issue. To the modern way of thinking it is not enough for a writer to present a great situation. He must prepare the reader's mind to receive it in the proper spirit. The stage must be set. There must be the preliminary period of suspense. The finding of the footprint in *Robinson Crusoe* comes at the beginning of a chapter, out of a clear sky. It surprises but it does not thrill. It was precisely the same fundamental idea that Doyle used at the beginning of *The Hound of the Baskerville*s. To point out that the modern writer made the most of it does not in the least imply any comparison of the two books. But in the Doyle story the reader listened to the strange old-world legend of the demon hound that tore out the throat of the evil Sir Hugo Baskerville. He caught the spirit of the lonely moor, and something of the fear that inspired Sir Charles. He heard the story of the Baronet's sinister death—the tales of the peasantry about the hound and the uncanny sounds coming from the Grimpen Mire—in a word, he was keyed up to just the proper pitch to receive the climax. Dr. Mortimer contradicted the statement that had been made at the coroner's inquest that there were no traces upon the ground near Sir Charles's body. He had seen some, fresh and clear. "Footprints? Footprints. A man's or a woman's?" "Mr. Holmes, they were the footprints of a gigantic hound."

VII

In contemporary fiction one must look far for a more dramatic incident than the rescue of Sir Nigel and Bertrand du Guesclin by the English archers in *The White Company*. Here again the basic idea is one of the conventional stock properties of fiction. It is the idea that found expression, for example, in verse when associated with the siege of Lucknow during the Sepoy Rebellion. Within the citadel, the hard-pressed little English garrison. Outside the merciless enemy. Hope practically gone, when a Scotch lassie, Jessie Brown, wakes from sleep, crying that she has heard the pipes of the

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Highlanders. The elation of a moment is followed by deeper depression.

The Colonel shook his head
And they turned to the guns once more.

Soon, however, others besides Jessie Brown start and listen, and a great cheer goes up.

It was the pipes of the Highlanders,
And now they played "Auld Lang Syne."
And it came to our men like the voice of God,
And they shouted along the line.

The last two lines may be very mediocre verse, but the situation is one of sound dramatic force. In *The White Company,* the castle in which Sir Nigel and Du Guesclin are guests is attacked by a savage peasantry. Side by side the Englishman and the Gascon hold the stair. There, too, hope is practically gone, and the flames are leaping high, when there comes to the ears of the besieged, borne on the night wind, the marching song of the rescuing archers:

What of the bow?
The bow was made in England,
Of yew wood, of true wood,
The wood of English bows.

VIII

In a decidedly lower key but no less essentially dramatic is an episode in *Beyond the City.* Again it is an old idea presented with surprising freshness. Admiral Hay Denver, after years of splendid service, is living in comfortable retirement. He learns that his son's honourable name is threatened by the defalcation of a rascally partner. At any cost disaster must be averted. The Admiral decides to sell his pension outright and go back to the sea for a living. He applies at a shipping office for a position as first or second mate.

The manager looked with a dubious eye at his singular applicant.

"Do you hold certificates?" he asked.

"I hold every nautical certificate there is."

"Then you won't do for us."

"Why not?"

"Your age, sir."

"I give you my word that I can see as well as ever, and am as good a man in every way."

"I don't doubt it."

"Why should my age be a bar then?"

"Well, I must put it plainly. If a man of your age, holding certificates, has not got past a second officer's berth, there must be a black mark against him somewhere. I don't know what it is, drink or temper, or want of judgment, but something there must be."

"I assure you there is nothing; but I find myself stranded, and so have to turn to the old business again."

"Oh, that's it," said the manager, with suspicion in his eye. "How long were you in your last billet?"

"Fifty-one years."

"What!"

"Yes, sir, one-and-fifty years."

"In the same employ?"

"Yes."

"Why, you must have begun as a child."

"I was twelve when I joined."

"It must be a strangely managed business," said the manager, "which allows men to leave it who have served for fifty years, and who are still as good as ever. Whom did you serve?"

"The Queen. Heaven bless her!"

"Oh, you were in the Royal Navy. What rating did you hold?"

"I am admiral of the fleet."

IX

If among the many literary influences which have moulded Conan Doyle's work any one influence is paramount, it is that of Macaulay. Doyle has always held that Macaulay could have written a great historical novel. "He could have made the multiplication table interesting reading." True, Macaulay was a great transmuter, and, in a lesser way, a great transmuter is Arthur Conan Doyle. The very heart of Froissart's *Chronicles* went to the making of *The White Company.* In addition over one hundred and fifteen volumes, French and English, dealing with the period, were mastered before he wrote one line of the manuscript. *Micah*

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Clarke, which dealt with the Monmouth Rebellion, was the result of a year's reading and five months' writing. For the American chapters of *The Refugees* he drew freely from Parkman. To all kinds of obscure memoirs he turned for the building of his perspective of the Napoleonic legend. The inspiration of *Rodney Stone* is to be found in the several crude volumes dealing with the British prize ring when that institution was at its apogée—from 1795 till 1810—and if one would see how the master workman can take inferior material and illumine it with the fire of his own talent, let him read through the stilted and grotesque pages of *Pugilistica,* and *Boxiana,* with the battered slang, the pompous jokes, the abominable verse, and then turn to *Rodney Stone.*

THE PRESENT LADY DOYLE

X

Rodney Stone has been called "the best story of the ring ever written." It is that and it is a great deal more. Designed, first of all, as a rousing tale, it possesses a plot that is almost flawless; and the manner in which event after event, with cumulative intensity, leads

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THE BILLIARD ROOM, UNDERSHAW

up to the battle on Crawley Downs, and the interests of all concerned hang upon the issue of that struggle, raising it from a mere contest between two professional bruisers to an almost epic dignity, is real dramatic art. But above all is the atmosphere of the tale. The book begins as countless other books begin—the man of mellow age jotting down his story for the grandchildren that gather about his knee. But the triteness goes no farther. Contrast the simplicity and genuineness of the opening of this story with the stilted tone and the purely artificial style of even so fine a novel as *Lorna Doone*. The England that Rodney Stone recalls is still very near and vivid to him. Again in memory he feels the national dread of the Corsican—"that great and evil man." Again he sees the beacons on the white cliffs, and strains his eyes, peering out over the Channel for the war ships of the tricolour. He kindles with the reminiscent thrill of war, and his heart beats fast as he remembers the tales of splendid sea fights told in the village taverns. Once again he is a boy about to leave his mother's side and his simple home at Friars Oak, to go up to the great world of London, to meet the Prince, and the Corinthians, and the men of the ring, and the officers of Nelson's fleet in the company of his famous uncle, Sir Charles Tregellis. Had *Rodney Stone* no other merit, it would deserve a niche for this character alone. All that history has to tell of Brummel serves only to make him seem pale and colourless when placed side by side with the strange, preposterous, impertinent, yet wholly likeable fribble of Conan Doyle's book.

XI

One day some ten years ago the writer of these notes was discussing various bookish matters in the library of the Liverpool home of the late Dr. John Watson. The conversation ranged from the novels of Balzac to the shockers of Ponson de Terrail, a writer who has been called "the Shakespeare of secret murder." Finally it found its way to the

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fiction of Conan Doyle. The author of *The Bonnie Briar Bush* was emphatic in his appreciation. "Doyle is a splendid workman. He possesses a wonderful gift of narrative and he knows how to make everything that he reads count. But his books are entertaining to a degree that is at times unfortunate. People find his yarns so amusing as yarns that they are inclined to overlook entirely how well they are written." Commenting upon this verdict, it may be said that most persons considered Ian Maclaren during his lifetime so exclusively as a spinner of tales of the Scottish kailyard that they failed utterly to appreciate him as a sound judge of literary matters. Remote as Drumtochty was from the scenes of *Madame Bovary* and *Bel-Ami,* its historian was a close student of his Flaubert and his Maupassant. But if Conan Doyle has never been appreciated for what he really is, the case is far from being an isolated one. It is very seldom that a man who is regarded essentially as a story-teller is generally appraised at his real value as a literary workman. For his full mead of serious appreciation he has to look to a small circle of men of his own profession. To them Conan Doyle is not merely a writer who happened to stumble upon a character which has become the most widely known in all fiction. He is an author of unusual imagination, of fine constructive powers, the possessor of an effective style, in short, a craftsman to be placed, by virtue of many sturdy attributes, not very far below the apex among contemporary English story spinners.

CRUSOE'S REAL ISLAND

BY CLIFFORD HOWARD

In the Windward group of the West Indies there is a small island called Tobago. It lies about eighteen miles to the northeast of Trinidad, and as there is nothing special to see on the place very few travellers take the trouble to stop there, being quite content to view it from a distance if they feel inclined to notice it at all. Perhaps if they knew that it is the island on which Robinson Crusoe was wrecked they might deem it worth while to pay it a visit; but the chances are that they have not the least suspicion that Crusoe's island is anywhere within eight or ten thousand miles of the place.

Tobago is about eleven degrees north of the equator, on the Atlantic side of America. The great majority of those who are acquainted with *Robinson Crusoe* (and there are very few civilised beings who are not) believe that Crusoe's island is about thirty-three degrees south of the Equator, in the Pacific Ocean, off the coast of Chili, and that it is called Juan Fernandez. It was on this island that Alexander Selkirk lived alone for a number of years; and as it is generally supposed that *Robinson Crusoe* is founded upon the adventures of Selkirk, it is taken for granted that the scene of Crusoe's lonely habitation is this little island away down in the Southern Hemisphere.

Accordingly, Juan Fernandez, off the western coast of South America, is popularly regarded as Crusoe's island; whereas the real island on which Defoe's hero was shipwrecked and where he lived by himself for more than twenty-eight years, is in quite another part of the world, many thousand miles distant.

This is not a matter of conjecture. Crusoe himself gives us the exact whereabouts of his island. He tells us very plainly, both in the title and in the body of the story, that the island on which he was wrecked is near the mouth of the Orinoco River and a short distance northeast of Trinidad. Evidently most

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PANORAMIC VIEW OF TOBAGO

of us skip that part of the story or have forgotten it.

Perhaps if the original title of the book were retained in the present-day editions we should not have fallen into the error of misplacing the scene of Crusoe's exile, for this is the way the full title reads: *The Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, of York, Mariner, Who lived eight and twenty Years all alone in an uninhabited Island on the Coast of America, near the Mouth of the Great River Orinoco; Having been cast on Shore by Shipwreck, wherein all the Men perished but himself; With an Account how he was at last as strangely delivered by Pirates.* And in the narrative itself, referring to the land that he saw in the distance from his lookout on the hill, Crusoe says that the land he perceived to the west and west-southwest was the great island of Trinidad on the north point of the mouth of the River Orinoco.

There can be no doubt, therefore, that the island on which he led his solitary life was one of the West Indies; and although its name is not mentioned in the book, no other conclusion is possible but that Tobago is the one Defoe had in mind when writing his book, for it is the only island from which a view of Trinidad can be obtained as described in the story.

Very likely Defoe did not himself know the name of the island. He apparently supposed it was a nameless and uninhabited bit of land. As a matter of fact it was discovered by Columbus on his third voyage; and in 1659, the year Crusoe was supposed to be shipwrecked, the island was occupied by a company of settlers from Holland, and for the next twenty-eight years, during which our hero was supposed to be living in solitude, Tobago was occupied at different periods by the Dutch, French and English, who took turns driving one another off and claiming possession of the place.

But these facts have no bearing on the identity of Crusoe's island. They simply serve to show that Defoe, like many another author, was apt to be careless in regard to matters of history. It is hardly to be wondered at in this case when we remember with what rapidity he dashed off his books. He was nearly sixty years old when he wrote *Robinson Crusoe,* in the year 1719, and in the ten years that followed its publication he wrote more than fifty other books, including a number of pamphlets. It is doubtful whether any other writer has ever exceeded him in his output of work. When he died he had to his credit something like two hundred and fifty books and pamphlets.

His fame, of course, rests on *Robinson*

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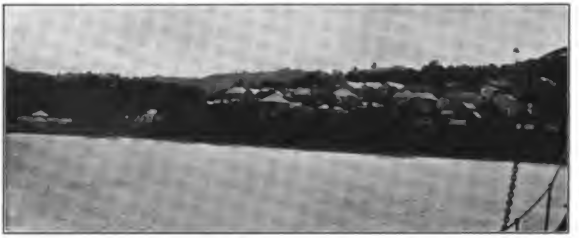

THE TOWN OF SCARBOROUGH, TOBAGO

Crusoe, which is undoubtedly his greatest work. Its popularity was instantaneous. Everybody read it; and it remains to-day one of the most popular and best-known books of the world.

But scarcely had it made its appearance when frowning critics came forward and denounced the author as a literary pirate. They asserted that *Robinson Crusoe* was simply an adaptation of a story that had appeared a few years before, reciting the adventures of Alexander Selkirk, who, in 1709, was rescued from Juan Fernandez, and two years later returned to England, where an account of his experiences was published in 1712; and to this day it is very generally believed that *Robinson Crusoe* is the story of Alexander Selkirk.

But there is no just foundation for this popular belief. Any one who will take the trouble to compare *Robinson Crusoe* with the life of Selkirk will see at once how dissimilar are the stories in their various particulars. Defoe's hero was shipwrecked; but Selkirk went ashore of his own accord, because of a misunderstanding between him and the captain of the vessel. Selkirk remained on his island a little over four years. Crusoe spent more than twenty-eight years on his. There was nothing in Selkirk's experiences that corresponded with that part of Crusoe's narrative in which Friday plays a part; and so, throughout the two stories—except in the main features of each leading a solitary life on a desert island and being obliged to resort to his native ingenuity for comfort and recreation—the points of dissimilarity are so numerous that it is somewhat remarkable that Selkirk and Crusoe should so long have been regarded as the same person.

It is undoubtedly true that Defoe was acquainted with Selkirk's experiences, and it is very probable that *Robinson Crusoe* may have been suggested by them. Defoe was always quick to seize upon strange incidents as subjects for his books; but at the same time Selkirk was not the only man who had lived on a desert island and with whose adventures Defoe was familiar. There was Pedro Serrano, for example, who was cast ashore on an island in the Caribbean Sea, where he lived alone for seven years, and the story of whose life was published in London several years before Selkirk came back to England with his tale of Juan Fernandez. Shipwrecks in those early days were not infrequent occurrences, and the nautical chronicles of the time contained many an account of castaway mariners, and served as a source of much of Defoe's remarkably accurate geographical knowledge.

But from whatever source he may have gathered his material the fact remains that Alexander Selkirk was not the original of Robinson Crusoe. The real person represented by this lonely exile was Defoe himself. Not that he experienced the actual adventures of Crusoe. Far from it. But the story is

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nevertheless a true one from an allegorical point of view; for the book was designedly written as an allegory, to represent the experiences and troubles of the author. Every one of the events described in the book has a special meaning and represents some real experience in the life of Daniel Defoe.

For example Crusoe's twenty-eight years of solitude on the island represent the twenty-eight years during which Defoe refrained from speaking to his wife or his children. It seems that his family were in the habit of finding fault with him, which, as he informs us, frequently put him into indecent passions and urged him to rash replies; so that he resolved finally to remain absolutely silent in his home, a resolution which he carried out so faithfully that it eventually drove his wife crazy and broke up the family.

Then there is the changing of the name, which had its counterpart in real life. Readers of this story will remember that the hero's name was originally Kreutznaer and that he changed it to Crusoe. Defoe's real name was Foe—Daniel Foe—and he was so called until he was forty years old. Then he changed it to the name by which he has ever since been known—a change suggested, perhaps, by his signature of "D. Foe." These are only two of the many interesting interpretations to be drawn from the story of *Robinson Crusoe,* but they serve to illustrate Defoe's purpose in writing the book and to emphasise the unreasonableness of the claim that he founded the story upon the life of Alexander Selkirk.

GOVERNOR'S RESIDENCE, TOBAGO

We may finally dismiss, therefore, all thought of the island of Juan Fernandez as having any relationship to Defoe's story, and turn our attention to Tobago, in the West Indies, as the real island of Robinson Crusoe. Here we find, in its topography and climate and in its trees and plants and living things, added proof that Defoe had this particular island in mind, for his descriptions of the place, as contained in the narrative, are singularly accurate and indicate that he must have drawn his information in regard to it from some authoritative record.

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It is as Crusoe describes it, an island of much natural beauty; a bit of tropic landscape, visible at sea for a distance of more than forty miles, rising gently from the water's edge in folds of verdant hills. It is a little place, not as large in point of area as either Philadelphia or Chicago, for it does not comprise more than one hundred and twenty square miles of land. Yet it makes the most of it by stretching out to a length of nearly thirty miles.

It does not lie within the regular course of travel and consequently attracts but little attention and is seldom visited. Once a week, however, its peaceful tranquillity is interrupted by the arrival of a steamer that puffs its way lazily around the island, calling at every little landing to receive from the native farmers consignments of vegetables and provisions, to be sold in the neighbouring island of Trinidad.

Aside from the farms scattered here and there throughout the island, Tobago is mainly devoted to the cultivation of sugar and cocoa, and it is this which affords a livelihood to the greater part of its population of about twenty thousand souls, of whom a very large majority are blacks. Most of them live on the farms and plantations. The only settlement that comes within the scope of our idea of a town is a small, picturesque place on the southern shore, called Scarborough. This is the capital of Tobago and is the chief port of the island. Situated on the edge of a bay it reposes in drowsy peacefulness amid a grove of palms at the base of a sheltering hill—its small frame houses grouped together in rambling streets and byways, and here and there poking their shingled roofs above the clumps of foliage.

THE HEART OF CRUSOE'S ISLAND

At the top of the hill, nearly five hundred feet above the sea, stands a fort—Fort King George. For many years it was garrisoned by regular British troops for the protection of the island. England has owned the island, off and on, since the early part of the seventeenth century; but it was not until 1814 that she finally came into settled possession of it; for up to that time, during a pe-

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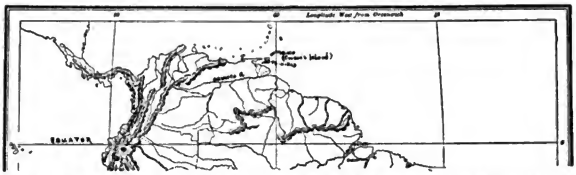

MAP OF NORTHERN SOUTH AMERICA, SHOWING WHEREABOUTS OF CRUSOE'S ISLAND

riod of nearly two centuries, it had been taken and retaken, claimed and reclaimed, by the Indians, and the Spaniards, and the Dutch, and the French, and the English; so that Tobago had a somewhat difficult time keeping account of her nationality.

During these changes of ownership the island was often entirely deserted for years at a time, and such settlements as were established every now and then were confined to the coast. In 1757, thirty-eight years after the story was written, a party of Englishmen wandering into the interior of the forest, came upon an old Frenchman, who for twenty-one years had lived by himself like Crusoe, upon this very island. Unlike his predecessor, however, he did not avail himself of the opportunity to leave his lonely confinement, for he refused the offer of the Englishmen to take him aboard their ship, saying that he had grown so fond of his home in the wilderness that he preferred to remain there until he died.

The picture that lies before the beholder to-day as he stands upon the hill overlooking the water's edge differs little from that which a real Crusoe would have seen two hundred and fifty years ago, except that fields of sugar-cane and farm lands now cover many of the valleys and mountain slopes. Like a great scimitar the beach curves to the right of the town and sweeps away to a point several miles distant. Along its edge are broad, dense files of cocoa palms—

MAP OF CRUSOE'S ISLAND. PUBLISHED IN 1720

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trees that revel in the sight and the breath of the sea, and whose clustered plumes mark the outlines of the shore with a waving fringe of green and gold.

It was on this beach that Crusoe set up his post bearing the inscription, "I came on shore here on the 30th of September, 1659," and by means of which he kept his reckoning of time by each day cutting a notch on it with his knife. It was near here, also, that he built his house in the rock; and hidden away amid the trees on a nearby hilltop was his bower—his country home, as he called it. And there, in the hillside, where the sweep of the shore comes to an end, is the cave in which he discovered the dying goat.

He tells us that upon entering the cave he saw lying upon the ground "a monstrous frightful old he-goat, gasping for life and dying indeed of mere old age," and that later he buried it in the floor of the cave. Strangely enough the skeleton of a goat was unearthed in this cave several years ago. The Tobagoans had all along maintained that their island was the real Crusoe island, so that the finding of this old goat was regarded as the most convincing sort of proof, and the skeleton was sent to the World's Fair in Chicago, in 1893. It may not be that everybody who saw it there believed it to be the very goat that is mentioned in the book, but it served at any rate to call attention to the island of Tobago, the real island of Robinson Crusoe.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK: AN IMPRESSIONISTIC PHOTOGRAPH

BY E. O. HOPPE

By degrees I am beginning to find out some of the secrets of a Craft—for I do not pretend that it is an Art, in the sense in which we speak of the great recognised Arts—a Craft that is still, I hold, but crossing the threshold of its possibilities. No sensible person claims that photography can ever become a freely creative art, since it cannot give form to the mind's imaginings but can only copy and reproduce the visible world. Nevertheless, it may in the highest degree be made expressive not only of the personality of its subject, but of the man who handles the tools. Whether or not anything of the personality of the sitter is lured into the portrait depends entirely on the skill and temperament of the photographer. Any one can secure a slavish, lifeless sun-picture; only the man who is himself an artist can study, watch for and get into his work those subtle, illuminating touches of life and character that give it a certain artistic quality. All true art is fundamentally a matter of feeling, and, each using the same vehicle of expression, the man who brings feeling, sensitiveness, some imaginative insight to what he is doing is always bound to do better work than the man who is nothing more than an impassive, technically expert operator.

I think it is just this: that whatever you intensely love will reveal to you its secret inner powers in a way that is never opened to you if you treat your medium solely as the mechanism of expression. Of course, the camera is a purely mechanical device, but in the hands of the artist it becomes a means of accomplishing what is, within its limits, true art. In Munich I had my training as a painter from Lenbach and Kaulbach, and I had gained much valuable experience in drawing and painting before I ever touched the camera. The little black box has been to me simply the tool with which I have found out how to express my ideas and

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MAURICE MAETERLINCK. A STUDY BY E. O. HOPPE

convey to others the impression I have formed of the character and most characteristic appearance of my sitter.

Never did I feel this motive-force more strongly than when I made my first portrait of Maurice Maeterlinck, the man whom I had already grown to reverence, through his works, as one of the

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greatest of poets and dramatists, mystic, symbolist, an idealist, a realist—at once a dreamer and a philosopher. For years I had desired to meet the man who had for so long been one of my literary gods. But it was not until 1911 that chance brought about the fulfilment of my wish. Then, on a visit to Paris, I met for the first time Maeterlinck's gifted wife, Georgette Le Blanc—the woman who has revealed the full genius of Maeterlinck to the world, for it is under the fostering promptings of her devotion and the influence of her fine personality that the fire and passionate force of the dramatist's art have been added to the meditative quality and dream fantasy of his earlier work. Because of her pleasure in a series of camera portraits I had made of herself, Madame Le Blanc said she would like her husband to sit to me, assuring me at the time that she thought no existing photograph of him was really satisfactory —that in some way they all lacked the spirit and character of the original. Her suggestion delighted me. Maeterlinck was then staying at his mother's house just outside Ghent. I set off at once to the sleepy little Belgian market-place in an actual fever of excitement and anticipation, Madame Maeterlinck's warning that I should find her husband a most difficult and evasive sitter adding to the keenness of my interest in him and in my undertaking; and as I stepped from the trap that carried me to the poet's house I felt that I was on the eve of a new, a unique experience.

I was on the alert for evidences of his idiosyncrasies and environment. The first sounds that greeted me were the growls of a dog—a bull-dog of an extraordinary ugliness that affected me almost in the same way as would extraordinary beauty; that is, by force of its own intense singularity. Then, I noticed that the room into which I was conducted was in no way distinguished from those ordinarily inhabited by the French bourgeois; the furniture belonged to no marked period and had no speciality of design, nor were the pictures and ornaments of any but the usual conventional and uninspiring order. I confess I was a little taken aback, for I had mentally associated the poet with surroundings more in keeping with what I knew of his temperament. The one vivid impression the room made on me was that it was flooded with light.

But the moment Maeterlinck entered everything seemed to change its aspect; I was no longer conscious of anything commonplace or conventional around me; the accidental setting became in a flash as nothing: the master-spirit filled the place and transfigured it. My immediate impression of the man I held in such reverence was of his extreme simplicity and sincerity. His deep blue eyes, the straight brows, the strongly moulded forehead, all of the typically Flemish type, accentuated this impression, as distinctly as the tall, strong body radiated a suggestion of abounding health. He is of a remarkably shy nature, and his quiet, retiring manner confirmed for me the truth of those rumours that credit him with detesting notoriety. I had heard that he was a mighty smoker, and was delighted to find my proposal that he should fill his pipe met with instant response, since it paved the way to ease of intercourse.

While he smoked I led him into converse, studying every change of his baffling but frank, expressive features, and waiting till the moment came when I might get him in some characteristic pose, with some revealing, characteristic look upon his face. He spoke thoughtfully and with much earnestness of his love and admiration for Carlyle and Ruskin, and was quietly eloquent in his praise of Shakespeare. As our talk grew more intimate he touched on his own tastes and habits of life, his pleasures and everyday employments, and his themes were as numerous as they were extraordinarily varied. Beyond his many-sided interests in literature, he talked familiarly and with evident interest of boxing, motoring, bull-dog breeding, botany, bee-keeping and many other kindred and alien topics. He has the figure of an athlete; there are hints of the open-air in his manner

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and complexion; a curious sense of strength in his modest reticence; his features in repose are somewhat sombre, somewhat heavy, but as he talks and you note the kindling thought, the eager interest and emotion play over them, and the sleeping fire in his eyes flash and glow, he impresses you involuntarily as the high thinker and delicately imaginative poet that we know him to be. Those who have read his books know that the poet is never lost there in the apiarist, the botanist, the dog-lover, but I realised, during that privileged interview, how entirely all these might be lost in the poet they helped to make. Simple, natural, wholly himself in all he said and did, he seemed too great to affect any greatness, perhaps even to be conscious of it; but to me his very presence was an inspiration. My knowledge of his works helped me to understand him; I waited and watched, and listened, prompting him with a question when he was inclined to fall into silence and abstraction, until the psychological instant came—and I think I may say that the portrait I then made of Maeterlinck is one that does most vitally, most revealingly represent him. I shall scarcely be accused of vanity in making this assertion, for when a man knows that his work is good there is no reason why he should hesitate to say so.

EUGENE FIELD AND HIS FIRST PUBLISHER

BY CAROLINE TICKNOR

THE author's attitude toward his first book is singularly like that of the father toward his first baby; it may have many superior successors who are bigger, better, and more beautiful, but there is never another "first." Eugene Field's little volume, entitled *Culture's Garland,* was his first literary baby. He loved it, coddled it, discoursed about it, and dreamed dreams of its future. What mattered it, that a few years later, he came to deplore its faults and shortcomings and sounded an emphatic note for its recall, he had already bestowed upon it that first enthusiasm which never comes but once in the experience of any writer. In 1893 he wrote, when forwarding the then "rare" volume to a friend in Boston:

"I am not ashamed of this little book, but like the boy with the measles, I am sorry for it in spots. You are welcome to what is good in it."

Eugene Field's first communication in regard to bringing out some of his work in book form, was forwarded to Mr. James R. Osgood in 1884, at which time Field had been strongly urged to gather together a collection of his verses.

DAILY NEWS OFFICE,
CHICAGO, Aug. 25, '84.

JAMES R. OSGOOD & CO.

Gentlemen: For the past eight years I have been writing verse for the daily press. Most of this verse has been in the humorous vein, and the favour with which these writings have been received induces me to ask whether there is any liklihood of my being able to make any arrangement with you for the publication of my poems in book form. I take it for granted you know nothing of me or my work, and if you desire, I can send you specimens of the verse with which I would wish such a volume of mine to be filled. I write to you, because I consider your house the best publishing house in the country; I would not have anything to do with the yellow-back goose-liver snaps with which Chicago abounds. My only acquaintance in Boston is Mr. E. L. Perry, of the *Herald,* but I suspect any reputable newspaper man could tell you something of the general character of my humourous work.

Yours very truly,
EUGENE FIELD.

This letter apparently called forth no

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satisfactory response, and the failure of the house of James R. Osgood and Company following not long after this date, carried with it no great encouragement for Field to enter a further application in this direction. Meanwhile, the "Lakeside Poet" was winning recognition for his delightful verse from appreciative critics in various localities. Edmund Clarence Stedman was one of these, and in his correspondence with his friend, Benjamin H. Ticknor (who with the "Ticknor & Co." imprint, had succeeded the house of Osgood), he called attention to the Chicago poet's work.

In consequence, the spring of 1887 brought Field a letter from Ticknor asking for a collection of his verse and expressing keen interest in his previous work. To this Field replied in the following communication, declining to discuss any poetic proposition, but calling attention to his sketches and short stories, which he declared he now wished to exploit:

Dear Mr. Ticknor:

I hardly know what I ought to say in answer to your courteous letter of the 23d ultimo. I am just enough of a Yankee to be a long time making up my mind when once in doubt. However, it is but fair that you should know what bothers me. I am not troubled about my verse, for I made up my mind long ago that my verse never did and never would amount to a ——! I wrote Mr. Osgood at the earnest solicitation of numerous unwise friends, and the consequence was that the mere suggestion of printing a tome of my alleged poetry precipitated an old and prosperous publisher into bankruptcy! I tell you this because you ought to be warned against inviting the dreadful buffetings of fate which inevitably follows a dalliance with my Muse.

And now let us drop the painful subject of verse. I have written about forty short stories (or shall I call them sketches) in the last two years. I really have a good opinion of them, and this opinion has been encouraged by the favour with which these tales have been received by readers—for you must know that nearly all the stories have appeared in print. I would like to see these tales in book form. I believe they would sell. Of their merit I have no doubt, but whether they would strike you as marketable—why, that is a question. I have spent much time on them, and if you were to indicate a desire to publish them I would want to rewrite them over again—for, just as a mother is anxious to have her little children appear decently and properly, so do I want to have these children of mine to go out into the world apparelled as neatly as my intellectual purse can afford.

I have here, we will say, forty short stories, aggregating one hundred and twenty-five thousand words; do you think that it would pay you to publish them? They are stories for young and old; perhaps I should say that they are (most of them) child's stories so written as to interest the old folk. I have made them as simple as I could, and in many of them the fairy element predominates. In two of them are a number of lyrics, humourous and serious. A book of this kind could be illustrated with great effect—but I would want to suggest the illustrations. Now I can send you a part of or all these tales, if you think that you would care to print a work of this character. But, as I have said, I would like to rewrite all, even though in their present shape they might be acceptable to you. I send you a schedule which may assist you in making up your mind as to whether you care about reading the tales, and although it may be rather hazardous, I enclose a copy of a letter written by Mr. Hawthorne. Let me thank you for your kind note, and believe me, dear sir,

Very truly yours,

Eugene Field.

Accompanying this letter was Mr. Field's diagram of the forty stories, made out in truly decorative form, consisting of four columns set down in different coloured inks; the first, in blue ink, contained the names of stories; the second, in red, the number of words in each; the third, in green, offered the sub-titles of the tales, while the fourth, in blue again, defined the motive of each story, as "pathetic," "gay," "lively," and so forth.

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The result of this letter was the forwarding to Mr. Ticknor of a large collection of clippings, from which the publisher purposed to select enough material to make up a humourous little volume characteristic of the author's wit, and including both sketches and verses; this little book to be but a forerunner of more serious work to come.

With the final batch of copy sent, Field forwarded the following letter decorated in his own inimitable penmanship with a caricature of himself as the "Chicago Dante" wearing a wreath of sausages about his head.

CHICAGO, May 22, 1887.

DEAR MR. TICKNOR:

I send to-day the last batch of clippings, and amongst them you will find two handsome engravings, which I have executed for your special (private) edification. The portrait of myself I made from a photograph taken in 1880; I look more like Dante now than I did then. In this packet I enclose one little story which should be put with the other stories I sent you. I had forgotten all about it, and found it in an old file. In this lot of stuff you will find a criticism of the Wagner opera, *Die Walküre;* when it appeared it made quite a stir among folk here. But I am heartily sick of this whole scheme. Why not print the genteel stories and let this flubdub remain undiscovered until I am in heaven with Mr. Stedman and you? Then your grandson (Eugene Field Ticknor) can announce the discovery of genuine old Field manuscripts—the critics will dispute, the public will go wild——fifty editions of the great work will be struck off—the demand will increase in volume and ferocity, etc. Ought we not to make this sacrifice for posterity?

Field having learned of Stedman's interest in the publication of his little volume, at once forwarded the suggestion to his publisher that Stedman should be invited to write a preface for the forthcoming book. This suggestion struck Stedman as truly incongruous, and he declined in such peremptory terms that his friend Ticknor was forced to soften the refusal into more complimentary form before imparting the substance of it to Field. The latter was keenly disappointed, and continued to refer to the matter in various amusing references, which, however, concealed some little chagrin.

In the meantime, his friendly relations with his publisher strengthened into a warm friendship, which Field expressed his appreciation of by warm protestations and by sending numerous tokens in the form of beautifully decorative ballads, and pen-and-ink drawings executed with painstaking nicety. The monetary side of the transaction had no interest for him, as is evinced by the next communication.

DEAR MR. TICKNOR:

So far as the business part of our joint book is concerned, I feel no interest at all. I do not look upon my heaven-given talents with the sordid eyes of the average Chicago litterateur. If Mr. Stedman and you think that from the mass of erudition I have wafted Boston-ward you can expiscate enough desirable matter for a tome —why, I am going to let you have your own way, and I'm not going to worry about the business part of the scheme. I hope you will let me know when the book is likely to appear, as I shall be hunting a cyclone hole about that time. Perhaps you may remember what that humourous old Aristophanes once said to Critobolus, his Athenian publisher:

(*Here Field inserts four humourous semi-Greek and English lines, which when translated read:*)

It's fun for Ticknor and for Stedman;
But if that book appears out West
It's 10 to 1 that I'm a dead man
Before the next spring robins nest.

I am strongly of the impression that you ought to inveigle Mr. Stedman into writing an introduction to that book. I have a posi-

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"DanteSale"

Chicago, June the 14th, 1887.

Dear Mr. Ticknor – The cuts for which you call have been destroyed but I will try to have fac similes made at once. If I had ever imagined that an edition de luxy of my work would be demanded, I most certainly would have preserved the original plates. It is true of all great geniuses*, I begin to see, that they do not know when they do a really good thing. I am very anxious to know what Mr. Stedman has decided to do in the way of a frontispiece, or preface. I suspect that his regard for me is simply the cold, mercenary, sordid passion which the crocodile conceives for a succulent yellow dog; I have discovered that he does not mention me among his Victorious Poets.

Sincerely Yours,

Eugene Field.

* Or should I say "genii"? The Chicago plural for "opus" is "opi".

tive conviction that his apology for the affair would be the most humourous thing between the covers.

Sincerely yours,

EUGENE FIELD.

June the 9th, 1887.

CHICAGO, June the 14th, 1887.

DEAR MR. TICKNOR:

The cuts for which you call have been destroyed, but I will try to have facsimiles made at once. If I had ever imagined that an edition de luxy of my work would be

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EUGENE FIELD

demanded, I most certainly would have preserved the original plates. It is true of all great geniuses,* I begin to see, that they do not know when they do a really good thing. I am very anxious to know what Mr. Stedman has decided to do in the way of a preface or proem. I suspect that his regard for me is simply the cold, mercenary, sordid passion which the crocodile conceives for a succulent yellow dog; I have discovered that he does not mention me among his Victorious Poets.

Sincerely yours,
EUGENE FIELD.

*Or should I say "geni"? The Chicago plural for "opus" is "opi."

Stedman remaining inflexible, it was suggested that Julian Hawthorne be asked to furnish the preface; in regard to this Field writes:

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BENJAMIN HOLT TICKNOR—1842-1914

COOL CHICAGO, June 18, 1887.

DEAR MR. TICKNOR:

I have dispatched a letter to Hawthorne upon the subject of the preface. It was not at all Christianly of Mr. Stedman to inveigle me into this circus and then leave me to the mercy of the multitude. I would not treat him likewise. If he were to ask me to write a preface for any of his books, I would do it, and it would be the boss preface in English literature, too. The plea that he hasn't the time to devote to it is a feeble one; if I can write an able preface for his book in fifteen minutes, he ought to be able to write a fairly good one for mine in half an hour. By the way, do you know this man Fiske, who has written a book on fairy mythology; the work is dedicated to "my dear friend Howells"? I would like you to get from him a list of the books he consulted in his compilation of the work. I see that he refers to the "Grettis saga" and I fancy that he means Grettir saga. If Fiske is not a moss-back—that is to say, if he is one of

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Yet here's this youngster on my knee
Knows all the things I used to know;
To think! I once was wise as he!
But that was very long ago!

— Eugene Field

us who are now on earth, I should like to write to him for some information; I am deeply interested in fairy mythology and I have never yet been able to find a satisfactory work upon the subject. Grimm, Clouston, Thorpe and Fiske I have, but none fills the bill. I am just now having a beautiful time over the Percy Folio. Why don't some of your opulent publishers form a pool and hire me to travel over the country, getting together old manuscript verse? There are thousands of fine old poems, songs, etc., locked up in the private libraries of your New England villages.

And the rich old Southerners must have written a power of good verse that has never seen printer's ink. Daniel Webster wrote verse, of course; Rufus Choate, too, and Washington Irving, and John C. Calhoun, and Charles Sumner, and—why, if we could only get a whack at the musty papers which the heirs of your great intellects have com-

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Allegorical Chart of Mr. Field's pleasant time in Boston, Feb. 1888.

Before his arrival.....

First day.....

Second day.....

Third day.....

Fourth day.....

Fifth day.....

His breath upon leaving [An Omaha malt brown].. [redacted]

mitted to the depths of old trunks and cedar chests!

Yours truly,
EUGENE FIELD.

(NOTE.—*At head of this letter is drawn in red and black ink a thermometer which registers* 110°. *The letter is done in green ink.*)

June 20, 1887.

Letter continues on page two—

You may have some difficulty in reading my Greek, but I think it best to let you know every now and then that you are dealing with a very scholarly person. The trouble with most Eastern publishers is that they imagine that Western litterateurs can't do anything but weigh and kill hogs. It may be a fortnight before I shall be able to send you the cuts. I am hunting up the original drawings now and will have new plates made by the genial idiot who rapes and debauches art in this office. Mr. Stedman need not be ashamed to write a preface for me. I'd have him know that a biographical sketch of myself appeared last winter in A. T. Andreas & Co.'s *Pictorial Chicago*, Vol. 3. It would have had my portrait, too, if I'd been willing to pay $50 for the boon. If Mr. Stedman is smart, he will make himself solid with the brain and brawn of the West. A lot of us young litterateurs will write the obituaries by and by. Or, if he prefers, I will write the preface and sign his name to it. I fancy that I could say more pleasant things of myself than he could.

FIELD.

DEAR MR. TICKNOR:

Hawthorne writes me that he will undertake the preface, and I think it will be well to send him duplicate proofs, so that he may get some idea of what he is expected to say. I got two proof sheets yesterday morning and returned them last evening. I shall send you copies of the *Daily News* from time to time; perhaps you may light upon some new material for the Garland. When you see Mr. Stedman, you can tell him (unless you think it would entirely crush him) that I have expunged his name from the tablets

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of my memory. I inclose an allegorical tableau. I had an awful time with the arms, but the verdure on Bunker Hill more than requites the beholder.

Truly Yours,
EUGENE FIELD.

Chicago, June the 22, 1887.

(NOTE.—*Accompanying this letter is a drawing of man standing beside pile of books, Bunker Hill in the background. Under sketch is written: "Allegorical tableau representing Ticknor & Co. standing on the shore of the blue Atlantic and pointing with pride to 'Culture's Garland,' saying: 'These are our Jewells!' To the right appears Bunker Hill covered with soft verdure; near its summit is the famous Tree of Liberty." Picture measures six by five inches and is done in black, blue and green inks.*)

One of the amusing features connected with the publication of *Culture's Garland* was the collection of humourous advertisements composed by Field and forwarded to his publisher with instructions to have them inserted at the back of the book. This request was complied with; the publishers furnishing an explanatory note to the effect that though it was foreign to their custom to accept advertising for their books, they were making an exception to their rule because of the high literary character of the special advertisements inserted.

The following note from Field accompanied his advertising creations:

CHICAGO, June the 26, 1887.

DEAR SIR:

I am informed that one of the leading litterateurs of this city is about to produce a book under your auspices. Representing as I do the prominent advertising bureau of the West, I desire to contribute one page of advertisements to this work and I am prepared to pay therefore living cash rates. I inclose copy and would like to have the advertisements printed on the fly-leaf which will face the finis of the book in question.

Yours in the cause of literature,
FELIX J. LONESOMEBOTTOM,
for
Lonesomebottom & Co.

The following is a sample of the advertising material forwarded:

W. H. DEVINE
(Indorsed by Theodore Thomas)
Wholesale Dealer in Cream, Milk, etc.
CHICAGO, ILL.
Parties, Clubs, Societies and Festivals furnished with suppers or lunches at living rates. Has provided Refreshments for the Thomas Concerts for three seasons.

DEVINE'S PINK LEMONADE

A Noble Beverage, which cheers but does not intoxicate. Whets the appetite for Classic Music, and will remove grease-spots from the finest fabric.

Field was a faithful student of Chaucer and delighted to produce numerous imitations and paraphrases of his style, and he was never so happy as when making some friend a present of one of these exquisitely illuminated "old English Ballads."

The following note accompanied one of these poems entitled "Ye divell & ye miller hys wiffe;" and the succeeding one brought with it a second ballad, entitled "Madge ye hoyden;" the latter was beautifully executed on parchment done in many coloured inks, and decorated with characteristic marginal notes.

DEAR MR. TICKNOR:

I hope that you will not print the old ballad in "that book." I have a lot of verse which you may want to put between covers after a while. I have just finished another "Proper" ballad entitled "Ye divell & ye miller hys wiffe." Dr. Bill Poole, our public librarian, is examining it just now, to determine whether it be genuine or not. I think I shall have to get up a folio (like Percy's) of Old Chicago ballads. I am having the parchment "coffed" at McClurg & Co.'s and shall begin copying at once. Running parchment through coffee will (I am told) add about 200 years to the age of a poem. Hot? Well I should—

Hastily,
CHICAGO, July 13, 1887. FIELD.

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A Pegasus out West

Δεαρ Μρ. Τϊκνορ – Ι 'οπε θατ Μρ Στεδμαν
'ας κονσεντεδ το δο θη πρεφασε φορ ουρ βοοκ Ιτ
μυστ συρελγ οκκυρ το 'ιμ θατ θις ις θη βιγγεστ
λιτεραρι δεαλ θη μαρκετ 'ας κνονε. Ιτ μιτε βε
α γοοδ ιδεα φορ μη το πεν 'ιμ ονε οφ μι σκολ=
=αρλι λεττερς, φυλλ οφ ρεκονδιτε 'υμορ (οφ
θη Ρυσσελλολε κινδ) ανδ ρεδολεντ οφ αν
αρωμα οφ λατιν, γρεεκ ανδ σανσκριτ ποησι! Ι
καν γετ ιν σομε οφ 'ις οαν ποετοιε, φορ νοτ
λονγ αγο Ι βουγ'τ α βοοκ οφ 'ις βαρλιεϝ ποεμς
ανδ Ι 'αφ κομμιττεδ α νυμβερ το μεμοριε.
Ι θινκ Ι μα σα θατ Ι αμ ιν γοοδ φικς το τακ-
λε Μρ. Στεδμαν φορ α φριενδλιε βοοστ. Βατ
ας θη λατιν ποετ 'ας ιτ:

"Penisque vobiscum,
Cujus huic amare aut tulisse
Delenda est!"

βι θη δογ, θις ις αν ορφυλ 'οτ σπελλ!

Αδιεν,

Ευγενε Φιελδ.

(Over)

(NOTE.—*Portrait of Field by himself in coloured inks at foot of note he has written beside picture, the following:*)

"This is one of the best portraits of the renowned old English ffields extant."

July 13, 1887. *Slason Thompson.*

I have come upon quite a literary curiosity and I will send it to you. It is an old English ballad entitled "Madge; ye hoyden." It was discovered by an eminent Chicago archæologist and excavator in a hair trunk in the cellar of a frame house at the north-

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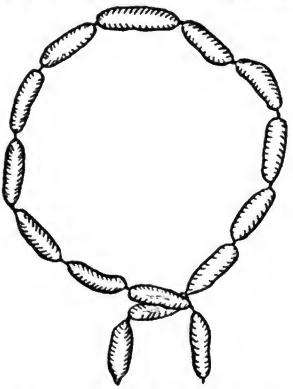
west corner of Indiana and Rush Streets, this city. For many years it has been believed by our best literati that there used to be genuine old English balladists in Chicago before the fire; the ballad just discovered and restored (by Prof. J. Pharaoh Bottsford) clinches this story. The Chicago literary club (by a vote of 37 to 4) has decided that this is a bona fide old ballad belonging to the seventeenth century A. D. Dr. W. F. Poole, the distinguished authority on Salem witches, says that the ballad is spurious, but none of the rest of our litterateurs go much on what Poole says. I would like



A CHICAGO LITERARY CIRCLE; IN THE SIMILITUDE OF A LAUREL WREATH

to have Mr. Stedman see this relic, and Mr. Aldrich, too. But it is yours to do with as you like.

It was evident soon after the publication of *Culture's Garland,* that it was not likely to prove a financial success; and the following communication, penned in many coloured inks, voices the author's characteristic indifference to "royalties":

DEAR MR. TICKNOR:

In the prospect of reaping a golden harvest in the field of literature, I have bought a large supply of coloured inks. I am now prepared to spread ophthalmia all over the continent. The book looks better than it reads. We should have had a bit of tissue paper over the frontispiece—the kind that is put over fine engravings. Again, the frontispiece should have had under it the words "By himself." But I am very well pleased. At McClurg's the impression is that the book will have a good sale. I don't care a picayune, so long as you get your money back. At the same time, I shall keep a black list of my friends who do not buy at least one copy, cloth and net. I would really like to have you get out a book of my stories. Just now I have in hand a fairy story for which Theodore Thomas has arranged the music and for which Modjeska is making the illustrations. Isn't that a clever scheme?

I have been elected secretary of the Chicago François Villon Society for the publication of Old English local ballads and such other literature as may be out of print. We have a barrel of money and heaps of sand. At the last meeting of the society I was instructed to write to Prof. Lowell, Dr. Holmes and other famous Eastern litterateurs, asking them to put us on to some rare old poems and stories (smutty preferred) that would be likely to satisfy the cravings of Chicago culture. In the matter of going East just now, I find that I have been overtaken by the bitter pill of adversity. The baseball club has gone East without me and is being walloped at every point. I can't visit Boston until next winter. Then I shall go there surely. I shall stop at the hôtel Von Doam and you must eat with me until I go broke. Then I shall skate home by way of the Lakes. Now let me thank you, Mr. Ticknor, for the kindly services you have done me in the affair of this book. I feel very grateful to you, and I have a good memory.

Very truly yours,
EUGENE FIELD.

CHICAGO, August 19, 1887.

(NOTE.—*This letter extends over three pages. The first is written in red ink, the second in green and the third in blue.*)

The final letter in the correspondence relative to the production of Field's first book is penned in November, 1887. In

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it, he expresses his warm affection for Ticknor, in whom he had discovered many qualities which appealed strongly to his own temperament. He admired scholarly culture, when it was allied to extreme simplicity and unpretentiousness, he loved to meet a wit as keen and flashing as his own, and he turned with a kind of boyish enthusiasm to those embodying the staid traditions of the academic East, as well as those who like himself placed friendship's claims above those of the almighty dollar; these traits he discovered in his Boston publisher, and having made this discovery at once repudiated everything else Bostonian as quite superfluous. He would appear at the Tremont Street office with the remark: "I have come to Boston to see you, and I won't see anybody else!"

Then he would call for pens and little bottles of coloured ink, and seating himself near his publisher's desk would while away the hours in pursuit of his favourite pastime, the production of ballads and quaint bits of verse exquisitely illuminated with curious scrolls and many coloured capitals.

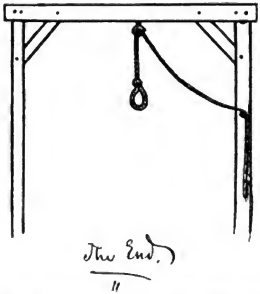
Vainly would Ticknor try to make plans for introducing Field to certain club functions, or to assemblages of Boston's literati. He refused absolutely to be lionised or entertained, save in his own whimsical manner.

Eugene Field's delight at the appearance of his first little volume was that of an enthusiastic schoolboy, but after the publication of his subsequent books he recalled *Culture's Garland,* and exercised his ingenuity in endeavouring to destroy all available copies of the "literary baby," whose advent had given him such joy. But he held fast to the warm friendship which its publication had brought him, and to the end of his career made good his own assurance "I am grateful," and "I have a good memory."

CHICAGO, Nov. the 28, 1887.

DEAR MR. TICKNOR:

I have suggested to Mr. Lawson the propriety of taking *Culture's Garland* for a gift book and I shall talk with him further on the subject. You need not feel any sorrow in any report that you may have to make, for from the very beginning I have known that the book could not meet with a large sale. It will continue to sell for some time here in Chicago, but it is rather too delicate satire to satisfy the average palate. It is fair to presume that any book which pleases Mr. Stedman, Mr. Stoddard and men of that class would not be to the taste of people who subsist on boiled cabbage and ham rinds. I really *do not care a damn* whether I ever get a penny from *Culture's Garland;* but *I* do want *you* to come out square, at least. I should hate to think that you lost money on my maiden effort. I am not a millionaire, and, on the other hand,



I am not a pauper. I have just enough horsesense to know that there is no wealth in books. If ever I am rich, 'twill be either by inheritance, or by fire or by a felony. I was telling McClurg's people the other day that I didn't care a rush whether *Culture's Garland* brought me a cent or not, and they expressed the conviction that I was "a —— of an author." This is an opinion of myself which I've had for a long time. I am tickled to death to hear that you are going to bring out Opie Read's story. Here's a man who is all gold—crude, but gold! I think it likely that I shall be in Boston in February. But I don't want any Pap!* No, I want a nice, quiet visit with you. I do not want to meet anybody else. All I go to

*This refers to the Papyrus Club.

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Boston for is to see you and Bunker Hill and the Corner bookstore. I am hard at work on my folio of Old English Chicago ballads. Here's the last verse of "Ye Texas Steere":

So let us synge long live ye kynge—
Long live ye queene, her grace;
Long live ye lack and all ye packe
Ffrom ten-spott down to ace!

Now don't you worry about me! You just let me do the worrying; then we'll both be happy. God bless ye!

As ever,
EUGENE FIELD.

AMERICAN AUTHORS AND THEIR PUBLISHERS

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

PART IV—WHEN BOSTON WAS ATHENS

WHEN S. G. Goodrich moved from Hartford to Boston in 1826, he took in deep draughts of its pure serene, which seemed to him a livelier essence of his native air. To be sure, the Hartford wits had long ceased from their labouring periods, but still, for him, the scent of the roses clung to the shattered vase. Not so with Whittier, who gave up the town and the editorship of the *New England Review* on New Year's Day, 1832. "Hartford is by no means a literary place," he wrote back to Mrs. Sigourney in 1833, "and it has been remarked that were it not for yourself it would be only known as the place where a certain Convention once assembled." When her fleeting dream of literary pre-eminence was over (though Queen Mab again tickled her nose with it fifty years later) Hartford stood poised between the rival orbits of Boston and New York. Having failed to generate enough energy for her own motion, she was forced to yield to the centripetal pull of one or the other of the neighbouring suns. For better or for worse she chose Boston and proceeded to revolve on the northern circuit. Little she foresaw that the pride of Boston, rising shortly to a greater height than that of any other American city, was, after a little longer sway, to vanish like her own.

But the transplanted Goodrich, following the new lead of his adopted city, underwent immediately that auto-intoxication which was just beginning to make the Bostonian, as Longfellow confided to his journal a quarter of a century later, commonly speak as if he were the pope. Goodrich imbibed at once the Boston scorn. "Society here is thoroughly impressed with literary tastes," he wrote, "and a man who has achieved literary fame is at least equal to a president of a bank. Books with a Boston imprint have a prestige equal to a certificate of good paper, good print, good binding, and good matter"—while in New York, said he, the Harpers were still mere printers, and other shining lights in the trade twenty years later—the Appletons, Putnam, Derby, the Masons—were either unborn or in the nursery. He lived to write in 1857: "What a change! In thirty years the sceptre has departed from Judah. New York is now the acknowledged metropolis of American literature." This was perhaps a little early to ring the knell of Boston, but the handwriting on the wall could be read by aliens who used opera-glasses. What would he have said had he lived to hear that exaltation produced in him by the rarefied atmosphere of Boston pronounced by barbarian tongues the sleeping-sickness? Or to

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hear an editor who had entered the sacred portals of the Atlantic aver with Judas treachery the best thing in Boston to be the train for New York. These are the tears of things! Yet that same editor wrote also: "New York publishes, criticises, and circulates our literature—it does not much read or care for it. I doubt if anywhere in the world there was ever so much taste and feeling for literature as there was in that Boston."

THE ATHENIAN TRAITS

When Goodrich came to Boston, Edward Everett was just leaving the editorial chair of the *North American Review*, founded in 1815; and R. H. Dana, Channing, Sparks, and Bancroft were the coming men in literature. But the greater glory was to dawn before his eyes. Two years later emerged the very nub of the Hub—the Old Corner Bookstore.

Nothing in Boston, however, is so crude as to be entirely new, and even the new Bookstore was old when it started. It had been the Brimmer mansion and was built in 1712. "I remember it well," writes Curtis Guild in *Chats About Celebrities*, "with its two big bulging front bay windows with the panes of glass but little larger than a sheet of letter paper. I have seen Edward Everett making purchases there and President Pierce having a good-natured chat with his friend Ticknor over the counter; and George Bancroft, who had just come over from Little Brown's with a roll of the proof sheets of his *History of the United States* under his arm." And G. W. Curtis wrote of a decade or so later. "There had been Bryant and Irving and Cooper and Halleck and Paulding and Willis in New York, but there had been nothing like the New England circle. It was that circle which compelled the world to acknowledge that there was an American literature. Of most of these authors the house at the Corner came to be the publisher."

The poets of the country were for the most part spokesmen of the Hub. It is possible that the reason for this was not merely climatic or even atmospheric, but commercial. (Take notice, publishers who bewail the commercialisation of literature!) Boston men had been for years quietly and systematically promulgating the trade in poetry. "The men for all printing poets," wrote Curtis in later years to one who was lisping in numbers, "are Ticknor and Fields, of Boston, whose books of poetry sell well because they are theirs and because they have such facilities for that peculiar sale. You had better not publish with any New York men, because they will not interest themselves enough to circulate the volume. Only Ticknor and Company do that. Poetry in New York never does well. Within a month I have spoken with the Harpers and Putnam about it, and although I had no proposals to make, they both said that they invariably declined everything."

In another way the Boston publishers were industriously raising the level of native taste. And this was entirely a labour of love. Little Brown and Company—founded in 1837 and the oldest firm of publishers now doing business in Boston—was creating a market for the best English editions by arranging with London firms for five hundred copies of a work for disposal in Boston at a little over cost price, enough to pay the expenses of distribution. To foster the desire for good literature was considered a citizen's business, even when it might endanger his own interests. Miss Peabody kept a foreign bookstore and, Doctor Hale tells us, if a man couldn't afford to buy a book he wanted she let him borrow it for a week for nothing.

Boston publishers were constantly effecting new combinations among themselves, and were apparently on terms of greater amity than their New York rivals. In fact their tendency to group themselves in a friendly community was as marked as the tendency of their authors to do the same. Perhaps this communal spirit in both branches of the trade should be set down as another distinguishing feature of the diviner light and air of the modern Athens. Lee became the

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junior partner of Phillips, Sampson and Company in 1848, records Derby, and in 1862 he and Shepard established a firm. Houghton established in 1849 a printing office and made his first important connection with Little Brown and Company. This firm was then making a specialty of law books, and it was natural that when Houghton became a publisher on his own account he should first engage actively in this branch of publication; but he was also, under Little Brown, getting acquainted with bookmaking in general literature. Then he allied himself with Ticknor and Fields, just coming to the front as the publishers of the leading American authors. Under him, "Printed at the Riverside Press" became a distinguished trade-mark. In 1872 Mr. Mifflin and Horace Scudder joined the firm. In 1873 the house bought the *Atlantic Monthly,* and six years later consolidated with James R. Osgood and Company, the successors to Ticknor and Fields. Osgood, who in 1855 had become the confidential clerk of that firm, became a partner in 1864, and in 1868 the firm name was changed to Fields, Osgood and Company. Two years later Fields retired; for a brief period the rest of the title remained the same; and then Houghton took Fields's place as the first member in the combination. This title lasted until 1870-80, when Osgood withdrew and formed another James R. Osgood and Company. This firm failed in five years, and he became London representative for Harpers. Meanwhile, Little and Brown—who had encouraged Houghton to start the Riverside Press, in accordance with their traditions of good book-making—had pursued their successful way, and in 1898 took over the business and the list of another firm identified with some of Boston's best interests, the Roberts Brothers.

The relations existing between both groups, of publishers and authors, had an Arcadian simplicity and fragrance. There was not in Boston the spirit of vehement mutual criticism which bristled in New York and Philadelphia. Though Poe was making most young men think that the best way to win their spurs was to impale somebody else on them, Boston might in all literary matters have been called the city of Brotherly Love. The financial dealings of all concerned often smacked of the crossroads store presided over by the village patriarch. When Emerson wanted any copyright money, says Derby, he would come into the private office of Phillips and Sampson and say, "Mrs. Emerson says she would like some change to-day, so I told her I would go in and ask the Barons of Winter Street for a cheque." (He had learned what to do with a cheque by this time!) When Phillips asked Emerson to allow him to get out a new edition of the essays, he declined on the ground that he wanted to make some alterations. "Why don't you get at them, then?" expostulated the publisher mildly. "You have been saying that for many months." Said Emerson in his peculiar drawl: "Mr. Phillips, I am waiting for the inspiration. I can't do much without the *inspiration.*"

The correspondence of Bayard Taylor about a book of his affords a good illustration of the easy kindliness of the Boston spirit. Taylor wrote to G. H. Boker in 1851: "Ticknor and Company (silly souls!) have agreed to bring out a volume of poems for me next fall at their own risk. They think my book will sell, and I hope it may; nevertheless, I was a little astonished at their ready acceptance." To Fields: "I shall go to work and arrange you a volume which, I trust, will be no discredit to your house or to me. As to the terms, I expected no more. I never write poems for pay, and I am not anxious to make money by them. If the book finds appreciative readers and the publishers are satisfied, I am content. As the volume I am now preparing will be infinitely better than my *Rhymes of Travel,* which have made some small returns to Putnam and to myself, I think it ought to have a little sale. However, if a volume of poems can be sold at all in this country, it is with your imprint." To Fields in '54 on his return from the

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East: "I am afraid my *Romances* have been an unfortunate investment for you. Now, James, I want to know the exact truth. If you remember rightly, I promised to make up whatever deficiency there might be. I do not intend that you should lose a penny." "It has sold," returned Fields, "to that extent which leaves the author thereof uncalled upon to pay. Do let us publish another." Answered Bayard: "What you say, my dear James, is not wholly calculated to satisfy me. I believe you to be wicked enough to equivocate in such matters, for the purpose of sparing your friends." To Boker he wrote: "Fields writes me that the other volume *paid expenses*, but between ourselves I doubt it. Fields would rather lose something out of his pocket than acknowledge to me that the book was a failure."

Doctor Hale tells a story which sums up rather roguishly the communal spirit of Boston. The Mutual Admiration Society was composed of the men who wrote the *North American Review*, of which Palfrey was the editor. They called themselves "The Five of Clubs," but their chief activity under this swagering title was making epigrams at the Old Corner Bookstore.

It must be to Fields, I think, that we owe the preservation of the epigram which the club made upon "In Memoriam." The story belongs to the year 1850. The firm, Ticknor and Fields, were Tennyson's American publishers. They had just brought out "In Memoriam." One of the five gentlemen looked in as he went down town, took up the book, and said, "Tennyson has done for friendship what Petrarch did for love, Mr. Fields," to which Mr. Fields assented; and his friend—say Mr. Hilliard—went his way. Not displeased with his own remark, when he came to his office—if it were Hilliard—he repeated it to Sumner, who in turn repeated it to Cleveland, perhaps when he looked in. Going home to lunch, Sumner goes in at the shop, takes up the new book, and says, "Your Tennyson is out, Mr. Fields. What Petrarch did for love, Tennyson has done for friendship." Mr. Fields again assents, and it is half an hour before Mr. Cleveland enters. He also is led to say that Tennyson has done for friendship what Petrarch has done for love; and before the sun sets Mr. Fields receives the same suggestion from Longfellow, and then from Felton, who have fallen in with their accustomed friends, and look in to see the new book, on their way out to Cambridge.

The neighbourliness of the New England metropolis was noteworthy. This quality existing side by side with her Athenian pretensions strikes one at first sight as peculiar. While the contempt of New York for Brooklyn became early apparent and her scorn for Yonkers is overwhelming, Boston clucks her suburbs together like chickens under her wing. But the secret of her tutelage is clear. Boston owes her proudest boast to Cambridge and Concord. "The sunny street that holds the sifted few," as Holmes called Beacon Street, nurtured few of the literary Brahmins. The children of Alice called Concord and Cambridge father—towns so thick with authors, said Bret Harte, that you could not fire a revolver from your front door without bringing down a two-volumer. It was largely by its suburbs that literary Boston existed, and who shall say that this secret canker at Boston's heart did not breed that scorn for the more distant world by which she saves her face! It is as if she had grimly said to herself, "So far *must* thou go, but no farther." "If you don't know where Washington Street is," said Holmes gaily to a young man who asked the way, "you don't know anything." But for all its conspiracy of silence, literary Boston knows well enough—and the concealment feeds like a worm upon her damask cheek, that when the world breathes Boston in letters it thinks, not of Washington Street or Beacon Hill, but of the Cambridge group and the Concord circle. "There will never be any American Literature," said young Fisher Ames, of Boston City in 1807, sweeping an eager gaze around his native walls; yet even at that moment in the outlying hamlets there were embibbed farmers whose shots were soon to be heard around the world. "The lit-

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erary epochs of New England may be said to have been three," summed up Colonel Higginson—"the first issue of the *North American Review* in 1815, that of *The Dial* in 1840, and that of the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1857." And the first and second were distinctly extra-Boston productions. There is a Greater Boston in letters for the same reason that there is a Greater New York in politics—that the big chief may have more wampum.

In 1826 Boston had not yet begun to assert herself as a literary rival of New York. Indeed, she had been feeling her way with typical New England caution. Like her Grecian prototype, she fledged her wings with the spoken word. Not until Webster and Channing had thus focussed upon her the attention of the new world, did she seek to challenge comparison in literature. And even then she passed into the Elysian fields by the bridge of oratory. Her voice, long trained in sonorous periods, limbered down to the greater flexibility of "pure literature" by means of history, wherein the cadence of the orator still echoed.

The material success of her historians, in so specialised a field and for a new country where readers of any kind were infrequent, proved simply phenomenal. When Longfellow had asked in 1824 for a graduate year at Harvard, his father wrote him, "There is not wealth enough in this country to afford encouragement and patronage to merely literary men." It was extraordinary that so large a public should have been found for a sort of work which demands so much maturity. Indeed, the raw public of America signally distinguished itself in comparison with an English one whose historical taste had been trained by a series of brilliant successes. While Motley, after ten years of labour, found the Dutch Republic declined by Murray in London and finally published by Chapman only at author's expense, the American edition—brought out by Harpers at the same time—met with immediate response. It is certainly amazing that a little town like Boston should have educated and nurtured such a group of historians in the years 1810-50; and Boston had reason to feel herself unusual. She surrendered gladly to the feeling, and began to live up to her historians. Forthwith she developed her astonishing ability to make everything a burning question. She started in professionally, as it were, to write history herself. "I despair of making any person appreciate," writes E. E. Hale of Boston in the Forties, "the ferment in which any young person moved who came into the daily life of Boston in the days when Lowell left college. I have tried more than once, and without the slightest success. Nobody was indifferent to anything, and everything was attempted on a generous scale. There was not an issue but had its shrine, nor a cause but had its prophet."

This was Boston's first distinction from the New York situation, and the second was like unto it. Literature had from the first received the accolade of her inner circle. "Elsewhere we literary folk are apt to be such a common lot," wrote Mr. Howells, "we arrive from all sorts of unexpected holes and corners of the earth; but at Boston we were of ascertained and noted origin, and good part of us dropped from the skies—we were good society from the beginning. To say Prescott, Motley, Parkman, Lowell, Norton, Higginson, Dana, Emerson, Channing, was to say patrician; and Holmes and Longfellow were allied to the patriciate of Boston by the most intimate ties of life."

But noteworthy as were all these ways by which Boston hedged herself from the barbarians and read her title clear to the Violet Crown, there was one which even more incontestably proved the intensity of her literary purpose and the hardiness of her devotees. This was the Eight O'Clock Breakfast, which was for years the innermost gathering of her elect. Could any one imagine such a function in New York? Mrs. Fields in her charming book, *Authors and Friends*, gives us the origin of this curious tribal practice.

Soon after Dr. Holmes removed to Charles

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Street and Fields and he became near neighbours, began a long series of early morning breakfasts at his publisher's house—feasts of the simplest kind. Many strangers came to Boston in those days on literary and historical errands—men of tastes which brought them sooner or later to the Old Corner, where the *Atlantic Monthly* was already a power. Most of them wanted to meet Dr. Holmes, and thus it came about quite naturally that Fields should provide a chance for them to meet him. The eight o'clock breakfast hour was chosen as being the only one the busy hosts and guests could call readily their own. Occasionally, these breakfasts would take place as frequently as two or three times a week. There were few men, except Poe, famous in American or English literature of the era who did not appear once at least. For a brief period Boston enjoyed a sense of cosmopolitanism, and found it possible—as it is really possible only in London—to bring together busy guests with full and eager brains, who are not too familiar with one another's thought to make conversation an excitement and a source of development.

This last remark has pertinence, for, even among the gods, familiarity sometimes breeds emptiness. One may pay dearly for exclusiveness; and Fields told Higginson on inviting him to dine with the Saturday Club not to expect too much. "We are sometimes stupid," he said. The Eight O'Clock Breakfast was but the vestibule to the inner sanctuary of the Saturday Club. This was established in '57 and met monthly. While attendance demanded less austerity on the part of its members, the hour of meeting was seemingly not so much a concession to Sybara as Suburbia. Its feasts were placed early in the afternoon for the accommodation of out-of-town members like Emerson and Judge Hoar. "It came into existence," says Holmes, "in a very quiet sort of way at about the same time as the *Atlantic Monthly,* and although entirely unconnected with the magazine, included as members some of its chief contributors. At its monthly gatherings in its earlier days were Emerson, Hawthorne, Lowell, Motley, Whipple, Whittier, Professors Agassiz and Peirce, John Dwight, Governor Andrew, R. H. Dana, Charles Sumner." Each of the small membership had the right to bring one guest. Mrs. Fields recounts that it was once proposed to recognise three Scotch professors who were their guests by honouring Walter Scott. Agassiz presided and, although he had not Irving's habit of falling asleep, he often (which is far more disconcerting) wandered quite away from the subject in hand. Fields recalled it to him. "Thank you," said Agassiz cordially, "I had completely forgotten it. I ought to confess to this company that I have read only one of the novels of Walter Scott, that is *Ivanhoe;* but if God please, before my death I will read two more." In November, 1873, Fields wrote in his diary: "Agassiz is very ill—probably dying. What a different world it will be to *us* without him. Such a rich, expansive, loving nature! The Saturday Club will feel this to be their severest loss." Here is a letter to Fields which will be worth its area in gold pieces some day.

DEAR SIR:

The Saturday Club propose to hold their April meeting on the 23d inst., and to invite several friends of Shakespeare to dine with them on that day. In their behalf we request the honour of your company at dinner, at the Revere House, at 4 o'clock P. M. With great regard,

Your obedient Servants,
R. W. EMERSON,
of Concord, Mass.
J. R. LOWELL,
O. W. HOLMES,
Committee.

Out of all the glamour of the London life of his day, and in a sphere which few men have more adorned, Lowell could still write home, "I have never seen society, on the whole, so good as I used to meet at our Saturday Club."

EARLY TRADE CONDITIONS

Edward Everett Hale in *Lowell and His Friends* thus sums up the publishing world in Boston prior to 1843.

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Boston had inherited its position as one of the publishing centres of America without earning it. Such men as Bancroft, Prescott, Hildreth, Sparks, the Everetts, Hawthorne, Emerson, and now Lowell, came forward with books which had to be published; and so the importers of English books became in a languid way the publishers of books. But they did not want to publish them. They did not expect to make money by publishing them. They did not know anything about them. Alexander Everett used to say that a bookseller was the only tradesman who knew nothing about the wares he sold. Of the Boston trade in those prehistoric days this was substantially true. But in truth there was not much publishing, excepting the issue of some law books and a few medical books. Hilliard and Gray, and Crocker and Brewster attended to these affairs and cared very little for any others. Any one of the old firms regarded an author with a manuscript much as a dealer in Russian sail-cloth might regard a lady who should come into his counting rooms and ask him to make her a linen handkerchief. If a man wanted one of these firms to publish a book for him, why, they would have told him that he must pay for his plates and his printing. Thus, Mr. Bancroft, fortunately for himself, owned the plates and the printed copies of his *History* from 1833 until he died.

So it was with all the rest. In publishing his volumes of poetry up to 1849, Scudder says that Lowell seems to have been largely if not entirely at the expense of manufacture—and, furthermore, in the imperfectly organised condition of the book market at the time, he had himself to supervise arrangements for selling them in New York. Whittier published his first volume with some difficulty in the Hartford office, where he was editing the *New England Review* (later in life, he bought it up to burn at $5 a copy!). The first edition of his poems was published in 1837 without his consent and he got nothing from it; nor did any book of his pay him a royalty worth mentioning until *Lays From Home,* published by W. D. Ticknor in 1843. When a half a dozen years later, B. B. Mussey and Company offered to publish his first comprehensive edition and proposed $500 for the copyrights and a percentage on the sales, Whittier was very much surprised. The volume met with an unexpectedly large sale and Mussey handsomely paid the poet more than he had bargained for. Longfellow in 1839 wrote to his publisher, "In compliance with your wishes, I have ordered two thousand two hundred copies of *Hyperion* to be printed. I do it with the understanding that you will give your notes for $250 each, instead of the sums mentioned in the agreement; and that I shall be allowed fifty copies instead of twenty-five for distribution. This will leave you one hundred and fifty, which strikes me as a very large number." That was at a time, says Higginson, when it was quite needful that American authors should be business-like (when paying for their work), since American publishers sometimes were not (with other people's money). The very man to whom this letter was addressed, Samuel Colman, became bankrupt six months later, and half the edition of *Hyperion* was seized by creditors and locked up, so that the work was out of the market for four months. "Emerson told me in 1849," notes Hale, "that he had never then received a dollar from the sale of any of his published works. He said that he owned a great many copies of his own books, but that these were all the returns which he had received from his publisher, James Monroe. Authors took it for granted that there was no other way to do business, and it never seemed to occur to publishers that by different methods of distribution their sales might be increased. The success of *Voices of the Night* was considered phenomenal because the publisher had got rid of eight hundred and fifty copies in three weeks.

Meanwhile authors were picking up what money they could from the periodicals. Higginson wrote in his diary in 1842: "Ellery [Channing] has just been telling me about Hawthorne, who he thinks is the only man in this country

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who supports himself by writing. He is enabled to do this, as his expenses are very small. Ellery says he might live for $300, as he does, at Concord. There his farm gives apples enough to pay his rent, $75. His magazine articles are paid higher than any one's except Willis, who gets $5 a page. He could get what he chooses, probably $30, $40, or $50 an article. He is to be a regular contributor to three magazines—*The Pioneer, Sargent's* and the *Democratic Review.* This, of course, would give him $1,000 to $1,500 a year. He writes very slowly and elaborately. Willis probably can get $50 for an article." Willis once boasted to Longfellow of making ten thousand a year, at a time when Longfellow wished he himself had made ten hundred. Lowell wrote in 1842: "I think I may safely reckon on earning $400 by my pen the next year, which will support me. I am to have $15 a poem from the *Miscellany,* $10 from *Graham's,* and I have made an arrangement with the editor of the *Democratic Review* by which I shall probably get $10 or $15 more." The New York *Literary World* in 1847 said in an article on the pay of authors: "The *North American Review,* we believe, pays its contributors $1 or $1.50 a page; the late *New York Review* paid $3 at its opening, which was considered magnanimous, but the publishers broke down with the first number. The *Whig Review* and the *Democratic* pay $2 a page, about equal to the *North American's* $1. The enterprise and competition of Graham and Godey have raised the rates in special instances to $50 for a tale of Willis, Poe, or Mrs. Kirkland, a chapter by Cooper, or a poem by Bryant. These are splendid exceptions. The daily press pays better in the end but not to contributors." Furthermore, authors had often to wait an unconscionable time for their money. In 1839 the *Knickerbocker* had gone three years without paying its contributors a cent.

But better times for letters as an independent profession were on their way. By 1850 *Graham's* and *Godeys* had achieved what was then called a very large circulation, and by 1855 Bonner was splurging with the *Ledger;* and book publication, in Boston, began to look up. Returns from both were rising. Within the decade '40-50 Lowell quintupled his price for a poem in *Graham's.* Envious of the Philadelphia successes in the magazine line, Boston determined to make a similar bid for popularity. Bradbury and Soden, two young publishers, attempted to appeal to the supposed literary class and also to the women of New England whether they read or not. They spread their twin sails in a craft christened *The Boston Miscellany of Literature and Fashion.* "My brother was responsible for the literature," wrote E. E. Hale, "and somebody in New York for the fashion, with which the former had nothing to do. I remember he had to explain this to Mrs. Stowe, who had declined to contribute because she had been shocked by a decolleté figure on one of the plates. My brother was very stiff about concessions to the fashion side. Two pages might be fashion and as bad fashion as the publishers wanted, but his forty-six pages were to be the best which he could command."

But the chief emulation of outside methods was on the publishing side. Mrs. Stowe could scarcely have been more shocked at the revelation of the human figure than were the staid old Boston publishers at an upstart firm which did not want to import books but was eager to make them, intended to make money on selling them, to sell them not at retail but at wholesale to dealers, and to extend their territory out into the nation at large. It made the little retail bookshops gasp with the indecorum of the thing.

PHILLIPS AND SAMPSON

Moses Phillips had been brought up in the retail trade in Worcester in the shop of the successor of old Isaiah Thomas. But Charles Sampson was unhallowed by any such associations. He had peddled molasses candy when a boy and was unabashed. Phillips, however, in spite of his eminently respectable upbringing, had large business energy and

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the temerity to feel that a Boston bookshop might establish wider connections than a merely local trade with the suburbs. These two young men formed a publishing firm in 1843. Though Sampson died within a few years, he demonstrated that he had not peddled molasses candy in vain. Lowell characterised Phillips as a man of great force and pluck. "The little Eden of Boston bookselling," wrote Hale, "was disturbed in its somnolence to a sudden new departure. It was the movement, as of a stork among a world of frogs, instituted by Phillips and Sampson, a new firm among booksellers."

It can hardly be said that the old houses waked from their decorous sleep of many years, but they felt the wave of their impetuosity. This new house, with manners and customs wholly unknown before, suddenly appeared, to the dumb amazement of the old stand-bys and to the delight and amusement of all young America in the East. Sampson and Phillips taught the drowsy chiefs of the little Boston bookshop that in a nation which had taught thirty million people to read, there were more than five hundred people who wanted to read Emerson's essays. They made an admirable combination, and the early death of both of them made a break in the book business of Boston which it did not easily recover from. These young men were not satisfied with the gilt-edged retail trade of Boston and Cambridge. Mr. Phillips used to tell with glee the story of their first orders from San Francisco in the '49 days. "So many hundred packs of Highland Cards, so many of True Thomas cards, and so on until the box was nearly full; and then one dozen Bibles." In 1852 they were answering immense orders from California. Democrats, because they believed in the People, they were regarded as unorthodox by the trade of that day. Their great onslaught on decorous publishing was made when they sold Macaulay's *History* for fifty cents a volume at retail. Such a firm as this had won its way from selling books at auction on winter evenings to publishing large editions and placing them everywhere in America. "None of you," said Phillips to the dinner of great names which inaugurated the *Atlantic*, "knows the American people as well as I do."

Mrs. Phillips was Emerson's cousin; and when the new firm was well established in business, Phillips persuaded Emerson to leave James Monroe and give him his new book, *English Traits*. In the first six months the book paid for its plates and earned a balance for the author. Emerson did not understand so novel an experience. He went to the office and explained to Phillips that he meant to hold the property in his own stereotyped plates. Mr. Phillips said he had difficulty in persuading him that he had already paid for them and did own them. He said that he also had to show Emerson how to endorse a cheque, so that he could place it to his own bank account.

Phillips, Sampson and Company declined *Uncle Tom's Cabin* because they had at the time a very large Southern trade, and Mr. Lee, says Derby, argued that if they published an anti-slavery novel it would disturb their business relations with the South. The first publishers of the novel were John P. Jewett and Company, whose store was on Cornhill. "*Thalatta* is at a stand still," Higginson wrote in 1850, "because Mrs. Stowe exhausts all the paper mills." Carter Guild remembers visiting Jewett's in 1852 and seeing hundreds of boxes and packages of the book, and an increased force was continually hard at work to supply the orders. These were mounting up so every day that it was a difficult matter, even with several sets of stereotype plates and an increased number of eight-power presses running night and day, to keep pace with the demand. Lee doubtless regretted that he had not counselled to let the Southern trade go hang. At any rate, Phillips did not let *Dred* escape, and Mrs. Stowe did not feel in honour bound to the publisher who had made her fortune.

Mrs. Stowe came into the office once—Derby tells the story—and said she had just finished *Dred*, and declared herself exhausted. Lee got a bottle of cham-

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pagne from the Tremont House, and she drank two glasses. She said to him: "Creating a story is like bearing a child, and it leaves me in as weak and helpless a state as when my baby was born." This impressive incident Boston quaffed as eagerly as Mrs. Stowe her reviving draught, for Boston had ever liked to feel with Milton that in a good book she was getting the life blood of a master spirit. But one recalls that Fields had the temerity to say (whispered over the buttonhole no doubt) that inside of every author was an actor. Life itself, among our New England immortals, was an attitude. No one but Whittier had the humour (or the recklessness) to say, "After all, Fields, let us own the truth: writing folk are bores. How few of us—let them say what they will of our genius!—have any common sense!"

HAWTHORNE AND HIS PUBLISHERS

Hawthorne's first book, *Fanshawe,* he published himself for one hundred dollars, and destroyed all the copies he could get hold of later. "I especially enjoin on you, my dear friend," he wrote to Fields after he had made his reputation, "not to read any unacknowledged page that you may suppose to be mine." Even when he became successful his prices were small, but in the dozen years of his early struggle he did a great deal of work for next to nothing. Of this period and the final publication of *Twice Told Tales,* let Goodrich tell the story.

I had seen some anonymous publications which seemed to me to indicate extraordinary powers. I inquired of the publishers whose they were, and through them a correspondence ensued between me and "N. Hawthorne." This name I considered a disguise, and it was not until after many letters had passed that I met the author and found it to be a true title. At this period he considered himself to have met with a total rebuff from the reading world. I combatted his despondence and assured him of triumph if he would persevere in a literary career. He wrote numerous articles which appeared in *The Token* [the Annual edited by Goodrich], but in general they passed without notice. I felt annoyed, almost angry indeed, at this. I wrote several articles in the paper, directing attention to these productions, and finding no echo of my views, I asked John Pickering to read and give me his opinion of them. His answer was that they displayed a wonderful beauty of style with a kind of double vision. In 1837 I recommended Mr. Hawthorne to publish a volume comprising his various pieces which had appeared in *The Token* and elsewhere. He consented, but as I had ceased to be a publisher it was difficult to find any one to consent to bring out the work. I applied to the agent of the Stationer's Company, but he refused until at last I relinquished my copyright on such of the tales as I had published, to Mr. Hawthorne and joined a friend of his in a bond to indemnify them against loss. And thus the work was published by the Stationer's Company, under the title *Twice Told Tales,* and for the author's benefit. It was deemed a failure for more than a year, when a breeze seemed to rise and fill its sails and with it the author was carried on to fame and fortune.

Not quite to fortune, however, for even when he was successful he was unable to support by his pen his household of four persons. In certain publications of later date, says Derby, Hawthorne is said to have complained that he was underpaid, half-paid, sometimes unpaid, but Goodrich's statement of the case is borne out by a letter from Hawthorne's classmate and life-long friend, Commodore Horatio Bridge, to Goodrich's son.

From Fields's *Yesterdays with Authors* and Mrs. Fields's reminiscences is gathered the second part of the story. "When I first saw Hawthorne," Fields says, "he was about thirty-five years old and his first volume (Fields is speaking of *Twice Told Tales*) had made little impression on the public mind. I came to know him very intimately after the Whigs removed him from the Boston Custom House. I called in his behalf on several influential politicians of the day, and well remember the rebuffs I received in my

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enthusiasm for the author of *Twice Told Tales*. 'Yes, yes,' one of them sarcastically croaked down his public-and-turtle-fed throat, 'this Hawthorne is one of them ere visionists and we don't want no such men as him round.'" In 1849 Fields heard that Hawthorne was ailing and about to be again ejected from his political job in the Customs. He went to Salem to try to get him to publish something or to set to work to write something, in order to keep his name before the public.

"Who would risk publishing a book for me?" said Hawthorne despondently, "the most unpopular author in America."

"I would. And would start with an edition of two thousand copies of anything you would write."

"What madness!" he exclaimed. "Your friendship for me gets the better of your judgment."

I pressed him to reveal what he had been writing. He shook his head and gave me to understand he had produced nothing. At that moment I caught sight of a bureau near where we were sitting; and immediately it occurred to me that hidden away somewhere in that article of furniture was a story or stories by the author of *Twice Told Tales*. I became so positive of it that I charged him vehemently with the fact. He seemed surprised, I thought, but shook his head again. I was hurrying down the stairs for my train when he called after me asking me to stop a moment. Then, quickly stepping into the entry with a roll of manuscript in his hands, he said, "How in heaven's name did you know this thing was there? Tell me if it is good for anything. It is either very good or very bad, I don't know which."

On my way up to Boston I read the germ of *The Scarlet Letter*. Before I slept that night I wrote him a note all aglow with admiration. It was his intention to make it one of several short stories, but I persuaded him to elaborate it and publish it as a separate story.

Mrs. Hawthorne told Colonel Higginson that the day after Fields took the manuscript, he appeared early at the door, caught up her boy in his arms, and said: "You splendid little fellow! Do you know what a father you have?" His advice to publish the story alone, says Mrs. Fields, had much to do with the book's success. Five thousand copies were sold in the first ten days, and introduced the author at last to the large public of America and England. He loved and trusted his publishers, while they in turn were generous to him. He knew he made no appeal to the popular mind and that it was the devotion and advertising of his publishers which had created the popularity he had received. "I care more for your good opinion," ran a letter to Fields, "than for that of a host of critics, and have an excellent reason for doing so, inasmuch as my literary success, whatever it has been or may be, is the result of my connection with you. I think no other author can ever have had a publisher that he valued as much as I do mine." From the Wayside he wrote in 1863, "I am delighted with Smith and Elder (the London firm who were bringing out *Our Old Home* on the same day of its publication in Boston) or rather with you; for it is you that squeeze the English sovereigns out of the poor devils. On my own behalf I never could have thought of asking more than £50 and should hardly have expected to get £10; I look upon the £180 as the only trustworthy funds I have, our own money being of such a gaseous consistency." Fields on his part more than returned Hawthorne's devotion. "He was unlike any other author I ever met," he writes in *Yesterdays*. "It was a privilege and one that I can never sufficiently estimate to have known him personally through so many years. Our lodgings in London were not far apart, and we were frequently together; we sailed together. I have sailed many a weary watery mile since, but Hawthorne was not on board." After the author's final return to Concord from the journey on which Ticknor died, Mrs. Hawthorne (who was Putnam's favourite cousin) wrote constantly to Fields of her great anxiety. She asked him to get Dr. Holmes to come,

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and Fields went down to see Hawthorne off on his last journey.

But it was rather to the senior member of the firm that the author turned for the thousand little services without which it is difficult to see how he could have survived in the material world, so singularly helpless was his nature and his universe so peopled with his phantom puppets. "No matter how earnestly Hawthorne desired to withdraw into his world of shadow and imagination," says Miss Caroline Ticknor, "he was constantly recalled to the sphere of material mediocrity by the demand of commonplace dollars," and he generally demanded them of Ticknor. "What Hawthorne needed," wrote Ticknor's eldest son, "was a friend stronger and more practical than himself, and this he found in the publisher."

From Miss Ticknor's interesting book *Hawthorne and His Publisher,* we may complete the story. It is doubtful, she says, if among all the notable friendships between authors and publishers—Scott and Constable, Tom Moore and Longman, Browning and George Murray Smith—any can rival that of Hawthorne and Ticknor. If Hawthorne proposed to take a trip to Washington, he dreaded it until Ticknor had consented to accompany him; when he was appointed to the Liverpool consulship, he would not embark unless Ticknor would go with him and start him on his new enterprise; after his return from Europe, he took all his journeys with Ticknor and registered as his "friend" at the hotels. Of their trip to Washington in 1862 Ticknor wrote: "He leaves the entire business part to me. If he wants a pair of gloves, I pay for them, as I do all bills for joint accounts. He says this is the only way to travel with comfort, and it is no trouble to me." During his stay abroad he was constantly asking favours of Ticknor and thanking him for gifts. He left to Ticknor the burden of communicating with the relatives and friends of impecunious tourists whom he had unwisely helped back to America. He was forever remembering errands to be done at home. One of the most amazing things he did was to use the firm's imprint without permission. He had met Delia Bacon, and on the slightest of acquaintance and without feeling any sympathy for her Baconian theory, he deliberately proceeded to back her book—an expense he could ill afford. He wrote to Ticknor: "I want you to help me through a business which very likely you will think me a fool for engaging in. One thousand copies will be printed; and of these I shall send you five hundred with your name on the title-page. You must excuse the liberty, as there is no time to consult you beforehand. You must put the book at such a price as will best suit our market. I think the book will sell to a certain extent in America." Ticknor apparently answered him with the usual good-natured indulgence, and made the best he could of the matter.

Miss Ticknor's rich collection of letters show that Hawthorne never hesitated to ask services, large and small, which would fill the modern publisher with wonder.

Thank you for getting the cigars.—Ask Healy what day it will be convenient for me to sit.—Tell Driscoll to put another suit on the stocks for me, a black dress-coat and pantaloons, and he may select the cloth.—Deliver this letter in person to President Pierce.—Are you diplomatist enough to find out from the General whether he means to remove young Cass from the Roman chargéship?—Please pay a draft of £30, which has come upon me.—Take a convenient opportunity to go to Concord with Fields or Whipple, take a look at my place and charge the expenses to me. First, read over the lease which I gave to Mr. Bull, a copy of which is in your keeping, and see whether he is complying with the terms of it. I am nearly out of postage stamps, please to send me some more.—I want you to pay when presented a bill for a new pump at the Wayside. What do you think of selling the place?—If you happen to hear of a puppy dog of a large good breed, I should like to get such a one.—Would you be kind enough to inquire for a young gentleman of

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Liverpool if any of the Boston papers would like a correspondent here? [Back at Wayside again, he was constantly writing Boston for money, in spite of the credit account of $500 his publishers at once started for him at Concord.]—I am in need of $50, and the case being urgent, I wish you would send it by the Concord expressman.—We bought a carpet, price $32.50. The bill will probably be sent to you; and if the amount is as above stated you would oblige me by paying it. I enclose a bill for marble fireplaces; and shall take the liberty to tell the dealer to call on you for payment. If ever I can repay you for all this trouble by taking charge of your business, you may command me; but I doubt whether you would be quite as well satisfied with my administration as I am with yours.—I find that my cash balance at the bank is getting very low, and I wish you would give me another credit for $500. I told some marble manufacturers, whose names I have forgotten, to send you their bill for fireplaces.—My building expenses will amount to about $550 more than I have hitherto paid; and I shall have to draw upon your inexhaustible resources for that amount. This will make the cost of my additions somewhat more than $2,000, the original estimate having been only $500. Well, I suppose I am fortunate in getting off cheap; but if I had known how much it was to cost me, I think I should have sold the old house and bought a better one. I shall want some money soon for other expenses; so you may as well send me a cheque for $600 or $700 if convenient.—If I escape absolute beggary I shall thank Heaven and you. What will be the use of having a house, if it cost me all my means of living in it. Please not to forget I have a payment to make.—I enclose a tailor's bill, which at your leisure I should like to have you pay. It grieves me to have to impose trouble of this sort upon you, but it is the penalty of your own kindness, and kind people will always be bothered by idle and incompetent ones.—I know that nobody but you could have sent me that cider, and it tastes all the more deliciously for that knowledge. —I thank you for the excellent lot of cigars. Their fragrance would be much improved if you would come and smoke in company.—Buy me a lady's watch. I shall feel as if my last friend were leaving me when you go abroad. Mrs. Hawthorne and the children will not excuse you if you do not spend two or three days here before sailing.

Their last journey together was taken because, feeble in health, he would not go unless Ticknor went with him; but on this journey it was Ticknor who died. "They stopped at the Continental Hotel," wrote George W. Childs from Philadelphia, "and came down to the *Ledger* office to call upon me. It was agreed that they should attend a party the next day, but they did not come. As no explanation was sent me, I called the next morning at the hotel. Ticknor had died that morning; and I could make nothing out of Hawthorne, who seemed bewildered. I implored him to keep quiet, and at last succeeded somewhat in calming him. Then I went to the undertakers and telegraphed to his partner, my old friend, James T. Fields." It seems that that evening, during a chilly drive, where both men had been greatly exposed, Ticknor had taken off his coat and wrapped it about the frailer Hawthorne. Congestion of the lungs struck him down on their arrival at the hotel; and Hawthorne, ill himself, constantly reiterated that there must be some mistake. After the funeral of his life-long friend at Auburn, Hawthorne brooded at Concord and poisoned what little vitality remained to him. To see if he could get back his health, he and his friend Pierce set out on a journey to Plymouth, New Hampshire, where he passed away quietly in his sleep.

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HOW STEVENSON DISCOVERED AMERICA

BY BAILEY MILLARD

RUDYARD KIPLING discovered America in 1889 when he landed from a Pacific steamer at the spot where the new San Francisco now stands and proceeded to view us natives "with the critic's eye, nor passed their imperfections by." Of this discovery and the strange incidents that followed upon it the writer has already told the readers of THE BOOKMAN. But now we have to deal with another and more appreciative explorer of the western wilds, whose discovery antedated Kipling's by just ten years, and who, like every properly inspired Columbus, came from the East and not from the West.

Urbanity and glee characterised the first impressions of Robert Louis Stevenson from the time he sighted "the low shores outside New York harbour" until he had crossed the continent, and stood beside the blue Pacific, and all along the way he had such boyish heart-leapings and gave such boyish cries of delight as no visitor of anywhere near equal fame has ever recorded in his notes of travel. If Kipling did not like our western country and had the temerity to tell us so, Stevenson, who saw it under a cruder light, proved capable of vast appreciation, and no man of his day or ours has so clearly and so sympathetically interpreted its life.

For years America had been to the British-born Stevenson a sort of promised land. He regarded us as a people free from restraint and tradition, and his vagabond nature fell in with and responded to this idea. To him it seemed "as if out West the war of life was still conducted in the open air and on free, barbaric terms, as if it had not yet been narrowed into parlours nor begun to be conducted like some unjust and dreary arbitration, by compromise, custom, forms of procedure and sad, senseless self-denial."

But as the steamer *Devonia,* in which he sailed from England as a second-class passenger, drew near New York, he was warned by Europeans of the pitfalls of Manhattan. "You would have thought," he says, "that we were to land upon a cannibal island." He was cautioned to speak to no one in the streets, as they would not leave him until he was rooked and beaten. He must enter a hotel with military precautions, for the least that he would have to apprehend was to awake next morning without money or baggage or necessary clothing, "a lone forked radish in a bed."

It was raining pitchforks when the steamer docked and Stevenson went ashore in company with one Jones whose acquaintance he had made on the voyage. Jones had volunteered to conduct him to a cheap hotel on the city front. Hotels and everything else had to be cheap in that period of Stevenson's life. He was twenty-eight years old, in poor health, sunk in penury, estranged from his father, from whom he had just refused an allowance, and unable to sell his manuscripts. It was six o'clock of a mid-August evening when Stevenson and Jones left the dock and, throwing their bags into an open express wagon, clambered into the vehicle and were driven along West Street, sitting on some sodden straw. The clouds hung low and dark, the rain came down "miraculously." From that moment till on the following night he left New York there was, he declares, "no cessation of the downpour." He could see but little of the city, and its sounds were drowned by the strident noise of falling water which filled the air.

He and Jones were soon rattled along to the Reunion House, at 10 West Street, where board and lodging were one dollar a day, and a meal cost but a quarter. Jones was well known at the Reunion and they were warmly received. Steven-

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son had not been in the place two minutes before the barkeeper offered him a drink, which he politely refused, and he was going on in his plain European fashion to refuse a cigar when the proprietor sternly interposed. He explained that whenever an American barkeeper proposes anything of that sort it must be borne in mind that he is offering to treat, and if Stevenson did not want to drink he must at least take the cigar. He took it bashfully and with the feeling, so he confessed, of having begun his American career on the wrong foot. "I did not enjoy that cigar," he owns, "but even the best cigar often fails to please if you smoke three-quarters of it in a drenching rain."

He went out with the cigar in his mouth, spying about for things foreign, but discovered New York to be "only another sort of Liverpool." This was, of course, before the advance of the skyscraper. New York City's present resemblance to Liverpool would be in these days about as close as Liverpool's resemblance to Constantinople. He and Jones went to a French restaurant and had a big dinner and some wonderful coffee.

Stevenson was in New York but twenty-four hours before he took train for the West. There were other than economical reasons for his brief stay in the city. He was a man in love and terribly in love, though the object of his affections was a married woman, with two children. The Mrs. Osbourne he had met in the forest of Fontainebleau had become endeared to him as Fanny, the

> Trusty, dusky, vivid, true,
> With eyes of gold and bramble-dew.

She lived in California and he was going out to her as his heart had been going to her across the world. There were certain matters to be adjusted before the divorce from Osbourne could be granted, and Stevenson was as wildly impatient that these should be done and out of the way as he was again to see his "dusky" inamorata. Stevenson wrote many stories and some of love, but never such a romance as his own, which came so near being the death of him. For he was in no condition to undertake such a journey in such a way—alone and, for the most part, by the meanest methods of conveyance.

Of his headlong, nightmare wanderings about New York during that pluvial twenty-four hours he makes little record save to say that he found New Yorkers, like all Americans, "surprisingly rude and surprisingly kind." On starting for the train he left his wet shoes, socks and trousers behind at the Reunion House, and said farewell to them as they lay a pulp in the middle of a pool on the kitchen floor. No fire could have dried them and to have packed them in his bags would have been to spread ruin among their contents.

Better weather and better spirits accompanied him across the Alleghanies. All along the way he was still spying out foreign things, particularly foreign designations. He loved the name of Philadelphia and his heart gave a leap when he asked what a certain river was called and was told that it was the Susquehanna. The name of Omaha sang to him, too. It was there that he transferred to the overland emigrant train, which, because of the parsimony of the Union Pacific, was at that time the vilest and the most deliberate means of railroad transportation in the country. Shabby old rattletrap arks, abandoned years before by the Camden and Amboy Railroad, were attached to the end of a slow-moving freight train that ran from Omaha to Oakland, stopping at every siding and water-tank along the way. These cars were without sleeping arrangements of any sort. You provided your own mattress and blankets and your own boards to stretch from seat to seat. This I know because I made the overland journey in one of these wheeled sties a year before Stevenson. I know how dirty and foul-smelling they were, and how totally lacking in anything that might be called comfort. These "accommodations" were bad enough for a healthy youth like myself, but a broken-down consumptive like Stevenson, almost

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on the verge of collapse, must have found them not only torturesome but nauseating. But from the window of one of these cars he discovered the plains of the Platte and pictured them more luminously and conveyed their meaning more clearly than many writers who have lived there for years have done. For a few pen scratches of Stevenson's are often more illuminating than whole books by less discerning travellers. He discovered the Sierras for many of us and certainly he was the first to make that dizzying, scurrying whirl down from the summit to the sea live in literature. His keen appreciation for the skyland beauty of Emigrant Gap, Blue Cañon and Dutch Flat warms the heart of the reader and particularly that of the travelling Californian, to whom these places are shrines.

At last he alighted at Oakland, beside the blue San Francisco Bay. It was early in the morning that Stevenson crossed the bay in a ferryboat, and, though weak and trembling, he stood on the upper deck and saw the first rays of the morning sun tip the summit of Telegraph Hill with a rosy glow, and the metropolis of the Pacific spread out before him. He went ashore and passed through the dingy old ferry building and, with his luggage, was driven to Fourth and Townsend Streets, where he took train for Monterey, where Mrs. Osbourne waited for him. His brief first visit to San Francisco was another nightmare, for he was so dazed by illness as barely to know where he was. That he had the strength of body and will to complete his journey was, indeed, marvellous, for on reaching Monterey he collapsed. Mrs. Osbourne was far from well herself at the time and unable to care for him.

R. L. S. believed, as fully as any man that ever lived, in the normalising power of out-door Nature. As soon as he was able to get upon his feet he determined to go out alone into the mountains. He went to the near-by Santa Lucia Range to camp and lie about under the trees. But this little journey of eighteen miles again overtaxed his strength. After three days, during which he lay about in a sort of stupor, he was found by an old bear hunter named Smith who happened along and offered his friendly services. Smith took him to his ranch house and kept him there for a fortnight, when he was well enough to go back to Monterey. In that quaint old Mexican town he lived in an adobe house belonging to a Dr. J. P. E. Heintz. Stevenson occupied two big airy rooms upstairs. It was one of his vagaries at this time to sleep on the floor, rolled up in his camp blankets, although a comfortable bed was at his disposal.

It was in Monterey that he discovered and made famous Jules Simoneau, the old French restaurateur, who afterward became so attached to him and held his memory so dear after his death in far Samoa that he would not let copies of letters he had received from R. L. S. be published, holding them as a sacred trust.

Here, too, Stevenson discovered the Pacific, which at Monterey makes a brave and wonderful show as a marine picture of impressive grandeur—just such a picture as would appeal to the imagination of the author of *Treasure Island*. He said that he never had enjoyed so much, in all weathers, "such a spectacle of ocean's greatness, such beauty of changing colour and so much thunder in the sound." The weird, wind-bent cypresses touched a mystic chord in him, and so did the crouching live oaks which, he said, "were the kind of woods for murderers to crawl in."

But it was San Francisco after all that most stirred his imagination—the pulsing life of what he describes as "the most interesting city in the Union." He went there after three months of Monterey to spy out the people of that picturesque town and to fill his note-book with odd facts about them. In San Francisco he knew not a soul, nor had he the remotest idea of where he should seek lodgings. Rambling about the bustling city and seeing and enjoying novel sights, he walked along Kearney Street, and near the old *Chronicle* office he saw the word "Bush" on a lamp-post, signifying a cross-street

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that ran up toward the foot of Nob Hill. The name struck his fancy and he walked along the quiet thoroughfare, unmindful of the stares of the natives, for he had become used to them; in fact Henley was right when he said that R. L. S. rather liked to attract attention. Even in such a cosmopolitan town the spectacle of a lank, long-haired man, dressed in a short, rough, brown ulster, buttoned tightly under his chin and with his breeches tucked into high-laced leggings and with an odd, out-of-date dicer on his head, must have raised a gladsome smile. And when he asked the way of passers-by and made queer little Frenchy gestures, he must have appeared fit for a vaudeville act of his own. In this guise he appeared at No. 608 Bush Street, in a window of which he saw a sign "Furnished Rooms To Let." Mrs. Mary Carson answered his ring and stared at him suspiciously.

"I didn't loike the looks of him," says Mrs. Carson, "and as I had lately been sthung by a couple of young min who ran away without paying the two months' rint they owed me, I was all the leerier of him."

But she began to lose her suspicions after he had gone away and returned toward evening with two bags, saying he would take the room she had shown him on the second floor. Indeed it was not long before they were firm friends. Mrs. Carson, who dabbled in mining securities, is to be found in *The Wrecker* as Mrs. Speedy, the woman with "thim stock." Mrs. Carson, the postman who brought him his letters and a few other plain folk were all the acquaintances that Stevenson made during the first few months of his sojourn in San Francisco. He stayed in his room most of the time, writing or lying abed and trying to recuperate by rest. San Francisco in the early "eighties" abounded in cheap eating-houses and Stevenson patronised the cheapest of them. He ate a ten-cent breakfast in a squalid Sixth-street restaurant and for a while subsisted on forty-five cents a day. This was for the very good reason that his finances were at low ebb, so low indeed that when his room rent fell due there was considerable delay in the payment. But Mrs. Carson did not trouble herself about it. She says that she knew instinctively that "the young man was good for it," and good for it he was in the course of time, though his baffling straits and desperate shifts were of a nature to daunt a less valiant soul.

Robert Louis was in those days a frequenter of mean streets and a companion of labouring men. His Sixth-street restaurant was near the sand lots where the new City Hall was in course of construction. On this barren plot of ground thousands of unemployed labourers gathered every day to hear the mouthings of Denis Kearney, who ended every one of his firebrand speeches with a hoarse, bull-toned yawp, "The Chinese *must* go!" This sentiment always was wildly applauded by the unemployed, who laid their lack of labour to the presence in California of the mild-mannered, industrious Mongolians. Stevenson, who took a curious interest in these demonstrations, talked with the agitators, but held himself and his sympathies aloof from their cause.

To keep the pot boiling he went about the newspaper offices and offered manuscripts to the editors. Down in shabby old Clay Street, over an ill-smelling market, two daily papers were published, the *Morning Call* and the *Evening Bulletin*. One day Stevenson, with his breast pocket full of manuscripts, ventured up the rickety, dirty stairway to the *Bulletin* office. Here he found old George K. Fitch, the keen, shrewd, yet benevolent-faced editor, sitting under a skylight, with stacks of exchanges littering the floor about him, getting up copy for his Saturday supplement. Fitch eyed his visitor curiously, as did the reporters and other men of the staff, asked him his business and then invited him into an inner room, also skylighted. This room was very dingy and perfectly bare save for a single cheap little chair. Stevenson was asked to take this chair, which he did, while Fitch stood up, his

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back to the door and one hand upon the knob, ready to make his escape. Evidently the editor had not the slightest idea of permitting Stevenson to become a contributor to his paper, but after a little talk he became mightily interested in the man and agreed to read his manuscripts. When, after a few days, Stevenson paid a second visit to the *Bulletin* office, Fitch told him he would take two of his articles and pay him five dollars a column. Now *Bulletin* columns were nearly a yard long, and when, after a brief calculation, Stevenson found that he was to receive something less than half a cent a word for his work he demurred strenuously and once stretched forth his hand to take back his manuscripts, but when the thought of Mrs. Carson and the week's subsistence smote him, he bowed his head and meekly took Fitch's order on the business office for two essays that easily would have brought him over five hundred dollars a few years later.

The Wrecker faithfully records much of Stevenson's San Francisco wayfaring. He was his own Dodd, a "water-side prowler, a lingerer on wharves." There along old East Street, and Howard and Folsom, he saw many exciting scenes—saw drunken sailormen shanghaied aboard deep-sea craft, saw shots exchanged between quarrelling stevedores and longshoremen, saw dark deeds by dark men from the South Seas. Barks and schooners, such as the *Tropic Bird*, the *Papeete* and the *Honolulu* filled the imagination of the young vagabond, and when over on the sunny slope of Russian Hill he found the quaint study of Charles Warren Stoddard, decorated with beach-combing spoils from the Pacific, and heard Stoddard's enchanting tales of the tropic isles from his own lips, he was for the first time seized with the idea of cruising among the palm-fringed atolls of the South. The whole-souled poetic Stoddard was the first man he met in San Francisco with whom he could talk at his best. Often Stoddard went to see him in his Bush Street lodgings. The author of *South Sea Idylls* told me once of his first visit to Stevenson, whom he found sitting up in bed writing, the counterpane strewn with the works of Henry David Thoreau, of whom R. L. S. was making that generously critical study to be found in his *Memories and Portraits*.

"Such a head as Stevenson's, such a smile and such a winning way," said Stoddard, "I never have met in all my walks. I pity the imagination of any one who could not say to himself at the first glance at R. L. S., 'here is a wonderful man.'"

Stevenson made much the same impression upon Virgil Williams, the most famous art teacher that ever came to California. He became a frequent visitor to Williams's atelier and to his home and always was welcome. With Stoddard he went everywhere—to the Bohemian resorts, to the Cliff House, to the Barbary Coast, to Chinatown, to Rincon Hill. Stoddard greatly enjoyed Stevenson's quaint and luminous comments upon the people and the things he saw.

"Always he presented a person or a thing in a new light," said Stoddard, "discovering even to an old San Franciscan like myself odd points of interest I had failed to see or had seen but faintly. Ah, but he had an eye in his head!"

One night Mrs. Carson's baby fell ill, and Stevenson, eager to help in nursing the child, lost sleep and rest. The child recovered, but Stevenson suffered a relapse. His cough took possession of him. "And pitiful it was to hear," said Mrs. Carson. "It wore him out in no time at all." He seemed on the verge of galloping consumption. Dr. Willey was summoned and did all in his power for the sick man. Of Willey, who probably saved his life, Stevenson said, "His kindness to a stranger it must be as grateful to him as it is touching to me to remember."

Mrs. Osbourne, who by this time had obtained her divorce, came up from Monterey and helped to care for him. She had him removed to her cottage in East Oakland, about ten miles across the bay from San Francisco. There, in a milder climate and purer air, he soon began to mend.

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During his illness he made another discovery—William Penn's *Fruits of Solitude,* which became a very favourite book with him. Mrs. Osbourne read aloud to him upon the veranda, and no matter how badly he felt he took the deepest interest in her reading. It was a very anxious time and he was nearer the "grey ferry" than he had been since boyhood.

He mended slowly, but he hardly would have pulled through financially but for his father, from whom he finally accepted an allowance of a thousand dollars a year. As soon as he was well enough to marry he and his wife and stepson went up to the head of the Napa Valley, where they lived as the "Silverado Squatters." If a man like Stevenson could vegetate anywhere he vegetated at Silverado, as his book, in which there is never a thrill, fully witnesses. Few were the discoveries and few the interesting comments. He went to Silverado to rest and recuperate, and having done so, he bade farewell to this country and sailed for Scotland.

Nor was his second and last visit to America eventfully interesting, for he was naïvely occupied in health-seeking, in writing and in preparing for his cruise among the South Sea Islands. This cruise, however, he probably never would have undertaken had he not on his first visit to California found a man who filled him so full of the lore of those low, dreamy latitudes that all his wanderlust expended itself upon his voyages among those "ultimate islands." So that, it may be set down, without being ascribed altogether to the Californian pride of the writer of these annals, that Stevenson's greatest American discovery was Charles Warren Stoddard.

THE PAP WE HAVE BEEN FED ON

II. The Maleness of Men in the Early Novels

BY EDNA KENTON

Women in the early novels, as we shall see, amount to little more than pale personifications of the female gender. Clarissa and Moll Flanders and Amelia are the few notable exceptions to the eighteenth century generality of milk-and-water, bread-and-butter, wax-and-honey figurines that danced so sweetly to the tune of "Ladies, Watch Your Steps." Thanks to Fielding—thanks first perhaps to Richardson, whose sentimental types of women and men fostered revolt in Fielding's honest heart—men are to be found shut into Fielding and Smollett's books whose humanity has stayed astonishingly alive, and whose faults and virtues are set down in fine frankness and reasonable perspective with the moralistic tear and the sentimental whine firmly stayed. Tom Jones, Amelia's Billy, Major Bath, and Peregrine Pickle are much more than dummies fashioned after a prevalent "Idea" of maleness; there is real kinship between them and men to-day. There is more kinship between them and women, to-day or in their day, than ever existed between the eighteenth century heroines and women. Even Joseph Andrews, begun as a malicious model sewn to Pamela's last, proved in the end a rather fine young fellow, not nearly so much the worse for his technical virginity as Pamela was for hers, and not nearly so much a satire on Sir Galahad as Grandison was—that serious study of male perfectness whom Lady Mary Montagu called "the manly Clarissa."

Yet a rigid "masculine" code prevailed even for the few human heroes; and Fielding recognised it when he made

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Booth apologise abjectly for not following after the fashion of eighteenth century lyings-in, and getting very drunk when his beloved Amelia was brought to childbed, and for making himself of use that day in their home. And to him in turn Major Bath apologised, caught in the degrading act of making posset for his sick sister:

> I believe, sir, however my weakness may prevail on me to descend from it, no man can be more conscious of his dignity than I myself. . . . I would not have you think that I am my sister's nurse. I know better what is due the dignity of a man, and I have shown it in a line of battle. I think I have made a figure there, Mr. Booth, and one becoming my character, and by God, I ought not to be despised if my nature is not without its weaknesses. . . . I know how much it is beneath a man to whine and whimper about a trifling girl as well as you or any man, and if my sister had died, I should have behaved like a man on the occasion.

This same masculine code catches even Sir Charles Grandison when the much vaunted "equality of the sexes" that was already sounding in the air of the middle eighteenth century is broached by his saucy sister. Otherwise he is quite effeminate. Said he:

> God designed a very apparent difference in the minds of both as well as in the peculiar beauties of their persons. Were it not so, their offices would be confounded and the women would not perhaps so readily submit to those domestic ones in which it is their province to shine, and the men would be allowed the distaff or the needle, and you yourselves, ladies, would be the first to despise such. . . . I would only contend that we men should have the power and right given us to protect and serve your sex; that we should purchase a field for them, work and toil for them; run through, at the call of Providence or our king and country, dangers and difficulties, and at last lay all our trophies, all our acquirements at your feet, well rewarded in the consciousness of duty done, and your favourable acceptance. . . . When sex ceases inequality of souls will cease, and women will certainly be on a foot with men as to intellectuals in heaven.

"We were all of us again," adds his sister Charlotte, "his humble servants."

Hermsprong or Man as He Is Not, by Robert Bage, published in 1796, is filled with bits of talk on the shifting sex values that, among many other things, the French Revolution brought up to the surface. Hermsprong is not so much a hero as a theory, but here is a snatch of talk:

> "Now the devil take me," said Sumelin, "if I know what either you or this Mrs. Wollstonecraft would be at. But this I know, that the influence of women is too great; that it has increased; is increasing, and ought to be diminished."
>
> "Well then," Mr. Hermsprong answered, "let it be diminished on the side of charms; and let its future increase be on the side of mind."
>
> "To what purposes?" asked the banker. "To invade the provinces of men? . . . Mr. Hermsprong, . . . this is pretty and sentimental, but it cometh not of knowledge. There are two things co-existent with women and co-eternal: admiration of fineries and of themselves."

The robust hero and the hero-ised theory put aside—there are comparatively few of either type—the rest fall like sheep and goats into Good Men and Very Bad Men, completing the deplorable feminisation of the early novel that the Sensibility and insistent Virginity of its heroines began. For, since a Fielding stripling would laugh affected Sensibility out of court and a Smollett adventurer could never be deceived by a demi-vierge, it followed that the Sentimental novel must have its heroes and its villains made to order, and nothing came more easily to pass. The goodness of Sir Charles Grandison and Miss Burney's Lord Orville were perfectly matched by the ineffable badness of Lovelace, Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, Mrs. Roche's Colonel Belgrave, and Ann Radcliffe's Marquis of Mazzini. Between them all there is no real choice—any more than one might hope to choose between a fairy fruit and

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a magic lamp. They simply are not. The Grandisonian "delicacy" is as little to be desired as "the perfidious Belgrave" was to be apprehended. Between the professional adorer of women and the professional raper of women there is no choice, because neither is, except in the novels of sentiment and the minds of some women. Even when *Clarissa's* readers were imploring Richardson to end her sufferings, it was pointed out that Lovelace, after his advertised violation of this high-born lady, went gaily from rout to rout, meeting her relatives and friends, who could have got the lady's body on a court order any day, and could have killed Lovelace with impunity. Indeed Richardson himself, in a letter to Hill at this time, gives the whole game of the romantic villain away:

> I intend (he wrote) to be unamiable, as I hinted. I once read to a young Lady Part of his Character and then his End, and upon her pitying him and wishing he had rather been made a Penitent than to be killed, I made him still more and more odious, by his heightened Arrogance and Triumph, as well as by Villainous Actions, leaving only some Qualities in him laudable to justify his first liking.

Naturally the young heroines of that day were reared to a conviction that Harriet Byron voiced in *Sir Charles Grandison:* "Many, many men are to be looked upon as savage, as wild beasts of the desert, and a single, independent woman they hunt after as their proper prey." This was—and to a certain extent is today—a thoroughly "womanly" view of men, and so the villains of fiction were feminised to an incredible degree of ferocity in order that "the fair" might not be disappointed of their poor thrills; and they stand silent witnesses to the universal sense of men's property rights in women, an idea that still exists, but with its former black-and-whiteness faded to subtler greys.

"The Elopement" is a stock size chapter head for all of these novels. In *Evelina* Sir Clement Willoughby uses in humour what Sir Hargrave Pollexfen and Colonel Belgrave and Sackville use so perfidiously in *Sir Charles Grandison* and *The Children of the Abbey* and *Thaddeus of Warsaw.* It is Miss Harriet Byron's danger when snatched from her friends by Sir Hargrave and his minions, that invited her rescue by Sir Charles. In the sixth volume Sir Hargraves repents on his deathbed, and she learns that if Sir Charles "had not interposed so hellishly as he did on Hounds' Heath, I had been the husband of Miss Byron in two hours, and she would have thought it her duty to reform me, and by the great God of heaven, I swear it was my intention to be reformed, and to make her, if I could have had but her *civility,* not her love, the best of husbands." A chill came over Harriet's heart as she learned this, and she shuddered. For Sir Hargraves Pollexfen is a veritable villain: "He is malicious, ill-natured, and designing, and sticks at nothing to carry a point on which he has set his heart. He has ruined three young creatures already under vows of marriage." When Harriet objects to his morals, he cries:

> What man on earth does not take liberties with the sex! You know women were made for us, and they like us not the worse for loving them. *Want of morals!* And objected to me by a *lady!* Very extraordinary, by my soul! Is it not better to sow all one's wild oats before matrimony than to run riot afterward?

Colonel Belgrave bursts into various pages of *The Children of the Abbey* as unexpectedly as he appears in various of the unsuspecting Amanda's retiring rooms, his face invariably "inflamed with passion," his eyes "darting the most malignant glances" at his predestined victim. "Fear not, Amanada," he says repeatedly, "I shall attempt no action that can offend you, but listen calmly to my proposals." His record of amours outnumbers Sir Hargraves Pollexfen's by a preposterous percentage: "an object he admired, no tie or situation, however sacred, could guard from his pursuit." Amanda he "instantly marked for his prey," and goes to incredibly particular

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inventions to ruin her reputation and gain possession of her. He succumbs (when the tale is sufficiently long) rather suddenly to a false report that the fair Amanda is dying. "Dying, he repeated. "Amanda dying! but she will be happy. Hers will be a pure and ministering spirit in heaven, when mine lies howling." Overcome by this vision of the future he "confesses all," and Amanda's "innocence" is instantly restored.

But if the villains were black with the seeping emanations of their guilt, how pure and white and softly shining are the ladies' heroes! How delicate, how unassuming, how softly tender! The conversation of *Evelina's* Lord Orville "is really delightful. His manners are so elegant, so gentle, so unassuming that they at once engage esteem and diffuse complacence." She held "so steady his honor, so *feminine* his delicacy, and so amiable his nature."

Thaddeus of Warsaw is marked at first sight by Lady Sara Roos as her "prey." She perceived "by his pale countenance and thoughtful air that he was a melancholy character, and above all things she sighed for such a love." Thaddeus's eyes rested on her ladyship, "full of tender commiseration, pregnant with compassion for her, for himself, for all the world," yet he never "encouraged" Lady Sara. As Mr. Constantine, teaching German to the vulgar Euphemia's vulgar family, in the splendid library, "with its plaster casts of the nine muses which stood in nine recesses about the room, draped in blue net looped up with artificial roses, and its fine, cut-steel Grecian stove on each side of which was placed on sandalwood pedestals two five-foot statues of Apollo and Minerva," Thaddeus suffered all the degradation usually set apart for governesses in the homes of the rich! Euphemia made open love to him, but "there was an unreceding something in her liquid blue eyes that displeased him. . . . There was an indelicacy in this absolutely wooing conduct of Miss Euphemia's which, notwithstanding her beauty and the softness which was its vehicle, filled him with deepest disgust. That any woman, instigated by a mere whim, should lay aside the decent reserve of her sex and actually court his regard, surprised while it impelled him to loathe her."

Thaddeus was "an incomparable young man," and Mary Beaufort loved him, oh so modestly! He was "master of every subject and discoursed on all with a grace which corroborated her waking visions that he was some archangel ruined." Said she, "Such manners as Mr. Constatin's are not to be acquired in a cottage." In an unexpected moment "her breast heaved, her cheeks glowed, her hands trembled, a quick sigh escaped her bosom," and by all this she knew that "she cherished for this amiable being 'a something than friendship dearer!'" But so superlative is their mutual "delicacy" that they go through pages of doubt and anguish. One morning in some "copse" or "dell," Mary's foot slips and Thaddeus catches her arm:

> Her heart beat violently, her head became giddy, her feet lost their power, and finding that after a slight attempt to withdraw her hand, he still held it fast, though in a trembling grasp, nearly overcome by an inexpressible distress, she turned her face away to conceal its confusion. Thaddeus saw all this, and with a fluttering hope . . . said, in a hurried voice, while his eloquent eyes poured all their beams upon her averted cheek, "Surely, Miss Beaufort will not deny me the dearest hope I possess, the privilege of being grateful to her?"

Three pages of this sort of thing follow, and they part, torn still with poignant doubt. Then Mary's guardian takes a hand, tells Mary that Thaddeus loves her and, calling Thaddeus, tells him before Mary that Mary has been told. Still Thaddeus's maddening "delicacy" wards off the denouement—indeed, for the reader, it never comes. He does take Mary's hand, and while holding it imparts to her:

> . . . a concise narrative of his relations with Sir Robert. He touched with short, yet ardent, enthusiasm on the virtues of his

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mother; he acknowledged the unbounded gratitude that was due that God which had so wonderfully conducted him to find a parent and a home in England, and with renewed pathos of look and manner ratified the proffer which Sir Robert had made of his hand and heart. Mary's eyes overflowed. She gazed with rapture and bliss; his arm fell unconsciously around her waist, and in another moment he found he had pressed her to his bosom. His heart beat violently.

That touch of violence completed Miss Beaufort's demoralisation, and startled her. "She rose instantaneously from her chair," and Thaddeus of course "suffered her to quit the room."

Sir Charles Grandison was slightly more—oh much more personal. He always "seized her hand" when he addressed a lady. Seven ladies were "sick of love for him," and one was mad, poor thing. But through the interminable pages, he goes glibly from one to the other, dropping a soft word here, a smile there, "making all happy," writes Harriet simply, as she takes ten pages of close print, that took fifty of handwriting, to describe "his person, and manners."

Sir Charles was "indifferent to death;" he was "moderate and charitable in speaking of bad people." He could "compliment one lady without depreciating another," says Harriet, and "he is a great friend to the married state, particularly with reference to our sex." One letter of Harriet's begins: "The active, the restless goodness of this Sir Charles Grandison absolutely dazzles me, Lucy."

However, he was human, and so his sisters hint to Harriet when with a frankness that appears uncriticised, she admits to them her love for their brother long before she knows it to be returned. They prayed her to conceal her passion. "The best of them (men) love to have difficulties to conquer. Their brother, generous as he was, was a *man!*"

Sometimes Sir Charles grew angry, as when an intended mistress of his late father is brought by her mother and aunt to plead for justice while hoping for more. When he "discovers these profligate designs" he so vehemently reproves the group that the mother falls in a fit, the aunt is terrified, and the young creature weeps bitterly. All repent.

He owns himself an imperfect spirit, to a soprano chorus of denial. He thinks inexpressibly highly of true, pure love, but he has little use for its tawdry imitations, and of love at first sight he speaks crushingly: "Love at first sight in a man is an indelicate paroxysm, but in a woman who expects protection and instruction from a man much more so," he observes. He is a living reproach to rakes, and denies them delicacy of feeling: he also advises his love-sick chorus against marriage with such, unreformed, and holds out little encouragement for marriage with them, even though reclaimed. "If he reforms," observes Sir Charles, "he will probably, from reflection on his past guilty life, be an unsocial companion, should deep and true contrition have laid hold on him."

And he discourses remarkably and unconsciously on masculine women and effeminate men. But masculine is the last adjective to be applied, in its present meaning, to much outside of Smollett and Fielding and Defoe until the day dawned when Jane Austen, with her delicate satire, destroyed the effeminate hero along with the over-sensitised heroine, and by means of *Northanger Abbey* brought one ridiculous period in the history of English fiction to an end.

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RECENT BOOKS ABOUT MEXICO*

BY ARTHUR M. CHASE

BOOKS about Mexico published in this country during the first half of the present year number only half a dozen. Yet during all the hundred years in which the United States and Mexico have been next-door neighbours their relations have but once reached a greater crisis, the future has never looked more ominous, and Mexico and the Mexicans have never been more in our thoughts than during this same half of the present year. A little later, when the war correspondents at Vera Cruz who are now sharpening their pencils, filling their fountain pens, oiling their typewriters or in other ways betraying literary restlessness, have returned; when refugees have rushed into print; when adventurers in the armies of Villa and Huerta have offered the tales of their adventures; when military historians, provided there is any military history to chronicle, have contributed their quota; and political historians have issued ponderous and exhaustive volumes —then books on Mexico will be a drug on the market. The public will be tired of the subject just when a host of writers have written about it. All of which is an enlightening commentary on the untimeliness of books.

The Real Mexico is a brisk, bustling sort of book by Hamilton Fyfe. Since no country in the world is harder to understand, the title of this record of a few months' hurried trip is a bit ambitious. The author dashed across the line from Arizona to Hermosillo, where he interviewed Carranza; dashed back; dashed along the border for a thousand miles seeking a place of entrance; and finally made a dash from Laredo to Mexico City, where he saw Huerta, conversed with Englishmen and Americans, observed Mexicans—and lo, his book. It has a breathless air, like the story of a man who has seen what he describes while running at full speed. But it has, too, a note of sincerity, as if the impressions gathered so rapidly came with remarkable vividness and clearness, and were jotted down without taking time to modify or arrange them, or even to reconcile contradictory statements. Anecdotes abound, some of which—the story of the colonel who stopped a battle because it was time for his dinner; and Carranza's calm statement that Mexicans who disagreed with his political opinions might expect to be shot—have been widely quoted.

One phenomenon discussed by Mr. Fyfe is most enlightening. Genial Britons and Americans expressed to him their approval of the execution of prisoners, on the theory that if the Mexicans would only exterminate one another, Mexico would become a place for decent people to live in. And dainty women talked unconcernedly about peons dangling from telegraph poles and the "funny" way in which soldiers spun around when they were shot. It seems to be the fate of Mexicans to incur the contempt and dislike of foreigners. Perhaps they deserve it. But without sympathy there cannot be understanding. And without understanding how can Mr. Fyfe or any other foreigner describe the real Mexico?

The antithesis in many respects of *The Real Mexico* is W. E. Carson's *Mexico: the Wonderland of the South.* Where

*The Real Mexico. By Hamilton Fyfe. New York: McBride, Nast and Company.

Mexico: The Wonderland of the South. By W. E. Carson. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Maximilian in Mexico. By Percy F. Martin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Mexican People: Their Struggle for Freedom. By L. Gutierrez de Lara and Edgcumb Pinchon. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Modern Mexico. By R. J. MacHugh. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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Mr. Fyfe hurried, Mr. Carson was deliberate; while the former is breathless, the latter is leisurely; while one saw only the horrors of a semi-civilised country in the throes of civil war, the other points to the enlightenment and progress toward civilisation which Mexico attained under Diaz and which it still retains in certain parts of its vast territory. In fact, Mr. Carson's book was written with the purpose of emphasizing the brighter aspects of Mexican life. In his preface the author says:

The reading public has been made unduly familiar with such subjects as the horrors of the peonage system, the corruption of the government and the atrocities of revolutionists. An impression has also been widely given that "greasers," cow-punchers and bandits are typical of Mexican life as a whole. That such an impression is far from accurate, however, is clear to any one who has visited the larger Mexican cities or is familiar with conditions in the quiet rural districts of the central and southern states.

Mexico, it is true, is barbarous in spots. It is equally true that in the capital and elsewhere one finds abundant evidences of culture and the refinements of highly civilised life. Therefore, to judge the country fairly, not only should its undeveloped material be examined, but also the best that it has been able to produce.

Landing at palm-encircled Vera Cruz on a bleak and windy day—imagine shivering among tropical palms—the author journeyed by short stages to Mexico City. After a visit of some weeks' duration, he made short trips to neighbouring resorts—Lake Chapala, and Tehuacan, the Mexican Carlsbad,—and longer journeys to the country along the west coast, and south to the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. And at last, stopping at every considerable city on the way, he travelled a thousand miles north from Mexico City to the United States line. He found mountain scenery equal to the Canadian Rockies or the Alps; cities as quaint and picturesque as if they were in Italy or Spain; and a climate throughout the great central plateau, within which most of Mexico lies, as delightful as that of Southern California or the Riviera. In fact, for those people who live in dread of the weather man, there are many places in Mexico, within the tropics, but a mile above sea level, which would prove a paradise in winter. Cool nights, pleasantly warm days, and cloudless skies of deepest blue week after week are the winter characteristics. Before the late unpleasantness American tourists had begun to make this discovery, and train loads of them, for the most part from the Middle West, poured into the country.

Well worth quoting is Mr. Carson's description of the peon, who forms the backbone of the Mexican population, and in whose behalf the United States is ready to arbitrate and perhaps to fight.

He not only cultivates the soil, works in the mines and does all the hard labour, but he also acts as servant. Despite his many faults, he has some wonderfully good qualities. Even if he is not naturally cleanly or naturally honest, there is a charm all his own in the simple, whole-hearted way in which he accepts his subordinate position. Always polite, and incapable of taking a liberty, always with his hat in his hand, the Indian has nothing but respect to show you, if you give him the humble wage he claims, a half holiday now and again, and permission to attend any and every fiesta celebrated in his village. Notwithstanding his dirt, his tattered clothes, his battered sombrero and his filthy blanket, the Mexican Indian is one of nature's gentlemen, if he is only treated properly.

But he has his faults, and they are faults which have seriously checked progress in Mexico. He is essential to agriculture, yet his tropical surroundings and his mental characteristics unfit him for energetic work or the adoption of modern improvements. As a farmer the Indian is a rank failure. He brings no intelligence to his work. His ancestors hundreds of years ago scratched the soil with a wooden hoe, and he is content enough to go on with the same implement. If a society were found for presenting every Indian peon with a modern plough,

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it would do no good; he wouldn't care to use it and he wouldn't use it. His ideal of life is to be idle; he does not want to struggle; he does not want to fight; he only desires his little mud-brick hut, his piece of ground, his pig, his tortillas and his frijoles. Furniture he does not need, as his household goods are generally limited to a tin can for boiling water or cooking, a couple of stones for making tortillas, a few picturesque jars made by his native potters and a few old sacks to sleep on. His wants being easily supplied, there is really no incentive for him to be progressive. He cannot read or write, is unable to think, and his mode of life is primeval in its simplicity.

One of the most pitiful and tragic stories of modern history is that of Maximilian, the short-lived Emperor of Mexico. It reads like a transaction in high finance, with its ingenious manipulations, unscrupulous greed and cold indifference to human rights and human happiness. Napoleon III, cleverly enough, seized Mexico, and not only began to build up there a commercial rival to the United States, but placed the brother of the Emperor of Austria upon the throne. Thus he placed himself in a position to check the growing power of our country, and at the same time won an alliance with Austria. The masterly effectiveness of this particular killing of two birds with a single stone was improved by making Mexico pay, very liberally, for all expenses. But he reckoned without the Mexicans, and also without the United States. After a few years of turbulence and strife more bitter even than usual in Mexican history, and the loss of thousands of French lives, a peremptory demand from Washington, coupled with the appearance of a veteran army under Sheridan on the Texas frontier, was the signal for the French forces to leave Maximilian to his fate. That fate soon came to him in the form in which it has appeared to many rulers of Mexico—a wall behind, and a firing squad in front.

History unsentimentally asserts that Maximilian was the dupe of cleverer men; that he was much more interested in playing at Emperor than in the welfare of the Mexican people; and that he carelessly alienated the party which could have helped him to maintain his throne. But Percy F. Martin, in *Maximilian in Mexico,* will have none of this. The picturesqueness of the handsome young couple, Maximilian and his wife, Carlotta, setting forth with high hopes, the pomp and magnificence of their brief power, and the pitiful sequel—Maximilian shot, Carlotta insane—these are the features which have enlisted his sympathy and guided his narrative.

In *The Mexican People: their Struggle for Freedom,* by L. Gutierrez de Lara and Edgcumb Pinchon, we have what would seem to be an unusually favourable opportunity for gaining an insight into Mexican conditions. For one of the authors is a Mexican and the book is thoroughly pro-Mexican and by-a-Mexican in tone. But, alas! the authors are not only Mexican in sympathy, and, one of them, in fact, but they are Socialists; and they are Socialists before they are historians. Their method, therefore, of writing the history of any episode of Mexican history is to state a principle, and then reconcile the facts to that principle—if they can. If they can't, so much the worse for the facts. In pursuance of this historical method we are asked to believe that Santa Ana deliberately lost the battle of Buena Vista, and other battles, because he wanted to sacrifice thousands of his countrymen who might at some time turn against him. This curious explanation does not explain how Santa Ana, who had been defeated and suffered extreme humiliation in Texas, and who, being a Mexican, was a thoroughly vindictive and implacable hater, could adopt such a complaisant course toward the American forces.

This so-called history gives a detailed account of the French intervention without mentioning by so much as a word that ominous army of Civil War veterans in Texas which was the real cause of the French withdrawal. It describes the

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American occupation of Mexico City in this lukewarm language:

> The army, under General Scott, had been allowed to break loose from all restraints and had delivered itself up to an orgy of indescribable debauchery. Murder, rape and pillage went unchecked, while to add to the horror of the situation, hordes of raw recruits and volunteers—chiefly gunmen and the social offal of the underworld—poured into the city from the United States, ostensibly to join the army of occupation, but in reality to give full rein to their love of license.

How clever to incorporate gunmen among the soldiers of Scott's army sixty years before the breed was recognised in this country. But what shall we say of such a book? Heatedly partisan and glaringly inaccurate, it is valueless as history; and it presents only in a confused and vague way the Constitutionalist cause which it champions.

A welcome contrast is *Modern Mexico,* by R. J. MacHugh. This is one of those books which the globe-trotting Englishman at his best knows how to produce. Moderate in tone, conservative in statement, one feels after reading it that one has seen Mexico through the steady eyes of a keen, observant, fair-minded spectator. It succeeds better than any of the books which have been mentioned in presenting a definite picture of Mexico as a whole: the physical characteristics of the country; the racial characteristics of the people; the things they have done and the numerous things they have left undone.

Mexico is well worth reading about at the present time. There it lies, our next door neighbour, separated from us only by a shallow river and an imaginary line in the desert for sixteen hundred miles. It is as big as the United States east of the Mississippi, omitting New England. It is so tantalisingly rich that although the amount of foreign capital invested in it grew during the presidency of Diaz from $500,000 to $1,400,000,000, its wealth has hardly been scratched. Invaded by Europeans nearly a century before they began to settle this country, it contains to-day the least infusion of European blood of any country in the western hemisphere. During the century of its independence it has known only one period of tranquillity, and almost without exception its rulers have been elected, in the Mexican sense, by force of arms. A republic in name, only 20,000 of its 15,000,000 inhabitants go to the polls. Truly our next door neighbour offers an abundance of problems, and one wonders, gravely, what fate has in store for Mexico, and for us.

AT NIGHT

BY SARA TEASDALE

We are apart; the city grows quiet between us;
She hushes herself, for midnight makes heavy her eyes,
The tangle of traffic is ended, the cars are empty,
Five streets divide us, and on them the moonlight lies.

Oh are you asleep, or lying awake, my lover?
Open your dreams to my love and your heart to my words,
I send you my thoughts—the air between us is laden,
My thoughts fly in at your window, a flock of untamable birds.

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SUMMER-TIME FICTION*

The July Instalment

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

"THE SALAMANDER"

The best proof that Mr. Owen Johnson's new volume, *The Salamander,* is a contribution of rather uncommon importance in contemporary American fiction lies in the fact that one feels inclined to quarrel with it rather seriously, in regard, not to its substance, but to its conclusions. Or, to put it more briefly, the chief weakness of the volume lies in what seems likely to prove its biggest commercial asset,—its title. *The Salamander,*—just what is a Salamander? Mr. Johnson gives a lengthy and minute definition in his preface. According to him, she is a type, and a very common one, of the modern young woman who wishes a maximum of pleasure for a minimum of cost. There are, he assures us, thousands of this sisterhood in New York alone. They have little or no money; they may or may not have a vocation, acting, singing, type-writing, some power of earning to which they may recur in case of special stringency; but for the most part they subsist, vampire-like, on the bounty of the men they keep in tow. Money in cold cash, whether gold or greenbacks, is something which, according to Mr. Johnson, the ethics of the Salamander will not let her accept; but opera tickets, champagne by the basket, priceless orchids, laces and furs, are all permissible, and thanks to a confidential understanding with florist, grocer and department store, are readily convertible into currency. And thus, as he shows her, the blithe and care-free little Salamander flaunts her way provocatively through metropolitan life, dancing and dining, flirting and evading, through months and years, promising everything and paying nothing, revelling in the joy of balancing giddily on the brink of sheer precipices, and trusting solely to her steady head and nimble wits to ward off the fatal dizziness that would send her toppling over. So much for the theory, and Mr. Johnson certainly makes it all sound quite plausible. But sober second thought brings a certain amount of doubt and questioning, and recalls the remark of a veteran civil engineer of the old order, who when asked for his definition of a fire-proof building, laconically answered, "There isn't such a thing." Now, theoretically, a Salamander is a fire-proof girl, and for practical purposes, it is here respectfully submitted that the old engineer's answer applies quite aptly. In other words, the real trouble is not with Mr. Johnson's material, his situations or characters, but with his recognition of a type, where at best there is only a phase. If we understand correctly his Doré Baxter and her companions, they are made up of vanity, love of pleasure, an instinctive recoil from masculine aggression and a piratical tendency to take and not repay. And when you have defined her in these terms, you realise that the Salamander is not a type but just a woman, and quite an average woman at that. The Salamander is the product, not of temperament but of circumstances; if born to wealth and position, she would enjoy by right what she otherwise must needs take by strategy; and she would allure and

*The Salamander. By Owen Johnson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.
The Goldfish. Anonymous. New York: The Century Company.
Full Swing. By Frank Danby. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
A Lady and Her Husband. By Amber Reeves. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Ariadne of Allan Water. By Sidney McCall. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.
Loot. By Horace Annesley Vachell. New York: George H. Doran Company.
The Last Shot. By Frederick Palmer. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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tempt, dazzle and elude, with more impunity to be sure, because it is like teasing a panther from behind the safe shelter of the bars, instead of boldly invading the cage,—but the instinct is the same, the intention to take and not give is the same, whether the offer is a pound of candy or a pearl necklace and the price a hand-clasp or a woman's soul.

And now, having voiced his one strong objection, the present reviewer wishes to express to Mr. Johnson his personal appreciation of the uncommonly able technique and finished workmanship of this vivid, throbbing, tumultuous portrayal of the mad, lawless, passion-driven life of to-day. Type or not, Doré Baxter is a human being, a fierce, dare-devil little paradox, lovable and detestable by turns, teasing, bewildering, kaleidoscopic, a veritable chameleon of moods and manners. What Mr. Johnson makes us feel preeminently is the almost diabolical bravery of her; what he keeps ever before us is her fragility, her girlishness, her isolation; she walks into dangers unguessed or vaguely surmised, upheld by the courage of ignorance in a measure, but still more by her unshaken confidence in her strength of will, and the magic power of her insolent youth and beauty. It is easy for any novelist to tell us that his heroine has a witchery that turns the heads of men old and young, rich and poor, humble and exalted; it is quite another thing for him to portray her to us and force us to admit to ourselves, "she might readily have wrought our downfall, too!" And that is precisely what Mr. Johnson has succeeded in doing. As for the specific story of Doré Baxter's career, up to her twenty-third birthday, the day that she has arbitrarily set as the limit of her Salamander life, there is no object in recapitulating it here. Looking back over it, one seems to vision confusedly a nightmare sequence of dinners, dances, theatres, cabarets, whirlwind dashes in automobiles, a day-long and night-long hunt after pleasure and passion. It is a picture of an unprotected girl perpetually pursued by the hot breath of desire and perpetually saved by a happy combination of circumstances and an innate clean-mindedness. And when finally, Doré fulfils her natural destiny in a happy marriage, and, as the author assures us, "becomes a conventional member of society,—rather extreme in her conservatism," we smile to ourselves a little contented yet ironical smile,—because that is precisely what we might have foreseen she would have become. It is not a transformation, scarcely a radical change. In all her lawlessness, her free, untrammelled Salamander life, she had her conventions and her code,—an elastic code, to be sure, but one that though it gave would not break. In short, as has already been said, she is a real woman, one of the few real women in recent American fiction,—and that in itself is a far bigger achievement than the creation of any number of types.

"THE GOLDFISH"

Another of the really significant volumes of the month is the anonymous "confession of a successful man," entitled *The Goldfish.* The modern man of wealth and social position is herein depicted as being imprisoned, like the captive fish in its globe, perpetually swimming around and around in an unchanging circle, and seeing nothing but distorted aspects of the outside world. The narrator has attained the age of fifty; he is a prosperous corporation lawyer, shrewd and not too scrupulous. His wife is in the forefront of the exclusive social circle; his son and daughters are adepts in the art of spending and idling. And all of a sudden, one day, he sits down and takes account of stock, physical, mental and moral, and asks himself whether it has all been worth while,—and in all solemnity he answers that it has not. He has missed the things that really count; his wife and children are almost strangers to him; he has no real home life, no intimate friends; worn out with the day's work, he comes home only to don his evening clothes wearily and hurry out to a formal dinner, in order to meet people in whom he has no interest and eat far too much food of the sort

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that he does not like. He takes account of his children and realises that their whole training has simply resulted in unfitting them for happiness. His daughters are beautiful, far more so than their mother before them; but their whole education, their habits of life, their ideals make the possibility of marrying for love a most remote contingency. He takes account of his own mind, and is horrified at the vacancies he discovers in it. He is supposably a man of culture and learning, yet the things he does not know are legion. Historical dates, famous personages, mathematical problems, elementary facts in physics and chemistry, a formidable assortment of simple questions which it is taken for granted that any college graduate could answer, he propounds successively to himself and admits that he does not know,—and, what is more, claims that the majority of men of his class do not know. And the conviction steals over the reader that, in the main, he is right; we may possibly have known all these things in the past, but they so soon slip away with the fleeting years. As may be readily surmised, there is little attempt at narrative in this volume. It is simply a retrospect, candid, unsparing, and poignantly tragic. A lifetime of endeavour, of hard, grim, grinding toil, to achieve what, after all, has brought only emptiness and disillusion. And in the end this pitifully poor rich man goes out one Saturday afternoon to the modest little suburban home of his confidential clerk, stays to supper, talks with his clerk's wife, plays with his children, and then in the intimacy engendered by a cosy library and a fragrant cigar, falls to exchanging confidences with him, not as between employer and clerk, but as man to man. And in the course of these revelations he comes to realise that this clerk possesses everything which he, with all his wealth, has missed: a real home, leisure to read, study and cultivate his mind; perfect health, a fondness for walking and golfing, and best of all, no social pretences to keep up, no tedious rounds of formal dinners and card-parties, but instead the real companionship of wife and children. And this lucky man achieves all these miracles easily on three thousand a year, while he himself spends seventy thousand and gets nothing, literally nothing that really counts. He returns home, determined for the first time in his life to make a radical change; and the scene that follows with his wife, in which he reveals to her his own disillusions, his sense of futility and his goading desire for a change is altogether too fine, too wise, too artistically perfect to spoil by a clumsy retelling. It will perhaps suffice to say that if before reading it we had been told that a novelist could effect his climax and convincingly picture the regeneration of a disorganised family by the simple expedient of reading a passage out of *Pilgrim's Progress,* we would most of us have said, "Nonsense, it can't be done!" Yet that is precisely what the author of *The Goldfish* has done triumphantly, and incidentally he has written one of the tenderest and most thoroughly human scenes that is to be met with in the fiction of the current year,—yes, and of some previous years as well. The book is one to be read slowly and pondered over. It is rich in wise comments on current American life and lays a discerning finger on some of the weakest spots in our national manners and customs. It is fiction, but it is many other things besides: philosophy, satire, household economics, all these and more. Best of all, it is a breviary of the saving gospel of contentment.

"FULL SWING"

Contrary to the general verdict of both critical and popular opinion, the present reviewer has persistently held that "Frank Danby" has never since attained or even nearly approached the high-water mark set by *Pigs in Clover.* Crude and rugged it undoubtedly was, even coarse and wantonly outspoken, like a trooper's oaths. But it had, so to speak, real meat in it, even though the meat was somewhat raw; it had a virility little less than astounding, considering that it came from a woman's pen;

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and it had, besides, an understanding of a woman's most intimate reserves that was nothing less than the remorseless vivisection of a soul. Criticism, blundering, blind, pharisaical criticism of that book was responsible for the blunting of a rare, exceptional talent; it did not silence the pen that wrote *Pigs in Clover,* but it did what was almost worse, it emasculated it. "Frank Danby" is not of the sort ever to acquire a feminine softness; she could change only by losing her virility,—and the result was a series of impotent, unachieved, unconvincing books like *The Heart of a Child,* which, because it had no offence in it, was hailed as a masterpiece by the same poor, squeamish souls that prudishly averted their faces from *Pigs in Clover.* To a reviewer who set this last-named book on a shelf reserved for the rare gems of fiction, and has ever since kept it there, it is a keen joy at last to hail another "Frank Danby" book as worthy of the early promise of *Dr. Phillips. Full Swing* is the study of a woman whose whole life is a tragedy because, unable to understand herself, she has denied her true nature, starved her passions, hidden all her natural affections, and gone to her death, the victim of her own monumental blunders. If Agatha Wanstead, left an orphan with the heavy burden of a big estate and a proud old name on her young shoulders, had been wise with a woman's wisdom, she would have married Andrew McKay, the faithful, honest Scotch lawyer, who looked after her interests and worshipped the ground she trod on, both then and to the hour of her death. But the virginal instinct of self-preservation was abnormally developed in her. Because the man attracted her, she simply could not yield, but fought desperately against herself, against her desires, against her best interests. And this duel between them endured for years. It was suspended for a time when Andrew, disheartened, married another woman, who soon left him a widower; it blazed forth afresh for a time; and then, caught in the meshes of self-contradiction, dazzled perhaps by a tempestuous wooing, and partly also, glad to put a lasting barrier between herself and the man she secretly loved, Agatha gave herself in marriage to a middle-aged, irresponsible, incredibly foul-mouthed Irishman, a confirmed drunkard and penniless fortune-hunter. One regrets that this portion of the book had not been written by the "Frank Danby" of the *Pigs in Clover* epoch. The hideous disillusion, the frantic revolt, the unspoken agonies of degradation endured by this woman, still at war with herself, still virginal in her instincts, although the prospective mother of the son of a man she abhors, is a theme of epic bigness; yet "Frank Danby," the new "Frank Danby" of *Sebastian* and *The Heart of a Child,* lets us glimpse all this only vaguely between the lines. Raw meat again, you see, and she has been taught the lesson of reticence. But all this is by way of prologue. Agatha does not divorce her wild and lawless husband, Lord Grindelay; but she does insist upon a separation, after her son is born. The boy is to spend half the year with her in England, and the other half in Ireland with the father,—such is the best compromise that Andrew McKay can secure on her behalf. Meanwhile, Agatha's sister has died in India, leaving a baby girl; and this little child comes at an opportune time to heal scars and in a measure fill the woman's empty arms and still emptier heart. Let us skip a few years: The son and the niece are nearing maturity, and they love each other. Andrew McKay's son would gladly make her his wife, and Agatha favours the union. She has not suspected the love of her own son for his cousin, until after the hideous day of her husband's funeral, when Desmond, her son, for the first time in his life, appears before her helplessly intoxicated. She knows what a tragedy her own life has been and determines to save Eunice, her niece. So she sends Desmond to Africa, to fight in the Transvaal war; and, having learned, before he sails, that he has had an intrigue with a hospital nurse, reproaches him so

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bitterly that the boy, out of sheer bitterness and desperation, goes through a marriage ceremony with the unscrupulous young person, who happens to have a husband already, safely stowed away behind prison bars. All these facts come to light during the weary months that Desmond is supposed to be lying in a nameless grave in the Transvaal. But at last he comes home, a hero, the Desmond of world-wide fame, the soldier who will go down in the annals of history as the spokesman of "Surrender be damned!" And his mother yearns for a fond word, a hand-clasp, a kiss; but she has gone through life undemonstrative, and it is too late to learn, too late to claim the precious privileges she has lost. Knowing what she suffered in disillusions in her own marriage, she exacts from her son the reluctant promise never to tell Eunice of his blunder in relation to the hospital nurse, Gabrielle Radlett. But, unfortunately, the latter's illegitimate son is being carefully nurtured by Biddy Malone, the faithful old nurse of Lord Grindelay. And in the fulness of time, just on the eve of Desmond's marriage to Eunice, Biddy unexpectedly appears and bursts upon the young girl with the hideous revelation of her prospective husband's past. Now it happens that poor Agatha's wretched career is nearly at an end. She is slowly dying of cancer and has postponed an operation until it is too late. She knows that she has blundered; her request for secrecy on her son's part has postponed the marriage, driven Eunice from the house, ruined Desmond's happiness, left him facing the same dreadful emptiness that she herself has faced throughout her life. She is dying; she is in agony; her only comfort is a morphine tablet, allowed her at specified intervals. One of these tablets she secretes, and drops into a glass of lemonade, intending to take it later. But suddenly, in the middle of the night, the house is in an uproar: Desmond's illegitimate child, housed temporarily upstairs with Biddy Malone, has been seized with a queer illness; and the old family nurse, unable to rouse Biddy from her intoxication, brings the child down to its grandmother, imploring her to decide what to do. Now, the one fixed idea in poor old Agatha's dying brain is that this child stands between her son and his heart's desire, so she gives the child her lemonade, committing, as she believes, murder, and incidentally robbing herself of her last respite from frightful agony. But shortly Biddy Malone awakes, stricken with a horrible remorse; she now remembers that the doctor left some medicine, atropine, to be put into the child's eyes at intervals of four hours, and that in her drunken stupor she gave the boy the contents of the bottle internally. A doctor, summoned in hot haste, deplores the delay. If he had come a couple of hours sooner, a hypodermic of morphine, the only antidote, would have saved the child. But fancy the doctor's amazement when he finds that his little patient is sleeping normally and apparently as well as ever! It is in a measure an injustice to this book to have had to dwell too extensively on the sheer material facts. The value of it lies entirely in the impulses behind the action, in the starved affections of the mother, and almost as much, in the equally thwarted desires of Andrew McKay, one of the finest male characters that "Frank Danby" has ever drawn.

"A LADY AND HER HUSBAND"

A Lady and Her Husband, by Amber Reeves, is one of the few novels out of the flood of feministic fiction that an impartial outsider can frankly enjoy. Aside from a touch of exaggeration which at times comes perilously close to farce comedy, it is extremely well done and logically convincing. Imagine a conventional Englishwoman, carefully, almost guardedly, reared, and happily married to a husband amply able to gratify her slightest whims. Imagine her placidly arriving at middle age, with her son a member of his father's firm and her elder daughter happily married. Then, suddenly, comes an unexpected wrench. Her second daughter, whom she has learned to depend upon as she

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never depended upon anything before, announces her engagement and her intention of an early marriage. The news has so obvious and so disastrous an effect that the family privately discuss the situation and decide that "mother" must have a new interest in life. It is the younger daughter, Rosemary, who hits upon the solution: the father's business is the Imperial Refreshments Limited, a series of restaurants stretching all over London. Rosemary's proposition is that her mother shall go out into the world, visit these various restaurants, and find out what, if anything, is wrong with them. The timid little woman is mightily frightened when the idea is first broached; but she has an enormous sense of duty, and no sooner has she started on her rounds than she begins to apply the principles in which she has been nurtured and on which she has brought up her family to the conditions of the restaurant business and the necessities of the young girls employed as waitresses. Incidentally, her interference brings about a deadlock between her and her husband, who has two entirely distinct codes, one for his family and the other for his business; and it is only owing to the fortuitous circumstance that his wife has her money invested in the firm and holds a controlling share, that he is finally compelled to capitulate and agree to an advance of wages, and characteristically flatter himself that it is all a wise and paying business move. The author is obviously, not merely a social reformer, but a satirist with an abundant sense of humour.

"ARIADNE OF ALLAN WATER"

This belongs to the type of book that pardonably makes a reviewer cross. If he were writing an opinion for a publisher, instead of a review for a magazine, he would say with frank brevity, "the opening section is immense and the rest is hopeless." *Ariadne of Allan Water* is written by Sidney McCall, whose *Sidney Dexter* the present reviewer read at the time of its appearance, but is compelled to admit that he does not remember it. But at all events he knows that it was a better, more consistent piece of technique than the present unfortunate hotch-potch. The opening chapters are delicious in their portrayal of the latter-day South. Mrs. Bannister, the old decayed gentlewoman, her granddaughter, "Airie," their old, historic homestead, where every family tradition is religiously preserved, are rendered with the fine, unerring touch of an "old master." And the interest tensifies when the news comes that Ariadne's broken-hearted father, who since the death of his wife is too desolate to live in the old surroundings, has married again and is about to bring his bride home, thus driving his mother-in-law from her home,—for, of course, old Mrs. Bannister would not stay to see her daughter replaced by the faded, painted, coquettish old maid that gossip says has entrapped her inflammable son-in-law. But from this point on the author has chosen to write sheer melodrama. Ariadne's father, in the midst of his honeymoon, succumbs to a sudden illness, and in his dying hour perpetrates two flagrant injustices, willing all his worldly goods to his wife, Donna, and exacting from Ariadne an oath that she will never leave her weak, desolate little step-mother. But within a year after her husband's death Donna has married again, and her second husband is an European adventurer, a man with a questionable title, a cultured air and no money. Ariadne, bound by her oath, is dragged from one end of Europe to the other. When next we see her, she is in Holland, with Randy Carr, her old Virginia sweetheart, hot on her trail. The second husband, Martel, who in reality is a Greek, Patredis by name, and has another wife somewhere in Europe, destined to crop up at an inconvenient moment, has wearied of Donna's mature charms and hungers for Ariadne's fresher bloom. Let your fancy run riot as to the possibilities of unscrupulous pursuit, the desperate dodging and doubling of outraged innocence, and the swift, effective methods of the faithful lover, doggedly following the trail. Altogether, the effect of the whole story is painfully

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reminiscent of the "Desperate Desmond" cartoons; and it does seem too bad that a story which opened with so much promise, a story that contained such delicious character drawings as "Dick Cyarter," the irrepressible youngster who fell into the churn and shed buttermilk all over his grandmother's ancestral rugs, and Anguish, the little darkey who was "an imp of laughter, a brown fibre of restless merriment," should waste its substance and end so cheaply.

"LOOT"

Horace Annesley Vachell, in an outburst of candour, expresses in the preface to his newly published volume of short stories, his surprise that there should be a demand on the part of the public for a collection of this sort. Frankly, we are inclined to share his astonishment. These short stories are simply not in the same class with his novels. Even to mention them in the same category is an insult to his more serious fiction. Many a novelist has eked out a slender exchequer by the aid of a short story or two; but one must go very far before finding so flagrant a case of the deliberate prostitution of talent, to satisfy the cheap demands of second-class magazine requirements. The contents of this volume range from cheap imitations of the Sherlock Holmes type of story to an out-and-out ghost tale, but after a far more careful combing than the volume warranted, just one bit of fiction was discovered worthy of a retelling: namely, "The Hero's Last Engagement." A retired officer, unhappily married, who for many years has striven grimly and without protest to make enough money to come somewhere near satisfying the ever-increasing demands of a vampire wife and, as he supposes, vampire daughters, suddenly inherits, from a distant cousin, an utterly unexpected fortune. To his own surprise, he finds himself unwilling to announce the good news to his wife. He hoards it up, miser-like, brooding over it in secret. And little by little the fact dawns upon him that the real reason why he does not want to tell is that he has been a weakling through all these years and that if he had had the proper courage he would have rebelled years ago. And so, when the crucial hour arrives and some outsider tells his wife the truth, he is able to take his stand, assert himself like a man, and incidentally discover that, at the age of fifty odd years, he not only has a fortune but also a younger daughter who understands him to the full, and that life is pre-eminently worth living.

"THE LAST SHOT"

Although *The Last Shot,* by Frederick Palmer, is the type of book against which the present reviewer has persistently inveighed, it is impossible to withhold an expression of admiration for the skill with which it is done. It is simply, —and the comparison must be made in spite of the desire of the author not to be identified with the class,—with the Jules Verne and H. G. Wells type of fiction, the prophetic fiction, whether false or true. Mr. Palmer has conceived the idea of portraying the cruelties of warfare under modern conditions: he whets our appetites, or wrings our sensibilities, according to our natures, by prophesying that this war of the future utterly dwarfs anything hitherto known. Of course, as a veteran war correspondent, Mr. Palmer has a certain degree of experience. But this very advantage ought to have told him that war, whether under the old or the new conditions, is too hideous ever to be transferred to paper. Stendhal gave us a glimpse of it, seen, as it were, through a prism, reflected in a mirror; Stephen Crane, by an herculean *tour de force,* gave us an epic angle of it, raw and sizzling; Zola and Tolstoy have wrung from conflicts fought out under the now antiquated conditions a satiety of horrors,—and yet none of them has surpassed the naïve brutality of Homer, a millennium or two before the invention of gunpowder. Mr. Palmer has an admirable technique, and the ability with which he individualises a score or more of privates in both armies, and awakens our interest and partisanship for one and all of them is de-

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serving of the frankest praise. But his volume as a whole is hopelessly abortive. And for a very simple reason: in order to drive in his arguments against war, he has deliberately chosen to have this epoch-making warfare take place between two un-named nations, known to us only as the Greys and the Browns. Now, human nature is so constituted that it is impossible to take any vital interest in the joys or sorrows of fellow-men unless they are related to us by some tie of blood or sentiment. Tell us that the Chinese and the Japanese are wiping each other off the surface of the globe, and we will watch the subsequent proceedings with the interest that we might give to a dog-fight if there were no money on it. But let it be a conflict that really concerns us, between England and Germany, let us say, or still more nearly, between Mexico and ourselves, and we should not need the spur of a specially trained pen to rouse us to the proper pitch. Mr. Palmer has done an exceedingly good technical job, but although he has made his separate characters extremely appealing and we shall remember them long afterward, the present writer wants to put himself emphatically on record as protesting against the current tendency in fiction to underrate the wholesome influence of patriotism, and to proclaim that he for one cannot take the slightest interest in the life or death of any human being until he knows with what nation we are dealing. It might be one of those nations whose wholesale obliteration from the globe the present writer would witness with infinite satisfaction.

FOUR BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Professor Guérard's "French Civilisation in the Nineteenth Century"*

France is the lady among nations. Hence her history, her diary, is so fascinating. Any account of the doings of a brilliant, adventurous woman lures one on with her feverish ups and downs. To assist at the levees and couchees of France, to behold her in Lyons silks and then in her torn, mob-bedraggled night laces, has long been the frank privilege of the public. For, without the hypocrisy of some of her rivals, she does everything out in the open. The rude populace as well as the general reader have so often been quite free to kick about among the priceless Gobelins of her royal salons and wade around in her imperial bath rooms of white and gold.

Eternally feminine she embodies the emotional, the sensational, the instinctively superb and generous—and then, debasement crumpled up in tears. She has the dramatic way of making prosy things interesting. The dry subject of education becomes in France a moving story. The solemn, august matters of religion become there a series of lively campaigns and rousing "affairs."

Professor Guérard has provided here a highly convenient and recommendable compendium, as it were, of his "historical" lectures last year at Stanford University, conventionally treating his theme in its substantial and sober aspects. Compact, admirably indexed, the volume is like an attractive set of notes boiled down from large histories and long researches. Net thoughts, well-tested conclusions, tempt one readily on from page to page. One may handily find here the final estimate of Napoleon in the light of contemporary inquest and acquire a bowing acquaintance with Syndicalism, Modernism, Bergsonianism. The lucid pages are blessed with short sentences and

*French Civilisation in the Nineteenth Century. By Albert Léon Guérard. New York: The Century Company.

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paragraphs in brief breaths in the French fashion, distinguished from the more heavy, solid, *gauche* German and English models.

The author is English by education though French by birth. This gives him the advantage of a dual outlook and widened sympathies. To be thus fitted by experience and training to compare, adds a marked value. If a writer on his own civilisation is confined to his sole national acquaintance and language, he has a narrowed sense of worth, his scales of wisdom lack in the chances of a fair balance. His qualities of comparison and proportion are left uncertain or impaired.

This practical book appears adapted for a practical people like ourselves. Americans are assumed to be chiefly interested in material achievements, in the success of the routine of matter-of-fact living, in the coining of things into dollars. But the strifes between political régimes, between classes and masses, between property rights and human rights, between blood and treasure—have they not scarred alike, in the nineteenth century, the history and development of all nations? *Ab uno. . . .*

When French civilisation is spoken of, however, there flashes before the inward eye the impression of something else than warring potentates, systems of taxation, the everlasting questions of bread and butter, the varying trends of trade and commerce. It is as the adorner, the embellisher, of modern life that France stands characteristically forth. Imagine the nineteenth century without its having been beautified by Parisian art and handicraft with their originality, variety and taste! This would be somewhat like having to contemplate the ancient world without the loveliness of Greece. There is nothing much of practical use to be learned by the average American from the political career and material problems of the French race. But a larger acquaintance with their tasteful arts and artisanship would aid directly in enhancing the beauty, charm and desirableness of our own homes and public existence.

Modern sculpture, for instance, would be slight had there not been Paris. French statuary is an afterglow of that glory of the Hellenes which we go far to idealise and aspire after. And yet sculpture is barely mentioned in Professor Guérard's volume. One finds frequently the name of M. Méline, with his political manœvres in behalf of the agrarian interests—a name unknown in America. But the famous Rodin, a master of the ages, who belongs to us all, is scarcely even noticed. Is not Greek sculpture of more civilising worth, active influence, lasting inspiration to-day than the record of Greek governmental shifts and Athenian revenue policies?

What the French did in the past century in developing the manufacture of porcelains and fine cloths (as examples) is left unnoted by our author. And yet the theme is French *civilisation,* not political civilisation. Moralists and philosophers extol the home as the unit, centre and crown of modern life, but histories conventionally do not concern themselves with it. In their general scope for the every-day reader and homemaker they seem adapted to an imputed desire on his or her part to become fitted for statesmanship rather than to become fitted for a more cultivated and humanised individuality. History used to mean largely wars, military campaigns. In our day it deals tremendously with civic battles, civil strife. Eventually will it not more happily record the progress of arts, of refinements, and of the smaller virtues that concern and constitute the real life of the people?

In Professor Guérard's three hundred pages, then, but twenty-three are devoted to "culture." "Society" and "culture" occupy one-seventh part in this "historical introduction" about a race whose distinctive mission has been to gladden the eye and senses with what is comely, to brighten and beautify existence, to make it appear as a less hard, heavy, ungainly thing. Not that one means to be critical, for this is still the recognised fashion of the historian. To exist, to subsist, requires such an overwhelming part of human attention and energy. Eyes and

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noses must be kept down to the exacting soil. So little time and habitude remain to look up, behold, breathe in and enjoy the flower itself.

Half of the present volume is rightfully devoted to the time of the Third Republic—the great miracle in France since Napoleon. Under the Republic the mode and motto at the close of the century began to be "life"—something to be "acted," not merely dreamed of or felt. This is reported as the new watchword, succeeding the "science" of Zola's day. In Voltaire's time it was "reason," in Napoleon's time, "glory." To-morrow it will be something else in that "fair land of cheerful toil, moderate desires, and smiling common sense."

Stuart Henry.

II

Katharine Fullerton Gerould's "Vain Oblations"*

It would be indeed a temptation to trace the influences which one might assume had gone into the making of Mrs. Gerould's style and general manner of telling a story; but such an indulgence would at best be but critical vanity with little to be gained from it. That she possesses the keen analysis of a Mrs. Wharton, the tropical colouring of a Conrad and the sombre imagination of a Dawson are apparent; yet she brings to this very remarkable collection of short stories a distinct personality which never eludes the reader. Sensitively alive to the ironies of life she records the part which Fate persists in playing, and throughout one detects a feeling of the fundamental futility of much that one calls human endeavour. Over her pages there is a gloss of cynicism which accentuates the general grimness of her outlook; but this is livened and toned with a broad culture which removes it from the easy flippancy of a shallow observer. Indeed Mrs. Gerould knows life, and it is this sense of life which lifts these stories into the realm of art, even if at times the plots upon which they are founded require a stretch of credulity. Exactly what one means by the feminine touch is hard to determine: these stories seem to lack it and had they been published anonymously they would seem to have sprung from a man of the world. There is nothing provincial in any one of them: they are broadly cosmopolitan, both in the characters concerned and in the backgrounds against which her people contend. Some will appeal more than others; but this is a matter of taste. The total impression is undeniable that a strong and vigorous writer is handling the difficult medium of the short-story form with compelling power. *Vain Oblations* is, in fact, the best collection of short stories of the year.

The title story well deserves the general acclaim with which it was received when published serially. It has a tropical background which she also utilises in "The Tortoise" and "The Case of Paramore." In all three there is the influence which environment plays upon character, altering it and bending it to its "fell purpose." It is most subtly accomplished, perhaps, in the first story, which for tragedy is about as gruesome as anyone would wish. The author herself has the trick throughout of emphasising how unusual the situations are in which her characters are placed and in "Vain Oblations" we quite agree. Here we have a missionary girl captured by a savage tribe and forced to be a concubine of the chief, partaking of all the tribal customs. To her comes the white man she has been engaged to and who has searched for her ever since the pillage of the camp. He does not recognise her, though he knows, beneath her savage make-up, she is a white woman. She in turn rather than have him realise to what depths she has fallen, deceives him. In her wild *grotesqueries* one recalls a scene in "The Heart of Darkness," which is its pendant in horror. "The Tortoise," though less terrible in treatment, is founded on the same "sacrifice" motive. Chalmers is a very unusual person, but the author's skill makes plausible his marriage with a girl

*Vain Oblations. By Katharine Fullerton Gerould. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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whose lover has died, as she thinks in Africa, and whose body she is morbidly determined to recover. Here the author's dramatic sense is revealed in a vivid scene where the girl finally surrenders herself to Chalmers only to find that the man they have been seeking is in the same house.

"On the Staircase" is the author's only venture into the metaphysical, and here one might detect Henry James even if he hadn't written *The Turn of the Screw*. Mrs. Gerould has given a penetrating study of character which removes it from the ordinary story of its type. But her analysis is best seen in "The Divided Kingdom," which is a sheer study of temperament. In speaking of Dorrien in this, for example, there is an illuminating bit of writing illustrative of her facility.

> He was a scientist of sorts, at least by predilection; but he was also healthy and immensely masculine. He couldn't personify Science and then treat her as if she were really a woman. He knew the difference. I've seen men who didn't. They are the lucky ones. Dorrien was unlucky; he had no end of conflicting desires. He wanted abnormal conditions *plus* a normal life; and he wanted a little fame thrown in. . . . He knew that Science could never, for him, be a mistress, and he wasn't a man to exist on merely Platonic relations. He wanted incompatible goods.

The whole tragedy of their married life is summed up in the sentence:

> They only wanted different things for each other, with the best conscience in the world.

But the story which remains most vivid is the somewhat melodramatic "The Wine of Violence." This is a grim study in hate: the husband going to his death because he has been found guilty of having murdered his wife, who has disappeared; the wife letting him die so that she would forever be rid of him. Despite a certain studied effect the suspense in this story is very ingeniously achieved. In this respect it is the best in a volume of such high excellence that one is even inclined to praise. "The Mango-Seed" and "The Case of Paramore," far less successful stories, but like the others, written with the skill of a born storyteller.

Griffin Mace.

III

Joseph Conrad's "The Nigger of the Narcissus"*

With the commendable desire of bringing out a uniform edition of Conrad his publishers have now purchased the old plates of *The Children of the Sea* and have brought that novel out under its original title, *The Nigger of the Narcissus*. What is of especial interest, however, to the admirers of this foremost novelist, is a foreword recently written by the author as well as a suppressed preface which did not appear when the book was published, but which was appended to the serialisation in the *New Review*. Both are revealatory of the man's art as well as his peculiar regard for this early novel. James Wait, who serves as model for the dynamic character which gives the novel its name, was a real person who was in Conrad's watch when he, too, was on the sea.

> But in the book he is nothing; he is merely the centre of the ship's collective psychology and the pivot of action. Yet he who in the family circle and amongst my friends is familiarly referred to as the Nigger, remains very precious to me. For the book written around him is not the sort of thing that can be attempted more than once in a lifetime. It is the book by which, not as a novelist, perhaps, but as an artist striving for the utmost sincerity of expression, I am willing to stand or fall. Its pages are the tribute of my unalterable and profound affection for the ship, the seamen, the winds and the great sea—the moulders of my youth, the companions of the best years of my life.
>
> After writing the last words of that book, in the revulsion of feeling before the com-

*The Nigger of the Narcissus. By Joseph Conrad. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company, Garden City.

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pleted task, I understood that I had done with the sea, and that henceforth I had to be a writer. And almost without laying down the pen I wrote the preface, trying to express the spirit in which I was entering on the task of my new life.

Since this preface is reproduced with his approval it may be taken as Conrad's present feeling toward the task he has accomplished with such brilliancy of achievement. After pointing out that the thinker plunges into ideas and the scientist into facts, the artist, who resembles them both in seeking truth, must necessarily go beyond them by descending into himself before the same enigmatical spectacle of life.

His appeal is less loud, more profound, less distinct, more stirring—and sooner forgotten. Yet its effect endures forever. The changing wisdom of successive generations discards ideas, questions facts, demolishes theories. But the artist appeals to that part of our being which is not dependent on wisdom; to that in us which is a gift and not an acquisition—and therefore more permanently enduring. He speaks to our capacity for delight and wonder, to the sense of mystery surrounding our lives: to our sense of pity, and beauty and pain: to the latent feeling of fellowship with all creation—and to the subtle but invincible, conviction of solidarity that knits together the loneliness in innumerable hearts to the solidarity in dreams, in joy, in sorrow, in aspirations, in illusions, in hope, in fear, which binds men to each other, which binds together all humanity—the dead to the living and the living to the unborn.

Conrad admits allegiance to no school of writing; his task is above all to make the reader *see*.

If I succeed, you shall find there according to your deserts: encouragement, consolation, fear, charm—all you demand, and perhaps, also that glimpse of truth for which you have forgotten to ask. . . . To snatch in a moment of courage, from the remorseless rush of time, a passing phase of life, is only the beginning of the task. The task approached in tenderness and faith is to hold up unquestioningly, without choice and without fear, the rescued fragments before all eyes and in the light of a sincere mood. It is to show its vibration, its colour, its form; and through its movement, its form and its colour, reveal the substance of its truth—disclose its inspiring secret: the stress and passion within the core of each convincing moment. In a single-minded attempt of that kind, if one be deserving and fortunate, one may perchance attain to such clearness of sincerity that at last the presented vision of regret or pity, of terror or mirth, shall awaken in the hearts of the beholders that feeling of unavoidable solidarity; of the solidarity in mysterious origin, in toil, in joy, in hope, in uncertain fate, which binds men to each other and all mankind to the visible world.

It is natural to see how this philosophy of life has been drawn from the author's years of contact with the sea, and a rereading of this present novel only accentuates the sources of his inspiration. Conrad has no other doctrine to preach; he is never the propagandist with a mission: he seeks to broaden human sympathies. In *The Nigger of the Narcissus* he is concerned only with the crew on a ship, making a four-month voyage; yet his art is such that one gains a sense that all of life is condensed into the lives of those few men. It is interesting, too, in comparing it with his latest book, for example, to see the continued love of the sea predicated in his preface. But his method has changed. The early book is told in the accepted canons of story-telling: it is direct narrative, at least; while in *Chance*, as in *Lord Jim* and others, he pieces his story out through indirection, which to some readers is a difficult method no matter the verisimilitude gained. No female interest is dragged into this story of a crew: he is concerned with men. Yet his later book reveals him the profound psychologist of femininity. What is interesting is to see that Conrad stepped, like Meredith, immediately into his art: he was born to write, though he delayed till after forty. *The*

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Nigger of the Narcissus is one of the world's great sea stories, differing from others in that it is psychological as well as external. It is full of unforgettable scenes, such as the death of Wait under the scorn of Donkin ("when something resembling a scarlet thread hung down his chin out of the corner of his lips") and also the subsequent burial when the body refuses to slip over the side of the boat into the sea.

Conrad says that the most gratifying recollections of his life was when W. E. Henley wrote, after seeing two chapters of this novel: "Tell Conrad that if the rest is up to the sample it shall certainly come out in the *New Review.*" That it was subsequently published by that editor is high testimonial of how it was held by that discriminating critic.

George Middleton.

IV

Louis Evan Shipman's "The True Adventure of a Play"*

It is no easy task to tell a very intimate "inside" story yet not violate taste and a sense of proportion. Mr. Shipman, in recounting the adventures of his play, *D'Arcy of the Guards,* has not only avoided such pitfalls, but, with his usual grace of expression, he has brought forth a little story which will be of infinite assistance to all playwrights—who are or would be. Indeed it is in a spirit of helpfulness to others that he has approached his idea, and certainly no aspirant for fame on Broadway could fail to see a phase of theatrical conditions illumined by this detailed account of facts which reveal the uncertainties of play producing. It is well to warn the reader, at the start, that the story which Mr. Shipman tells is in no way exceptional. In fact, if there is any criticism at all, one might say that, on the whole, he had a very easy time of it. He at least achieved production for his play by two distinguished artists, and while he suffered somewhat from the usual deceptions handed to playwrights, his main need throughout was patience. As he only set out to tell a simple story of one play any further suggestion as to what he might have done would be ungenerous. There yet remains to be written the detailed story of the chaotic conditions in the theatre as they affect the playwright: this book is the nearest approach to any that we have, and while it is limited intentionally, it is of exceptional interest. The sly humour, and skilful thrusts at several well-known actors and play agents, the large number of personal letters from prominent managers give to the entire story that personal touch so necessary in a book of this sort.

After recounting how the idea came to him to write a play upon a Colonial theme, the author proceeds to give a list of the number of people who read the play and their various reactions. The reason plays are turned down are here partly revealed—at least why this particular play was rejected. One amusing touch is contained in a letter from E. H. Sothern, who wanted a play "with a big part for me." Another actress writes of the leading feminine rôle: "Pamela is not strong enough for me, I see her charm." From these phrases the budding playwright may deduce that one of the first rules in selling a play to a star is that the leading rôle should be a "fat" one. Even when the play was eventually produced by Henry Miller, the letters reveal that many lines were taken from one character and given to him. As this is a perfectly natural procedure it is merely interesting to call attention to it —as a lesson in practical play-writing. A very revealing letter is one written by Mr. Miller to the author when the play had run a short while, begging him "to build it up." Here we see the author and actor working in complete harmony as to changes—which is in itself a phenomenon. Inside views of the mystery of the "booking department" is also shown the reader, who may often have wondered how plays reach the city. In fact, an amusing anecdote is told on Mr. Frohman who, seeing an enthusiastic no-

*The True Adventure of a Play. By Louis Evan Shipman. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

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tice of the play written in the *Evening Sun,* thought it was by Acton Davies. On the strength of this, Mr. Frohman consented to see the play and it was eventually "booked" in one of his New York theatres. But before it opened it had to be rehearsed under Mr. Frohman's eye with further resulting changes more or less important. From all of which one deduces the truth of Boucicault's remark, "that plays are not written, but rewritten."

It is unnecessary to give in detail the further adventures of *D'Arcy;* although the London complications with three well-known stars seeking it is as amusing to the reader as it must have been tragic to the nervously anxious author. After three years it saw the light. London, New York and all the "stock" cities in the country gave it a hearing, and when all was thought over the author recounts an offer to have it done in motion pictures. All of which shows that a play has a peculiar life if it once gets started with anything like success.

At the end of the volume Mr. Shipman gives several contracts which should serve as models to any playwright approaching a sale for the first time. These are of the usual phraseology, but they are instructive samples to guide the ignorant in the mazes of theatrical business. The book is, therefore, valuable to the playwright; and because of its charm and personal note is not uninteresting reading to the layman who would know of the things on the other side of the proscenium.

John Blakeslee.

THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL BAG

I

HERE is a letter from Mr. Reginald Wright Kauffman provoked by Dr. Ellis P. Oberholtzer's personal reminiscences of Weir Mitchell in the April BOOKMAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE BOOKMAN":

I have read with much interest Ellis P. Oberholtzer's "Personal Reminiscences of Weir Mitchell" in the April BOOKMAN. They are so pleasant—and doubtless, on the whole, so authentic—that I hesitate to question any part of them; yet two of the incidents included in them are so erroneous that I am sure Dr. Oberholtzer will be glad to see them corrected.

In the first place, if Dr. Mitchell, at the bedside of the dying Archbishop Ryan, did indeed say: "An old man's blessing upon another old man should be gratefully received"—he, of course, intended the words to be accepted as the quotation that all the world knows them to be.

Secondly, Dr. Oberholtzer does not spare newspaper-reporters in his reminiscences, and this in spite of the fact that, in *Who's Who in America,* he says that he himself "engaged in newspaper work for a number of years": he declares that Dr. Mitchell "often enjoyed speaking of the distinction that was his of being the only man in America who had never been interviewed." Surely Dr. Oberholtzer's memory is here again at fault. I do not know how often Dr. Mitchell was interviewed, but I know that he was interviewed. I interviewed him.

There was talk of an encroachment upon some historical house in Germantown—a house, I believe, mentioned in *Hugh Wynne.* Mr. Harvey Maitland Watts (then managing-editor of *The Philadelphia Press,* now of *The Public Ledger*) knew Dr. Mitchell in the Pegasus Club, of which we were all three members. Mr. Watts asked me to interview Dr. Mitchell. My recollection is that I wrote Dr. Mitchell for an appointment and that he made one. At any rate, I went to see him and he submitted most courteously to the ordeal of an interview. No only that: I asked him if I should send him a proof of what I should write of that interview. His reply was: "Don't bother. I am bitterly opposed to this destruction of

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historical monuments: you can't quote me as speaking too strongly."

Of course I had not gone to him precisely as a reporter, since I was at that time a member of the editorial staff of my paper. Nevertheless, my work in this instance was interviewing of the common or garden variety. After its publication, Dr. Mitchell even wrote me a note commending its presentation of his sentiments.

I mention this at so much length because Dr. Oberholtzer is not alone in this one of his mistakes. At the time of Dr. Mitchell's death, many obituary notices spoke of Dr. Mitchell as never having been interviewed. These, of course, misled Dr. Oberholtzer, but the statement was one that Dr. Mitchell would have been the first to deny.

Very truly yours,

REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN.

COLUMBIA, PENNA.,
6th May, 1914.

II

Here is a letter which we are glad to print for several reasons. In the first place there come to this office a great many letters telling of experiences with so-called "literary bureaus," and asking for our assistance and advice. Much as we should like to accede to those requests it will be perfectly obvious that we can do so only on rare occasions. There are black sheep masquerading as "literary agents" with no other purpose than to feed upon the vanity and inexperience of authors. On the other hand, both in England and in this country there are agents whose efficiency and integrity are above all doubt. As this letter very soundly points out, if the writer would only realise the importance of finding out the financial and literary standing of the agent before becoming a client, there would be few disappointments and misunderstandings.

May 12, 1914.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE BOOKMAN":

A few weeks ago I attended the meeting of a Writers' Club when one of the subjects under discussion was, "Do you Believe in the Literary Agent?" I was amazed to hear almost all of the members testify to various difficulties they had gotten into through the employment of so-called agents. Out of respect to my own profession I investigated the matter and found that most of these women had employed "bureaus" or "syndicates" which have no standing, and which make a practice of taking a large percentage of the author's earnings.

In view of the fact that the business of the literary agent is a useful and reputable one in England and in America, may I ask you to print in the columns of THE BOOKMAN as much of this letter as you see fit?

I should like to point out to every writer in the country the importance of finding out the financial and literary standing of the agent. We handle an author's money, and it is quite right and proper that we should give satisfactory references. I also think it very necessary that the writer should know something of the literary experience of the agent, as he or she should be able to judge intelligently of the literary as well as the financial worth of a manuscript.

Many authors, especially new ones, know very little of the market value of their work. Some of them think they have written masterpieces of priceless value, while others lean toward too modest an opinion of their own productions. Each class, therefore, makes mistakes when trying to market their goods.

I feel that many of the big and little writers abroad and in this country owe much of their success to the faithful work of their literary agents, and I appeal to all writers to suspend judgment of this profession until they have found out for themselves just what is being done.

I repeat that the unworthy literary agent would soon be run out of business if the author took precautions not to give him any work unless his references are absolutely satisfactory.

Thanking you for any attention that you may give to this letter, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

F. M. HOLLY.

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SECOND-RATE CLASSICS

BY EDWARD FULLER

DEFINING a classic is as difficult as defining literature or poetry or love, or any subject which appeals to the imagination; for a definition is valuable in proportion to its exactness, and the imagination shrinks from the exact. Perhaps it is sufficient to say that any work which by common critical consent has won an established place in literature is a classic. Whether much read or little read, it cannot be quite forgotten. Too often "the books that no gentleman's library should be without" stand untouched on the shelves. But some of the great figures of history are equally remote. Napoleon is not a better soldier than Hannibal because we talk about him more. We must admit that *Paradise Lost* is a classic, though we may prefer *Obermann*. Yet the success of certain popular collections suggests that the classics on the whole are widely read—or at least bought. Nor is it altogether rash to conclude that the classic which does not maintain a measure of readableness through all the chances and changes of literary fashion is the exception rather than the rule. If it were not so, the verdict of criticism would count for very little. And in a sense the greatest work satisfies the most diverse needs. Thus Shakespeare finds quite as much appreciation in the gallery as in the stalls. A limited audience means that a classic falls short of the universal quality of genius—that it is, in short, a minor classic. *Vathek* is an extreme example of a minor classic.

The double standard in criticism has resulted in as many perplexities as the double standard in morals. We naturally give precedence to the writers whose spirits touch to fine issues all sorts and conditions of men. No one would say that Lovelace is as great a poet as Wordsworth, although two of his poems are quite as good as Wordsworth's best. Nevertheless, the minor classics are classics because they have something of the quality of the major classics. Mrs. Gaskell is not Thackeray, but *Cranford* is as perfect in its kind as *Vanity Fair*. Probably it is also as widely read. No doubt the general judgment is in the main sound; otherwise such masterpieces as *The Odyssey, The Æneid, The Divine Comedy* and *Don Quixote* would be as good as dead. That is not a sane principle of criticism which would make the power to discriminate a possession of the few. Yet this same general judgment has now and then fallen into strange aberrations. The remarkable vogue of the books which we may call second-rate classics shows that. The term is in a sense a misnomer; strictly speaking, a classic cannot be second-rate; if it be it falls short of the classical standard. But if wide and long-continuing acceptance is one of the characteristics of a classic, then indeed such books cannot be dismissed with contempt. They have vitality, if nothing more.

Let us not confound the minor classic with the second-rate classic. The former, to deserve its place, must at least be good of its kind. This test makes books like *Annals of the Parish* or *Our Village* minor, but not second-rate. They have that sincerity which is the saving salt of literature. The list might be easily extended: *Harry Lorrequer, Midshipman Easy, Moby Dick, Two Years Before the Mast, The Tower of London, Who Breaks—Pays.* But there is no need to stretch out the line to the crack of doom. And there are other books which can hardly be called minor classics and yet which are not precisely second-rate: *Quits, The Heir of Redclyffe, Tricotrin, The First Violin*—here, too, a catalogue is unnecessary. Most of these have lost their vogue—at least for the time—but

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they are far better worth while than the vast majority of the novels of the present moment. There are those who will smile at *Tricotrin* and "Ouida," but that moving tale, and *Under Two Flags*, perhaps, are not quite second-rate; and *A Dog of Flanders* and *Two Little Wooden Shoes* may well be reckoned among the minor classics. With all her errors of taste and her lapses into false sentiment, "Ouida" had in her a spark of the divine fire. She may still be counted among the living, for her books are still read. But another woman writer, quite as remarkable, seems to be practically unread. One searches in vain among dictionaries of literature and similar works of reference for the name of Mrs. Charles Jenkin, although a few grudging lines are given to her in *The Dictionary of National Biography*, where her son, Fleeming Jenkin, occupies a much larger space. *Who Breaks—Pays*, however, is a fine novel, despite superficial blemishes. To the modern reader the style may occasionally seem a trifle stilted; but it is not more so than that of Dickens. There is an old-fashioned touch in the apostrophes. "Be grateful, Lill, to Guiliani"—the modern novelist does not thus advise a heroine. But not a little of the easy, touch-and-go dialogue of the present time is quite as artificial. In a story in a current magazine there is a passage which might credibly be labelled early Victorian:

> "Do you believe," she asked, "that souls are created in twos, and that here upon earth each seeks its complement?"
>
> "I do," said he. "Do you?"
>
> "Yes."
>
> A little silence fell between them.
>
> "And do you think one recognises one's other self instinctively?"
>
> "Yes," said he. "Do you?"
>
> "Yes."
>
> Warm colour surged under her clear skin.
>
> Her dark eyes met his, almost shyly.

The early Victorians did this sort of thing much better. They made it seem natural. The author of *Guy Livingston* would have carried through a scene like this and actually moved the reader; in its twentieth century guise it is mere rubbish. Mrs. Jenkin is, of course, a much finer artist than the author of *Guy Livingston*. The people in *Who Breaks—Pays* are very much alive. The time is in the late forties, and the scene opens in Paris, then is shifted to England and to Italy. Lill Tufton is an English girl of the butterfly type so often affected by women writers. But, in spite of her superficial frivolity, she is capable of deep feeling, after the fashion of Miss Rhoda Broughton's heroines. An Italian nobleman, making his living in Paris as a teacher of languages, is attracted to her against his will. But the very strength of his self-control attracts her to him, and at last he is driven to confess his love. Lill's interest in him is not love, however, and finally he renounces her and she marries an English baronet. "Chi rompe—paga." The Italian proverb which gives the book its title is justified by the result of this marriage; for Lill suffers bitterly, though not wholly by her husband's fault. "I don't know how it is," she says on one occasion, "but everything I try to do right turns out wrong." Her story is thus a spectacle of a helpless victim in the hands of fate. It has had many successors—*Strangers and Pilgrims* may be mentioned as one of them—but its poignancy is not easily surpassed. One feature of *Who Breaks—Pays* is the sympathetic understanding of the Italian character and the desire for the freedom of Italy which so many cultivated English people showed at that time. Mrs. Jenkin's book can be found in most of the public libraries, probably. It will be worth the reader's while to ask for a copy.

It might be accounted a strong indictment of public taste that the second-rate classic should so often outlive the minor classic. Mrs. Wood was practically contemporary with Mrs. Jenkin. Yet thousands still read *East Lynne* for one who reads *Who Breaks—Pays*. The fact cannot be explained by simply saying that the liking for trash is eternal. Trash, if it be nothing more, is quickly forgot-

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ten. Even a novel of some merit may not outlast the year of its publication. If a book, the faults of which are obvious, not only wins instant popularity, but holds its own for years after, it must have some qualities which deserve respect; it must resemble a classic, at least, in its universal appeal. An examination of the second-rate classics of the last two centuries reveals two significant considerations: these books have either dramatic, perhaps melodramatic, vigour, or what the theatrical managers call "a strong heart interest;" and frequently they have both. One early example, *The Fool of Quality*, is an apparent exception to this rule. But, although Henry Brooke's tale is five volumes long, and seems to us tedious beyond words, full of digressions, dialogues and stories within stories as it is, there is humour in it and a sense of contrast that approaches the dramatic, nor is it devoid of that peculiar sentimentality characteristic of the eighteenth century. "The tear of generosity" interrupts its fist battles and other Londonian episodes. John Wesley was so fond of it that he prepared an abridgment, and the apostle of muscular Christianity praised it highly. But neither Wesley nor Charles Kingsley had much critical acumen.

In three conspicuous early examples of the second-rate classic it is melodrama of the crudest kind which holds the reader's attention. When Horace Walpole wrote (presumably with his tongue in his cheek) *The Castle of Otranto*, he set a fashion long to be popular. It is a little surprising that his use of the supernatural should have been accepted in an age inclined to scepticism. Yet how often have those who disdain religion as superstition exhibited their own credulty! We can understand why Frederic's blood should freeze in his veins when the mysterious figure in a hermit's cowl reveals "the fleshless jaws and empty sockets of a skeleton" and speaks to him "in a hollow voice." But why should the printed account of the occurrence produce gooseflesh? Walpole's imitator, Mrs. Radcliffe, is much more plausible; in *The Mysteries of Udolpho* everything is explained by trap doors and sliding panels. Her use of nature to heighten scenes of horror is in a way justifiable. Mark how she pictures the castle in which her heroine is to undergo so many dreadful experiences:

> Emily gazed with melancholy upon the castle. . . As she gazed the light died away on its walls, leaving a melancholy purple tint, which spread deeper and deeper as the thin vapour crept up the mountain, while the battlements above were still tipped with splendour. From them, too, the rays soon faded, and the whole edifice was invested with the solemn duskiness of evening. Silent, lonely and sublime, it seemed to stand the sovereign of the scene, and to frown defiance on all who dared to invade its solitary reign. As the twilight deepened, its features became more awful in obscurity, and Emily continued to gaze till its clustering towers alone were seen rising over the tops of the woods, beneath whose thick shade the carriages began soon after to ascend.

After this dreadful note of preparation, what may we not expect? No wonder Emily had to sit down now and then and "compose the following lines" to relieve her feelings a little! But the "heart interest" plays a small part in comparison with the melodrama. This is even more true of *The Monk*, the extravagantly supernatural and often nasty effort of Matthew Gregory Lewis to outdo all competitors. Lewis was but twenty when he wrote it; but, although he did much other work, some of it fairly good, he was known always after as "Monk" Lewis. It is curious to remember that Scott, then a young man, was greatly elated when so distinguished an author asked him to dinner and took the trouble to criticise his work. None of these second-rate classics is much read now; but we do not have to go back much further than half a century to find them still admired.

"Heart interest" explains to some extent the vogue of three other books. *The Man of Feeling* made Henry Mackenzie a great literary light in Edinburgh even

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after Scott showed above the horizon. Mackenzie is an obvious disciple of Sterne, though quite deficient in Sterne's sly and usually coarse humour. His hero is bashful, sensitive and excessively delicate, and even his villain makes an edifying death-bed repentance. The former "apostrophises" everything. When he leaves his aunt's home to go to London he has a moving scene with his servant:

> Harley shook him by the hand as he passed, smiling, as if he had said, "I will not weep." He sprang hastily into the chaise that waited for him. Peter folded up the step. "My dear master," said he, shaking the solitary lock that hung on either side of his head, "I have been told as how London is a sad place." He was choked with the thought, and his benediction could not be heard. But it shall be heard, honest Peter! where these tears will add to its energy.

Mrs. Elizabeth Inchbald, the beautiful and ostentatiously virtuous actress, dramatist and novelist, made *A Simple Story* combine "heart interest" with rigid morality. Her aim was to display "the improper education of the unthinking Miss Milner," and to describe the conflict between religion and love. The story was greatly admired by an earlier generation; but, as Mrs. Oliphant reminds us, "there were no *Waverley Novels* in those days, no Jane Austen, no Maria Edgeworth." The modern reader would probably find Mrs. Inchbald's *Nature and Art* more amusing because more absurd. Thus Agnes is condemned to death by the judge who had seduced her, but who does not recognise her, although "in every heavy hour passed with his wife he was sure to think of her!" He does not discover the truth until after Agnes is dead, and then he feels a quite natural surprise at his blindness:

> But wonder, astonishment, horror and every other sensation was absorbed by—*remorse*. It wounded, it stabbed, it rent his hard heart as it would do a tender one; it havocked on his firm inflexible mind as it would on a weak and pliant brain! Spirit of Agnes! look down, and behold all your wrongs revenged! William feels—*remorse*.

Thaddeus of Warsaw enjoyed a longer popularity than either of these novels. Perhaps there are young persons who read it still. It is the kind of book that captivates schoolgirls, and the mothers of the present day will recall that in their youth it had not lost that virtue. It was translated into French and German; it pleased Kosciuszko, to whose fame it was an obvious tribute; and it procured for its author, Miss Jane Porter, an honorary office from the King of Würtemberg. The Thaddeus of *The Bohemian Girl*, exiled "when the fair land of Poland was ploughed by the hoof of the ruthless invader," is a pale reflection of its hero. The story reeks with sentimentality, and the tears flow freely on every possible occasion. But its popularity is undeniable. It went through edition after edition while Miss Porter lived, and it is still included in more than one "library" of fiction. Perhaps the action in it has helped to keep it alive. Thaddeus has plenty of adventures, both in fighting for Poland and during his exile in England. Then, too, he is a Sobieski, and the glamour of that name has not quite vanished even yet. He lives in England as Mr. Constantine. He takes lodgings with "a worthy woman," and acts as her good angel, though he has to pawn his belongings to do so. He rescues a lovely lady of title from ruffians, and is thus introduced as a teacher of languages to the highest circles. This is the lofty way in which he "converses" with Lady Tinemouth:

> "My family was one of the first in Poland. Even in banishment, the remembrance that its virtues were as well known as its name, affords some alleviation to the conviction that when my country fell, all my property and all my kindred were involved in the ruin. Soon after the dreadful sealing of its fate, I quitted it, and by the command of a dying parent, who expired in my arms, sought refuge in this island from degradations which otherwise I could neither repel nor avoid."
>
> Thaddeus sighed; and the Countess, struck by the graceful modesty with which this

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simple account was related, laid her hand upon his.

"Mr. Constantine, I am not surprised at what you have said. The melancholy of your air induced me to suspect that you were not happy, and my sole wish in penetrating your reserve was to show you that a woman can be a sincere friend."

Tears of gratitude glistened in the Count's eyes. Incapable of making a suitable reply, he pressed her hand to his lips. She rose; and willing to relieve a sensibility which delighted her, added, "I will not detain you longer; only let me see you soon."

A man of feeling indeed! Nor does his sensibility desert him when he confesses to the beautiful Mary Beaufort, in the presence of her uncle, his love for her. Miss Beaufort had fallen in love with him before he spoke, and had "bedewed" her pillow "with delicious but bitter tears." "Ah, is it come to this?" she cries, "pressing down her saturated eyelids with her hand." Here is his proposal:

"Honoured, dearest Miss Beaufort! may I indulge the idea that I am blessed with your regard?"

She could not reply, but whispered to her uncle, "Pray, sir, desire him to rise! I am overwhelmed."

"My sweet Mary!" returned the baronet, pressing her to his breast, "this is no time for deception on either side. I know both your hearts. Rise, Thaddeus! Take him, Mary!"

The language in *Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model* is not more elegant. But the power of "heart interest" is such that readers of intelligence admired *Thaddeus of Warsaw* as much as *Waverley*. We may laugh at it now all we please, but that fact is one which cannot be explained away.

With few exceptions, the second-rate classics are highly moral. Doubtless this is another explanation of their success. A popular audience is always strong on virtue's side, however often its individual members may have dallied with vice.

When the burglar isn't occupied with burgling,
When the criminal is not intent on crime,
He loves to hear the little brook a-gurgling,
And listen to the merry village chime.

And we all know that the girl whose habits are open to suspicion is invariably "good to her mother," and that the scenes of childhood are dear to the heart of the hard and stern oppressor of the poor. Mary Howitt's *Sowing and Reaping* illustrates this unimpeachable truth. The story is that of a foolish mother who indulges her son Richard and neglects her daughter Elizabeth. Richard goes to the bad, of course, and he and his mother manage so to entangle the estate that an unscrupulous uncle gets possession of it. When Richard has been driven to crime he turns on his mother and blames her. Then the injured daughter attempts to console her:

"Dearest mother! speak to me!" exclaimed she, falling on her knees before her.

"Serpent! viper!" exclaimed Mrs. Durant, catching away her hands, and starting up.

"Mother!" repeated Elizabeth, rising from her knees.

"Go, child!" said she, fixing her eyes on her child with great severity, "go, I say!"

"I will not go," replied Elizabeth, with tenderness and yet with firmness; "not till I know that it is not in a daughter's power to render service to a mother. It is the privilege of the most holy and tender of relationships to perform such a duty, and I demand this privilege from you! Before Heaven, I demand it!" said Elizabeth, again sinking upon her knees before her mother, and kissing her hand.

Such, in more modern language, is the attitude of the heroine of the second-rate classic of our own time.

It is not difficult to discover from these older examples what are the essential merits of a second-rate classic. Characters sharply drawn—the black all black and the white all white—and treated with poetic justice; sentiment of the fundamental kind; pathos just removed from bathos; exaggerated contrasts; a moral

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lesson: by such devices the heart of the great public is touched. Yet the author must not get too far away from life. There must be a semblance of truth, if not the truth itself. For the great public likes to recognise human nature, not precisely as it is, but as it ought to be.

Among all the second-rate classics with which readers are still familiar, there is no doubt as to the supremacy of *East Lynne*. It is still a "best seller" after half a century, and the stage version still draws audiences in the "one-night stands." Nor is the secret hard to fathom. In the first place, *East Lynne* is sincerely written. In the second place, it deals with a genuinely moving situation. The scoundrel who takes Lady Isabel away from her husband is, to be sure, a rather commonplace copy of the bold bad guardsman of "Ouida" and George A. Lawrence. It is hard to believe that any woman, however much circumstances might lead her to suspect a man like Archibald Carlyle—and, indeed, they are only trifles light as air which seem to Lady Isabel confirmation strong as proof of holy writ—could bolt with a man like Sir Francis Levison. But the return of the erring wife and mother, after an accident which has disguised and disfigured her, and in which she was reported killed, to her home, her long agony under the same roof with her children whom she cannot own and her husband's second wife, who has succeeded to the affection she threw away, is finely conceived and well wrought out; and her boy's death, followed by her own, are scenes which bring the tears even to sophisticated eyes. Mrs. Wood also displays much insight and humour in drawing the other characters. It is easy to conceive of a great novelist rewriting *East Lynne* and making it a great novel. That is something which cannot be said of every second-rate classic.

East Lynne thus seems to have much more vitality than such a second-rate classic as *John Halifax, Gentleman*. There was a time when Mrs. Craik had a wider circle of readers than that great artist and woman of genius, Mrs. Oliphant; but it may be permissible to think that *Miss Marjoribanks* and *Kirsteen* will survive long after *John Halifax, Gentleman* is forgotten. It is plain enough why the book made such a furore in its time. Its evangelical morality was unexceptional and its glorification of middle-class ideas was perfect. But it lacked humour. The stories of Mrs. Craik's contemporary, *The Arundel Motto* and *Old Myddleton's Money*, almost equally popular in their time, may be more entirely forgotten, but they would be less tedious to the modern reader. Indeed, Miss Mary Cecil Hay was often a little better than second-rate. Possibly such successors as Mrs. Hungerford—the "Duchess," whom Mr. Tassin recently celebrated in these pages—and Mrs. Alexander will find oblivion quite as speedily, and it may be doubted if Mr. Charles Garvice's novels are remembered longer than the few hours required for perusing them. Yet with all their exaggerations they have a certain quality that distinguishes them honourably from many more pretentious novels. It would be perilous, perhaps, to name well-known writers of contemporary fame who come dangerously near to being second rate.

No doubt the prosperity of the second-rate classic lies to some extent in the attitude of him who reads it. We are apt to consider our fiction too nicely, to insist upon "veritism" just as we insist upon "real" bric-a-brac in a stage setting. But the fundamentals of human nature are independent, after all, of mere accessories. We forget the absurdities in novels that appeal to the primitive love of a good story just as we overlook the bad manners of those we love. And if one finds one's self reading a second-rate classic with a disturbing degree of appreciation, there should be consolation in the fact that many of the finest minds have done the same thing. The mental gulf between a Macaulay and a bagman may not be as great as we are wont to imagine.

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THE STORY OF AN EMPRESS

Part VII—Bismarck in the Saddle

After the death of Prince Albert, the relations between the Crown Princess and Bismarck become of absorbing interest to the student both of politics and of human nature.

Bismarck seems to have first met Prince Albert in the summer of 1855, when Queen Victoria and the Prince paid their state visit to Paris. In his *Reminiscences,* Bismarck says that in the Prince's manner to him there was a kind of "malevolent curiosity," and he convinced himself—not so much at the time as from subsequent events—that the Prince regarded him as a reactionary party man, who took up sides for Russia in order to further an Absolutist and "Junker" policy. Bismarck goes on to say that it was not to be wondered at that this view of the Prince's and of the then partisans of the Duke of Coburg descended to the Prince's daughter.

"Even soon after her arrival in Germany, in February, 1858, I became convinced, through members of the Royal House and from my own observations, that the Princess was prejudiced against me personally. The fact did not surprise me so much as the form in which her prejudice against me had been expressed in the narrow family circle—'she did not trust me.' I was prepared for antipathy on account of my alleged anti-English feelings and by reason of my refusal to obey English influences; but, from a conversation which I had with the Princess after the war of 1866, while sitting next to her at table, I was obliged to conclude that she had subsequently allowed herself to be influenced in her judgment of my character by further-reaching calumnies.

"I was ambitious, she said, in a half-jesting tone, to be a king or at least president of a republic. I replied in the same semi-jocular tone that I was personally spoilt for a Republican; that I had grown up in the Royalist traditions of the family, and had need of a monarchical institution for my earthly well-being: I thanked God, however, I was not destined to live like a king, constantly on show, but to be until death the king's faithful subject. I added that no guarantee could, however, be given that this conviction of mine would be universally inherited, and this not because Royalists would give out, but because perhaps kings might. 'Pour faire un civet, il faut un lièvre, et pour faire une monarchie, il faut un roi.' I could not answer for it that, for want of such, the next generation might not be Republican. I further remarked that, in thus expressing myself, I was not free from anxiety at the idea of a change in the occupancy of the throne without a transference of the monarchical traditions to the successor. But the Princess avoided every serious turn and kept up the jocular tone, as amiable and entertaining as ever; she rather gave me the impression that she wished to tease a political opponent.

"During the first years of my Ministry, I frequently remarked in the course of similar conversation that the Princess took pleasure in provoking my patriotic susceptibility by playful criticism of persons and matters."

In this passage we have evidently a perfectly frank expression of Bismarck's real feeling, and it gives an extraordinarily vivid picture of these two remarkable personalities, facing one another with watchful, guarded, measuring glance, like two duellists awaiting the signal for combat.

That Bismarck to a great extent misunderstood the Princess is plain enough, and indeed it would have been extraordinary if he had understood her, so different was she from any normal type of

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German lady. But there is abundant evidence that he did not underrate her intellectual ability, though it must have been a perpetual astonishment to him to find such mental powers in a woman, and there were even moments when the aims of the two, generally so wide apart, seemed actually to converge. It is curious to speculate how different the course of history might have been if the Princess had added to her other qualities that tact, prudence, and power of judging human character, which were surely alone wanting to make her one of the most remarkable women who have ever held her exalted rank.

The greatest injustice which Bismarck did the Princess lay in his suspicion—to use a mild term—of her German patriotism. The Prince Consort had consistently pursued the ideal of a union of the German States under the leadership of Prussia as the champion of German Liberalism. Such a new-born Germany might, or might not, have become the ally of England, but the Prince Consort must certainly be acquitted of any Machiavellian designs for the benefit of his adopted country; the supreme end he had in view was undoubtedly the happiness and greatness of Germany, and both his wife and his daughter knew and shared his aims.

From 1858 to 1861 the Prince Consort's influence in Prussian politics may almost be described as paramount; but the happy relations between England and Prussia were broken, partly by the inability of King William to share the liberalism of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, which seemed to him positively anti-monarchical, partly by anti-Prussian feeling in England, and partly by the claim of the Prussian Liberals to dictate to the Crown on the question of army reorganisation.

Prince Albert did not live to see how completely his hopes had been shattered, and his premature death deprived his daughter of his counsel at the very moment when Bismarck came into office in the full tide of Russophil reaction and Anglophobia.

It is difficult to realise, in view of later events, how strong was the distrust which Bismarck inspired at the beginning of his accession to power. It was known that he desired an alliance with Napoleon III, and it was even believed that he would be capable of ceding German territory to France.

The trend of popular opinion was significantly shown on March 17, 1863, when the fiftieth anniversary of the Proclamation "To my People" was celebrated, and the foundation-stone of a memorial to Frederick William III was laid in Berlin.

Nothing that the authorities could do to give distinction to the occasion was omitted. The Crown Prince, who had just been appointed to a high post on the staff, commanded the military parade, and was present with his father at the festivities in honour of the survivors of the War of Liberation and the Knights of the Iron Cross. The citizens of Berlin, however, were conspicuous by their absence, and the popular feeling was expressed by the great writer, Freytag, who said in an article in a Liberal newspaper: "All good Prussians will pass this day quietly, seriously, and will consider the means by which they may best preserve the illustrious House of Hohenzollern for the future welfare of the State."

The first real efforts made by Bismarck to alienate the King from the Crown Prince and Princess date from the year 1863, just when the Princess was beginning to recover her spirits and normal state of mental health.

"Every kind of calumny was spread," wrote Morier, "respecting the persons supposed to be the Prince's friends. Spies were placed over him in the shape of aides-de-camp and chamberlains; conversations were distorted and imagined, till the Dantzig episode brought matters to a climax, and very nearly led to the transfer of the Prince to a fortress."

This episode, a speech delivered by the Crown Prince at Dantzig, possessed all the importance that Morier attributes to it, and it must be admitted that it was

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in the circumstances a highly imprudent utterance, for it dragged the differences between the Crown Prince and his father into the light of day.

The speech was delivered to the municipality of Dantzig on June 5, 1863. In it the Crown Prince referred to the variance which had occurred between the Government and the people, by which he meant a new ordinance restricting the freedom of the Press. This variance, he said, had occasioned him no small degree of surprise; and he added:

"Of the proceedings which have brought it about I know nothing. I was absent. I have had no part in the deliberations which have produced this result."

Although the Crown Prince went on to pay tribute to the noble and fatherly intentions and magnanimous sentiments of the King, nevertheless the speech naturally created a great sensation, not only in Germany, but in other countries too. A correspondence followed between the Prince and his father, in which the former, while asking pardon for his action, offered to resign all his offices. Bismarck professes to have himself succeeded in making peace between the two, quoting to the King the text, "Deal tenderly with the boy Absalom," and urging that it was not advisable to make his Heir Apparent a martyr.

Bismarck's own account of the circumstances which led up to the speech is significant for its emphasis on the dates. He says that the Royal ordinance on the subject of the Press appeared on June 1st; that on June 2d the Crown Princess followed the Prince to Graudenz; and that on June 4th the Prince wrote to the King expressing disapproval of the decree, complaining that he had not been summoned to the councils in which the step had been discussed, and enlarging on his view of his position as Heir Apparent. This obviously suggests, without exactly saying so in plain words, that the Crown Prince's speech on June 5th was inspired by his wife. But behind both the Crown Prince and the Crown Princess, Bismarck thought that he detected the hand of Morier. And yet it is on record that Morier had not seen the Crown Prince or had any kind of communication with him at the time, before, or after, the Dantzig episode; in fact, it is quite clear, from letters Morier wrote to Ernest von Stockmar, that both he and his German correspondent sincerely regretted the Crown Prince's action.

The Crown Princess, however, seemed doomed to be associated with this unlucky speech. Not long after the affair was apparently settled, a remarkable and obviously inspired statement appeared in the *Times* to the following effect:

"While travelling on military duty, the Prince allowed himself to assume an attitude antagonistic to the policy of the Sovereign, and to call in question his measures. The least that he could do to atone for this grave offence was to retract his statements. This the King demanded of him by letter, adding that, if he refused, he would be deprived of his honours and offices. The Prince, in concert, it is said, with her Royal Highness the Princess, met this demand with a firm answer. He refused to retract anything, offered to resign his honours and commands, and craved leave to withdraw with his wife and family to some place where he would be free from suspicion of the least connection with the affairs of State.

"This letter is described as a remarkable performance, and it is added that the Prince is to be congratulated on having a consort who not only shares his liberal views, but is also able to render him so much assistance in a momentous and critical juncture. It is not easy to conceive a more difficult position than that of the princely pair placed, without a single adviser, between a self-willed Sovereign and a mischievous Cabinet on the one hand, and an incensed people on the other."

Naturally this version of the affair, with its open reference to the influence of the Crown Princess, aroused fresh excitement. Ernest von Stockmar, the private secretary of the Crown Princess,

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was said to have communicated the substance of the statement to the *Times*. Who really did so has never been revealed.

The unfortunate Stockmar, in any case, knew nothing of the matter; he would have given much to find out who was responsible. Indeed, this new complication to an already painful and suspicious affair so distressed Stockmar that he fell ill, and had to resign his position as secretary to the Crown Princess. This was for her a real misfortune, as even the most spiteful and prejudiced of her critics could not accuse the old Baron's son and pupil of being anything but a sound and patriotic German.

Bismarck was good enough to accept the Crown Prince's assertion that the statement was inserted in the *Times* entirely without his cognizance, and he thought it was inspired by Geffcken; in fact, he attributed it to the same quarter to which, as he believed, the Crown Prince owed the bent of his political views, namely, the school of writers who extolled the English constitution as a model to be imitated by other nations, without thoroughly comprehending it.

What wonder, then, observed Bismarck, that the Crown Princess and her mother overlooked that peculiar character of the Prussian State which renders its administration by means of shifting Parliamentary groups a sheer impossibility? The party of progress were then daily anticipating victory in their struggle with prerogative, and naturally took every opportunity to place the situation "in the light best calculated to influence female minds."

In the following August, Bismarck says, the Crown Prince visited him at Gastein, and there, "less under the sway of English influences, used the unreserved language of one who sees that he has done wrong and seeks to excuse himself on the score of the influences under which he had lain."

This attitude, however, if it was ever really adopted, was certainly short-lived. A fresh difference broke out between the Crown Prince and the King on the subject of the former's attendance at Cabinet Councils, and on this point the Crown Prince undoubtedly held firm. Bismarck prints his marginal notes on a memorandum sent by the Crown Prince to his father. In these notes the whole constitutional position of the Crown Prince is discussed, but we are here only concerned with the following references to the Crown Princess:

"Especially necessary is it that the intermediary advisers, with whose aid alone his Royal Highness can be authorised to busy himself with the consideration of pending affairs of State, should be adherents, not of the Opposition, but of the Government, or at least impartial critics without intimate relations with the Opposition in the Diet or the Press. The question of discretion is that which presents most difficulty, especially in regard to our foreign relations, and must continue to do so until his Royal Highness, and her Royal Highness the Crown Princess, have fully realised that in ruling Houses the nearest of kin may yet be aliens, and of necessity, and as in duty bound, represent other interests than the Prussian. It is hard that a frontier line should also be the line of demarcation between the interests of mother and daughter, of brother and sister; but to forget the fact is always perilous to the State."

In the autumn of 1863 Queen Victoria was staying at Coburg. She sent for Morier and had a long talk with him on the growing difficulties which seemed to encompass the Crown Prince and Princess. The fact that Morier ventured to hint that any appearance of interference on the part of England would be very prejudicial to the interests of their Royal Highnesses, and that a suspicion that the Crown Prince was being prompted from over the water would materially diminish in the eyes of the Liberal party the value of his opposition, shows that there was something, even then, to be said for the feeling which Bismarck so sedulously fostered.

During the summer of 1863, the Crown Princess accompanied her hus-

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band on a long tour of military inspections in the provinces of Prussia and Pomerania, and her Royal Highness performed the ceremony of naming a warship, the *Vineta,* at Dantzig.

This tour caused a good deal of discomfort to the Crown Prince and Princess, for in most of the towns they visited the municipal authorities ostentatiously refrained from celebrating the occasion; on the other hand, the populace as a rule received the Royal pair with abundant loyalty.

We have a curious glimpse of the sort of impression made in East Prussia by the Crown Princess in a private letter written by a member of the Progressive party, who afterwards became a confidential friend of the Crown Prince. This gentleman says that every one was pleased with the Crown Princess, for she showed that she had a mind of her own. She informed a certain official that she read the *Volkszeitung,* the *Nationalzeitung,* and the *Times* every day, and that she agreed entirely with those newspapers—in the circumstances an amazingly imprudent statement. It was, indeed, such a shock to the official that it reduced him to blank silence.

The breach between the Crown and Parliament was not the only question with which Prussia was troubled at this time. The summer of 1863 was also marked by the attempt of Austria to take the solution of the German question into her own hands by initiating a scheme for reforming the Federal Constitution.

The Emperor Francis Joseph invited the Princes and the free cities of Germany to a conference at Frankfort to discuss the reorganisation of the Germanic Confederation. King William was inclined to accept this proposal, but Bismarck held other views; and a further invitation from the Emperor that the King should send the Crown Prince to the Congress of Princes, was also declined.

Nevertheless the Congress was held, and there was also held a sort of family gathering of what Bismarck would have designated "the Coburgers" at Coburg. Queen Victoria was there, and in August the Crown Princess joined her, quickly followed by the Crown Prince.

Lord Granville, who was a close observer of the complicated intrigues of the Congress, wrote to Lord Stanley of Alderley: "The Princess Royal is very Prussian on this Confederation question."

The Crown Prince's views on the subject were expressed in a letter which he sent to his wife's uncle, Duke Ernest, early in September. From this letter it seems clear that, whereas at first he had been inclined to favour the Austrian move, he altered his views when Austria showed her hand by demanding from the Congress a simple vote of assent or dissent to her project of reform. He mentioned that he had asked the King for permission to be absent from the meetings of the Cabinet, and indeed he paid with his family a long visit to Italy.

From Italy the Crown Prince and Princess proceeded to England, and that, with visits to Brussels and Karlsruhe, took up the rest of the year.

It must not, however, be thought that during this absence from Germany the Crown Prince and Princess ceased to take an interest in politics; on the contrary, they followed with the closest attention what was indeed a serious constitutional crisis in the autumn of 1863.

In October, after they had started for Italy, the Crown Prince wrote to Bismarck:

"I hope that, to use your own words, your efforts in the present difficult position of the constitutional life of our country may be successful, and may accomplish that which you yourself describe as the urgent and essential understanding with the national representatives. I am following the course of events with the deepest interest."

The constitutional crisis turned on the rejection, by the Upper House and the Crown, of the Budget which had been adopted by the Lower House. The King, as advised by Bismarck, was for governing without a constitution, but the Crown Prince, with his strong predis-

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position in favour of the English constitutional system, which had by this time been developed by Queen Victoria, could not help regarding his father's attitude as jeopardising the security of the Crown.

The Crown Prince's position was particularly difficult because he was appealed to by all parties—by the Liberals, who looked forward to the day when he would be King of Prussia as perhaps not very far distant; and by the Conservatives, who adjured him to support the Government on dynastic grounds.

Of the two parties, the Liberals appeared to have the best of it, for the prolonged absence of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess was naturally interpreted in Germany as indicating, if not their sympathy with the Liberal party, at any rate their dislike of the existing Government.

But events were shaping themselves in such a way that the Dantzig affair, with all that had led up to it and had followed it, was soon to be forgotten in a crisis of much greater moment, and one which brought to the Crown Prince his baptism of fire.

It was during the visit of the Crown Prince and his family to England that King Frederick VII of Denmark, the last of his dynasty, died, and the question of the succession to the Duchies of Schleswig-Holstein immediately became acute.

Palmerston is reported to have said on one occasion, that there had been only three men in Europe who really understood the Schleswig-Holstein question. One of them was himself—and he had forgotten it; the second man was dead; and the third was in a mad-house.

The members of the Royal Houses of England, Prussia, and Denmark, however, considered that, without being either jurists or diplomatists by profession, they understood the question quite well enough to take different sides with ardent enthusiasm. The question came, in fact, like a dividing sword, and not for the first time it brought war in its train between Prussia and Denmark. The British Royal family was placed by its intimate ties with both combatants—the Prince of Wales had married Princess Alexandra of Denmark in March, 1863—in a position of peculiar delicacy, which was not rendered easier by the fact that public opinion in England warmly espoused the cause of Denmark.

If it was not easy for Queen Victoria and her advisers to steer a prudent course, the position of the Crown Princess in Berlin was even more difficult. She met the crisis with her customary courage, and she applied to its solution the teachings of that constitutional liberalism which she had imbibed from her father.

The Princess felt very strongly that the honour as well as the interest of Prussia—or perhaps one should say her interest as well as her honour—required the nation to play an unselfish part, and to seek indemnity in the moral prestige to be derived from the settlement of this ancient racial feud. As future Queen of Prussia, the Princess wished to see the interests of the Crown identified with the constitutional rights of the people; she desired to see the inhabitants of the duchies once more contented, loyal subjects of Duke Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein. It was not her fault, nor was it within her knowledge, that the solution which Bismarck even then contemplated, and which he was ultimately able to carry out, belonged to a wholly different order of ideas.

It is necessary, in a brief retrospect, to show how this question of the duchies had become like an open sore, poisoning the relations between Denmark and Prussia. Perhaps the most fertile cause of trouble lay in the fact that Schleswig and Holstein, though grouped together by historical circumstances, were each very different in the character of its population and their real or supposed rights.

We need not go back further than 1846, when King Christian of Denmark declared the right of the Crown to Schleswig-Holstein. His son and successor, Frederick VII, on his accession in January, 1848, proclaimed a new constitution uniting the duchies more closely with Denmark. This step caused an in-

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surrection and the foundation of a provisional government. Prussia thereupon came to the help of the duchies and defeated the Danes near Dannawerke. After a fruitless attempt at intervention by the Powers, hostilities were renewed, and in April, 1849, the Danes were victorious over the Holsteiners and Germans. There was further fighting and further diplomacy, until in July, 1850, the integrity of Denmark was guaranteed by England, France, Prussia, and Sweden. This was quickly followed by the defeat of the Schleswig-Holsteiners by the Danes at the battle of Idstedt. Early in the following year the Stadtholders of Schleswig-Holstein issued a proclamation placing the rights of the country under the protection of the Germanic Confederation.

This led to the Treaty of London of 1852, by which the possession of the duchies was assured to Denmark conditionally on the preservation of their independence and the rights of the German population in them. Now, Holstein belonged to the Germanic Confederation, but the treaty stipulated that Schleswig was not to be separated from Holstein, though it was a point of honour with Denmark not to give up Schleswig.

The natural successor of King Frederick VII in the duchies was his kinsman, Duke Christian of Sonderburg-Augustenburg, who, in May, 1852, resigned his hereditary claim in return for a sum of two and a half million thalers. This settlement might have been excellent but for two facts—first that it had not received the assent of the Germanic Confederation; and secondly, that Duke Christian's two sons violently objected to it—indeed, the elder son, the Hereditary Prince Frederick, made a formal declaration of his rights of succession. Moreover, it must be admitted that Denmark showed a cynical disregard of the conditions in the Treaty of London respecting the independence of the duchies and the rights of their German population. The Schleswig Assembly complained and protested, and even petitioned the Prussian Chamber of Deputies, who actually promised aid to the duchies.

At last the crisis came in March, 1863, when the King of Denmark granted to Holstein a new and independent constitution, but annexed Schleswig, which did not belong to the Germanic Confederation. Thereupon the Confederation invited Denmark to withdraw this constitution. So far from doing so, however, the Danish Parliament proceeded to ratify it only two days before the death of King Frederick VII, whose successor, King Christian IX, was forced on his accession, owing to a menacing uprising of popular feeling in Denmark, to sign the new constitution annexing Schleswig.

The glove was thus thrown down for Germany to pick up; the Hereditary Prince Frederick assumed by proclamation the government of the duchies, and appealed to the Germanic Confederation for the support of his rights. The majority of the German Governments sided with him, especially the Grand Duke Frederick of Baden, brother-in-law of the Crown Prince; while the Lower House in Prussia declared by a large majority that the honour and interest of Germany demanded the recognition and active support of the Hereditary Prince. It will be evident from what has been said above that Prussia had plausible and even sound reasons for her intervention, the chief of which was the popular feeling prevailing in Schleswig.

Now, it so happened that the Crown Prince and Princess had a strong personal as well as political interest in the question of the duchies. The Crown Prince and the Hereditary Prince Frederick were old friends. They had first met as fellow-students at the University of Bonn. The Hereditary Prince had afterward served in the First Regiment of the Prussian Guards, he had been often at the Prussian Court, and the Crown Prince was the godfather of one of his children. Naturally, therefore, the Crown Prince and Princess were favourable to his claims.

There is now no doubt that Bismarck

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had some time before resolved in principle on the annexation of the duchies, but of course he did not show his hand until it suited him, and above all he studiously concealed his plans from the Crown Prince. Indeed, the Crown Prince's personal relations with Bismarck were at this time practically suspended, if only because he happened at the time to be in England, where, however, the prevailing sympathy with Denmark did not influence him or the Crown Princess. In a letter written to Duncker from Windsor in December the Prince says that he has "daily defended the cause of my dear friend Duke Frederick, well backed up by my wife, who exhibits warm and absolutely German feelings in a most moving degree."

The Crown Prince and Princess would certainly have recoiled with horror from Bismarck's secret design of annexing the duchies. How little they understood the Minister's plans is curiously shown in the letter of the Crown Prince just referred to. He took the view that Prussia ought at once to occupy the duchies in order to establish the Hereditary Prince there. Bismarck, he says, hated the Augustenburg family and considered the national aspirations of Germany as revolutionary, desiring on the contrary to maintain the Treaty of London and strengthen Denmark. The Crown Prince in fact thought that Bismarck had been too late, and that his policy was opposed to the proper assertion of Prussia's position.

Events now moved fast. The troops of the Germanic Confederation expelled the Danish troops from Holstein, and the Hereditary Prince was proclaimed throughout the duchy. The Augustenburg party, who were aware of the hostility of Bismarck to their candidate, endeavoured to win over the King of Prussia through the medium of the Crown Prince; but ultimately, aided no doubt by certain imprudences on the part of the Hereditary Prince, Bismarck had his way. Both Austria and Prussia separated from the majority of the Diet, demanding that the King of Denmark should annul the new constitution annexing Schleswig, already mentioned, and announced that they would jointly manage the affairs of the two duchies.

In January, 1864, Austria and Prussia issued an ultimatum to Denmark, and in February began the war, which was somewhat euphemistically described as "undertaken by Austria and Prussia to protect the ancient rights of the German province of Schleswig-Holstein, in danger of extinction from Denmark."

It was considered essential in Berlin that a Prussian officer should be in command of the allied troops, and this could only be effected by calling on the venerable Field-Marshal von Wrangel, as he alone was of superior rank to the officer at the head of the Austrian forces.

Von Wrangel, therefore, although he was much too old and eccentric for such responsibility, took the supreme command in right of his rank, but the Crown Prince was attached to his staff, with the understanding that he was to prevent the aged Field-Marshal from coming to any unfortunate decisions. Events showed that this was extremely necessary—indeed, nothing could have been more useful than the Crown Prince's tact in dealing with the rivalries among the divisional commanders, and also in altering the extraordinary, and sometimes positively insane, orders given by Von Wrangel himself. As a rule the Crown Prince was able to persuade the old man to make the necessary alterations, but there were occasions on which he was compelled on his own responsibility, either to suppress an order altogether, or in some other way to prevent it from being carried out.

The English Royal family were deeply divided in their sympathies in this war, but the Crown Princess, as her husband had written to Duncker, was wholly German in her feelings. She wrote to her uncle in Coburg: "For the first time in my life I regret not being a young man and not to be able to take the field against the Danes," and there is reason to believe that it was her influence which decided Queen Victoria to restrain the bellicose Palmerston, who would have

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liked England to support Denmark by force of arms.

In these circumstances it seems all the more monstrous that Bismarck's friends actually charged the Crown Princess with betraying the secrets of the Prussian Government to the English Ministers. Her complaints to the King only received as answer that the whole thing was nonsense, and that she should not treat it seriously. But the fact that the slanderers were never punished caused these calumnies to be long repeated, and even in part believed.

By the side of the Crown Prince and Princess there stood, in Bismarck's estimation, Queen Augusta, who had ever been the energetic champion of the Coburg doctrine of a liberated and united Germany under the leadership of Prussia. In his profound disbelief in Liberalism, Bismarck played the obvious game of raising the cry of foreign dictation. By means of his instruments in the Press and elsewhere, he set himself to exhibit England as at all times seeking to influence Germany for her own ends and often against German interests, for promoting her own security and the extension of her power, "lately through women, daughters and friends of Queen Victoria."

This campaign was only too successful, and it must soon have become obvious, both to Queen Victoria and to her daughter, that the unification of Germany by means of Prussian Liberalism was not in the range of practical politics. At the same time Bismarck risked a great deal. Nothing would have more completely upset his plans than a war with England over the duchies, and, as we have said, he was saved from that danger largely owing to the fact that Queen Victoria was influenced by the Crown Princess to withstand the chauvinism of her Ministers.

Throughout the campaign of 1864, the Crown Prince won the deep affection of the troops, not only by himself sharing their hardships, but also by his constant kindness and care for their comfort. Though he showed himself a true soldier and even a strategist of no small ability, the Crown Prince had no illusions about the horrors of war, which he now saw for the first time. He was deeply moved by the terrible sights he witnessed on the field of battle and in the hospitals. After the victory at Düppel in April, he would have been glad if an armistice had been concluded, and he wrote to Duncker: "You will understand how heavily my long absence weighs on me, for you know what a happy home I have waiting for me."

He had not long to wait, however, for on May 18th the supreme command was transferred from Field-Marshal von Wrangel to Prince Frederick Charles, the "Red Prince," and so the Crown Prince's mission came to an end. He joined the Crown Princess at Hamburg. She had originally meant to proceed as far as Schleswig in order to do what she could for the wounded in the hospitals, but, in obedience to urgent advice, she did not go further than Hamburg. The Crown Prince's journey thither, covered with all the laurels of successful warfare, was a triumphal progress.

As this campaign was the Crown Prince's baptism of fire, so to the Crown Princess it was a revelation and a call to action. On the occasion of the King of Prussia's birthday in March, the Crown Prince and Princess had presented him with a sum of money as the nucleus of a fund for helping the families of soldiers who had fallen or been disabled in war, and on the eve of the battle of Düppel the Crown Prince drew up an appeal on behalf of this institution, which afterward bore his name.

But the war with Denmark revealed an even greater need than that of the care of the soldiers' wives and families. The Crown Princess saw with surprise and horror that the medical service of the troops in the field was practically nonexistent. She remembered the achievements of Florence Nightingale in the Crimean War, and, though she was at the time herself more or less disabled, she undertook the heavy task of organising some sort of an army nursing corps. For

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this work, so appropriate for a soldier's wife, she was admirably fitted. Indeed, the War of the Duchies gave the Princess for the first time real scope for the exercise of her remarkable powers of organisation.

The Crown Princess, however, does not seem to have grown more prudent as time went on. There is a curious revelation in Bernhardi's diary in May, 1864, of her unfortunate habit of praising England to the disadvantage of Prussia. Says Bernhardi:

"After dinner conversation with the Crown Princess. She asked after England; supposed that I had enjoyed England very much; once there, one always longed to go back. I said: 'Yes, life is full in England.' She said with a very peculiar expression: 'Yes, one misses that here.' I thought to myself, however, that only the material interests are greater and more far-reaching than with us; in many ways life is richer here than there."

Fighting, with intervals of diplomatic action, went on after the Crown Prince's return from the front, until peace was signed at Vienna on October 30th. By this instrument the King of Denmark surrendered the duchies to the allies and agreed to a rectification of the frontier and the payment of a considerable war indemnity. It was understood that Schleswig and Holstein were to be made independent, but differences of opinion arose between Austria and Prussia on this point, which led ultimately to the dissolution of the Germanic Confederation and the Austro-Prussian War of 1866.

Delightful glimpses of the family life led in the summer of 1864 by the Crown Prince and Princess, and of her musical, literary, and artistic tastes, are given in letter written by Gustav Putlitz, the dramatist, to his wife. Putlitz was at this time chamberlain to the Crown Princess. His letters are too long and detailed to be quoted in full, but the following extracts will give a good idea of how deeply impressed this distinguished writer was with the vivid, eager personality of the Princess:

June 26.—I passed a most delightful hour yesterday in this way. As I was going through the drawing-room, I found the Crown Princess with Countess Hedwig Brühl, the former looking for the words of a song of Goethe's, which she remembered in part, while Hedwig played the air. I found the song in Goethe for them. Thereupon we had a most interesting conversation about books. The Crown Princess is wonderfully well read; she has absolutely read everything, and knows it all more or less by heart. She showed us a reproduction of a drawing she had done in aid of the Crown Prince's Fund. It is a memorial of the victory at Düppel, and represents four soldiers, each belonging to a different arm of the service. The first is shown before the attack in the morning; the second is waving the flag at noon; the third, wounded, is listening to a hymn in the afternoon; while the fourth, victorious with a laurel wreath, stands in the evening at an open grave. The last is extremely natural and impressive, without any sentimentality. The conception shows real genius, and it is carried out most artistically. This youthful princess is more cultivated than any other woman I know of her age, and she has such charming manners, which put people entirely at their ease in spite of etiquette. She is not allowed to ride, and so she is accustomed to drive out daily for several hours, and practises pistol-shooting. In fact she possesses a wonderful mental and physical energy."

"*June* 27 (after dinner).—This morning the Crown Princess sent for me in the garden. I do not know what she is not devoted to—art, music, literature, the army, the navy, hunting, riding. On leaving she went down the mountain on foot, and I went with her through woods soaked with rain. She took out of her pocket the last issue of the *Grenzboten*, and gave it to me. It is amazing that she remembers everything she reads, and she debates history like a historian, with admirable judgment and firmness. After dinner she sang English and Spanish

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songs with a charming voice and correct expression."

"*June* 29.—After breakfast we went for a four hours' drive. The Crown Princess wanted every variety of wild flower we could find, and she knew the Latin, English, and German names of each kind. Every time we stopped she got out of the carriage and picked a flower which her sharp eye had detected, and which was not in the bouquet."

The party moved to Stettin, and Putlitz describes how the Crown Princess beguiled the journey with a constant stream of brilliant conversation on politics, literature, and art, as well as on more frivolous subjects.

When they arrived at headquarters and found the Crown Prince, she saw that everything was in disorder, and immediately, with characteristic energy, she began directing the rearrangement of furniture and the hanging of pictures. She herself was going on to Potsdam, but she was determined that her husband should be as comfortable as possible at Stettin. Says Putlitz:

"Furniture was put in its place, pictures were hung, wall-paper was selected —all the things having been brought from Berlin. Afterwards we went all over the house with the architect, and the Crown Princess issued her orders in the most practical and business-like way. Then we drove out and bought more furniture, and the things required for the Prince's washstand and writing-table. All the things were suitable, and chosen with care. We had an interesting conversation about English literature and drama. I am kept in perpetual astonishment by her natural behaviour, so many-sided, and full of judgment and sense."

When they arrived at the New Palace, Putlitz happened to say that he had never seen more of it than the room where people wrote their names in the visitors' book. At once the Princess showed him all over it.

He draws a charming picture of a tea-party at the Palace. The young mistress, wearing a simple black woollen dress, sat at a spinning-wheel, and as she span she sang snatches of all kinds of songs, accompanied by one of her ladies. Not far off, a chamberlain was reading poems by Geibel, or prompting others by Goethe and Heine which were recited by the Princess.

Putlitz cannot help recalling historical memories of the palace which was built by Frederick the Great in ridicule of Austria and France; which had seen the curious entertainments of his successor; had been decorated by Frederick William III in the stiff fashion of his day; had been opened by Frederick William IV to an intellectual and artistic audience at representations of *Antigone* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream;* "and was now the home of modern cultivation freed from formality."

The Princess, indeed, wanted a sort of history of the New Palace to be written, and she consulted Putlitz about it. A few days later they discussed Frederick William III and Queen Louise, how the latter was always idealised, and how the former had become popular in spite of his roughness.

In his delightful book, *My Reminiscences,* Lord Ronald Gower gives a most interesting account of a visit which he paid in this summer of 1864 to the Crown Prince and Princess, "two of the kindest and most amiable of Royalties," as he calls them. They met Lord Ronald and his mother at the station, in defiance of Royal etiquette, and took them off to the New Palace:

"We dined at two P.M. and we had to dress in our evening things for this repast. It took place upstairs in a corner room, with the walls of blue silk, fringed with gold lace. The Princess very smart, in a magenta-coloured gown with pearls and lace. The Crown Prince in his plain uniform, with only a star or two, which he always wears. 'It is a custom,' he said, 'and looks so very officered.' After dinner we went to the Crown Princess's sitting-room; the furniture there is covered with Gobelins tapestry —a gift of the Empress Eugénie."

Here Lord Ronald found some of the

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Princess's own paintings, including those lately finished, representing Prussian soldiers, his account of which it may be interesting to compare with that of Putlitz:

"One of these paintings was of a warrior holding a flag, inscribed *Es lebe der König*. The second a soldier looking upward. He has been wounded, and he wears a bandage across his brow; a sunset sky for background. This is inscribed *Nun danket alle Gott*. The third is another soldier looking down on a newly made grave. Of these three I thought the second by far the best. There was another painting, also by the Princess, representing the Entombment."

The visitors were taken out driving: "We could judge of the popularity of our hosts, for every one that we passed stopped to bow to them, and those who were in carriages stood up in them to salute as the Prince and Princess passed by."

The arrangements about meals seem extraordinary to modern taste. Lord Ronald says:

"Tea was served at ten in the evening in one of the rooms on the ground floor of the Palace. They call it the Apollo Room, I believe. It was a curious meal, beginning with tea and cake, followed by meat, veal, and jellies, and two plates of sour cream. For this repast one was not expected to don one's evening apparel a second time."

The visitors breakfasted upstairs with the Crown Prince and Princess and their children, in a room lined with pale blue silk framed in silver—not, perhaps, the best possible background for "the Princess in her favourite pink-coloured dress." Then, "the Princess showed us her private garden, and here she picked a clove, which she gave me with her own little hand."

Lord Ronald mentions the children with approval, but Putlitz, whose visit was much longer, got to know them really well:

"*July* 2.—The Royal Children are very charming and well trained. The Crown Princess is strict with them, which is very praiseworthy in so young a mother, who is relieved by her rank of the duty of taking an active part in their education, for which she has not the time. People will indeed be surprised at this talented and cultured nature, when once her will has full scope."

The children on their side seem to have taken to Putlitz with enthusiasm. He gave the boys rides on his head, and he records with pride that "they came running from quite a long way off when they caught sight of me." He also records an accident—little Prince William being thrown from his pony—which must have reminded the mother of that day at Windsor when she was so distressed at a similar though more dangerous mishap to her brother, the Prince of Wales.

One morning after breakfast, says Putlitz, he met the Crown Prince and Princess on the terrace, "both full of almost infantile gaiety." Soon afterward the children appeared. Prince William was riding his pony, when his hat fell off and hit the pony between its ears; the animal reared, and the Prince was thrown off on his back. Both parents remained quite calm, and apparently took no notice; whereupon the Prince mounted again and went on riding. It is not difficult to imagine the mother's pang of terror beneath that outward calmness. Well may Putlitz praise the sensible upbringing of the children, which made them perfectly natural, well-behaved, and obedient.

But it is the remarkable personality of the Crown Princess which chiefly interests this literary man turned courtier. One moment she is instructing him to write to a poet and thank him for a copy of verses; at another she is arranging a picnic party in her own little garden near the Palace. Some one, generally Putlitz himself, reads aloud after tea, and if the poem or story is pathetic the Crown Princess is moved to tears. At other times they have music, generally glees, followed by good talk on literature or on contemporary politics and personages, about whom both the Crown Prince and the Princess speak with a can-

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dour which astonishes Putlitz. He cannot praise enough this delightfully informal, unaffected, and yet exquisitely cultivated and intellectual family life:

"Here one feels absolutely secure from intrigue, and only meets with frankness and clear intelligence. All evil designs must necessarily fail in the end before such qualities."

The dramatist felt also the great charm of the Crown Prince's personality. He says that the two natures of husband and wife are each a perfect complement of the other, and each exercises on the other an unmistakably happy influence. It is at the same time significant that, while emphasising the perfect harmony of the marriage, he does not hesitate to say that the Crown Prince, notwithstanding the more brilliant qualities of the Princess, still preserves his simple and natural attitude and his undeniable influence.

And when the time comes to say goodbye, Putlitz sums up his experiences to his wife: "I have been entertained by a most highly dowered Princess and a most marvellous woman, full of intellect, energy, culture, kindness, and benevolence."

On September 11, 1864, a third son was born, Prince Sigismund. This little Prince was destined to have but a brief life. He was born the child of peace, the Emperor Francis Joseph becoming his godfather, but he died almost on the very day that Prussia drew the sword against Austria in the war of 1866.

That same autumn the Crown Princess paid her first visit to Darmstadt, to stay with her best loved sister, Princess Alice. The latter wrote to Queen Victoria a charming account of the visit, in which she said: "I always admire Vicky's understanding and brightness each time I see her again. She is so well, and in such good looks as I have not seen her for long. The baby is a love and is very pretty."

In October the Crown Prince and Princess, with their four children, started for La Farraz, in Switzerland. They left immediately after the birthday of the Crown Prince, which day was also that of the baptism of Prince Sigismund. The Prince wrote just before leaving Potsdam to an intimate friend:

"The older I grow, the more I come to know of human beings, the more I thank God for having given me a wife like mine. What happiness it is to leave behind one all one's anxieties and all the troubles of this life, to be alone with those we love! I trust that God will preserve our peace and domestic happiness. I ask for nothing else."

The successful campaign against Denmark had drawn all German hearts together. Neither the Crown Prince nor the Crown Princess had ever been unpopular with the army, who felt really honoured by that honorary colonelcy which had so much amused the Princess. The Danish War greatly increased their popularity, and the year that followed was probably one of the happiest of their lives. They adored their children, who were being thoroughly well brought up, and, with the one paramount exception of the Prince Consort's death, no great bereavement had cast its shadow over their family circle.

The Crown Princess had early determined in her social life to consider neither party spirit nor high official position; she preferred to gather round her a remarkable society of interesting and distinguished people,—scholars, theologians, archæologists and explorers, artists, and men of letters. She was always passionately fond of music, and many a young performer owed his or her first introduction to the public to the winter concerts which she organised, while no British painter or writer of eminence ever came to Berlin without receiving an invitation to the New Palace.

One of the most striking testimonies to the Crown Princess's intellectual interests is to be found in a letter written to Charles Darwin, in January, 1865, by Sir Charles Lyell. The great geologist says that he had had,

"An animated conversation on Dar-

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winism with the Princess Royal, who is a worthy daughter of her father, in the reading of good books and thinking of what she reads. She was very much *au fait* at the *Origin* and Huxley's book, the *Antiquity*, &c., &c., and with the Pfahlbauten Museums which she lately saw in Switzerland. She said that, after twice reading you, she could not see her way as to the origin of four things; namely, the world, species, man, or the black and white races. Did one of the latter come from the other, or both from some common stock? And she asked me what I was doing, and I explained that, in re-casting the *Principles*, I had to give up the independent creation of each species. She said she fully understood my difficulty, for after your book 'the old opinions had received a shake from which they never would recover.' "

It may seem an intrusion on what should be sacred ground to touch on the religious belief of the Crown Princess, but it is a subject on which there have been a certain number of mis-statements, and it may therefore be well to set forth plainly the material facts.

The present generation perhaps hardly realises what a period of intellectual ferment had set in just at the time when the Princess's mind was most eagerly absorbing all that she could read and hear on the subject of religion and philosophy. She was twenty when *Essays and Reviews* appeared: she was twenty-two when Colenso published his book on the Pentateuch: twenty-three when Renan's *Vie de Jésu* appeared: twenty-four when Strauss's shorter *Leben Jesu* was published: and in one year from the time in her life at which we have now arrived *Ecce Homo* was to appear.

Most important of all, Darwin had published his *Origin of Species* in 1859, when the Princess was nineteen, and it is evident from Sir Charles Lyell's letter that she had not only read but understood that epoch-making book. Of all the giants of those days Darwin alone remains a giant; the lapse of time, as well as the work of other scholars and thinkers, has reduced the intellectual stature of those other writers whose work seemed of such crucial importance when the Princess was a young woman.

It was indeed a period when many thought that the old sound, even impregnable, position of Christianity had been not only undermined but overthrown, Strauss, for example, honestly believed that he had entirely destroyed the historical credibility of the four Gospels. The Princess herself came to Germany at a moment when the Tübingen school were the intellectual leaders, and Strauss was their prophet, and the training she had undergone under the superintendence of her father had prepared her to sympathise rather with the attack than with the defence. It is easy now to see that orthodoxy was not then very fortunate in its champions, and that the overwhelming weight of the scholarship and intellectual strength of the time belonged to the advanced thinkers. Moreover, it must be remembered that much of the religion of that day was mere lip-service, a conventional orthodoxy which, while it resisted investigation and inquiry on the one hand, failed to bear practical fruit in conduct and life.

Only a few months after the Princess had arrived in Prussia as a bride, the then Prince Regent, her father-in-law, made a speech which attracted great attention, not only in Germany but in Europe generally. In it he said it could not be denied that in the Lutheran Church, the established church of Prussia, an orthodoxy had grown up which was not consistent with the basic principles of the church, and the church, in consequence, had dissemblers among its adherents. All hypocrisy, the Prince continued—and he defined hypocrisy as ecclesiastical matters which are utilised for selfish purposes—ought to be exposed wherever possible. It was in the whole conduct of the individual that real religion was exhibited, and that must always be distinguished from external religious appearance and show.

When such language could be used from the very steps of the throne, it may be imagined how great was the intellec-

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tual ferment in which every one who thought and read at all was necessarily involved. Naturally the eager, impulsive Princess, with the intellectual courage and sincerity which her father had implanted in her, could not stand aloof. But if, at this time of her life, she seemed to abandon the old orthodox positions, it is not less true to say that, while paying the penalty at the time in unhappiness and spiritual disquiet, she ultimately reaped the reward of an even firmer faith. She came to see, indeed, that the deepest religious convictions are not the fruit of philosophical speculation or of textual criticism, but of experience.

In the years that followed, the Princess was destined to be a near spectator of great events—of the progress and ultimate triumph of Bismarck's policy of blood and iron; while in her own home she suffered the bitter pain of the death of children, of sister, of brother. Even what seemed surely the crowning tragedy of her husband's brief reign and swift end was not all. That cruel malady, the origin of which still defies research, and which often, as in her case, kills slowly with lingering torture, seized upon her in her stricken widowhood.

Yet the successive ordeals through which she passed seemed but to strengthen her grasp upon the realities of life, and the Christian faith took on for her a new meaning and became the rock to which alone she clung. She left a most striking expression of her religious belief, written in the summer of 1884, at a time when she had no prevision of the fiery trials which were still in store for her. Long as the passage is, it is worth quoting in full:

"When people are puzzled with Christianity (or their acceptance of it), I am reminded of a discussion between an Englishman and an advanced radical of the Continent (a politician). The latter said, 'England will become a republic as time advances.' The Englishman answered, 'I do not see why she should. We enjoy all the advantages a republic could give us (and a few more), and none of its disadvantages.' Does not this conversation supply us with a fit comparison when one hears, The days of creeds are gone by, &c.? I say 'No.' You can be a good Christian and a Philosopher and a Sage, &c. The eternal truths on which Christianity rests are true for ever and for all; the forms they take are endless; their modes of expression vary. It is so living a thing that it will grow and expand and unfold its depths to those who know how to seek for them.

"To the thinking, the hoard of traditions, of legends and doctrines, which have gathered around it in the course of centuries remain precious and sacred, to be loved and venerated as garbs in which the vivifying, underlying truths were clad, and beyond which many an eye has never been able to penetrate. It would be wrong, and cruel, and dangerous to disturb them; but meanwhile the number of men who soar above the earth-born smallness of outward things continues to increase, and the words in which they clothe their souls' conception of Christianity are valuable to mankind; they are in advance of the rest of human beings, and can be teachers and leaders by their goodness and their wisdom. So were the Prophets and the Apostles in their day, and so are all great writers, poets, and thinkers. That the Church of England should now possess so many of these men is a blessing for the nation, and the best proof that the mission of the Church on earth has not come to an end."

We must now take up again the thread of the Crown Princess's life, when, unshadowed by any sense of impending doom, she was absorbed in her husband and children and in her intellectual and artistic pursuits.

Prussia was then very backward in the practical application of art to industry, but the Crown Princess, who had seen how much her father had achieved in this direction in England, was determined to do all she could to secure a similar improvement in her adopted country. Early in 1865 she caused a memorandum to be drawn up setting forth the necessity of

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founding a School of Applied Art on the model of similar institutions in England. The movement thus started by the Crown Princess led eventually to the foundation of the Museum of Industrial Art at Berlin, which is connected with the School of Applied Art.

It was largely due to the active support and interest of the Crown Prince and Princess that applied art not only found a home in Prussia, but in the course of time reached so high a pitch of excellence that other countries are now fain to learn from Germany. The Crown Prince and Princess also both suggested and themselves supervised the collection and arrangement of an exhibition of artistic objects in the Royal Armoury at Berlin. This, by showing Prussian craftsmen what had already been done, greatly promoted the development of applied art.

But all was not sunshine during this peaceful, happy year, for during its course the Crown Princess lost the constant support and loyal help of Robert Morier. Although the whole of his diplomatic career had been given up to Germany, although he had devoted himself entirely to the study of the political, social, and commercial conditions, and of the relations between Prussia and England, it was arranged that he should be transferred to Athens.

Morier parted with the Crown Prince and Princess on December 15th, and it is on record that the Princess wept bitterly on saying good-bye to him. Bismarck and his followers were proportionately delighted at getting rid of him. But their joy was premature, for the Athens appointment fell through, and Morier was finally transferred to Darmstadt as Chargé d'Affaires, a change due to the personal intervention of Queen Victoria.

It must be remembered that Bismarck generally looked at things from a personal point of view. He had found by experience the value of secret agents, of whom he made constant use, and so he believed that every one whom he disliked, whom he feared, whom he wished to conciliate, made use of them too. To his mind Robert Morier was a secret agent, and it was his great desire to isolate the Crown Prince and Princess from every one who did not belong directly to his own party.

While at Darmstadt Morier remained in touch with the Crown Prince and Princess, and it was he who advised the selection of Dr. Hinzpeter as tutor to their eldest son, afterwards the Emperor William II. Dr. Hinzpeter, who had been a friend of Morier for some time, was an authority on national economy and social reform, as well as a man of the highest personal character.

(*To be continued*)

The next article in Mr. Tassin's series will deal with the "Atlantic Monthly" and James T. Fields. In this age of magazines, wrote J. T. Trowbridge, it is difficult to imagine the interest excited by the advent of the long-expected "Atlantic." Says Howells in "Literary Friends," "Every ambitious young writer was eager to enter his name with the chosen among its co ntributors,and in the list of Ticknor and Fields. They were literary publishers in a sense such as the business world has known nowhere else before or since. Their imprint was a warrant of quality to the reader and of immortality to the author." Perhaps no firm ever had a more illustrious contemporary list; and perhaps no publisher was ever more endeared to his authors.

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THE BOOK MART

A list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold by the booksellers throughout the country between the 1st of May and the 1st of June:

FICTION

City	1st on List	2d on List
New York (Uptown)..	What Will People Say?	Wife Out of Egypt
New York (Downtown)	Pidgin Island	The Fortunate Youth
Albany, N. Y.....	The Salamander	What Will People Say?
Atlanta, Ga.....	The Woman's Law	Pollyanna
Baltimore, Md.....	Pollyanna	What Will People Say?
Birmingham, Ala.	Pollyanna	Diane of the Green Van
Boston, Mass.....	Penrod	Ariadne of Allan Water
Buffalo, N. Y.....	What Will People Say?	Overland Red
Chicago, Ill.....	Pollyanna	Diane of the Green Van
Chicago, Ill.....	Diane of the Green Van	Once to Every Man
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	Diane of the Green Van	What Will People Say?
Cleveland, Ohio.....	The Fortunate Youth	What Will People Say?
Dallas, Tex.....	What Will People Say?	Chance
Denver, Colo.....	The Devil's Garden	The Salamander
Des Moines, Iowa	Penrod	What Will People Say?
Indianapolis, Ind.....	Penrod	The Salamander
Kansas City, Mo.....	Pollyanna	The Peacock Feather
Los Angeles, Cal.....	The Fortunate Youth	The Salamander
Louisville, Ky.....	What Will People Say?	The Salamander
Milwaukee, Wis.....	T. Tembarom	Penrod
Minneapolis, Minn.....	The Fortunate Youth	Chance
New Haven, Conn.....	Penrod	The Fortunate Youth
New Orleans, La.....	The Fortunate Youth	What Will People Say?
Norfolk, Va.....	The Salamander	Dark Hollow
Omaha, Neb.....	Pollyanna	Diane of the Green Van
Philadelphia, Pa.....	Diane of the Green Van	Barnabetta
Philadelphia, Pa.....	The World's End	What Will People Say?
Portland, Me.....	Cap'n Dan's Daughter	Diane of the Green Van
Providence, R. I.	The Fortunate Youth	Overland Red
Richmond, Va.....	Diane of the Green Van	Miss Billy Married
Rochester, N. Y.....	The Fortunate Youth	Barnabetta
St. Louis, Mo.....	The Fortunate Youth	Penrod
St. Louis, Mo.....	Pollyanna	The Inside of the Cup
St. Paul, Minn.....	Diane of the Green Van	Sunshine Jane
San Francisco, Cal.....	The Fortunate Youth	T. Tembarom
Seattle, Wash.....	The Salamander	North of '53
Spokane, Wash.....	Overland Red	The Inside of the Cup
Toledo, Ohio.....	World's End	The Inside of the Cup
Toronto, Canada.....	The Inside of the Cup	The Rocks of Valpré
Waco, Tex.....	What Will People Say?	The Woman's Law
Washington, D. C.....	Pollyanna	Full Swing
Worcester, Mass.....	Pollyanna	T. Tembarom

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(*Continued*)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
World's End	The Fortunate Youth	Unto Cæsar	Once to Every man
World's End	Penrod	The Marryers	Diane of the Green Van
The Price of Love	The Last Shot	Once to Every Man	Peter Piper
Substance of His House	Black is White	Miss Billy Married	What Will People Say?
World's End	The Fortunate Youth	Captivating Mary Carstairs	The Woman's Law
What Will People Say?	Penrod	Ariadne of Allan Water	Overland Red
Sunshine Jane	Overland Red	Sweet Apple Cove	Captivating Mary Carstairs
The Fortunate Youth	Barnabetta	The Inside of the Cup	Chance
The Inside of the Cup	Laddie	The Salamander	What Will People Say?
Ariadne of Allan Water	Black is White	Pollyanna	Daddy-Long-Legs
Full Swing	Once to Every Man	Overland Red	Penrod
The Salamander	Ariadne of Allan Water	The Woman's Law	Peter Piper
Diane of the Green Van	Pollyanna	My Wife's Hidden Lif	The Devil's Garden
Penrod	World's End	The Women We Marry	Overland Red
The Fortunate Youth	Chance	Diane of the Green Van	The Inside of the Cup
The Price of Love	Chance	The Fortunate Youth	Once to Every Man
The Fortunate Youth	Overland Red	Miss Billy Married	T. Tembarom
What Will People Say?	Penrod	The Devil's Garden	Vandover and the Brute
Once to Every Man	The Fortunate Youth	The Price of Love	Full Swing
The Inside of the Cup	The Salamander	Black is White	The Price of Love
Penrod	The Passionate Friends	Light of Western Stars	Overland Red
The Price of Love	The Salamander	Sweet Apple Cove	The Incandescent Lily
The Valley of the Moon	Diane of the Green Van	World's End	The Devil's Garden
What Will People Say?	When Ghost Meets Ghost	Penrod	Witness for the Defense
The Devil's Garden	V. V.'s Eyes	Laddie	Heart's Country
Ariadne of Allan Water	Full Swing	Chance	World's End
The Fortunate Youth	The World Set Free	The Salamander	Full Swing
The Peacock Feather	Chance	Penrod	Miss Billy Married
The Price of Love	Full Swing	North of '53	Wife Out of Egypt
What Will People Say?	Pollyanna	Overland Red	The Last Shot
Cap'n Dan's Daughter	Rung Hol	The Salamander	World's End
T. Tembarom	Light of Western Stars	Barnabetta	Pollyanna
Peter Piper	The Fortunate Youth	What Will People Say?	The World Set Free
The Fortunate Youth	Chance	T. Tembarom	The Devil's Garden
Penrod	Pollyanna	Peg O' My Heart	The Salamander
Penrod	The Fortunate Youth	Home	Chance
Diane of the Green Van	Light of Western Stars	Pollyanna	Chance
Pollyanna	Once to Every Man	Diane of the Green Van	The Salamander
The Fortunate Youth	T. Tembarom	The Woman Thou Gavest Me	Sunshine Jane
Hagar Revelly	The Devil's Garden	Light of Western Stars	The Salamander
The Man Inside	Sunshine Jane	The Fortunate Youth	The Woman's Law
Once to Every Man	The Boomers	What Will People Say?	Cap'n Dan's Daughter

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SALE OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The New York Public Library, Circulation Department, reports books most in demand, excluding fiction, as follows:

For the week ending May 6th:

1. Poems. Tagore.
2. European Dramatists.
3. Plays. Strindberg.
4. The House in Good Taste. de Wolf.
5. Modern Dancing. Castle.
6. Mexico, the Land of Unrest. Baerlin.

For the week ending May 13th:

1. The Near East. Hichens.
2. Paradoxes of Catholicity. Benson.
3. Roman Life in the Days of Cicero. Church.
4. A Traveller at Forty. Dreiser.
5. Dramatic Portraits. Howe.
6. How to Sing. Caruso.

For the week ending May 20th:

1. Socialism: Promise or Menace. Hillquitt and Ryan.
2. The Mexican People: Their Struggle for Freedom. de Lara and Pinchon.
3. They Who Knock at Our Gates. Antin.
4. Ancient Rome and Modern America. Ferrero.
5. The Seen and Unseen at Stratford-on-Avon. Howells.

For the week ending May 27th:

1. Modern Dancing. Castle.
2. Poems. Tagore.
3. Technique of the Photo-Play. Sargent.
4. They Who Knock at Our Gates. Antin.
5. Elements of Accounting. Klein.
6. Across Unknown South America. Landor.

BOOKS—NON-FICTION—IN DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

What Men Live By. Cabot.
Modern Dancing. Castle.
They Who Knock at Our Gates. Antin.
Thinking Black. Crawford.
Social Forces in England and America. Wells.
Misalliance and Other Plays. Shaw.
Bird and Flower Guides. Reed.
Mexico: The Wonderland of the South. Carson.
The Panama Gateway. Bishop.
The Real Mexico. Fyfe.
The Works of Tagore.
The Mexican People. de Lara and Pinchon.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see chart, pages 590 and 591) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book	standing	1st	on	any	list	receives	10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	4

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Fortunate Youth. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35	178
2. What Will People Say? Hughes. (Harper.) $1.35	152
3. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25	127
4. Penrod. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25 / Diane of the Green Van. Dalrymple. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.35	116
5. The Salamander. Johnson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35	108

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THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

AUGUST, 1914

Chronicle and Comment

Pride and Hospitality

Now that every one in the land has had various opportunities of expressing his or her opinion as to what are the world's best short stories, here is a whimsical question which we like to think has never been asked before, at least in print, although the idea itself is suggested by a paragraph in Arnold Bennett's *Your United States*. Suppose that you were entertaining for a week some distinguished, cultivated, discriminating European who had never visited our country before, and whose impressions of America were to be formed entirely by that week as your guest. Your patriotism was keenly sensitive. You wished him to go back to the older world with the highest possible opinion of every aspect of American life and civilisation, its dignity, comfort, and beauty. Of course in real life you would be obliged to extend your hospitality in accordance with material limitations. But in fancy there need be no such limitations. All the land is yours. Where and how would you entertain him?

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A Dream

A few years ago we heard a story of a curious dream, which at the time we did not feel at liberty to print, but which now, with the suppression of names, may be told without indiscretion. A clever American woman was writing a book about the death of one of history's greatest martyrs, whose assassination shook the world. She had saturated herself with her subject, living with it night and day. While in this mental condition, she, to use the phrase of John Bunyan, dreamed a dream. In the dream she was walking in company with the man whose misguided hand had struck the martyr down. There came a time when he stopped in the walk, and turning to her said, "Miss ———, I will tell you a great secret of history. It is something that no one in the world but myself has ever known. I did not kill —— ———. *He committed suicide in that box.*"

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A Letter

In the Chronicle and Comment of the June issue we quoted from Mr. Charles Edward Russell's *These Shifting Scenes*. A part of what we quoted brought to us the following letter from the General Manager of the Associated Press. We have no opinion to express in the matter, and are printing the letter because we feel that it should be printed, not that we are espousing one side or the other.

EDITOR "THE BOOKMAN":

In your June issue you quote from a new book of Charles E. Russell's a statement that Eugene Field was the author of what was known as the "Matthew Arnold Hoax" perpetrated by the Chicago *Daily News* upon the Chicago *Tribune*. Mr. Russell's state-

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THE NEW SAN FRANCISCO

ment is inaccurate. Eugene Field took no part in the "Matthew Arnold Hoax."

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) MELVILLE E. STONE.

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Cobb Comments

Ever since the late Frank Norris declared that New York, New Orleans and San Francisco were the only American cities to be taken seriously in a literary way, earnest youths with ideals and small typewriters have been flocking into them, drinking more or less California claret, and turning out copy. San Francisco has become a tradition as possessing the most essentially literary atmosphere of the three cities, and it has been accredited to her blue sky, infusion of old Spanish blood, the sight of Mt. Tamalpais and the spirit of the '49ers. Now comes Irvin Cobb and, after investigating San Francisco and writing about it in *Roughing It De Luxe*, a humorous guide to the Far West, he has declared in an interview that the only reason why San Francisco is literary is because it is the oldest town in its territory.

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The same reason, says Mr. Cobb, applies to the aforementioned New York and New Orleans; to Rome, London, Paris and Vienna. They are old. They have had time to accumulate traditions. It makes no difference whether it is London's fogs or San Francisco's sunshine, once the town is old enough to have a literary atmosphere, the pleased consumers of the atmosphere credit it to the meteorological conditions, or the fact that famous men have lived there, or to anything but the real cause—the age of the town. When Painted Post, Arizona, grows old enough, says Mr. Cobb, it will have had famous men treading its streets, it will have traditions and literary atmosphere, and there will be a group of young enthusiasts drinking California claret and declaring that it's only in temperamental Painted Post that one can get the real

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inspiration to write—just as they now do in San Francisco.

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Personalities

Slight, but unquestionably amusing, are the various skits that make up Mr. James Montgomery Flagg's *I Should Say So*. The book is in a way an own cousin to some of the books with which Mr. Julian Street has won a measure of popularity, and is more remotely related to the works of certain other contemporary American humourists. In a spirit of pleasant exaggeration that is not always exaggeration *I Should Say So* hits off some of the foibles and follies of the day. The dinner party, the "used" motor car, and its ingenious salesman, the theatre, and the summer resort are all fair game for Mr. Flagg. Much more intimate is the chapter "Parlour Entertainers." Here, in text and illustration, are presented to us a score of American men and women of letters of more or less celebrity. In a spirit of perfect good nature Mr. Flagg has played with their pet poses and eccentricities, now and then introducing the title of a favourite anecdote or an innocent-looking epigram that causes the initiated reader a momentary gasp.

ANOTHER IMPRESSION OF IRVIN COBB

AN ACCURATE PORTRAIT OF IRVIN COBB AS SEEN BY JOHN MC CUTCHEON

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More of the Editor

A criticism that is constantly being directed against all magazines, and perhaps more especially against what are known as class magazines, is that they are lacking in variety. "The —— Magazine. Oh, yes. It is good. I grant that. But it is so much the same month after month, and why do they run so much to the same set of contributors?" That is the kindlier judgment. There are others who are firmly convinced that when certain names appear with regularity on a magazine's Table of Contents it means just one thing. That there is an inner and favourite circle of contributors, and that an outsider, however efficient, stands but little chance. Again we take occasion to point out that this idea assumes that the editor is a traveller from Altruria. As a matter of fact no one experiences so much pain and exasperation as does the editor when he contemplates the contents page and sees that his authors of this month are very much the same men and women whose names appeared in the issue of last month and of the month before. He is keenly sensitive to that charge of sameness, but what is he to do?

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There is prevalent the idea that editing a magazine is merely a matter of selection. There is the manuscript box

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OLIVER HERFORD AND JAMES L. FORD IN STRANGE SURROUNDINGS

filled with proffered material, good, bad, and indifferent. The good editor picks out the good manuscripts and makes a good magazine, the mediocre editor the mediocre manuscripts and makes a mediocre magazine, the poor editor the poor manuscripts, and his magazine is in consequence a failure. The legend has naturally been fostered by all the tales of subsequently famous novels and short stories that in the beginning met with rejection. But what are the facts? Perhaps three out of one hundred unsolicited and unsuggested manuscripts are available, and perhaps ten call for serious consideration. It is not that those that can be discarded at a glance entirely lack quality. The subject may be a sound one. Construction and writing may be all that could be asked, and yet there may be any one of half a dozen justifying an editor in giving it immediate rejection. Every magazine has a policy of a sort, hard to define, perhaps, but none the less distinct, and the contribution admirably suited to one magazine may be quite out of place in another. Or again there are times when the very fitness of an article may work against it. Yes, that is so much the kind of article we want, that, if you will look in our files you will find that most of what you have to say was said in our issue for January, 1906, and the rest said in a paper that appeared in March, 1911. Or it may be that an article on substantially the same subject is already in type, or else has been planned. Or perhaps the proffered paper deals with a topic that we have been rather overdoing of late. Or perhaps the editor does not see how he can possibly find a place for it in a reasonable time. For the manuscript to be forgotten of restless nights, the manuscript that helps to streak the hair with grey, is not the prize that has been let slip through the fingers, but the good enough article or story that has to be held over from month to month,

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the place planned for it being constantly taken by a newcomer of greater interest and vitality. It is in no spirit of hostility that the editor comes to a belief in the adage "When in doubt, decline."

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Just what we want and an absolutely new name. That comes but seldom, but when it comes it is greeted in a spirit of selfish exultation, and not in the imagined spirit of resentful annoyance. Of course old associations are pleasant, but so little of an altruist is the average editor that he would probably be quite pleased at a change which swept away every old contributor provided it brought him a new set of fellow-workers as good and as reliable as the old. But so long as that is possible only in fancy, he must cling to the old, replacing now and then with great care. An idea comes in for a series of two or three or four papers. To whom shall the task be given? So and So's name may be becoming a little monotonous on the Table of Contents, but he is accessible, and the work is certain to be reasonably well done. Against the untried hand the chances are a thousand to one, and the almost inevitable result of experiment would be disappointment and endless complication.

"BILL IRWIN" TELLS HIS FAMOUS STORY OF THE GREATEST NEWSPAPER BREAK

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE AS MRS. FISKE

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There is another thorn on the editorial cushion of which we have spoken before, and of which we are moved to speak now. That is the charge of lack of sympathy and appreciation that is being constantly directed at magazine offices. It is quite evident that there are in the land a vast number of persons with the idea that an editor is omniscient, and that this omniscience is at the public service. Every other day's mail is likely to bring a letter asking for information that to supply would require ten or twelve hours' research. Some of the writers are considerate when they are informed of the utter impossibility of complying with all these requests. Others are hotly indignant. "Last week I wrote you a postcard asking for a list (1) of the sources from which Shakespeare drew his plays, (2) of the books that have been pub-

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lished about Napoleon, (3) of the leading magazine articles that have been written about the work of Rudyard Kipling. Why have I not received this information?" An extreme case, perhaps, but a typical case. There is no use arguing, or

JULIAN STREET SINGING "FREDERICK TOWNSEND MARTIN"

illustrating by recalling the story of the German millionaire who placed an order with a bookseller for all books dealing with Napoleon and who, as a first consignment, received forty thousand volumes. That information was wanted, and it was the editor's business to supply it.

Here is a request of a milder nature, very courteously expressed, which came to us the other day. The writer, on behalf of a class in advanced English, wanted a list of the authors of to-day who were contributing of permanent literature. Now at first sight there is nothing unreasonable in this request, but under analysis, it serves to illustrate the editor's position. In the first place just what is permanent literature? Who are the writers who, without dispute, have come to be accepted as permanent? By virtue of some thousand years Homer and Virgil, Horace and Aristophanes may be admitted into the group. And by this time Defoe and John Bunyan. Also there are a few lusty youngsters who were active in the interesting decade of 1840-1850, Messrs. Dickens and Thackeray, Messieurs Balzac and Dumas, to confine ourselves to a handful of the novelists. They, too, have probably served their time of probation, and have been welcomed into the noble company of Permanents the other side of Styx. But we heard the other day that Mr. Richard Harding Davis's *Soldiers of Fortune,* originally published about 1898, had gone into a new edition and was still in yearly demand, and that substantially the same might be said about some of the earlier novels of Mr. Robert W. Chambers. So just what did the lady mean by permanent literature, and what could we reply beyond pointing out that it was all a matter of opinion, merely suggesting that among the men of to-day the work of Kipling, Rostand, Conrad, Shaw, Howells, and half a dozen others could hardly be regarded as entirely ephemeral? But we are very much afraid that that answer was not entirely satisfactory and that the lady to whom it was sent will be inclined to cast darkling glances at the orange cover of this magazine.

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Particularly exasperating is the charge of lack of sympathy, and in that connection, here is another letter of the other day that brings its little twinge. That letter had a predecessor of some length in which the writer told of the translation

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WASHINGTON IRVING'S INN

she was making of some Latin-American historical work, and asking if we would be interested in it. Reading perhaps a little carelessly, we derived the impression that it was a suggested contribution and replied to the effect that we feared it was not at all suited to the magazine. It seems that that was very much the wrong answer, for there soon came a second letter expressing indignant surprise at what the writer characterised as "entire indifference and want of understanding." Also there was one crushing argument which was a gem in its way. "I have received from a book reviewer, for a publication similar to your own, very encouraging words, such as 'if the translation (of the work you are engaged upon) reveals a book approaching in interest Prescott's *Peru* or *Mexico*, you have made an important literary discovery and I have no doubt but that such a book will receive due recognition.'" A diplomat and a profound master of euphemism, that book reviewer. Could it possibly have sounded better or meant less? Editors, please note. If the poem upon which you are engaged proves as good as Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" it will undoubtedly be a serious contribution to our literature. If the novel that you are contemplating writing turns out to be another *Père Goriot* or *Henry Esmond* you are certain to achieve an unqualified success. If the trench that you are about to dig should happen to reveal the long-lost treasure of Captain Kidd you will be amply compensated for the purchase of the spade.

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Washington Irving's Inn

Mr. W. H. Hutton, in his *Highways and Byways of Shakespeare's Country*, recalls to the memory the inn at Stratford-on-Avon that Washington Irving made famous. That is the Red Horse, and in appreciation of what the American did to preserve it to posterity, Irving's room is kept as he described it, with the poker, guarded

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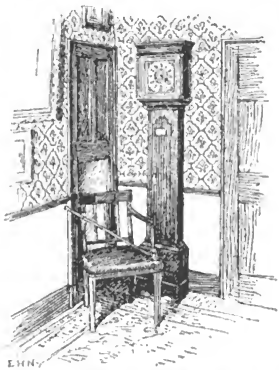
as a relic. Of the Red Horse Irving wrote:

To a homeless man, who has no spot on this wide world which he can truly call his own, there is a momentary feeling of something like independence and territorial consequence when, after a weary day's travel, he kicks off his boots, thrusts his feet into slippers and stretches himself before an inn fire. Let the world without go as it may; let kingdoms rise or fall, so long as he has the wherewithal to pay his bill, he is, for the time being, the very monarch of all he surveys. The arm-chair is his throne, the poker his sceptre, and the little parlour, some twelve feet square, his undisputed empire. It is a morsel of certainty, snatched from the midst of the uncertainties of life; it is a sunny moment gleaming out kindly on a cloudy day: and he who has advanced some way on the pilgrimage of existence knows



THE WASHINGTON IRVING POKER

the importance of husbanding even morsels and moments of enjoyment. "Shall I take mine ease in mine inn?" thought I, as I gave the fire a stir, lolled back in my elbow-chair, and cast a complacent look about the little parlour of the Red Horse, at Stratford-on-Avon.

The Casa Napoleon

There is something strangely familiar about the stories that make up *At the Casa Napoleon*, written by the late Thomas Janvier, and bearing the imprint of Messrs. Harper and Brothers. These tales are old friends. It may be that we read them as they appeared in the pages of *Harper's Magazine*, but we seem to remember them in a more permanent form. But whatever the facts are, in their new incarnation we greet them with great cordiality, because they bring back the memory of youthful thrills and enthusiasms. The Casa Napoleon! There is a certain charm in that name. The structure itself still stands, it boasted the other day of a fresh coat of paint, but its patrons of yesteryear, the men and women of whom Mr. Janvier wrote, are dispersed over the face of the earth, or have gone to another world. When Mr. Janvier came to New York, about 1881, to enter definitely upon a literary career, there was something very like a Latin Quarter in the neighbourhood of Washington Square. To the south there was a French Quarter, where various simple old-fashioned French restaurants attracted artists; to the north there was an artist's colony. There was the old Studio Building at 51 West Tenth Street, and across the street in a rear courtyard was a little house which was the home of the once famous Tile Club. That house was also the domicile of Colonel George Fairfax Carter of Cartersville, Fairfax County, Virginia, and his faithful servitor, Chad, whose adventures and misadventures were recorded by Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith. To the west stretched old Greenwich Village. That was in the eighties and nineties of the last century, when the world was very young.

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The Casa Napoleon was not a house of fantasy, but a very definite haven for wanderers of Latin origin which for several years opened hospitable doors upon a side street near lower Fifth Avenue. To be exact it was numbers nineteen and

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twenty-one West Ninth Street, and its real name was the Hotel Griffou. To this house it was the custom of Mr. Janvier to come, and it was during dinners that his observation garnered suggestions which ripened into the stories that make up this book. The simple and honest Bohemianism of the Quarter gave a colour to its life which attracted the writer, and an early result was the production of his tales of artist life, familiarly known as the Ivory Black Stories, which appeared in the magazines and afterwards in his first book, entitled *Colour Studies,* published in 1885. Mr. Ripley Hitchcock, in his preface to the present volume, comments that *Colour Studies* attracted attention immediately on account of their warmth, richness, humour, and felicity of diction, qualities which always distinguish Mr. Janvier's work. His style, says Mr. Hitchcock, was as unusual as his superb personal appearance. His feeling for effect was that of a Frenchman rather than an American, or, more definitely, he showed a happy and glowing imagination, characteristic of the Midi.

THOMAS ALIBONE JANVIER

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Thomas Allibone Janvier was born in Philadelphia, July 16, 1848, the son of Francis de Haes and Emma Newbold

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Janvier, the descendant of Huguenot forebears from the south of France. From 1870 to 1881 he was chiefly occupied with editorial work upon various Philadelphia newspapers; after that he devoted himself to literary work, and New York became his home, with the exception of travels in Mexico, a long stay in the south of France, and many visits abroad. After the years which produced the tales of Latin New York, he made his Mexican journey. His *Mexican Guide Book,* published in 1887, was called a new discovery of Mexico. The picturesque history and environment, which appealed to him so strongly, found ample expression in his romance, *The Aztec Treasure House,* and in his *Stories of Old and New Spain.* A few years later he went to the south of France. There his affinity was recognised, and he was adopted by the poets and writers, whom he quickly learned to know. He became a warm friend of Frederic Mistral and he was made presently an honorary member of the Felibrige, that inspiring society of poets and men of letters. While Janvier and Mrs. Janvier were living at Saint Remy de Provence, their friendship with Félix Gras brought them an opportunity of reading a manuscript of his *Reds of the Midi.* It was through their appreciation that the work of Gras was brought to the attention of an American editor, and his books, translated by Mrs. Janvier, were made known to the English-speaking world. That stay in the Midi lasted from 1894 to 1897 and yielded, in addition to various magazine articles and stories, *An Embassy to Province* and *The Christmas Kalends of Province.* From 1897 to 1900 Janvier lived for the most of the time in England and then returned to New York. His literary activity lasted until the time of his death, which took place a little more than a year ago.

THE HOUND OF THE MOVIES

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The Hound in the Movies

From a theatre programme recently received from Germany we find that Conan Doyle's *The Hound of the Baskervilles* has been presented in the moving-picture theatres of Berlin. The adaptation was made by one Richard Oswald, and from certain illustrations shown in the programme, it is evident that Herr Oswald has introduced some strikingly radical changes from the story. For example, one picture shows two men attired in the dress of the present day seated at opposite sides of the table, one of them with a levelled revolver in his hand, while over them stands a knight encased in armour of the time of Oliver Cromwell. Another picture, apparently illustrating the *dénouement* of the story, shows the same knight lending material assistance in the capture of a man who is probably Stapleton. Also in the pictures Dr. Watson is as phlegmatic as Doyle showed him in the stories, but his phlegmatism is essentially Teutonic.

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Stories of Sport

In Mr. Gouverneur Morris's recent collection of tales, *The Incandescent Lily,* there is an unusually good lawn tennis story, "The Championship." Incidentally there is a point in the yarn where Mr. Morris

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seems to have taken a twist from the late O. Henry. But that is a detail. Of chief importance is that here is another excellent short story dealing with athletic activity. Ten or twenty years ago the tales based on sport, with the exception of the sport of horse racing, could be counted on the fingers. Where was the golf yarn, the tennis yarn, the football yarn, the baseball yarn of 1895? Moreover, where was the magazine that, at that period, would have regarded a story of Big League ball, for example, with any sort of favour? But all that has changed. Sport has been recognised as a legitimate subject for fiction. Mr. Will Irwin and Mr. Charles E. Van Loan are two of half a dozen who are turning out ingenious baseball tales industriously and profitably. Mr. Van Loan's wider fame incidentally resting upon the fact that he once achieved a fine steal of second with all the bases full. The growing demand for baseball reading is reflected also in the quality of the daily narratives that are syndicated throughout the country. Take, for example, the work of such men as Mr. Grantland Rice and Mr. Hugh Fullerton. These men are far removed from the old time reporter of sporting events, his atrocious English and his vapid slang. They have literary backgrounds and they know how to write.

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Perhaps of all stories dealing with sport good golf stories are the rarest. But golf does not seem to offer a great variety of situations for fiction. We recall one golf novel, *John Henry Smith,* which was entertaining and absolutely ridiculous; a short tale, "The Sheik's Curse," which by the way, had practically the same idea as a baseball story which appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post,* two or three years ago, called "The Pig Bristle Slugger," and the very unusual "Even Threes," to which allusion has already been made in THE BOOKMAN. The list of writers of football stories of merit is a long one, including Mr. Richard Harding Davis, Mr. Owen Johnson, Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams, Mr. James Barnes, Mr. James Hopper and possibly half a dozen more. The motor-car story seems to be no longer in the highest demand, but its popularity endured long enough to bring ample rewards for the clever work of Mr. and Mrs. Williamson, and Mr. Lloyd Osbourne. Indeed a new book by the first named two is always certain of a reasonable amount of success, but that success is no longer to be attributed to the merely motoring aspect of the story. With the passing of the car of the type of the "German monstrosity" of *The Lightning Conductor,*

HAROLD G. PORTER, AUTHOR OF "HOLWORTHY HALL," IN BERMUDA

and of "Baby Bullet" of Mr. Osbourne's yarn of the same name, the motor-car novel lost its greatest asset in the way of plausible dramatic situations. A flat tire, a mixture that is too rich, or a loss of compression in one of the cylinders are still possible and annoying. But such incidentals do not spell Romance.

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While on the subject of the motor car there is one recently published book that deserves more than passing attention, for it is a book of real practical value to motorists, and there are very few such

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LOUIE AND HER SON; FIRST PLAN OF "THE STORY OF LOUIE" AS MADE BY THE AUTHOR

books. This is Mr. Walter Hale's *The Ideal Tour in France,* the first of a series of "Ideal Tours" for Americans who are contemplating motoring in Europe. Now there have been a score or more volumes dealing, in a general way, with the subject, but they are either mere records of personal impressions and experiences, or word pictures of scenery, architecture, and historical associations. The Chateaux country is charming, the ascent of the Pyrenees inspiring, and the Corniche Road gives views of the Mediterranean that are unsurpassed. But Mr. Hale's book serves a much more practical purpose. The "Ideal Tour" of his planning begins at Havre, runs on to Rouen, Paris, Orleans, Bordeaux, and Bayonne, turns east through Provençe, to Marseilles and Nice, and thence through Burgundy, Champagny, and back to Normandy. Not only does he tell what it is, but how to make it, dealing with Baedeker-like precision with the little problems that will be likely to confront the American taking an American built car to France to make the journey. We hold that the one way in which to make a book of this kind adequate is to jot down every question that is likely to come up, and to answer these questions. That has been the method followed by Mr. Hale, whose experience in driving American cars over European roads has probably been more comprehensive than that of any other American. Ten years ago, barely knowing the difference between starting crank and differential, he made his first venture in a car that was slightly more efficient than the car in which Miss Randolph began her touring as told in *The Lightning Conductor.* The first stage of the journey was from New York to Boston, thence the car was shipped to Naples, and from there the road was through Italy, over the Apennines and Alps, and across France to Havre. It is needless to say that the trip brought various experiences over which it is kindlier to draw the veil.

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Mr. Hale tells a very pretty story illustrating the spirit of the *wanderlust.*

JAMES JEFFRIES'S FIRST DINNER WITH FINANCIAL MAGNATES. "THE DEBIT ACCOUNT" AS MADE BY THE AUTHOR

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One day, in a great steamship office in New York City, his attention was called to a little old man with wistful eyes who was timidly asking for a set of the line's folders. The following spring, in another steamship office, he came upon the same man making the same request. Enquiry brought out the story. The man was mad with the love for travel, but did not possess the means to gratify his passion. So from these folders he made estimates of probable expenses, and in imagination travelled over the world. In connection with *The Ideal Motor Tour in France,* the author has compiled two interesting tables of expenses. The first table deals with the expenses of a man and his wife, "travelling with a chauffeur in a sixty horse-power touring car, who went to high-priced hotels and did not economise;" and the second table of the expenses of a man and his wife "who travelled in a light runabout, without a chauffeur, went to hotels of moderate charge—not the lowest—and made the trip economically but comfortably. The two trips were of the same duration, approximately five weeks. The first called for an expenditure of a little over sixteen hundred dollars, and the second for an expenditure of between eight and nine hundred dollars.

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Oliver Onions

From Mr. Oliver Onions, one of the young English writers at whom Mr. W. L. George looked most attentively in "Who Is the Man?" in the February BOOKMAN, there comes a new book, *Gray Youth* (published in America by Doran). *Gray Youth* deals in large part with artists, young artists and enthusiastic ones, who say large colourful words about technique and eugenics. It recalls the fact that Mr. Onions himself began his career as an artist. He made an inadequate living in the Midlands as a designer. Then he went up to London, passed through the art schools, and did war pictures and stories as a correspondent, after trying his hand at posters and advertising pictures. The success of his war stories turned him to novel writing and to his trilogy, *The Debit Account. In Accordance with the Evidence,* and *The Story of Louie.*

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In the meantime Mr. Onions had not forgotten his art, which he uses very practically by making rough sketches of the scenes he wants particularly to visualise for his novels, as though he were going to turn them into paintings. The accompanying illustrations show two of

OLIVER ONIONS

the scenes from the trilogy. The actual scenes in the novel follow the "placing" much as a play follows the playwright's setting in a toy theatre. Although an artist himself, Mr. Onions does not seem to be mad over the merits of young artists. In *Gray Youth* he has presented the conservative side of the "economically independent woman" question. The following quotation expresses the candid opinions of an old art-school teacher on young women who are artistic and advanced:

There's too murh paper in their lives. They read too much. Weeks and months

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SIR GILBERT PARKER

PERCY MACKAYE OVERLOOKING THE PAGEANT STAGE IN ST. LOUIS DURING ITS CONSTRUCTION IN MAY

together I've heard them: Meyers says this, and Galton says that, and Tolstoy says the other; and they make up a sort of world out of that, and think it's the real one, or is soon going to be, and they never get out of it. . . . From all young women who talk paper with their hair down. From all young men who think the New Woman isn't just the same as the Old one. And from all day-nurseries for the children of the well-to-do middle classes. . . !

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Parker on the Novel

Many years ago the late F. Marion Crawford wrote a little monograph called "The Novel" in which he summed up with remarkable clearness the opportunities and responsibilities of his craft. Since that time many other novelists have indulged in philosophical reflections of the same kind, and the latest of these is Sir Gilbert Parker, whose recently published *You Never Know Your Luck* seems to be something of a departure from his studies of French Canadians and colonial problems. Here is Sir Gilbert's idea of the function of a novelist.

The novelist must note not only symptoms which may indicate a passing functional derangement of the moral and mental constitution, he must go infinitely deeper if he wants to know character. He must find out, it may be, the more or less obscure thing—the disease or corruption lying behind the many obvious symptoms, and it is probable that he will find his key in some small, elusive thing which is a danger-signal to the trained mind to which is given also the trained eye.

To a registering eye—an eye which sees and photographs—there comes, under stress of the senses and the illumination which follows, a moving picture of innumerable things in their proper places, the automatic memory of the thousand visualised objects.

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TAKING A SCENE IN THE STUDIO

THE BUDGET OF THE MOVIES

BY GRAHAM BERRY

ONLY once since the early days of the Elizabethan drama has the public had the opportunity of beholding an art absolutely in the making. It was about 1896 that the first "tabloid" play was produced, and now in 1914 the motion picture leads all other forms of entertainment. But it cannot be said that the public has taken advantage of the opportunity. As must have been the case in the days of Marlowe, Kyd and Greene—when novelties were coming thick and fast—only the initial novelty takes people by surprise; and a procession of novelties passes almost unrecorded. Especially in these days of rapid, intensive development do we take it for granted that it is the nature of things to improve. All this is a pity; for watching the art of the motion picture grow step by step has been as fascinating as the privilege of doing so is unique. The unparalleled evolution in a little over fifteen years from the reproduction of petty and unrehearsed scenes of real life—a boy blacking shoes or a police-squad parading—to such marvels of story-telling, theatrical effectiveness, and grouping as *Les Miserables* or *Antony and Cleopatra,* has elicited from most people only the comment, "Isn't it wonderful how well they take them now! Don't you remember how they used to jiggle?"

But though the public generally fails to appreciate the art of a business, sooner or later it always appreciates the business of an art. When twenty-four sheet posters announce picture plays on every cor-

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TAKING A WAR SCENE. VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA

ner, when electric letters over the entrances of usurped theatres flash the names of film companies and stars, when a well-known periodical advertises in the street cars as a contest for moving-picture patrons "Which is your favourite leading man?" when in a syndicate of large American dailies is published from week to week a story-version by one of our most popular novelists simultaneously with the picture-version in the theatres, when the news-stands display several periodicals devoted to news of the motion-picture world—even the man in the street (who, in spite of his location, is never supposed to see anything!) can no longer remain oblivious to the fact that he is perambulating in the midst of an enormous industry. Then he begins to wonder how it happened and what all this represents.

The figures for such a widely extended business are of course only approximate—and furthermore it is the nature of an adolescent industry to swagger and of a theatrical one to fib—but it is estimated that there are twenty thousand theatres in the United States and Canada and that in Greater New York alone some three hundred thousand people go daily. "Judged merely as an industry," says the *International Year-Book* for 1912, "the motion-pictures are of startling importance. The different business interests involved are said to represent an investment of over two hundred million dollars and offer employment in one form or another to half a million people." And that was over a year ago. In point of magnitude the motion-picture industry has now outdistanced many of the largest and oldest industries in America. As much money has been put into the movies as into all the anthracite coal mines; and more than a third as much as into the entire printing and publishing business of the country.

"There are four hundred moving-picture shows in Brooklyn alone and about fifteen hundred in the Greater City," said Commodore Blackton, vice-president of

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FILM

the American Vitagraph Company, to the Brooklyn Municipal Club at a recent dinner, where was begun a much-needed systematic survey of this vital universal factor in modern life. "The total return of the film exchanges to the manufacturers per year in the United States has been estimated at twenty million, and the sum levied by the exchanges from the moving-picture show owners approaches twenty-five million. From the public the show managers get a gross return of about two hundred and seventy-five million per year. The total length of all the films manufactured in the United States alone per year is about forty thousand miles, or over three billion separate pictures, of which there are sixteen to each foot of film. This means enough pictures to make thirty-two of each inhabitant of the United States per year."

It may be imprudent (but one must forestall the mathematical reader!) to call attention to the fact that these figures must be wrong. By them the manufacturer under colossal expense has a gross income of only twenty million, the exchange, whose expense is small, has a gross earning of five million for handling the films, and the exhibitor, whose expenditure is—except for rental—least of all, gets the great bulk of the profits. "But what's a million or two," said the school-boy, "when your slate's full anyhow?" It is probable that the Commodore's statement of what the public pays for its movies is approximately correct, and just who gets it is never a matter of popular worry.

TRADE ORGANISATION

The story of the motion-picture business is an epitome of American industry in general. Except for the one fact that the early supply entirely failed to meet the sudden demand, it is an illustration of industrial development as representative as it is strikingly compact. Naturally a brand-new industry would embrace all the more avidly the modern commercial methods of consolidation and concentration, and in this case all the conditions for doing so were more than favourable. Motion pictures projected upon a screen became a commercial proposition in 1895, and the following year came their first great boom as a popular amusement. As there were nowhere near enough films to go round, the institution of the Exchange sprang into being to facilitate their distribution. It soon became powerful, and the more important exchanges formed a central organisation, the Film Service Association. This at once necessitated as compact and powerful an organisation on the part of the manufacturers. These had from the beginning been embroiled in warfare over patent rights, but joining hands against a common enemy, they now pooled their

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interests as the Motion Picture Patents Company. They then set out to reduce the exchanges to terms by leasing their films only to those individual concerns which would make them concessions. Within two years they produced as a result of this system, the General Film Company, which had absorbed all the licensed exchanges in the country but one. Against this powerful company the independent manufacturers for some time struggled in vain, until they, too, combined and formed the Motion Picture Distributing and Sales Company. This new group was successful in building up its trade until, rent by internal disputes, it split up into two new groups called the Universal and the Film Supply; and then within this last-named group there took place a new alignment. But one thing was now needed to complete this illustration of modern American industry. In 1912 the Government instituted proceedings for the dissolution of the Motion Picture Patents Company and its affiliated corporations for restraint of trade. A lower court sustained Edison in his perpetual injunction against the Chicago Film Exchange, but the Court of Appeals reversed the decision. Thus the cycle became complete, and the independent manufacturer was at last free to develop as he might if he might.

The European attempts to corner the market had never been as successful as the American ones; and this—says the *Motion Picture Year-Book* for 1912—is doubtless responsible for the superior artistic progress there. On the other hand, the heavy and unjust Government taxation constantly threatens to overwhelm the business. Taxation has this year closed some of the largest theatres in Germany, and in Italy the preposterous seating tax is thought to mean the strangulation of the exhibitor and hence of the manufacturer. For even as it is, American films form the larger part of moving-picture programmes throughout Europe, and we export more than we import. Another great curse of the foreign industry is the arbitrary and oppressive censorship. This is a real danger in America also. The industry has already incurred much undeserved hostility from church and civic societies — a hostility which time has demonstrated to have been on the whole without reasonable basis—and a municipal censorship would place the whole business at the mercy of politics and graft. The mistaken antagonism of well-meaning people (who after the fashion of reformers failed to discriminate between desirable and undesirable legislation) forced the exhibitors to band together in an organisation of their own. Already they had found themselves squeezed between the manufacturers and the exchanges, but the attitude of the enthusiastic protectors of the public weal threatened greater annihilation.

FILM

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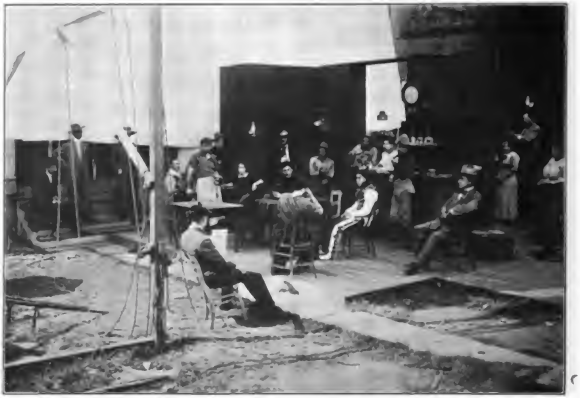

TAKING A SCENE UNDER CANVAS AT THE VITAGRAPH COMPANY'S WESTERN STUDIO AT SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA

In 1911 they formed the Motion Picture Exhibitor's League of America. At present they are joining hands with the manufacturers in their fight against possible municipal censorship. The present Board of Censors is appointed by the National Government and receives no salary. The Board passes upon every film before it is released for exhibition, and for this privilege of demonstrating that they are not breaking the law the manufacturers must pay two dollars a film. But though the censor system as now conducted has its absurd features (pray imagine a newspaper proprietor paying two dollars for an inspection by a national board of censors of every edition he publishes!) still it is not as yet liable to the political corruption of municipal censorship.

THE PLANT

Everything about the production of the motion-picture play has been as tentative as the extreme rapidity of its growth would allow. When it was first suggested that the public wanted plays, the showmen were not only sceptical but hostile. They protested against the invasion of the "legitimate" into a field they had created. But when the first little play proved successful, they began to make preparations to stage plays. There were no studio theatres and the open-air roof-stages were unavailable. Thus the producers had to make their own arrangements. It was at first thought that only some great and novel spectacle could succeed, and the Passion Play was chosen. Several weeks were spent in preparation and sixteen thousand dollars upon preliminaries before rehearsals were begun, in 1897, on the roof of the Grand Central Palace, New York City. The film ran to three reels, the first ever produced, and some forty-eight thousand separate pictures, requiring fifty-five minutes to project. For six months it created a continuous sensation at the Eden Musée. But even then the manufacturers hesitated to follow up the lead, and until 1911 productions of more than one reel were practically unknown. Only in 1912 came the common appear-

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PREPARING FOR A LARGE WAR SCENE IN THE VITAGRAPH YARD

ance of the "feature" film, ushered in by the tremendous success of Dante's *Inferno*. Then features rather than first runs became the popular demand, and now productions of more than two reels are the staple of every evening's performance.

It was the Pathé Frères about 1906 who first elevated the picture play to the level of the theatrical performance. They built large studios, secured prominent stage-managers and actors, and mounted plays lavishly. The native firms, finding their own plays were trash in comparison, combined to eliminate the foreign competition they were unable to meet. Then they set to work to learn how to produce better and more elaborate plays. They erected studio theatres capable of any kind of production. The present Edison studio cost something like one hundred thousand dollars. It is a glass building one hundred feet long, sixty wide, and forty-five high. The stage has an area of twenty-four hundred feet, and there is a water tank with a capacity of one hundred and thirty thousand gallons. The Selig Company in addition to its studios has an enclosure of three hundred acres for outdoor work. It is dotted with little groups of scenery and patches of artificial landscape *à la* Japanese garden and an artificial pool so constructed that it can become at short notice almost any body of water but the deep-rolling sea. This company and other firms maintain studios in Southern Californa within easy reach of mountain and coast and desert backgrounds. It has also a menagerie larger than that of the ordinary travelling circus. The Vitagraph Company occupies what would be several city blocks, in the outskirts of Brooklyn, and its stone wall encloses many hives of activity. Its plant consists of four studios, giving accommodation for the taking of twenty indoor scenes daily, the yard where outdoor scenes are constantly in progress, a concrete pit where explosions and fire scenes may rage harmlessly. For

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POSITIVE JOINING ROOM. VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA

distant outdoor scenes, to which sometimes as many as five hundred people must be transported, there are auto busses in readiness; and for all-day work luncheons must be provided. Some of the Western and Southern companies, whose specialty is the story of primitive and frontier life, maintain not only hundreds of human performers, but specially trained horses and other live stock. The movie, by the way, is the last stand of the cowboy in art. And the word has come that he is losing his grip even in England. That country was his happy stamping-ground for many years, not only by reason of the popularity of Bret Harte and Buffalo Bill, but also because of the prevailing indisposition of the Englander to let new countries become civilised.

The property room of a first-class studio is a museum, a pawn-shop, and a junk-heap. It contains well-heads, stage-coaches, Indian tepees, prairie-schooners, fire-escapes, fountains, battle-axes and armour and spears, and pulpits. The costume-room stuffs on orderly shelves every fashion of every age, and maintains a corps of dressmakers and seamstresses. Its library is a collection of costume books, that the different periods may be dressed authentically. The Vitagraph Company stores five thousand articles of foot-gear and ten thousand articles of clothing—from buskins to Buster Browns. The wardrobe and property rooms are as extensive in resource as those of the Metropolitan Opera, for like that organisation, a motion-picture studio makes all periods and climates its own. The scenic department must be ready to paint, in blacks and whites, any background that is demanded; and this may be fifty feet high and a hundred feet long. The carpenter department must furnish all frames for scenery, and in addition all the accessories in the general equipment of the scene whenever construction is necessary, be it staircase or steeple.

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"THE COSTUME-ROOM STUFFS ON ORDERLY SHELVES EVERY FASHION OF EVERY AGE, AND MAINTAINS A CORPS OF DRESSMAKERS AND SEAMSTRESSES. ITS LIBRARY IS A COLLECTION OF COSTUME BOOKS, THAT THE DIFFERENT PERIODS MAY BE DRESSED AUTHENTICALLY. THE VITAGRAPH COMPANY STORES FIVE THOUSAND ARTICLES OF FOOT-GEAR AND TEN THOUSAND ARTICLES OF CLOTHING—FROM BUSKINS TO BUSTER BROWNS"

EXPENSIVE WASTE AND REALISM

Two factors bulk large in the budget of the movies—waste and realism, avoidable and unavoidable. The waste, once formidable, still more than characterises the usual new industry. It must be borne in mind that the business grew too rapidly to undergo systematisation as it grew. It began without precedent or guidance of any sort. The manufacturers had to blaze every step of the way. No one knew what the principles of appeal were, what a story or a scenario was, or what would "get over." The result was appalling waste in experimentation, which is only now being eliminated. Compared to the regular stage, however, the business is at present on a nearly complete foundation. In the eleven years the motion-picture people have been telling stories in pictures, they have systematised it far more than theatrical managers with three hundred and fifty years behind them. The chief waste comes about in this way. It is convenient for maker, exchange, and exhibitor to have one thousand feet as the standard length of reel. The early practice of the studios was to let a subject run as it would and then cut to make a fit; and this habit lingered even after the supply began to catch up with the demand. The average waste now in a careful company is no more than two hundred feet in a thousand. But by no means are all companies careful. An article in the *Moving-Picture World* for May, 1914, calls attention to the prodigality of time, labour, light, and film in taking over scenes. "I have watched scenes being taken over half a dozen times in succession to get them right, only to be photographed again at a later period and then to be trimmed down more than half in

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MOVING PICTURE ACTORS AT WORK. HEROES MUST BE MADE OF IRON AND COMEDIANS OF INDIA-RUBBER. THE FIGURE ON THE EXTREME LEFT IS THAT OF JOHN BUNNY. THE PERSONAL FOLLOWING OF A MAN LIKE JOHN BUNNY HAS PROBABLY NEVER BEEN EQUALLED IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD. HE IS PROBABLY KNOWN BY MORE KINDS OF PEOPLE THAN ANY ONE WHO EVER LIVED BEFORE. IN A LITTLE RUSSIAN VILLAGE THERE IS A NOTICE AT THE DOOR OF THE MOVING-PICTURE THEATRE, "NO PROGRAMME IS COMPLETE WITHOUT OUR DEAR POCKSON." POCKSON IS BUNNY, "THE MAN WHO MAKES THEM LAUGH." A MAN STOPPED HIM ON BROADWAY THE OTHER EVENING. "YOU ARE JOHN BUNNY," HE SAID. "I GOT ACQUAINTED WITH YOU IN MOMBASA. THERE ISN'T A NIGGER IN THE PLACE WHO DOESN'T SCREAM WHEN HE SEES YOU!"

the editing. I saw nine thousand feet trimmed down to four thousand feet—all because the scenes were not adequately timed in advance." This standard length not only occasions waste, thinks the *Motion-Picture Year-Book,* but is also the greatest drawback to the artistic advance of the picture play. The story that in fourteen hundred feet may be excellent, it says, becomes incoherent when chopped down, or the good eight-hundred-foot story pieced out with extraneous scenes becomes insipid. Consider a magazine requiring all its stories to be exactly six pages, no more and no less. Not until there is greater flexibility of reel length will stories be satisfactory. The Europeans have found this out, but their films are constantly manipulated by American companies to get the required length. Fortunately, this state of affairs is at last receiving attention and beginning to be remedied.

As for the waste occasioned by senseless realism, that, too, has been appalling. That a dramatisation of *Vanity Fair* should show the battle of Waterloo upon the actual field may possibly be desirable, but to transport a whole company to Ireland to stage Boucicault's plays is certainly unnecessary. Once an ambitious company photographed the Leather Stocking Tales on the spot, although most of the spot had disappeared. The American Biograph Company purchased a small village in California to sack and burn in *Ramona.* Selig got together his extensive menagerie for a single jungle story, and then found a perfectly satisfactory setting in Florida. The Vitagraph people on the other hand hire their animals when wanted, and have discov-

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ered a splendid African desert just east of Bath Beach, Long Island. The managerial demand for realism in the United States developed into a mania, and half the time as good results could be obtained at home. The cowboys of New Jersey are not to be distinguished from the real article.

Italy—where, by the way, plays can be staged for half the cost they entail in France and England, and less than half of their cost here—made the fashion of beautiful settings. It was Dante's *Inferno*, made by the Milano Company in 1911, which first demonstrated the superiority of the Italian landscape and light. But the locality itself might easily have been duplicated in the mining region of Pennsylvania. The *Inferno* also demonstrated that the public wanted the utmost of which the new art was capable. Thus encouraged, Italy has during the past year put forward many enormous productions. Cives, Pasquali, Gloria, Italo, Ambrosio have all been smitten with a mania for magnitude just as the American producers were smitten with a mania for realism. *Cabiria,* the world-heralded film by D'Annunzio, is said to have cost over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It was produced on a scale commensurate with the richest spectacle at the Metropolitan Opera House, two years were spent in its production, and it occupies three hours in presentation. It deals with the career of Hannibal, the siege and capture of Syracuse in Sicily, and the final downfall of Carthage. The average feature film costs between three and ten thousand dollars; the average cost of a Famous Player film—on account of the peculiar conditions under which they work—is between fifteen and twenty thousand. Just now they have a company in Europe putting on, in their various settings, *The Eternal City, The Silver King,* and *Monsieur Beaucaire,* and it is expected that the price of the three will be about seventy thousand dollars.

This firm pictures only the famous plays and popular novels. For a year they had no competitors in their particular field, now there are three. The experience of the Famous Players Company is typical of the scepticism and hostility which has contested every step in advance. Not until Sarah Bernhardt took the lead, did they find a hearing with any Broadway star. After they secured contracts with some of them, they found it was a difficult matter to get material. Playwrights and authors felt it would belittle their products and diminish their profits, to be "picturised." Finally, Mr. Daniel Frohman, largely because he was the original producer of the play, prevailed upon Anthony Hope to give him *Zenda.* Its production was considered a test of the possibilities and limitations of the picture. It broke all records and brought in ninety-seven thousand dollars. It popularised the star all over the world and brought him and the play into towns they never would have visited, and convinced both actors and authors of the great importance of the scheme. Since then the way has been easy. Mr. Brady, indeed, intends next season to send a picture play out as advance-agent of the real show. If this is successful, it will just reverse the original theory of managers that the movie is the last stop on the way to the morgue. The Famous Players will next year put out thirty-six plays and a dozen stars, keeping as far as possible the originals of the entire cast.

They pay the author five per cent. on the gross receipts from the rentals of the films. But elsewhere the royalty basis for new material, unenhanced by unusual reputation and unusual previous advertising, will probably be long in coming. The Selig Company is said to have paid Harold MacGrath twelve thousand dollars to secure *The Adventures of Kathleen,* and thus put before the public at the same time a story-version in the newspapers and a picture-version on the screen. But most companies pay in the ordinary course very little for synopses—five or ten dollars on the low side and fifty on the high. "Some of my scripts," writes in the *Motion Picture News* for February, 1914, an author who says he has never had a scenario rejected, "are worth

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one hundred dollars a reel, and some companies are willing to pay the figure. Some other companies make a fixed price of, say, twenty-five dollars a reel, and will not pay more unless it is pried out of them." Scripts a year ago, says the 1912 *Year-Book*, brought thirty-five dollars almost as a top notch; now fifty dollars is not infrequent, and seventy-five to one hundred dollars for single reels is not uncommon. But as a general rule payments have been and still are out of proportion to the other expenditure in the production of a picture play. Larger sums are paid for the rights to published works, and the practice of arranging with publishers for successful novels is a growing one. In 1912 the demand for scripts increased fifty per cent., and it is still increasing. Mr. Epes Sargent, in the *Moving Picture World* of April, 1914, says that a manufacturer recently offered to pay a magazine writer as much for a scenario as he would get for the story, which was four hundred dollars. But this is still the great exception. "We do not know five men in the world," he concludes, "who are making seven thousand dollars a year writing plays." Everywhere are signs, however, that the stock of ideas is running low and that the managers are willing to pay more for them. The Universal Film Company announces that it will pay for any photo play worth the price the sum of five hundred dollars—though this can hardly be called an explicit statement.

THE TOTAL EXPENSE OF A PLAY

The film on which the pictures are taken is slightly heavier than that of the ordinary camera, and costs in its raw state, three and one-half cents a foot. The average one-reel picture is a thousand feet both for a negative and for a positive, and the waste for a one-reel picture is from two to five hundred feet. The first course of the negative film is through the perforating room, where are made the holes along the edges of the ribbon by which it is conducted through the camera and the projectoscope. It is now put into the camera and everything is ready for the picture.

The average camera-man earns forty dollars a week, and his assistant about eighteen dollars. He is not an ordinary photographer, and has to undergo special training. He possesses a peculiar knowledge of light and distance and focussing as well as a peculiar judgment in handling speed—that is, in turning the crank slowly or quickly. An expert cameraman can photograph at five o'clock as well as the ordinary man in full light. The salary of such an expert begins at sixty dollars and has run as high as three hundred dollars a week.

After the pictures are taken the film is developed at a cost of about one dollar and a half for the entire ribbon, one bath being used over and over again; then it is "washed" for another fifty cents. After being thrown upon the screen in the Trimming Room, it is condensed to the normal size of one thousand feet by eliminating those parts which prove now to be superfluous or feeble. The negative now goes to the Printing Room, where to make a positive from it costs ten dollars. Then into this ribbon are inserted the various sub-titles and explanations which have been deemed necessary, and the edges joined with cement. The final charge is for the reel to run the ribbon upon—this costs another fifty cents.

The Vitagraph Company releases six films a week and often it puts as many as four a week into storage. The Selig, Essanay, and Edison companies were releasing five in the latter part of 1912; the Kalem, Lubin, and Pathé companies were releasing four; several others of the so-called "Licensed" companies from one to three. In addition there are thirty-one Independents. Thus there are considerably over one hundred new films every week.

From an original negative about two hundred positives are taken. The manufacturers sell their films to the exchanges —the majority of which they themselves control—for from five to ten cents a foot. They also supply more or less elaborate

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lobby displays of lithographs and banners and photographs, for which still pictures of scenes are taken. Sometimes the lobby displays are given to the exhibitor and sometimes he must pay five to ten cents a sheet for all advertising which accompanies the films. These posters, once universally crude, are now approaching the level of good theatrical work. The Exchange rents the films out to the exhibitor on a sliding scale. The usual programme is made up of from three to four reels or more, depending upon competition, the class of house, and the admission. The cost of a programme depends upon the length and the age of the films. First-run pictures cost more than the same films later. A first-run service, if competition is firm, costs from one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars a week, and even higher if some competitive manager bids for the same service. The ordinary reel rents to the ordinary house for about twenty-five dollars the first night, and the price decreases with each succeeding night about twenty per cent. until finally it is as low as a dollar. A film does duty usually from three to six months.

Eighty per cent. of the theaters change their programmes daily. In addition to the regular price paid for service, nearly all houses running association films pay two dollars a week as a license fee. This is supposed to be royalty on camera patents, says J. A. Nelson in *The Photo Play*, and totals from twelve to fifteen thousand dollars a week. The admission to the houses runs from five cents to a dollar but, contrary to all predictions, the five-cent houses are still very much holding their own. In some cities, such as Washington, for instance, these houses are as commodious and comfortable as the ten and twenty-five cent ones in New York. Most of the cheaper exhibition places are cared for by the operator, paid from eight to twenty-five dollars a week; a piano-player, a door-keeper, a ticket-seller, and an usher, ranging from eight to fifteen dollars.

There is, of course, no such thing as the average cost of a reel. An industrial or "travelogue" picture may cost only the labour of the camera-man and of developing. Actual pageants like the Durbar or the Coronation of King George cost very little, the whole expense of staging the scene being borne by others. On the other hand, to stage and provide background for a fictitious picture may cost hundreds of dollars a second in actual presentation, and the rehearsals for it may extend into weeks.

The studio-staff of the ordinary company includes the scenario-writers, who prepare or elaborate the ideas, the editors, who pass upon the finished story, the directors, who have charge of the production, the regular actors, the extras and supers, the scenic artists, the stage-carpenters and mechanics, the property-men, and the wardrobe-women. The Vitagraph Company, for instance, has fifteen people engaged in reading, reconstructing, or writing plays; it has ten directors, each with his own camera-man and company out of the stock. This consists in all of ninety players (six years ago their stock company numbered six, and this included the three proprietors!). As a rule there are in each little company a male and a female star; the minor members pass from director to director as the plays require. The extra people cost from one dollar and a half a day for mob scenes to five dollars for a man or woman who can bring evening clothes and dance into the foreground of a ballroom scene. All the companies have a list of guaranteed extras who are employed with considerable regularity at the latter price.

In every department of stage work salaries are higher than in the legitimate. This is so for several reasons. The work is greater, the requirements are greater, and certain conditions limit the supply more. A movie actor works longer in rehearsal and he is rehearsing all the time. When the preliminary rehearsals are over, the unit of the regular actor's work is the performance, about six or eight times a week. Again, the movie actor has to be able to do a great many things the ordinary actor is not called

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upon to do or can fake. He must learn how to fall from a horse or over a precipice, he must dangle from a dirigible or vault from an automobile. Heroes must be made of iron and comedians of India-rubber. Heroines must incessantly escape by the breadth of a hair from real instead of simulated dangers. In *Samson* an actual lion was used when the hero tore his jaws asunder, and though the scene did not proceed to extremes it must have made the lion peevish. "During the third reel the pet leopard leaps upon her and claws her face," reads the poster; and in April of this year two full-grown lionesses were killed by this same leopard. The concrete pit for the "fire-stuff" in an open-air studio has occasionally proved a real Gehenna for an actor or director. Thus the business comes within the category of the dangerous trades, and salaries are estimated accordingly. Again, many good actors find they have not the camera-face, just as many good opera singers have not the phonograph voice. And lastly, when high-class stars were lured into the movies, their feelings had to be salved by larger sums than they made upon the legitimate stage. At least, this used to be so; and the habit is still kept up, although most of them have to be lured no longer. The infinitely wider audience acts as a sufficient lure in itself. As short a while ago as 1910 not a single prominent actor was willing to enter a film studio, now there are some stars who never leave it. That the extent of the audience has something to do with this is proved by the fact that certain stars in all the companies are now constantly featured. The personal following of a man like John Bunny has probably never been equalled in the history of the world. He is probably known by more kinds of people than any one who ever lived before. In a little Russian village there is a notice at the door of the moving-picture theatre, "No programme is complete without our dear Pockson." Pockson is Bunny, "the man who makes them laugh." A man stopped him on Broadway the other evening. "You are John Bunny," he said. "I got acquainted with you in Mombasa. There isn't a nigger in the place who doesn't scream when he sees you!"

AMERICAN BACKGROUNDS FOR FICTION

VI—Arkansas, Louisiana and The Gulf Country

BY RUTH McENERY STUART

In a swift survey of the territory within which such of my story folk as live south of Mason and Dixon's line have worked and played—are working and playing still, or fooling when it is too hot or too cold or too comfortable to work or to play—it seems to present a study of contrasts, whether considered as to its climate, its people or conditions and standards of living. Take, for instance—to begin with climate—take the Mexican Gulf with its clemencies of sea and shore, its winter roses, radiant yet with a sense of mystery, like ladies under veil, roses lured from retirement by the ardent wooing of a December sun filtered through pine-scented gauze of impalpable mists—the Mexican Gulf, kindly in aspect, beneficent in spirit and of a perennial sweetness of temper—

I had almost said take this as high note of semi-tropical climate when my mind reverted to the Louisiana bayou country to which even this heavenly coast must yield the palm in tropical aspect. And yet, for first place as to delight, for charm, for beauty which changes temperamentally with the moon

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and the tides and the wind's will, but never pales or palls; for breadth of smiling countenance, white sails at sea and a truce to care ashore—the Mexican Gulf easily holds first place.

But if one would find the tropics beyond their geographical limits, let him make an inland voyage through Louisiana's woodsy waterways—and for full tropical effect he would better take for this the summer-time—let him paddle his canoe through the serpentine meanderings of bayou Têche, for instance, dipping his head on occasion to avoid gathering Spanish moss with his hat; let him recover from the nearness of the first few crocodiles when he finds they all swim away from him; and not drop his paddle in panic when the overhanging gnarled logs just ahead of his prow suddenly lose their humps which literally "turn turtle," and drop into the water in a succession of thuds and swim into hiding; he will soon learn that the brilliant green snakes which depend from frightfully near branches overhead, squirming from spirals into bow-knots and undoing into arabesques—playing variously with the letter S and suggesting Satan—are harmless serpents, all, which lavish nature throws into the picture for good measure of local colour.

Also he must soon learn that the occasional six-foot rattler and the spreading-adders which squirm from the close palmetto-clumps on his too near passing, are as little to be feared as the great iridescent spiders on their wonderful geometric webs here and there ashore or the water-moccasin heads, each followed by a rippling wake, often within reach of his paddle but always escaping, so that he may never be required to look one in his glittering eye.

If our traveller should grow dreamy in this soporific atmosphere—in July, say, when a vibrating haze comparable to the "heat-waves" of the cities suggests the palpitant droning of many bees and even the mosquito's grey song is an ally of sleep—if he lose himself in the general unreality of things and seem to be following the equator, the occasional glimpse of naked black children which a rare vista affords, will go far to strengthen that impression.

But this is not the negro's country. Blacks there are a-plenty, here as everywhere in the South, but—please notice the name. This is bayou Têche if it is not the Lafourche, either but a thought's throw away from bayous DeGlaise, Grand Caillou, Petit Anse, Terre Bonne, Boeuf, Courtableu—names taken at random from the map—for this is the land of the Acadian, the romance-land of Evangeline, whose grave any good-natured Acadian—and they are all good-natured—will show him. And he will give him no end of general information on local history and tradition, especially telling him precisely what persons of distinction have come, from time to time, to paint or to write or to hunt in his paradise. He will tell him all about it in the picturesque vernacular of his people, which is much the same as that of his Habitant brother in Canada to-day. He will do this, I say, if our stranger has been in a manner "introduced;" or, waiving this, the *camaraderie* established in a day's travel may serve in part, but not fully: for, although our "'Cajen" has probably made with his own small hands the shoes upon his feet—if he be shod, and he generally is, not always—made them of alligator-skin of his own tanning, and his whole homespun attire is the fruit of the home loom, not to mention its laundering, also a domestic achievement, and of his conserving mate—he is at heart a Latin of Latins and, like his Creole cousins of high degree, he does not take aliens easily into his confidence.

The French-American ("Creole") of old New Orleans built a wall of brick around his home, a potential fortress, thick, high and strong and topped along its entire length by an unbroken line of crushed glass, firmly embedded in cement. He would brook no intrusions, no eyes prying into his life's inner sanctuaries. His front gate, kept strictly locked and wide enough for only guarded welcome, was sometimes of wrought iron of an open pattern, however, giving the

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guest who would enter regularly a friendly peep into his rose garden, although more often the glimpse afforded a view of only the paved court, wholly bare but for its central pool, from which issued tall growths of perennial green unless it were given over to water-lilies and gold-fish; and the rose garden beyond the honeysuckle arbour, where the beautiful daughters of the house and their cousins and cousins and cousins, congregated in the forenoons with their needlework and small talk and song, was safely beyond the field of vision, even to such as having been admitted by the little gate, followed the black servant across the court to the hall door.

But once within the charmed circle,

"THE FRENCH-AMERICAN OF OLD NEW ORLEANS BUILT A WALL OF BRICK AROUND HIS HOME, A POTENTIAL FORTRESS, THICK, HIGH AND STRONG. HIS FRONT GATE, KEPT STRICTLY LOCKED AND WIDE ENOUGH FOR ONLY GUARDED WELCOME, WAS SOMETIMES OF WROUGHT IRON"

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the bars were down. Everybody talked at once, all laughed together, and free comments upon the social or domestic comedies of yesterday and their promises for to-morrow, filled the care-free mornings—for although youth is the same the world over, all the young are not of the temperament of joy and in a climate given over to expression without stint or exhaustion. If there was a parrot, "making all that trash under the fig tree yonder," he jabbered profanely in French, while the mocking-bird, pecking at his egg-ball in his cage on the gallery, was credited with brief passages from *La Favorite* or *Trovatore*—this, say, along in the fifties, during the last flare of the expiring candle of domestic security, before it went out, in '61.

The 'Cajen (Acadian, 'Cajen) as we find him to this day in the bayou country, is essentially pastoral, forsaking his rural life to his own hurt, this being the rule which proves the exception (to reverse an adage) for those who have entered the professions and made metropolitan successes are too small in number to refute the common assertion that the city holds only poison for the gentle Acadian who is at his best and happiest on his native heath. Although history has written the story of French domination in a nomenclature freely dotting the Louisiana map, one cannot help realising that the poor Indian not here even as the retiring Acadian to speak timidly for himself, is nevertheless preserved in memory by a list of names as characteristic as theirs, as witness in such as Tchefuncta and Tangipahoa rivers, Atchafalaya, river and bay, bayous Tensas, Manshac, Catahoula, Choctaw, Tickfaw and so on, through a pitiful list when one realises that the pathetic, apathetic remnant of a once proud tribe congregated now at the diminutive settlement commonly known as Charenton, but which the Indians themselves with unconscious pathos, insistently call "The Nation," numbers all told, less than a hundred souls.

Here dwindle in poverty and seclusion all who are left of the Tchetamachis, long noted for their skill in artistic basketry, an industry which would have died out some years ago but for the timely generous patronage of the Avery family of the salt mines who, by offers of prizes for best duplications of the old baskets and finding a market for their sale, have rescued a valuable industry and saved the humble toilers from threatened pauperism, for the time, at least. Of course, Romance rides bareback through this twentieth century Forest of Arden, dismounts for adventure by canoe, scales its rail fences and dances on its greens as of yore, and the fact of contrasts in complexion, fusion and confusion of tongues, has in nowise impaired the purity of blood of Louisiana's Acadian contingent, whose women are as pure and simple in heart and life even as the white-robed little "Children of Mary" who, veiled as brides, proceed in vestal procession during each month of May to the village church, in consummation of their first communions. Indeed, one ventures little in saying that not a pale, withered young grandmother among them but in her day marched with the "Children of Mary."

Some good French blood seems to have been thrown out of the colony, it is true, for here as elsewhere men have been a trifle careless of these things, with the result, in this instance, it appears, chiefly of bleaching such half-breeds as are found entangled in the fringes of life, so to speak. Even King David of old, if we are to believe Holy Writ, seems to have been somewhat casual in such matters, and but for his conserving mate . . . ?

But what are we saying? How have we strayed from our thumb-nail map of "Arkansas, Louisiana and the Gulf Country?" So is one lost when he yields to the lure of the abstract which ever leads to the elemental and the universal. Geography becomes of small moment; arithmetic is not and history but repeats itself. Of course, New Orleans is the seething centre of Romance of the Gulf country. Everybody knew that, dumbly, even before Judge Martin, the scholarly eccentric, too little known beyond his native indebted State, gathered his ma-

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terial from documents of life as well as literature, or Charles Guyarré assorted its elements for posterity in his picturesque history, written in the romance language; or Alcée Fortier enriched the literature of his native State with his gleanings, especially his collection of folk tales, thereby winning for himself the merited decoration of the Legion of Honour; or Grace King rescued her gems from the melting-pot ere they were lost in the fusing; or George Cable dipped in his pen and lifted out fire—the "right Promethean;" or the poets, Mrs. Townsend, M. E. M. Davis, Martha Austin, Julie K. Wetherill, Josephine Nichols and others, in and out of rhyme, dipped out and polished and gave to the world their findings.

Detaching one's self a moment for the broader perspective, it takes little imagination to see New Orleans as a great magnetic centre. Witness the mammoth horseshoe described by the river's course at this point. See it dip and rise around the city heart, shaping for all time the magnet-city which has ever attracted to itself from across seas, adventurers of romance and discovery, buccaneers, pirates, treasure-seekers at work and royalty at play. Such is the old town's pictorial history, rich in contrasts as racy in adventure. French and Spanish by turns, then forever essentially Latin-American, through numberless dilutions and admixtures, her kaleidoscopic past is written in picturesque decay which one, knowing her story, if he be not colour-blind and a dullard, may read as he runs.

Here are even palpable ruins, reminiscent of the old order, ruins stately, gaunt and important or dilapidated, moss-grown and picturesque in the low-browed architecture which crouches in the weed-grown rose-gardens of yesterday, all bearing witness to a refined home-loving past into which one may with little imagination fit such as Grace King's fascinating Balcony Stories as told by mothers and grandmothers—reflecting some of the traditions of society as it pirouetted through the figures of continental social life a century and more ago. Of course, the words "stately" and "important" as applied to the homes of the old South, are ventured guardedly and in full realisation that the terms are comparative, and that the comparison is legitimately only with typical American homes of the same period, conspicuously with the colonial homes of New England which lose nothing of real value in the comparison, perhaps, but mark a contrast—a theme which lures but which would take a chapter all to itself, so we must keep to our map, for now.

Realising the heterogeneous population of the Gulf region and especially of New Orleans at the time when I first took up my pen, when the city, long the Mecca of the newly freed, and still in a state of palpable transition, was a great caravansary, pictorial to a degree and pathetic in human appeal, perhaps it was but natural, in casting about for material, that my reach should first have seized upon such as, in the perspective which differences of race and class afford, made most vivid appeal.

My environment for character-study was, if anything, too crowded with material, and in an embarrassment of riches, my task became little more than one of selection, not from the actual, of course, but from the everywhere obviously probable; so that, to select the imagined old man, Mingo, of my first printed sketch, from the human drifts which crowded the poor quarters, to let him find home upon the bank of the river on which the setting sun made a silver road where he met again his memory people, thus sustaining his pride while neighbouring garbage-pails kept soul and body together—and true to his traditions, to discriminate, even in this "free marketing" in favour of "quality garbage;" or to discover, as in *A Golden Wedding*, that the chance elderly neighbours, black man and woman, who like Pyramus and Thisbe, conducted romance through a hole in the wall—in this instance a broken partition—to discover, I say, that these elderlies were in reality husband and wife, sold apart in early life and thrown together thus in the hurly burly

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"HERE ARE EVEN PALPABLE RUINS, REMINISCENT OF THE OLD ORDER, RUINS STATELY, GAUNT AND IMPORTANT OR DILAPIDATED,-MOSS-GROWN AND PICTURESQUE IN THE LOW-BROWED ARCHITECTURE WHICH CROUCHES IN THE WEED-GROWN ROSE-GARDENS OF YESTERDAY"

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of disaster was, in either case, little more than letting the obvious have its way.

After a season's gleanings among the negroes, it became a matter of simple expansion to include the Italians, who constitute so large and so picturesque a proportion of our peasantry, and there followed naturally the story of Camelia Riccardo, the beautiful "Dago" girl, who sold bananas in the French market and would have none of the superior and condescending Gascon butcher, with all his grandiloquence and flourish; and then, *Carlotta's Intended,* bringing in Pat Rooney with his breeze and brogue, and involving a complication with the Italian Mafia, so that I found myself in a turbulent sea of dialects in which I should

"NEW ORLEANS' KALEIDOSCOPIC PAST IS WRITTEN IN PICTURESQUE DECAY, WHICH ONE, KNOWING HER STORY, IF HE BE NOT COLOUR-BLIND AND A DULLARD, MAY READ AS HE RUNS"

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have been swamped but for the fact that every one was as familiar to me as my own tongue, so that I had no more trouble in shifting from one to another than in writing such limited English as I dared essay. One would have to close his ears not to acquire somewhat of the speech of the people in a bizarre old town of mixed traditions, where one may hardly escape a half dozen patois in the length of a single street.

It is a dangerous habit, the dialect addiction, and one hard to throw off at will. Indeed, if one grow weary of the medium—which in the first place it were a crime to adopt excepting on compulsion of art, and, having thus accepted it, a still greater crime to discard for a whim—his only safety seems to be in flight. He must change his field; for, until such a time as the artist of the brush may feel constrained to paint the negro white, just for politeness, he who essays his portraiture with the pen dare not rob him of his own in the colour and richness of his spoken language, so far as he may adequately convey it without the aid of his own velvet throat.

Perhaps my mind was in a state of inquiry as to writing about our own people, casting aside the peasant folk and their mixed talk for a while, when arrived the *River's Children,* gentle folk of society who played between the Magnet town and Brake Island, the last made to the author's need and supposed to lie vaguely beyond the Acadian land or even such of Louisiana's fastnesses of cane and forest as the geographies allow while failing to describe.

This little book, written out of the author's own heart, although fiction from cover to cover, brought into relation typical Southern youth and Northern bride in the conflict of pride and endurance and the ability to retrieve in cruel conditions, but, though its central figures were educated people of the class we are wont to call "representative," it could not develop freely on its native soil until the merry-hearted darkies began singing through its pages, first while they worked with pickaxes on the levee to avert the crevasse and again as the black boatmen, wearing the Harvard crimson for the occasion, rowed their torch-lit boats through the winding bayous bringing the Governor of the State and other friends to the Brake Island house-party on a characteristic antebellum invitation, with no time limit.

In this story I sought to convey an impression of the hospitality of the old South with its unreckoning lavishness and mirth, no whit warmer or truer than that with which New England encircles her welcome guests, as I have discovered to my own enrichment in cherished friendships, but in its essential features of detachment in homes more or less remote—homes of breadth and a certain tropical aspect of luxury in their wide verandas and open doors, with their retinues of eager slaves—making a picture of boundless hospitality which has become proverbial and gone into history as characterising a people—a hospitality which far be it from me to disparage in the long retrospect, knowing only too well, out of life and love experience, its sweetness and warmth as well as its sincerity and charm. My point is that the difference is not in degree or yet in kind, but rather in colour, perhaps, an extraneous circumstance of latitude and the angle at which the sun invites the sea and the land—altogether unrelated to the heart of the people.

Passing from New Orleans with its conglomerate, across to rural Arkansas, a finger's length on the map and a journey of a day and a half by indirection, is like dropping from Babel into silence; and when once within the borders of the more rustic State, even forsaking its broad spaces of large estates where a few dominating families still preserve more or less of old standards in pride of lineage and tradition, we arrive at the small town I knew best of all, numbering some fifteen hundred souls, all told, only by grace of an ambitious local census-taker, but, although rural to a degree, distinctly superior in its social aspect.

Even in the painful stress of recon-

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struction days, it managed to scrape together enough from the general wreckage to send its beautiful daughters away for a year or two of social equipment, to the "finishing schools" of Virginia; its book-cases held files of *Harper's Magazine* and the old *Scribners,* before the *Century* supplanted it here and on the centre-table of its Reading Circle; its grandmothers had dressed according to *Godey's* and *Peterson's* and were still quoting Fanny Fern and Tupper's proverbial philosophy, and grieving that their young men, come up "since the surrender," should be obliged to hold college educations in tradition behind them and become wage earners.

From this point of vantage it was that I made my studies of such rustic types as floated in and out for extra shopping or on their ways to the annual circus and camp-meetings—types finally ingathered for the founding of Simpkinsville which, like Brake Island, was created over night to serve a literary purpose—Simpkinsville, named for the family of the Simpkins spinsters of the Woman's Exchange, the humble tale of village life which brought a first white plume to its author's small helmet in cordial praise from Herbert Spencer: Simpkinsville where Bud Zunts waited at the door of the Post Office kept by his lady love and her parrot—waited ostensibly for his mail, but really for courage to speak his mind; Simpkinsville of the various schools in which Sonny wrestled with his education; where Lamentation of Jeremiah Johnson wore out the numerous girl frocks of his deceased sisters and yet lived to give God glory in manly fashion; of the widow Moriah, named for a Bible mountain, who, in excess of grief for her lost mate, dipped all her clothing into the dye-pot, and "mourned from the skin out;" of Salina-Sue, the maternal who, only after his ardent second wooing, reluctantly consented to walk up the church aisle with the yellow, bowlegged father of her numerous progeny, taking their eldest daughter as bridesmaid to accompany her as in veil and orange-flowers she made up for the physical shortcoming of her man. Here, too, occurred the tragedy of little Mary Ellen and her Unlived Life, in which a semi-distraught woman nursed a doll, believing it to be her babe, a story quite independent of its setting, and which I let grow out of Simpkinsville just because it was here that the vision appeared.

Although entirely convinced of its possibility and that it might have happened anywhere, where women loved and men forgot, I was filled in its writing with keen dread, from start to finish, lest I should fail to make it convincing—lest in skirting the brink of pathos, I should fall ingloriously into bathos, and perish; and it was because of this timidity that I protected myself somewhat by having the attending physician say, *á propos* of his having written a description of the case for publication, "Yes, and I've called it a Psychological Impossibility. A heap of impossible things have turned out facts and had to be argued backward from." And with that, I told my story, but it took courage, courage which, I rejoice to say, has been amply vindicated, not only in the kindly handling of the tale by such as are called critics, but in as many as four authenticated cases of precisely this delusion in dementia no more pronounced. And this brings me to wonder, whence comes such a story as this? for surely no one could be less able to account for it than she who wrote it out of a clear sky, conscious of no germinal seed in fact or fancy.

Indeed, the story offered itself to me full grown, and for several years I seemed to see that little buggy driven along the streets of Simpkinsville by the lonely, distraught woman with a doll in her lap, before I decided to write it, if for no other reason than to rid myself of the haunt of it. I suppose all writers of fiction are often asked if their stories are true, in whole or in part, and I have wondered how many of them are hampered as I am by "fact" in stories of make-believe. Indeed, the real has ever been a handicap to me unless, of course, it be a germ out of which a story may naturally grow of itself. Otherwise, the

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"real touches" become patches which, for the life of me, I scarcely dare put in, for fear of showing my stitches; and that if the fabric of my romance be transparent, the patch should prove opaque, and vice versa. So, knowing, or believing that I knew my people and their environment, otherwise my "background," I prefer to fly free, unhampered by a peg of fact here and a rope of reality there, holding me to earth or tripping me up.

No doubt all fictionists have had my experience in copious offers of literary material, and for the reason, frankly, that it is "so exceptional, so outlandish that it ought to be written," a fact to my thinking more condemnatory than any other, the exceptional in life being of all things, hardest to make convincing in literature. My story of Napoleon Jackson of the Plush Rocker, while developing a familiar type, is, I realise, quite out of the ordinary in what may appear its germinal idea, but which was really an afterthought—the pre-natal marking of her child "for rest" by an overworked and vengeful slave mother—this story has, of all my tales, oftenest invited the question of foundation in fact.

"And did you really ever know such a man?" I am asked and my invariable answer is, "No, not the individual, but I've seen a thousand such, living in cushioned ease, figuratively, at least, at the expense of some devoted madonna of the tubs or of the cook-pot." Indeed, the figure is one so familiar in the South that there was no hazard in presenting the type. As to the pre-natal marking, that came out of the ether straight to my hand and I seized it on sight for its obvious value in merrily accounting for one type while introducing another in the incidental, previsional slave mother and her elemental, unaidable plan for getting even with life.

This much secured, came promptly hobbling old granny Shoshone with her loquacious toothless testimony, while out of the shadows of the old Ku Klux, what simpler than the evolution of the Midnight Ministers of Mercy? And, as to the plush rocker, everybody knows that soap coupons, sold on our Southern plantations, are good for various articles of vertu as well as of utility, from the magnificent enlargements of the family tin-types which adorn the whitewashed walls of some of our otherwise bare plantation cabins, to endless examples of ornate "mahoganised" upholstery, so it was no trick at all for our hero's devoted laundress-spouse to supply the needed symbol of elegant ease to him whose life of prearranged repose it was hers to bless and to adorn.

And now, looking back over our territory, after its first broad presentment of smiling faces and flowers and song one gets here an impression perhaps more than elsewhere in America, of a conceded aristocracy, independent of wealth or "smartness" or the social pace, and hence of greater stability perhaps—an aristocracy of tradition, more or less submerged and semi-decayed as a whole, yet sounding the final note in important social issues and measuring innovations on the Procrustean bed of precedent, with only such allowance for changed conditions as comes safely within the bounds of accorded standards of taste. Such is the spirit of the Old South, and to sense it fully, perhaps one needs to live along with it quietly and to observe and to listen; and yet, even as I say the words, I can fancy many quick denials, even from representatives of the old régime, with such as "Ah, no! That is all changed. Witness how this or that vulgarian has honked herself into society, in our very faces! Where are your blue-bloods of yesterday—the shrunken in fortune—the 'outs'—the forgotten? Count me twenty-five descendants of our ruling families holding their social place to-day, and I will show you a hundred newly-come and slashing away at the traditions of the elders, drowning out any possible low, cultured voice of protest in the noise of their own lives . . ."

And just here, having slowly recovered my breath, I should put in my rejoinder, somewhat like this: "True, enough—only too true, all you say, and yet, if you watch closely enough, I think

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you will realise that the great body of the so-called 'decayed,' the down-and-out, the inarticulate, if you will, are keeping their steadfast eyes on the 'Twenty-five' left to represent them in the social world, and there are many secret wires of communication between them, for they are of one blood and indissolubly knit in the bonds of understanding.

My lady Nouveaux of High Fling would probably gasp if she suspected that the pale and reticent Woman-of-the-little-stitches who climbs her stairs, bringing her "fine sewing" home, is third cousin to the newly acquired "dear friend" whom it took my lady three seasons of manœuvring to corral—her proudest social achievement—and that the cousins lunch together "every so long," generally in the low-browed cottage where they may hobnob without fear of interruption in heart-to-heart confidences as to things old and new. This is one way the Submerged gets her vote—one chance even to start rolling the little black ball which has been known to issue mysteriously from nowhere and strike Madame Nouveaux squarely between the eyes.

"So it is not the paltry Twenty-five who legislate against innovations, but the great mass of the Submerged of whom they are the spokesmen, the representatives—and herein lies their strength. Indeed, one need not even look very keenly to observe that when one of the 'Hundred' honks past a member of the 'Twenty-five' on the highway, he doffs his new hat with a special gilt-edged deference which tells the story."

Or, to change the figure, let us visualise the Old South as a gentle old lady in side-curls—the lady Pamela, say, flounced in old lace and redolent of lavender—behold her, looking up from the pages of her cherished Littell's *Living Age,* and turning her lorgnon quietly and inquiringly upon a social offender! It takes only half an eye to realise in the silent tableau that he who would eventually read his title clear to worthy social place in the New South will do well to make terms with my lady Pamela.

THE UNDERWORLD

BY STEPHEN HENRY THAYER

'Twas midnight: his lone steps had led him far
Along the city's desert streets. The way
Was hushed; for all the trammel of the day
Had ceased its noisy turmoil: a white star
Set in the mist, shed from its silver bar
A mellow gleam to mark, with its veiled ray,
The darkened pave whereon his pathway lay.
The night was like a dream with naught to mar!
Behind the endless barricades they slept—
The nameless myriad, evading care;
But his quick pulses, fevered by the night
And thoughts unbidden,—memory haunted,—leapt,
As one, forsaken, shadowed the dim light;
A homeless wanderer moaning hopeless prayer!

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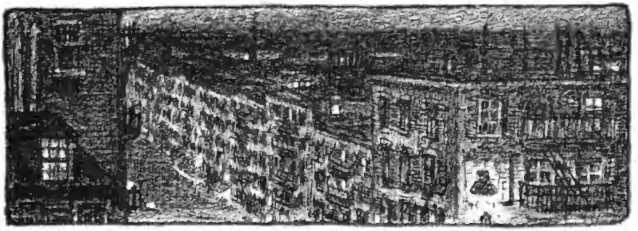

THE NEW YORK GHETTO BY NIGHT. DRAWING BY B. GUSSOW

THE NEW WRITERS OF THE GHETTO

BY ABRAHAM CAHAN

An interesting group of story-tellers has grown up on the East Side of New York City during the last few years. They write in Yiddish and their narratives are laid in the American Ghettos, where Yiddish is liberally interspersed with English. They are all realists, their pictures mirroring the peculiar conditions that surround the Jewish immigrant in his new home.

The tenement population of the five big Ghettos of Greater New York contains a vast number of men and women who take fiction far more seriously than it is taken by the average reader of the American magazines. These want their stories to portray the actualities of life. False notes jar on them and a "happy ending," unless it be natural and convincing, is discarded as "made to order" and absurd. The bulk of these people is made up of factory-operatives, peddlers or small tradesmen who have never received even the rudiments of modern education. The number includes, however, a very considerable minority of Talmudists, men with a great deal of intellectual training, though it may not imply an acquaintance with such subjects as Grammar, Geography, or Arithmetic. In addition, it contains a number of educated people, in the general acceptance of the term, who are interested in Yiddish stories and sketches because of the high average of literary merit they represent. Not that there is not a large class of readers on the East Side that find interest in stories of the "blood-and-thunder" type, in hair-breadth escapes and thrilling surprises. But there is, also, a reading public of perhaps one hundred thousand that has no patience with this kind of fiction and exacts a high sense of artistic truth from its writers.

A good deal has been said about the intellectual proclivities of the East Side, about the large demand there is for good literature in the circulating libraries of the Ghetto; the thousands of poor tailors who will beggar themselves to send their sons and daughters to college; the high order of many of the plays produced in the Jewish theatres. All this is true, and one of the characteristic manifestations of this tendency is the great success of the better class of Yiddish stories among the dwellers of the slums. A Yiddish story is read and a Yiddish play is seen not merely as a momentary pastime, but as a theme for earnest discussion in the sweat-shop, at home or at the debating club. There are hundreds of all sorts of societies on the East Side, and in a great many cases their programme includes lectures

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and debates on the social question, literature and the drama. A controversy on Tolstoy, Ibsen, Maupassant or the Yiddish writers is an effective drawing card.

The American-born children of the Ghetto, young men and women who have studied in the American schools, high schools or colleges, and who speak Yiddish as one does a foreign tongue, have their own intellectual passions, their tastes and views often conflicting with those of their parents. This chasm between "fathers and sons" is a source of many of the striking features that go to make up the colourful panorama of Ghetto-life. The editor of the *Jewish Daily Forward* some time ago received a letter which may be found interesting as illustrative of the divergence of opinion between the two generations in question on the subject of literature. It was written in Yiddish by a cloakmaker.

". . . My daughter and I," it runs, "are always discussing a certain question, and sometimes our talks become rather disagreeable. So I thought I would submit it to you. She is educated and I am not, for she has been through college and is now teaching school, while I am a plain workman. But if she had a thousand times more education than she has I should still say that her ideas on literature are foolish. She is always reading novels and short stories in the magazines and she tells me the authors are great. Maybe they are. But when I try to read some of the short stories my daughter praises so much, I cannot help laughing. Maybe it is all due to my ignorance; but it seems to me those stories are childish stuff. Anybody can see it is all played up to make it read nice; but it is all impossible and the talk is not at all the way people talk.

"Everything is too sweet and not the way things happen. Nor are the people in the stories like real people. Everything is fixed up to fool the reader. But whom can they fool except those who are fools already?

"When I read a Yiddish translation of the *Kreutzer Sonata*, by Count Leo Tolstoy, everything was just like life and there was a lot of sense in it, too; and it was very interesting. Of course, our own Yiddish stories are not so great. But there is no nonsense in them, at least. They are not played up on purpose to make everything nice and sweet.

"My daughter makes fun of me. She says I am not an educated man, so I do not understand literature. A story must be a story, she says, and it must not be like real life. It must be better than real life. She says we have trouble enough as it is and when we read a story we want to forget our troubles. But I say: how can you forget them since you see at once that the story is only a story and a fake?

"She is crazy for a story. That's the main thing with her. She does not care how it is made up, provided it is a nice story, and lots of things happen. Now I think it is all very well for a little child, not for grown people. I am interested in the character of the people, in their real feelings and in the tricks they try to hide from others. When I read something of that kind it is like hearing a good piece of music. But my daughter thinks I am a fool because I have never been to school, much less to college. But then, I suppose all fathers are supposed to be fools."

The answer to this letter contained a list of American and English authors, including the names of Howells, James, Frank Norris, Theodore Dreiser, Thomas Hardy, George Moore, Wells, Arnold Bennett and others. After a lapse of several months a letter came from the cloakmaker's daughter thanking the Yiddish editor for the list and expressing satisfaction with the books recommended.

"I am beginning to see things in a new light," the young woman wrote. "My father's victory is complete and he is happy."

The new Yiddish writers are all workingmen and devoid of any school education. But they are gifted with a keen sense of human motive and character and are born story-tellers, in the better sense of the term. They are born artists. Many of their stories have some bearing

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upon the Chinese wall dividing the old immigrant people from their American bred children. A story by Aaron Weitzman, for example, is based on the conspicuous part which Jews play in the pugilistic world of New York, where most of the champions are of their race, a fact utterly foreign to the spirit of the Yiddish-speaking old generation.

A well-built young man of American birth brings home large sums of money for which he is unable to account in a satisfactory manner. He tells his old-fashioned mother vaguely that he has a good job, but when she insists upon knowing what sort of trade it is his answer is to the effect that it is something she would find rather difficult to grasp. One day his father, a rabbinical scholar of the old type, makes the discovery that his son is a professional pugilist and a local champion, terms, by the way, that had to be translated for him into the language of a world in which athletic sports are utterly unknown. The old man is shocked. Who ever heard of decent people fighting like peasants? he asks in bewilderment and despair. The notion of anybody "earning money by knocking out somebody's teeth" strikes him as extremely repulsive and ludicrous at once. The young man retorts by characterising Russia as a country of "lobsters" and boasting of the progressive up-to-date spirit of America. Gradually his parents are made to bow to the inevitable. They become reconciled to his vocation and even let themselves be persuaded to attend a fight in which he is matched against a young Irish-American. The idea of a fistic encounter between a Jew and a Gentile is distasteful to them, for it brings them memories of anti-Jewish atrocities, "pogroms," massacres. But people keep dinning in their ears that an American fight is something refined and worthy of the attention of good people. So they are curious to see for themselves the queer kind of fame their son has achieved.

When the fighter's mother sees him facing the robust half-naked Gentile, her heart sinks within her. "Keep away from him!" she implores her son, in consternation. "He'll kill you." But her boy proves more than a match for the Gentile, and she leaves the place with her heart divided between horror of the brutal performance and motherly pride over her son's victory.

Some good stories have been written by the younger Yiddish writers about the

MORRIS ADERSHLAGER. ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR OF THE NEW YIDDISH WRITERS. HE WORKED AT HIS TRADE AS A BARBER SINCE THE AGE OF NINE. ALL THE MENTAL TRAINING HE EVER RECEIVED WAS TWO OR THREE YEARS AT A HEBREW SCHOOL, WHERE HE WAS TAUGHT TO READ THE PRAYER-BOOK AND BIBLE

failure of the old people to appreciate the enthusiasm of their American-born boys for baseball. One of these is an excellent sketch by Harry Smith, a tailor. It dramatises a heated discussion between two "fans," from Philadelphia and New York respectively, each boy taking up the cudgels for the team of his city, and their parents following their excited talk with mixed perplexity, amusement and disgust.

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One of the most popular new Yiddish writers is a barber who has worked at his trade since he was a boy of nine. His name is Morris Adershlager. All the mental training he ever received was the two or three years he spent at a Hebrew school, where he was taught to read the prayer book and the Bible. Grammar is still an undiscovered country with him. Yet he has a wonderful sense of artistic values and possesses, in a remarkable degree, the art of making things real. His

DAVID BROWN, A WEAVER, WHO HAS ATTRACTED ATTENTION BY THE PECULIAR HUMAN SYMPATHY THAT PERMEATES HIS TALES

dialogue is always natural and convincingly true, and his tales are taken from the very heart of reality. They are never humdrum. Life in general, and life in the Ghetto in particular, is full of tragedy and comedy, and Adershlager knows how to find literature in the simplest situation. One of his successful sketches portrays the visit of a girl to the house of her newly married bosom friend, their first meeting after the other girl's wedding. Another depicts the relations of a pretty girl and a repulsive-looking man who gradually transforms her aversion to love by the sheer force of his persistence and his iron character in general. There is a tender note in his writings, but his stories are never oversentimentalised. He is always sincere and many of his sketches have a charming touch of psychological poetry.

David Brown, a weaver, has attracted attention by the peculiar human sympathy that permeates his tales. The story that brought him to the front, some six years ago, tells of a servant girl who is engaged to be married to an honest, husky fellow. It is a case of mutual love, but she deprecates some of the ways in which her intended husband manifests his fondness for her. In her crude, primitive way she dreams of a romance full of poetry and free from grossness of any kind. She attributes the uncouth part of his love-making to his lack of education. She is sure that educated people make love in a far more respectable way than he does. She takes special pleasure in visioning her lover as a man of education and his courtship as something becoming a gentleman.

The daughter of her mistress is an educated girl and her lover is a college man. So Gnendel (the name of the heroine) is sure their love-making is free from all those features which she finds objectionable in the relations of her own lover to herself. One afternoon she eavesdrops upon the tête-à-tête of her young mistress and her fiancé, and her mind is rudely disabused. She finds that the college man shows as little refinement in his intimate relations with his bride-to-be as her own illiterate suitor. Gnendel is grievously disappointed in the educated classes and in humanity in general. Her dreams of a refined spirit and a courtship worthy of a real gentleman are shattered.

One of Brown's stories tells of a man who leaves his old home and immigrates to America primarily for the purpose of freeing himself from a marital union that has always been obnoxious to him. He never cared for his wife, having been persuaded to marry her against his will by

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an old-fashioned father, who regarded it as a good match and who did not think that the question of love ought to be taken into consideration in judging of matters of this kind. Years pass. His estrangement from his wife is complete, and he is planning to obtain a divorce from her. But one day his daughter arrives from Russia, a girl of modern education and manners. She comes on a mission of reconciliation between father and mother. His heart warms to her, and he is too weak to withstand her plea. Her efforts are crowned with success.

I. ROCK (ISIDOR LIPMAN). HE WAS FORCED TO ASSUME THE PSEUDONYM IN ORDER TO CONCEAL HIS LITERARY ACTIVITIES FROM HIS WIFE, WHO WAS SLOW TO APPRECIATE THEIR VALUE. SHE OBJECTED TO WHAT SHE REGARDED AS WASTING TIME ON "FOOLISHNESS." LIKE SOME OF THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE GROUP, ROCK IS MOSTLY INTERESTED IN THE SUBMERGED OF SOCIETY. HE IS A PASSIONATE OBSERVER OF THE LIFE THAT SURROUNDS HIM, AND IT YIELDS HIM A RICH CROP OF TOUCHING TYPES AND SITUATIONS

BARNETT BOTWINICK. BOTWINICK WAS ORIGINALLY A HOUSE PAINTER

He sends for her mother for her sake and the family is reunited.

Barnett Botwinick, who until a few months ago eked out his modest living by following the trade of house-painter, is another of the Yiddish writers who have "arrived" during the last few years. One of his most recent sketches is concerned with a family that is forced by poverty to emigrate to America, but is prevented from doing so by an old grandmother. They are familiar with our American immigration laws and they know that granny is too old and feeble to be admitted by the officers at Ellis Island. Leaving the old woman alone is out of the question, however. So the journey is postponed indefinitely. The matter is never hinted at in the hearing of the old woman, but she knows how to put two and two together, and the situation is not lost upon her. She reads the minds of her children and grandchildren. She can see their devotion to her; but she can also see that she is in the way. She holds her own counsel. Her children and grandchildren, on the other hand, read her thoughts. The mute tragedy reaches

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Z. LIBIN. LIBIN IS IN MANY WAYS THE MOST IMPORTANT MAN AMONG YIDDISH STORY TELLERS AND PLAYWRIGHTS SINCE THE DEATH OF JACOB GORDIN

its height when the old woman is taken down with a serious illness. Her dying words are: "Now you will be able to go to America, my children. May the Lord of the world give you good luck over yonder."

Another pathetic situation is depicted by the same author in a story entitled "Saturday Morning." Two girls and a young man work in American factories to support themselves and their old parents. Their father, who has seen better days, is an extremely pious man and the idea of having his children work on the Sabbath is a source of misery to him. But he is powerless to cope with American conditions. His children are confronted with the alternative between violating the Sabbath and losing their jobs. He struggles, but yields to necessity. As a result, his great Sabbath dinner is a sorry function. Instead of presiding over his family at the festive repast, as he has been wont to at home, he and his heart-broken wife eat alone, the image of their children working on the Sabbath "like Gentiles" constantly before his mind. Ah, if he could enjoy at least one Sabbath dinner in a proper manner!

One Saturday morning the girls oversleep. Their mother is in despair. To wake them would mean sharing in the sin they would commit by working on the holy day. So she tries to deceive her conscience by dropping something as, though inadvertently, the noise disturbing the girls' sleep (the old man has been at the synagogue since dawn, so there is no trouble on his score). The girls get up, dress and start for the factory in a hurry. They are late. They find the gates closed. They come back, and at last their father's dream is realised. For once he presides over a Sabbath dinner as in the good old days in Russia. But

JACOB ADLER. HE IS A PURVEYOR OF ROLLICKING MIRTH. HE HAS WRITTEN SOME GOOD POETRY, BUT BURLESQUE IS HIS STRONG POINT, AND IN THIS BRANCH OF LITERATURE HE NOW HAS NO EQUAL IN ALL YIDDISH-SPEAKING AMERICA

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the meal gives him no joy. Instead, it brings home to him the bitter disappointments of his American life. The dinner is eaten in awkward, heart-breaking silence.

One of the most prolific creators of the better class of Yiddish fiction is a former cigar-maker who is known to the reading public under the nom de plume of I. Rock. His real name is Isidore Lipman and he was forced to assume the pseudonym in order to conceal his literary activities from his wife, who was slow to appreciate their value. She objected to what she regarded as wasting time on "foolishness." Like some of the other members of the group Rock is mostly interested in the submerged of society. He is a passionate observer of the life that surrounds him, and it yields him a rich crop of touching types and situations. One of the stories that are typical of his literary predilection deals with the metamorphosis of a young step-mother. She begins by treating her step-children with enthusiastic care and devotion. All goes well, and she is developing a real attachment for them, when a sister of their deceased mother makes her appearance, and then things gradually change for the worse. "Auntie" calls often. She persists in addressing her little nieces as "poor motherless birdies," and is incessantly sighing over the fate of her "poor dear sister—peace upon her soul—who was not destined to bring them up herself." She is forever advising the young housewife, and "amicably" criticising her treatment of the "birdies." The upshot is that she succeeds in arousing the young woman's jealousy and hatred for the memory of her predecessor, and her fond interest in her charge gradually gives way to a feeling of brutal hostility. Two or three of Rock's stories are dedicated to the little tragedies and comedies of men who are doomed to keep house and take care of the babies, because they are a failure as bread-winners, and the task of supporting the family is more successfully performed by their wives.

The list of new favourites in the literary world of the East Side would be far from complete without the names of Yetta Serdatsky, Benjamin Salmanovitch, Moses Osherovitch, Isaac Bloom, J. Epstein and Jacob Adler. Mrs. Serdatsky made her debut in Russia, where her prose poems aroused much enthusiasm. Since she made America her home, some eight years ago, she has been writing tales of real life, and her success in that field has been as marked as it was in the realm of pure fancy. She has a very large following, commanding the warm interest of critics as well as of the general public. Jacob Adler is not a story-teller, in the sense in which the term has been used in this article with regard to the other writers. He is a purveyor of rollicking mirth. He has written some good poetry, but burlesque is his strongest point, and in this branch of literature he now has no equal in all Yiddish-speaking America.

The three older Yiddish writers of fiction, Z. Libin, Solomon Levin and Leon Kobrin, are still active. Of these Libin is the best known. He is in many ways the most important man among Yiddish story-tellers and (since the death of Jacob Gordin) playwrights. He is a writer of unusual talent, a veritable fountain of interesting themes, and with a fine sense of the pathetic as well as of the grotesque. Of Levin it may be said that many of his stories are perhaps the most real of all the Yiddish narratives written in America. He has deep insight into human character. If he were gifted with as much poetic temperament as he is with humour he would be a truly remarkable artist. Morris Rosenfeld, the celebrated Ghetto poet, whose works have been translated into almost every language spoken in Europe, is still doing excellent work.

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THE OLD CORNER BOOK-STORE

AMERICAN AUTHORS AND THEIR PUBLISHERS

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

PART V—WHEN THE OLD CORNER WAS BOSTON

"A PUBLISHER'S experience," says Mrs. Fields, "is not altogether easy or agreeable. Having to deal with the most sensitive portion of the human race, authors and persons of artistic temperament, unwonted to business and often untrained in character, misunderstandings arise, and, worst of all, unfaith."

This is perhaps the most serious indictment of the ills that writing is heir to which has ever been made. For what must be said of the rank and file when a statement like this can be penned with significant intention by the gentle Mrs. Fields of the dealings of such a publisher as her husband with such an elect group of authors as he published—honourable men, all bred to the height of a high social and moral tradition! Perhaps no firm ever had a more illustrious contemporary list than Ticknor and Fields. Miss Ticknor states plain fact when she writes that the firm and their authors made Boston the headquarters of the best in literary America, and that the writers of the golden days of American literature owed their fame not to their own talents alone but also to the good offices of their publishers. The house which Ticknor built up first alone and then with the assistance of Fields became a vital factor in the literary life of the nation. More than any one else, said Bryant, has Fields impressed upon the people of this country the value and importance of the study of English literature.

The tributes to him from his authors would in themselves make a book—of which the various dedications and poems to his memory might form a lengthy chapter. "Of all the men I have ever known," wrote Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, "he was one of the most heartily and humanly helpful." "Very rarely if ever has a publisher enjoyed the confidence and friendship of so wide and various a circle of authors," wrote Holmes. Lowell affixed upon the door of *The Cathedral* the following proclamation, "My dear Fields: Dr. Johnson's sturdy self-respect led him to invent the Bookseller as a substitute for the Patron. My relations with you have enabled me to discover how pleasantly the Friend may replace the Bookseller. Let me record my sense of many thoughtful services by associating your name with a poem which owes its appearance in this shape to your partiality." Curtis wrote of him, "Fields with his genial spirit, his generous and

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ready sympathy, his love of letters and of literary men, his fine taste, his delightful humour, his business tact and skill, drew, as a magnet draws its own, every kind of man, the shy and the elusive as well as the gay men of the world and the self-possessed favourites of the people. It was his pride to have so many of the American worthies upon his list of authors and to call them all personal friends. It was a very remarkable group of men which familiarly frequented the Corner as the guests of Fields; and to the end they maintained the warmest relations with one who was not only their publisher but their appreciative and sympathetic friend."

Holmes dedicated to him *The Guardian Angel,* "from one of many writers who have found him a wise, faithful and generous friend." "I think our acquaintance with Holmes began," wrote Mrs. Fields, "about the time when the Doctor threatened to hang out a sign 'The smallest fevers gratefully received'; and when the young publisher's literary enthusiasm led him to make some excuse for asking medical advice. In every succeeding year from 1851, they became more and more intimate. Common interests brought the men together almost daily, and correspondence to any great extent was made unnecessary." Holmes's experience with the siren song of housebuilders had been about the same as Hawthorne's. "I was very anxious to have a country retreat, and when my wife had a small legacy of about two thousand dollars a good many years ago, we thought we would put up a perfectly plain shelter with that money on a beautiful piece of ground we owned in Pittsfield. Well, the architect promised to put the house up for that, but it cost just twice as much." From this house in Pittsfield he wrote most of the letters which Fields had of his. "I had a literary rencontre just before I came away, in the shape of a dinner at the Revere House with Griswold and Epes Sargent. What a curious creature Griswold is! He seems to me a kind of naturalist whose subjects are authors, whose memory is a perfect fauna of all flying, running and creeping things that feed in ink. It would be hard to tell how much you are missed among us. I really do not know who would make a greater blank if he were abstracted. As for myself, I have been all lost since you have been away in all that relates to literary matters, to say nothing of the almost daily aid, comfort, and refreshment I imbibed from your luminous presence."

This letter of Holmes suggests an item in the popularity of Fields with his authors, which Curtis Guild in *Chats About Celebrities* emphasises. "Not only was he an agreeable man to authors on account of his deference to their titles and his unfailing geniality, but especially on account of the grand stock of literary gossip that he always had on hand. In those days there were no personal columns in the newspapers, and even the movements of the greatest of literary lights were not freely circulated in the public journals. He numbered among his English friends Wordsworth, De Quincey, Harriet Martineau, Miss Mitford, Barry Cornwall, Dickens, and Thackeray." Not even Longfellow or Lowell had so extensive an English literary acquaintance, and he preserved for American distribution every item of interesting news that came to him. In America his correspondence included almost without exception, wrote his wife, all the men and women of any literary note, and his friendships with most of them were uninterrupted to the end. Bryant, Agassiz, Willis, Mrs. Mowatt, Halleck, Margaret Fuller, Catherine Sedgwick, Epes Sargent, Bayard Taylor, Sumner, Mrs. Stowe, Goodrich, Channing, Griswold, T. B. Reed, Fanny Forester she mentions as his warm friends. He wrote Miss Mitford from London, "When I tell you I have eaten twenty-nine dinners out of the house where I lodge during the past month, you will know how to pity me. A return to hard biscuit and beef on board ship will be a relief. But ah, these warm English hearts!" His friendship with Miss Mitford and with Dickens was very strong;

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and the best Thackeray story is of him. It was during the London days when they were constantly together and making a pilgrimage arm in arm, over the novelist's footprints. "Down on your knees, you rogue!" cried the master in words as immortal as ever he wrote. "For here *Vanity Fair* was penned. And I will go down with you, for I have a high opinion of that little production myself." Fields's dream of a hard biscuit and beef was almost never realised, for rarely was he permitted to eat alone. There was no visitor to Boston whom he did not dine; and though his dinners were more famous as intellectual feasts, his hospitality was not lacking. "Sumner, Longfellow, Greene, and Dr. Holmes came to dine to-day," Mrs. Fields recorded in her diary, "and the talk went on for four hours."

When Dickens visited Boston a gentleman who had asked him unsuccessfully for every hour in every day yet remaining of his time, exclaimed humourously, "Then how about coming to spend the night with me?" "I would rather have it than any other invitation," returned Dickens quickly. "No one in America has asked me to sleep yet." Fields was most industrious in keeping him awake. Of this visit Guild tells an anecdote. Thomas Bailey Aldrich was one of the characters made notable in a celebrated walking-match which was got up by Dickens. The match was a stretch of about six miles over the Boston milldam toward Newton Centre. In the articles of agreement the signatures were:

The Boston Bantam.....J. R. Osgood
Massachusetts Jemimy.....James T. Fields
The Gad's Hill Gaspar...Charles Dickens

At the dinner given by the contestants at the Parker House after the fatigues of the match were over, there were present besides the walkers

Hyperion.....H. W. Longfellow
Hosea Bigelow.....J. R. Lowell
The Autocrat.....O. W. Holmes
The Bad Boy.....T. B. Aldrich

Colonel Higginson remembers that once he said he liked Dickens better than Thackeray, because Thackeray enjoyed telling questionable stories, a thing which Dickens never did. Fields was certainly a little squeamish, and not a little self-righteous about it. Once he rebuked a slangy word uttered at his own table and by the guest of honour with a moment of pointed and perfect silence, which astounded and embarrassed his wife and she says, made it very awkward for the rest. This was perhaps an overlarge penalty for mere slang, but the point of view was that of literary Boston of the era. One remembers when Margaret Fuller rebuked Emerson for indulging in "darn" (under greatest provocation, too, for the biggest fish of the morning had slipped the hook just as it was being boated!). "Say damn if you must," said that unruffled priestess (it was not her fish). "Be profane but not vulgar." Alas! here is another fine distinction which is disappearing in these coarser days.

LONGFELLOW AND WHITTIER

As early as 1849, writes Mrs. Fields in *Authors and Friends*, letters and visits were familiarly exchanged between Fields and Longfellow, and their friendship must have begun much earlier. There was no break nor any change in the friendship during the passage of the years. "The breakfast was charming. You and your wife understand the divine art of entertaining as few people do."—"My dear Fields, I can neither write nor think; and I have nothing fit to send you but my love, which you cannot put into the magazine."—From Italy he wrote them, "I do not know whether I am writing to you or to your wife or your husband, so intermingled was your last letter and so like one of those Italian words that have a masculine singular and a feminine plural."—"Affable Archangel" begins one of his letters to Fields; and he always kept a picture of Mrs. Fields in his room at Craigie House.

"See if you can find anything to retouch," Longfellow wrote when he sent him a poem for the second time. "I

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think it is improved by your suggestions." The willingness of his authors to embody his criticisms arose from the fact that they had an equal appreciation of his literary taste and his business sense. With just the right Boston heritage of both, he mixed fitly the two wines in one cup—an ability which they doubted in themselves. Lowell, who sent his daughter abroad with the Fieldses, wished to name *Among My Books* and *My Study Windows* more soberly, says one of his biographers, but at the urgency of his publishers he gave them titles which they thought would be attractive to the public, though he felt that they took from the dignity of his work. "Fields," writes Trowbridge, "gave me the name of the dog in *The Vagabonds*. For Mrs. Fields showed me in an album of autograph poems—many of them by writers the most famous of the day—the original manuscript copy of *The Vagabonds* with the word 'Roger' in Fields's well-known hand, written over the less euphonious name (whatever it may have been) that I had bestowed on the wandering fiddler's companion."

Whittier complained that the doors of magazines and publishing houses had been shut to him for twenty years; and it was not until the surprising success of *Snow Bound* that he was for any length of time out of straitened circumstances. His friendship with Fields had begun as far back as 1839. In that year Fields contributed a poem to the material Whittier was getting together for the *North Star* in Philadelphia. Looking up Fields on his return to Massachusetts, he found the young man connected with the publishing house of Ticknor. This house, publishing his first profitable book in 1843, now handled most of his new volumes. He constantly accepted Fields's criticisms and suggestions in *Songs of Labor*, and this began a life-long habit for which Whittier was grateful. "I should be hung for my bad rhymes anywhere south of Mason and Dixon's line," he said. "My speech bewrayeth me." Fields was forever pointing out his Yankeeisms. As the sales of his books gradually increased—his share in the profits of the first issue of *Snow Bound* amounted to ten thousand dollars!—his publishers volunteered a larger percentage. "I gladly accept," he wrote, "and only hope the public will make the arrangement one of mutual profit. At any rate I should be sorry if I thought my gain would be at your expense as publishers. You have always dealt with me better than I deserved."

In the year 1843 Whittier wrote anxiously to Fields, "I send with this *The Exiles*, a kind of John Gilpin legend. I am in doubt about it. Read it and decide for thyself whether it is worth publishing." The years only brought a riper intimacy with his publisher, and he constantly wrote him opinions and appreciations of contemporary productions. In 1853 he introduced Lucy Larcom to Fields. "Were I not perfectly certain that her collection is worth type," he wrote, "I would be the last to encourage her to take even this small step to publicity." In introducing another young woman not so successful as Miss Larcom, he wrote, "I am more and more impressed with the Christian tolerance and patience of publishers, beset as you are with legions of clamorous authors male and female. I should think you would hate the sight of one of these unfortunates. I take it that it is the Providential business of authors and publishers to torment each other." In 1866 he sent a manuscript, *The Tent on the Beach*, and with it a letter: "I have represented thee and Bayard Taylor and myself living a wild tent-life for a few summer days on the beach, where for lack of something better to do, I read my stories to the others. The result is before thee. Put it in type or the fire, I am content—like Eugene Aram, prepared for either fortune." This was perhaps going some, unless he had privately kept a copy; but everything about Whittier showed that he never stood with bated breath in contemplation of that phenomenon himself, like others of the New Englanders. Later he wrote, "Think of bagging in this tent of ours an unsuspecting public at the rate of a thousand a day! The swindle is awful—

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Barnum is a saint to us." Once—long before the money had begun to come in so plentifully—Fields had written to him about a charity in which the poet was interested, "Let me whisper to you, if at any time you find your pockets light, it will give me great pleasure personally to shovel in a few rocks, to be returned at any time when most convenient, or if they should never come back it would be better still." In answer Whittier sent him a poem, of which this is the last stanza:

So shall the public crowd and mingle
Where'er thou hangest out thy shingle
And all the joy the happy ingle
Of human love yields
Be thine, and blessings never single
Add Fields and Fields!

"Our first knowledge that he was in town," says Mrs. Fields, "was his early ring. He would come in looking pale and thin, but full of fire and, as we would soon find, of a certain vigour." These verses are among the many sunny ones Whittier wrote to his friend in his exquisite tribute, *In Memory*.

Of the sweetness and the zest
Of thy happy life possessed
Thou hast left us at thy best.

Warm of heart and clear of brain,
Of thy sun bright spirit's wane
Thou hast spared us all the pain.

What is there to gloss or shun!
Save with kindly voices, none
Speak thy name beneath the sun.

Fields was thoroughly impressed with the necessity of keeping his authors' names before the public; and the tactful and astute manner in which he did it never—even in Athens, that last redoubt of "literary dignity"—alarmed the greatest stickler for propriety. Emerson wrote him: "You have made me so popular by your brilliant advertising and arrangements (I will say, not knowing how to qualify your social skill) that I am daily receiving invitations to read lectures far and near." It was Fields himself who had suggested that Emerson enter the lecture-arena, and they discussed the topics together. "One shall be on the Doctrine of Mosts," said Emerson, "and one on the Doctrine of Leasts; and one shall be about Brook Farm, for ever since Hawthorne's ghastly and untrue account of that community in his *Blithedale Romance,* I have desired to give what I think a true account of it." Fields, like his earlier publisher, was always trying to coax copy out of Emerson; and Emerson, like most of Fields's authors, was ready to accept corrections from him, and more eager than most to seek suggestions. "We have been waiting for Mr. Emerson," runs an entry in Mrs. Fields's diary, "to publish his new volume containing his address on Henry Thoreau; but he is careful of his words and finds many to be considered again and again, until it is almost impossible to extort a manuscript from his hands." It was very seldom that he showed a sincere willingness, on his own account, to commit himself to print. One day in 1863, however, he came in bringing a poem; he did not know if he could finish it, but he would like to print *that*. Another time he came to town and, seeming to be aware of the importance of the occasion, hired a room at the Parker House because he had actually in hand a poem which he wanted his publisher to hear. It proved to be only a sketch and unfinished at that. The reading of the verses seemed even less of a performance than it might have been, because (how Emersonian!) they were jotted down on separate slips of paper; and an irreverent breeze scattered them over the room, and one (it is said) went under the bed and had to be stooped for by the author. The room had not been hired in vain, however, and the verses finally came to print under the title *Voluntaries,* which, suggested by Fields, was after serious discussion adopted. Once when Emerson returned from New York, he looked in upon his publisher on his way to Concord, saying, "How is the guardian and maintainer of us all?" A guardian to Emerson was no idle custodian. On the lecture tour which Fields

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planned for him, he wrote, "An unlucky accident drives me here to make a draft on you for fifty dollars. The truth is that I lost my wallet—I fear to some pickpocket—in Fairhaven, Vermont, night before last (some seventy dollars or eighty dollars in it) and had to borrow money of a Samaritan lady to come here."

It was the personal element which made the success of Fields's relations with his authors—the coöperation of his personality with theirs. "From a very early period in my own life of authorship," wrote Holmes, "I have looked to Mr. Fields as one who would be sure to take an interest in whatever I wrote, to let me know all that he could learn about my writings which would please and encourage me, and keep me in heart for new efforts. His mind was as hospitable as his roof." Fields knew how to take an interest—this was his secret. "It used often to be said of him," wrote Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, "that he could refuse a manuscript and send a rejected author away happier than any other man could by accepting it (an ideal of every publisher since!). As a publisher his courtesy amounted to beneficence." Also, he industriously cultivated the interest of authors in themselves and their trade. As for his own personality, it was as interesting as it was winning and vital. So, in every way, Fields aroused and held attention. "I have perhaps little to add that is new," goes on Mrs. Ward, "to the appreciation in which he is yet held. He was a man not always understood, sometimes a little envied, but widely beloved. Perhaps no man in our country and in our time has commanded more personal friendships with valuable natures. His seems to me fully as remarkable a personality now as when a frightened young author I first accepted Mrs. Fields's hospitality and the friendship of both. I received nothing but good measure from a publisher and friend, whose memory will always stand apart to me as that of one of the valuable influences of my life. I am but one of many who would say as much and more. Whittier, who had known him forty years, wrote me, 'He loved much, pitied much, and never hated. He was Christ-like in sympathy and kindness and in doing good.'"

His sympathy with struggling women was always very great, notes Higginson. "I think he was the only one in the early Atlantic circle except Whittier and myself—with Emerson, also, latterly—who favoured woman's suffrage." It was he who inaugurated in Boston a sort of university extension course for women. Julia Ward Howe (whose first volume of poems was published by Ticknor and Fields without her name, and for the choice and arrangement of which Fields was chiefly responsible, she says) tells in her *Reminiscences* how difficult it was for a girl student in New York in those days to find that help and guidance toward a literary career which may easily be commanded to-day. She had published a brief essay on the minor poems of Goethe and Schiller in the New York *Review* about 1848, and even the *North American*—from a larger land where feminine culture was not a thing to marvel at—thought it worth while to say in praising it, "It is said to have been written by a lady." Fields advertised his scheme in the Boston papers by a document, already curiously antiquated, which begins thus:

> Good News for Women. It is the design of this course of free lectures to introduce a scheme of instruction for women which shall give to them the advantages so long afforded to students in universities. Boston will have the credit of starting a plan which is sure to end in university education for women in various parts of the country.

So warmly did women embrace their new opportunity that a book on Boston in the early twentieth century wittily suggests for her shield a Lecture Rampant, since all the world recognises an inordinate passion in her softer sex for attending lectures. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps remembers that Fields said to her earnestly, when a certain publishing house proposed a book on the eminent men of the day (perhaps none the less warmly because Mrs. Stowe was getting

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mixed up in the project and delaying his copy), "The time has gone by for that. Men and women! Men and *women!*" In every way Fields took occasion to call to the notice of the public, and to further the work of women as citizens. "When the war is over," he said to Mrs. Livermore, who came to him in behalf of the Sanitary Commission, "you must give us a book of your experiences and show us the heavenly side of the war."

MRS. STOWE

Mrs. Fields met Mrs. Stowe in Italy and they spent some time together, all returning when the Hawthornes were homeward bound. While she and Mrs. Stowe were close friends, she says that the acquaintance with her husband was somewhat limited to the usual author-correspondence variety. But if this correspondence was of the usual kind, it is to be hoped it differed at least in degree. For Mrs. Stowe must have been a peculiarly exasperating author to handle. She twice stopped the serial publication of stories because she felt herself bound to other publications or publishers by the rash acceptance of their tempting offers—a curious discrimination quite worthy of the New England conscience, but one which an author less confident of her heavenly leading would hesitate to make. She always behaved, says Mrs. Fields, as if she recognised herself to be an instrument breathed upon by the Divine Spirit. In reading her life one often has cause to remember that her father felt that if he could have presented his views of religious truth to Byron, the poet would have done good in the world instead of harm—"if he could only have talked to Taylor and me," he would say, "it might have got him out of his troubles."

"I must cry you mercy," Mrs. Stowe once wrote to her publisher, "and explain my condition to you as well as possible." The condition, says Mrs. Fields indulgently, was frequently to be explained. Proofs were not ready when promised, the press was stopped, and both author and publisher required all the tender regard they really had for each other and all the patience they possessed to keep in tune. It was with no sense of surprise that we received from her during the summer what proved to be a chapter of excuses instead of a chapter of her book. "I have a long story to tell you," she wrote, "of what has prevented my going on with my story, which you must see would so occupy all the nerve and brain-force I have that I have not been able to write a word except to my own children. To them in their needs I *must* write *chapters* which would otherwise go into my novel." A while later she wrote, "I have material to prepare a very curious article on Planchette. Shall you want it?" We can imagine, interpolates Mrs. Fields, the feelings of a publisher waiting for copy on reading this note. But this little dalliance with the supernatural obsessed Mrs. Stowe for some time, and she felt the results were marvellous. (It is amusing to read in one of Gail Hamilton's letters, "Planchette was little better than a dumb devil either for Mrs. Stowe or me. I have never seen anything yet that convinced me of, or that even had a tendency to necessitate, the existence of any spirits, except those embodied in the persons present.") A few days afterward Mrs. Stowe wrote, "I am beginning a series of articles called 'Learning to Write;'" and her next letter was sent with some fans upon which she had painted flowers, to be sold at a fair in Boston on behalf of the Cretans! The last interruption came in the shape of the preposterous Lady Byron paper, which fully merited the rumpus it provoked and which was accepted during Fields's absence in Europe by the sub-editor lest he lose Mrs. Stowe as a contributor altogether. At length she delivered to her publisher the last chapter of *Old Town Folks,* for which—says Mrs. Fields—she had received many large sums in prepayments in order that her mind might be at leisure! But in spite of this (as crowning triumph of a discriminating conscience) she had undertaken in the meanwhile the editorship of a project called *Men of Our Times.*

Toward the close of her life she wrote,

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"I have just heard of the sudden death of my friend Mr. Fields. And now we all ask, What has he left of all his life's accumulations? Houses, lands, pictures, literary reputation, all that is gone. I think from my remembrance of him that he had just what Jesus meant by treasure laid up in Heaven. He had a habit of quiet benevolence; he did habitually and quietly more good to everybody he had to do with than common."

"Perhaps he petted us all too much," says Higginson in *Cheerful Yesterdays*. "He had some of the defects of his qualities, could not help being a little of a flatterer, and sometimes, though not always, evaded the telling of wholesome truths. He was constantly urging me to attempt fiction—an attempt which the public did not support; on the other hand, he advised strongly against my writing the *Young Folks History*, which turned out incomparably the most successful venture I ever made and is still selling well after twenty years. His practical judgment was thus not infallible, but came nearer to it than that of any other literary man I have ever known. He was always looking for new talent, and his geese were apt to be swans."

Here is the testimony of Ik Marvel:

But as I said, Mr. Fields declined the new venture (*Reveries of a Bachelor*). The decision, however, did not at all disturb my pleasant relations, then and always after, with the author-publisher. I am glad of this opportunity to declare my high appreciation of the virtues which belonged to him as publisher and editor. He was honest, he was sympathetic, he was most liberal; his advice was judicious and pertinent; and his little notelets—of which I have a great bundle—are full of those bits of cheery encouragement, of piquant praise for what he considered good, of adroit suggestion of what might work betterment, which made them model letters for a publisher who wishes to bring an author to his best endeavour. He flattered, to be sure; but his was a headlong hearty flattery, full of an unction which deceived no man of sense, yet encouraged and cheered everybody on whom the unction fell. Then, as I said, he had an abundant sympathy with an author's work—not a bumptious, outside calculation of its bearings, but a delicate fashioning of your own intentions and expectancies that was very helpful and stimulative. Whether he criticised or praised or made suggestions, he had the charming art of making one believe thoroughly in his friendliness. For these things I should always have welcomed, and always did welcome, his crisp, pointed, marrowy little letters, even if they had not brought—as they so often did bring—a most agreeable and prompt tidbit in the form of a bank cheque.

George S. Hilliard wrote in a presentation copy of *Six Months in Italy:*

Dear Fields, it is a pleasant thing to find
My name upon a page with yours conjoined.
For us that launch upon a sea of ink
Our foolscap argosies to swim or sink,
No better flag than yours to sail beneath
E'er felt the sunbeam's kiss, the breeze's breath.
The ogre publisher whom poets paint
That sucks the blood of authors till they faint
Is a mere myth to us, who see in you
A heart still faithful to the morning dew.

SINGLE-HANDED AGAINST THE WORLD

But into this well-nigh unanimous chorus of praise jars a discordant note. It was certainly one of a woman whose character, fully trained and energetic, was much admired; and certainly, too, of one who had the entire courage of her convictions. For it was a prolonged note, sounded at her own expense and at the risk of her future literary career. And during the course of this interlude on a six hundred dollar whistle which possibly was piping to future ruin, Gail Hamilton stated that there were several authors who had a similar experience with her publishers, but they had not cared for one reason or another to make the matter public. As Mrs. Fields hints that her husband had misunderstandings with several persons "unwonted to business or untrained in character," Gail Hamilton was probably correct when she stated that other grievances might have been, and

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should have been, aired. And, at least, she never felt that she had paid too dear for her whistle.

"I went to Mr. Fields's office when I first got to town and left my basket," runs the first mention of the publisher in Gail Hamilton's Letters, "and told him I would come back about five to go home with him, which I did, and we had supper at six and rode to the concert at seven. When we got home, we found Hawthorne there, who remained as long as I stayed. On Sunday evening several people were in and he disappeared altogether. Moncure D. Conway stayed there Sunday night. Monday morning we went down to breakfast at half-past eight and did not get upstairs till near ten. Mr. Fields himself is very entertaining and amusing, a fine mimic, genial and funny, and I had nothing to do but listen and laugh and look at Hawthorne, when I was sure he would not be looking at me. I also had a long talk with Holmes, who is as clear, crisp, and incisive in his talk as in his books. Also I saw Rev. Mr. Waterston, whose only child, a daughter of eighteen, died in Rome. Whittier wrote a poem upon it. Also I saw Mr. Quincy, grandson of old Josiah and son of young Josiah Quincy. Mr. Fields's house is full of pictures and autographs and curious things and books. I came home the next morning."

Shortly afterward she writes, "Mr. Fields is not only a handsome man but one of the nicest men in the world, straightforward, genial, simple-hearted, though in the thick of the city. I like him very much, and he has the sweetest wife, and beautiful, too, and they are as happy as can be." In 1864 she notes that her books had brought her in something like two thousand dollars. Mr. Fields was continually encouraging, even urging, her forward, which she took as a sign that he was in some degree satisfied with her. He said fine things of her papers and constantly called for more. "He gets my books up himself—proposes to have them as books I mean—and is strenuous that I write only for them, to which I am myself also as strongly inclined." Later: "Mr. and Mrs. Fields were going to spend the day with me yesterday, but they had word that her brother was a prisoner in Gordonsville, and he must try what could be done toward effecting an exchange." He told her in 1865 that they had very large advance orders for her book, *Skirmishes and Sketches*. In 1867 she notes that Mr. Fields wanted her to print some chapters of her new book in the *Atlantic* before publishing. He said that the book was capital and that when he was reading it he had to roll himself up into a ball and roll around the street in order to relieve himself. But she did not think favourably of his plan and told him that to cut up the book beforehand into a series of articles would rather hurt its dignity when it appeared later.

Their intimate relations, professional and social, had continued for some years when suddenly out of a clear sky comes this letter:

Your characterisation of Dickens tallies admirably with that by another friend of mine, but did you not enjoy his reading? I did, and mean to hear him again. I wish you were here to go with me, and then you could amuse yourself between whiles with raving against Boston infidelity. I have had a little experience of it in one shape recently. I discovered quite accidentally that ten per cent. on the retail price of books is the minimum price paid to authors. As my books have brought me only from six and two-thirds to seven and one-half per cent., I laid the case before a lawyer friend, who has made investigation among the bookmen, which results in a conviction that I have been underpaid, and I have broken off connection with my publishers. Of course it was not a thing to be lightly done, and I have not done it lightly. It began in December, and is only just completed [March, 1868]—and hardly that. But where I have been on terms of such intimate friendship I cannot come down to mere business relations. Mr. —— had the matter entirely in his own hands. I never questioned, or proposed, or bargained, and that he should have gone on, year after year, paying me less than a new author has,

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paying me from one-third to one-half less than the lowest market price, is not a thing to be overlooked. I desire you not to speak of this to any one. There is no occasion as yet for its being known. I should not have told you only I thought it probably must one day come out, and you might feel aggrieved at knowing it only as the general public knows it. I have acted in this according to the advice of learned and apparently disinterested friends.

There is no further mention made of the matter until October, and then in a postscript only. "—— declined arbitration but afterward proposed a reference to some one person. I have not yet replied to this proposal." A few days later she writes that she has made out a statement of the case from beginning to end and included all the letters. "What I am inclined to do is to say to them that I have no objections to Mr. ——, but I would wish another person associated with him, and if they two cannot agree they be empowered to call in a third. I will lay before them this statement and let them decide it. Still I know very well that if they decide contrary to my own judgment I shall be dissatisfied and shall express my dissatisfaction in the most pronounced manner." In November the firm accepted her second man, but proposed a third. She said she would accept a third, but he must be chosen by the two already selected and not by them. They insisted, however, on settling either by an appeal to a confidential friend of their own choosing or by three arbitrators of whom they should select two. Neither of these propositions seemed fair to her, and she notes in December that the affair still hangs fire and her patience is being drawn out to a very fine thread indeed. "I rather suspect their little game is to hush me up as much as possible, and show me how hard it is to climb Fame's rugged steeps without their helping hand." In January Fields by his own request and with her permission came down to see her, and they finally agreed to arbitration. "Mr. —— talked like an honest man, and it seems as if they must be honest or they would never consent to have their dealings examined. Yet the past year, and all the past years, are inexplicable to me on that hypothesis." Later in the month she went to Boston for four days, but the referees were not yet decided upon. "I think Mr. F. has been rather mean to me, but I have long since done shedding tears over it. If I had been wiser he would have been juster, so the fault is partly mine." In March she wrote Whittier: "Dearly Beloved:—I saw Mr. Fields, but he was looking at the shop-windows due East and I was looking at the hand-organs due West; so we were blinded to each other's excellencies. But I went to the State's prison, and I believe the insiders are worse than the outsiders—I was sceptical on that point before." In May she wrote:

It is not simply because a personal relation is at end that I discontinue a business relation. Mr. —— has not merely vanished from my regard so that the place which once knew him knows him no more. He has dug his way out with a rough and relentless spade . . . and in his wild journey-work he upturned so many earthworms and venomous creeping things . . . that I turn away shuddering. I have no indignation toward Mr. ———. There is no Mr. ———. He is evaporated. He squirmed out of my sight one day, and in his stead I saw some one before me with a mean face. . . . *That* is not the man I cared for at all. The man I cared for has departed this life. He never came into it. He never was born . . .

This last entry closes the transaction with her. The only allusion she ever makes to it again occurs several years afterward. "All my publishers [she now had H. O. Houghton & Co. and the Harpers] are everything that is civil and obliging. I have plenty of money and no end of a good time. Of course, a great deal has come to me that would have come just the same even had I stayed on with ——. Still it is much better to be away, and they seem somehow to have become a dissolving view." And in 1874 she notes, "Since the new regime, the pub-

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lishers of the *Atlantic* have found grace to send the *Atlantic* to me." The experience, however, must have been in her mind when she wrote, in 1876, of her troubles with a publisher in difficulties. "There is not much to tell about the books. Another firm bought them whom I hear everywhere well spoken of. They seem to be frank and honest and they make no pretensions to magnanimity or culture or literature, so I think they may wash."

A BATTLE OF THE BOOKS

"Gail Hamilton had a violent rupture with her publishers over a question of copyright," says J. T. Trowbridge in his autobiography, "and it led to her attack upon them—especially upon the member of the firm who had been her personal friend—in her wonderfully witty but woefully unwise *Battle of the Books*." This remark gives an unfair, and possibly ungenerous, impression of a very extraordinary document. Although vigorous and spicy and—since intended for the public—obviously made as interesting as possible—the book nowhere exhibits any pettiness of tone; and granting that the thing was to be done at all, could, for the most part, scarcely be done in better spirit. Under the gauziest of disguises—which enables her, also, to indulge in sprightly comment of a social nature in her mock editorial capacity—she sets forth the complete story of the altercation outlined in the correspondence above quoted, and the authentic letters which were written during its course. As to whether such an account should be given to the public, opinions will differ; but here—although it was not put forward as such—is her own justification.

In controversies the author is at a singular disadvantage by reason of the connection of publishers with the press. When the Athenian (Boston) newspapers glow with reflections upon the inability of authors to understand the details of publishing, and the unimpeached and unimpeachable honour of the house of Hunt, Parry & Co. (Fields, Osgood & Co.), not half a dozen readers suspect that these reflections are anything but the spontaneous tribute of a grateful people to the eminent firm in question. Nobody suspects that behind all this glitter and glory some pestiferous little author is poking his inquisitive finger in among those details, and that this beating of gongs is but Chinese strategy on the part of the attacked to scare away the impertinent foe. Then, at a later period, paragraphs began to converge around M. N. (Gail Hamilton) and her proposed book speaking of her as a disgruntled author whose reputation was dwindling, and their tenor was as follows: "As the house has been in thriving existence for more than a quarter of a century and has never before had an author quarrel with it, there will be a general disposition—and so forth." They thus directly increase the resistance which any succeeding author must overcome. When the course of our true love ceased to run smooth, I supposed my pebble was the only obstacle which my publisher's rivulet had ever known, and was dismayed accordingly. But if all the rocks I have since discovered could be cast into one heap, we should have a bigger monument than Joshua made to mark the passage of Jordan.

These controversies do not come out, she maintains; for even if the publisher be unquestionably right, he knows that the sympathy of the public is likely to be with the author, and as for the author, he is held to silence by many and various considerations of policy and prudence. Thus when authors mention their publishers at all, it is generally in praise. She instances that Miss Mitbridge (Mitford) wrote in her published Letters of the Mr. Hunt of her narrative, "He is a partner in the greatest publishing house of Greece and the especial patron of ——, whom he found starving and has made affluent by his encouragement and liberality, for the great romancer is so nervous that he wants as much kindness of management, as much mental nursing as a sick child." The author to whom Miss Mitbridge refers is the author of whose real or supposed wrongs I have spoken. If these publishers were indeed so liberal toward him,

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the unanimity with which that author's family and friends agree in attributing to them the contrary policy is a singular proof of ingratitude to benefactors." In the course of her narrative, she says that she had been amazed when her friend, Mrs. ———, hearing of her altercation, had come to tell her that *her* husband underwent the same experience. No accounts had been rendered for years, the author trusting entirely to the friendship of his publishers, so that, of course, there were in this case no papers to be produced; but all the other circumstances were similar. There had been the same change from a still higher percentage to a lower fixed sum; the same assertion on one side of a full explanation made and accepted, and the same denial of it on the other; and the same declaration of regard for the author. In the course of the hearing Mr. Hunt admitted the great bitterness of Mrs. ——— toward his firm on account of the dishonest treatment she fancied her husband had received; and nobody—neither the public nor his literary circle—had heard of this before! Thus, she says and apparently in all sincerity, authors for the good of the craft ought to make known their grievances.

The full title page of her lengthy document is: "A Battle of the Books. Recorded by an Unknown Writer. For the use of Authors and Publishers. To the First for Doctrine. To the Second for Reproof. To both for Correction and for Instruction in Righteousness. Edited and published by Gail Hamilton."

By way of preface she says:

These papers were found in my stateroom after a violent storm. They show with great force the inability of women to understand affairs. They chronicle an age of barbarism when author and publisher were natural enemies—surely a state no nearer than a hundred years ago—which exists for us only in tradition. For who has not seen in all the newspapers the affecting tale of the great house of Field's, Osgood & Co., the story of their having offered payment to an author which he declined to receive because he had once had money for the writing. "But," replied the firm, "we intend to use the article for a book. We make a profit on both, why should not you?"—Hear also what the *Atlantic Monthly* says: "We have heard instances in which a publisher had serious cause of complaint against an author, but never have we known an author to be intentionally wronged by a publisher. And how common it is for a publisher to go beyond the letter of his bond." Doubtless similar illustrations might be found, were ordinary publishers in the habit of keeping a historian to record their royal deeds.

In this ancient narrative M. N. (who the editor suspects was a woman) had trouble with her publishers Brummell and Hunt. Mr. Hunt finally replied to her accusation, "You and I went over that matter once and it was with your entire concurrence with our views, based upon the present state of trade and manufacture, that the amount was decided on." She answered:

I was aware that I had signed a contract but not that I had ever gone over the matter. Of *course* I concurred in your views. If you had said to me, "Owing to the state of trade and manufacture, all the trees are now going to be bread and cheese," I should have said, "Yes, that is a very wise measure. But why did you wish me to be having seven or eight per cent. when other people were having ten? I cannot conceive of anybody being a better publisher than you, because you don't seem like a business man, but a friend. If it was because I was not worth more, you need not hesitate to say so. But why am I not worth more, when there is not a paper of any standing in the country, to put it rather strongly, that has not applied to me to become a contributor on my own terms? Your making me wait three weeks for an answer threw me into such a perturbation. While I am in a spasm of comparative serenity, I will declare and affirm that you are and have always been the kindest, brightest, and most agreeable of men; that you never said to me a word of compliment, or silliness, or impatience, or anything that wounded me—and Heaven knows you have said bad things enough—and this you may cut out and show to men and angels when

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we come to blows. The worst thing I ever knew you to do was not answering my last letter, and then *aggravating* me by coming down as breezy and cheery as if nothing had happened."

The only reply to this letter was through another person, whost ministrations took an unfortunate direction. "The suggestion that one is morbidly suffering molehills to become mountains," commented M. N. snappily, "is not flattering to one's intellectual calibre." She then consulted Mr. Dane, a friend of hers. To him she wrote: "All that Mr. Hunt ever said to me on the subject did not occupy five minutes, and that was years ago. He said that owing to conditions they were going to give their authors a fixed sum—fifteen cents a volume—instead of a percentage. It was at the time when prices were changing from one dollar and twenty-five cents to two dollars. Even now I have not the least fault to find if I am on the same footing as the others. But why does he not say so? It is like death, almost, to think it possible that Mr. Hunt may be in the wrong. Why should he be? Brummell and Hunt are famous for their generosity and liberality, and what motive could they have in changing their course for me? It seems to me like an ugly dream." Mr. Hunt, still not replying directly to her accusation or questions, now asked her for a juvenile book which she had just finished. She answered that she was forced to say that she did not see how it would be to her interest to give him any more of her books. Of this letter Mr. Hunt took no notice, but later, in response to another, said that he had not written because he could not understand the purport of it. She thereupon restated the whole controversy, her conclusions—which he had made no attempt to explain away—and ended with a request for him to send her account to Mr. Dane. When he did so, she found that he had given her ten per cent. on her last book. In an interview which was finally arranged between them, Mr. Hunt's chief explanation was that her books were published more expensively than most. To this she replied that books in every way similar to her own sold for the same money; that all her books were published in uniform style and the first book of the unknown author—for which she received ten per cent.—must have been as expensive as the last of the well-known author—for which she had received so much less; that all the other publishers, acquainted with the style of the book and the expenses of printing, said she should have received ten per cent.; and she wished it explained if it cost him more to advertise her than his other writers or if advertising cost him more than it did other publishers. But, principally, if it were simply a matter of additional expense, why had he not told her so, long ago in the beginning of the controversy?

In the meantime Mr. Dane's long talks with various publishers all came to the same thing. "They measured and counted pages, and so forth, and could not figure out the additional expense spoken of. None of them would ask you to take any less than ten per cent. on the retail price and most publishers would give you more." He had spoken to A, an author, who said that if one is up to such things he makes his bargains; if he leaves it to them, he gets theirs, such as they are;—that A had left it to them and they pay him less than ten per cent. She, too, had been looking about. *Longinus* had written her a nice note: he said he wanted to talk about this—that he thinks authors ought to have an understanding—that generally with B and H he has such and such arrangements—but that whatever arrangements you make, the publisher generally gets the lion's share. This letter gave her an idea, and she made direct inquiry of all their authors accessible. She found that with no one of fifteen persons had they made the arrangements they made with her. Nine reported receiving ten per cent.; some received half profits; one received twelve cents on a book retailing at one dollar and twenty-five cents; one received twelve cents on a dollar and a half book and ten cents on a dollar and twenty-five

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cent book; another received ten per cent. sometimes but not always. After careful inquiry she found that no "regular line" authors received less than ten per cent. except the ones mentioned in this list.

Innumerable letters passed between her and the firm on the subject of referees, and the affair dragged along in this way for fourteen months. The firm now became Hunt, Parry and Company, and the second member took Mr. Hunt's place as active party in the controversy. When the referees, after several postponements, met at last, Mr. Parry objected to the testimony of any other publishers being brought in, and the objection was sustained; he objected to the testimony of other authors being brought in, and the objection was sustained; he refused to answer questions as to the profits of the firm, saying that they made a good deal of money in outside speculation, in butter for instance; he refused to submit vouchers on books and provided estimates only. These estimates she showed to other publishers, who assured her that any person whose correct accounts should stand thus, was unfit for business, and that the profit on her books was four or five times as much as represented. The referees after two days' deliberation awarded to M. N. the sum of twelve hundred and fifty dollars in full payment of her claims—the amount she had claimed was three thousand dollars—and directed that hereafter she should receive ten per cent. copyright on the retail price of all her books printed by Hunt, Parry and Company, except the three books the firm claimed had been embraced in the original contract. M. N. did not feel that her initial question had ever been answered—namely, why she had been offered ten per cent. in the beginning when she was a new author and ten per cent. at the close, and skip about meanwhile from six and two-thirds to seven and one-half.

The whole account—everything being taken into consideration—is amazing, and one does not know what to conclude from it. Without committing one's self unduly, it must be conceded that the firm appears to have acted throughout as if they had something to conceal and something they were afraid of. Their policy was first one of delay and second one of evasion. Their subsequent silence on the subject may be ascribed to taste, but the silence of most contemporary authors, especially similar sufferers—many of whom have written at length the story of their literary connections—can scarcely have proceeded in all instances from the same reason, and it abundantly supports Gail Hamilton's comments on the difficulty of getting at authors' views on controversies with publishers. But even without reaching the conclusions of the referees or of this particular author, one may subscribe to her sensible reflections gathered in the final chapter, Sober Second and Third Thoughts.

Authors are very much to blame in their business dealings, and by their inexactness, indifference, unreasonable and indolent trust, or monetary stupidity, offer a direct temptation to the cupidity of publishers. Not a single author to whom I appealed showed the slightest objection to answering my questions, or could answer them adequately. Many of them told me of terms different from the affirmation of the firm before the referees, but I got little that was definite. "I remember," said one, "that years ago when ——— was taking such sesquipedalian strides to public favor, Mr. Brummell told me that after the number of copies sold had reached a certain point the author received a reduced percentage, I remember wondering how an article of which fifty thousand copies could be sold was worth less proportionately than one of which only five thousand could be bartered, for of course the ratio of cost decreased with every successful thousand manufactured." But though I admit and lament [Gail Hamilton continues] that authors are unpractical and unbusinesslike to the last degree, I must affirm that they have less inducement to be practical than any other class. The author has not and cannot have the least notion of the market value of his products, and there is no business in which so few checks

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exist as in that of publishing. The author has literally nothing but the publisher's word, and the latter can safely disregard not to say violate a contract. I have no doubt that in nine cases out of ten, and perhaps the tenth, the return of sales is accurate; but the author has no means of knowing. The plan of authors forming a publishing house is chimerical to the last degree. Doubtless a hundred publishers are as honest as a hundred authors, and surely they have a great deal more business sagacity. I most heartily advise writers to be exact, prompt, methodical, and intelligent so far as possible. But at best they play an unequal game.

SOME GOVERNMENT BOOKPLATES

BY MARCUS BENJAMIN

It seems to be an inherent trait of the members of the human race to individualise themselves by some conspicuous token. Persons inherit names from their ancestors, and as if that was not enough they still further individualise themselves by a front name and frequently also by a middle one, until, as in the case of many of the foreign nobility, a dozen names seem scarcely sufficient properly to identify the individual. Also insignia peculiar to organisations and then to persons are almost essential. A college student wears the insignia of his fraternity on which, moreover, is engraved his individual designation. In many societies numbers are used, and this is the case with many of the patriotic organisations, in which a low number indicates length of membership.

To identify one's possessions, therefore, some special characteristic badge has been adopted, and so in time the marking of books came into existence and bookplates were adopted. The practice is rather an old one; for in Germany they have been found dating back as long ago as the last quarter of the fifteenth century, and since that time the practice has grown until at present the use of these interesting indications of the ownership of books is almost universal. As with individuals so with organisations, and therefore most libraries have special bookplates. In Washington the libraries connected with the various departments and bureaus have sought to mark the possession of their own books, and they likewise have bookplates, some of which are quite attractive.

The largest collection of books in the United States and parenthetically the largest on the Western Hemisphere and the third largest in the world is the Library of Congress. Naturally therefore in considering anything pertaining to books that library is justly entitled to precedence.

The necessity for some special means to designate the volumes contained in the Library of Congress was beyond doubt early considered, and in the illustration devoted to bookplates contained in the first volume of Johnston's *History of the Library of Congress* one is shown to which the date 1815 is assigned. It consists of the legends "Library of Congress" and "United States of America" displayed in old-fashioned type and contained in a fancy border. This, however, was soon abandoned, for it was succeeded in 1822 by an engraved plate carrying legends similar to those on the earlier form, surrounded by a border of oak leaves. Printed labels with fancy type borders seem to have been used thereafter continuously until the advent of the present librarian.

The present bookplate, credit for which is given to Dr. Herbert Putnam, consists of a ring carrying the legend "The Library of Congress," while in the

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centre is the date "1800," the year in which the library was established. Above the ring is an American eagle with the wings spread, perched on a shield, bearing the stars and stripes, with olive branches in the right claw and a bunch of arrows in the left. Beneath in script are the words "Class" and "Book" followed by a blank space. Two chief varieties of this bookplate exist: one engraved on steel, which is used for the better books; and one, apparently a woodcut, which is placed in the less valuable volumes. The famous collections contained in the Library of Congress are further designated by special legends, such as. "Copyright Deposit," "Official Donation," and "Smithsonian Deposit." Then there are similar bookplates indicating gifts, such as "By bequest of Samuel Hay Kauffmann," or "By bequest of William Lukens Shoemaker." Besides these there is one for the "Huitfeldt-Kass Collection," a Scandinavian collection of some five thousand volumes and a similar "Gift of the Chinese Government, 1908." Different from the foregoing, however, is the bookplate used for the Yudin Collection of eighty thousand volumes of Russian works that came to the Library in 1907. This is rather more elaborate than other bookplates of the Library of Congress and includes in the centre a view of the Cathedral of St. Michel in Moscow, drawn in an outline of the famous great bell "Kolokol" (said to be the largest in the world), while on the left side in a ring is a portrait of the collector himself and on the right similarly shown is a view of his library. On a pennant or scroll attached to the top of the bell is the legend "A.D." on the left and "1907" on the right, while beneath in Russian letters are words indicating the origin of the collection.

Passing to the libraries of the different departments, that of the Department of Agriculture comes first in alphabetical order. A printed label seems in most cases to satisfy the demand indicating ownership in the library, and the one most frequently used has in plain type the words "Library of the United States, Department of Agriculture, Class—Book—". There are others, however, in type that closely resemble engraving, bearing the legend "Property of the United States Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Plant Industry," which is obviously used for bureau or sectional libraries. There is, however, a bookplate that in addition to the legend "United States Department of Agriculture Library" and "Book number" has an engraved representation of the seal of the department, which consists of a shock of wheat behind a plough displayed on a shield, with the legends "1862

UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
LIBRARY

Book number

Agriculture and Commerce is the foundation of Manufacture 1889." The dates represent the year in which the bureau was established and the one when the department was erected. As some specimens of this bookplate have the words "Presented by" it may be readily assumed that this really beautiful plate is reserved for gifts and the more valuable books.

The Department of the Interior while it has no bookplate for its departmental library, which is chiefly a law library, however has several that are peculiar to certain of its bureaus.

These may be described as follows: The Library of the Patent Office is one of the oldest connected with the Gov-

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ernment, and yet it contents itself with a simple printed label bearing the legend "Scientific Library, United States Patent Office.—Case.—Shelf.—L.(eft) M.(iddle) R.(ight)" enclosed in a fancy type border.

On the other hand the "Library of the Bureau of Education" has a small printed bookplate that closely resembles that used by the Library of Congress. It bears the legend indicated above, beneath which is the seal of the Department of the Interior. This, it may be said, is an eagle with spread wings resting on a bundle of fagots, holding in one claw four arrows and in the other an olive branch. Below are three lines made with printers' rules which indicate

the classification and position of the book on the shelf.

The library of the United States Geological Survey has a bookplate that is as attractive as it is appropriate. The design consists of a shield somewhat in the form of a keystone, on which are represented a theodolite, a series of strata, and the crossed hammers, thus representing respectively engineering or surveying, geology, and mining. Above the keystone is a book on which rests a lighted lamp of wisdom. Surrounding the upper portion is a scroll bearing the legend "U. S. Geological Survey Library," while beneath is a panel with space for the written designation of the volume. There is no bookplate for the important collection of books belonging to the Department of Justice.

According to Charles Dexter Allen's *American Bookplates*, the Navy Department, when his book was published, had at least two bookplates. On of these he describes as a "large plate" and says: "Upon the shield is a representation of the mariner's compass; the American eagle flies over the waves above; the motto, Vigilemus ut vigilatis, is given upon a ribbon below. Branches of oak are used as decoration."

Allen also mentions under the Navy Department the following plate: "The American eagle rests upon an anchor. A circular frame about this holds the words, Hydrographic Office, U. S. Navy. A ribbon below has on it, Bureau of Navigation."

The former is not now used, as the Bureau of Navigation has no library; and the latter, it is said, was discontinued by order of the Secretary of the Navy, Hon. William E. Chandler, for the reason that the Hydrographic Office is not a part of the navy, as appears in the bookplate, but is a part of the Navy Department in Washington.

The present bookplate of the "Library of the Department of the Navy" is quite elaborate and ought properly to be described in the technical language heraldry. It consists of a large Tridacna shell supported on the right side by a figure of Neptune and on the left by a mermaid holding a torch, while in the centre of the shell is a four-masted man-of-war at full sail on an angry sea. A large anchor rests on the top of the shell and supports a spread eagle. Beneath is a scroll with the legend mentioned previously. The library of the United States Naval Observatory possesses an individual bookplate. It is symbolical of astronomy and shows a draped female figure floating in the ether holding in her outstretched hands a globe, suggesting the world; above are seven stars, representing the seven planets; while below is the legend: Adde Gubernandi studium: pervenit in astra, et pontum cælo conivnxit" on a scroll. A plain border with fancy corners surrounds the bookplate. Like that of the Navy Department it is engraved on steel.

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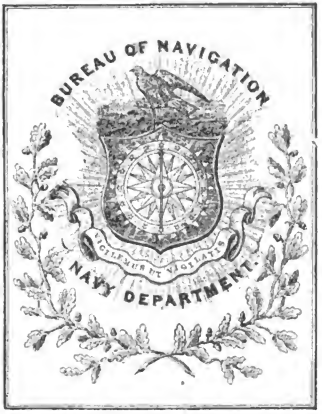
To Allen again credit must be given for the following plate: "United States Army. Head Quarters of the Army. The American eagle displays the shield of our country upon his breast; the motto, 'E Pluribus unum,' and the thirteen stars are given above."

The present bookplate of the library of the War Department is a wood engraving of the seal of the Department with the words "Library of the" printed above and "War Department" below the seal. The design of the seal itself is quite martial and somewhat complex. It includes a coat of mail supported by a cannon on the left and a mortar on the right. A group consisting of flags, a spear, a musket, and a sword on the point of which is a liberty cap, rise from the centre. Near the top of the seal is a serpent, from the mouth of which issues the legend "This we'll defend," while at the bottom is the date "MDCCLXXVII." Two rings apparently composed of bullets encircle the design, and within them are the words "United States of America" above and "War Office" below.

Printed labels suffice for the great library of the Surgeon-General's office. These are simple to the extreme, for they contain nothing beyond the words "Surgeon-General's Office Library" and the designations "Section" "Shelf" and "No." followed by a blank space. One variety adds the words "Presented by." Both varieties are enclosed by a border.



The relations of the Smithsonian Institution to the various branches of the Government are so close that it has almost come to be accepted as the National Departmnt of Science, and therefore it is eminently proper to discuss its several bookplates in this article.

Strictly speaking, however, neither the Smithsonian Institution nor any of its dependencies has a book-plate, but various collections have been added to its library from time to time, chiefly by gift, and like the Library of Congress, these have been designated by a special bookplate, indicating its source.

Four of these are exceedingly simple and may be grouped together. They are printed from type and each bears as its top line "U. S. National Museum." The oldest is of "The Rau Library of Archæology" and after the line for the "No." has the following text.

Dr. Charles Rau was born in Belgium in 1826. He came to the United States in 1848,

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and was engaged as teacher at Belleville, Illinois, and in New York. In 1875 he accepted an invitation from the Smithsonian Institution to prepare an ethnological exhibit to be displayed at the Centennial Exhibition, and subsequently was appointed Curator of the department of Archæology in the National Museum, which position he held at the time of his death, July 25, 1887. He bequeathed his Archæological collections and library to the U. S. National Museum.

The second has the words "Gift of Otis T. Mason, Curator of the Division of Ethnology" in neat script type and then on the bottom line "Accession No.—." A plain rule encloses the label. Two others bear respectively the legends: "Library of Henry Guernsey Hubbard and Eugene Armandus Schwarz." "Donated in 1902" and "Library of Edward Lee Greene." "Deposited in 1904" with "U. S. National Museum" above and "Accession No." below. Like the former the text is surrounded by a plain rule.

Much more elaborate is the bookplate that was engraved for the library of the late G. Brown Goode, Assistant Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. It shows in the centre a student in colonial costume seated under a branching tree, perusing a volume, while beyond the setting sun sinks over the ocean on which a ship is sailing. Appropriate text showing the origin of the family from "Aix, 1634" through "Barbadoes," "New England," "New Jersey" and "Ohio" fills panels on the side, while above is "Ex libris" and "G. Brown Goode" in facsimile of his autograph. The original design came from Doctor Goode, but credit is due to Mr. A. H. Baldwin for putting it in shape.

The bookplate for the Watkins collection was also designed by Mr. Baldwin. It shows in the centre a keystone on which are the words "Ex libris." Above is a locomotive, which in connection with the keystone, appropriately recalls Doctor Watkins's long association with railroad work, and especially the Pennsylvania Railroad. Beneath is his signature in fac-simile, above a row of books. An elaborate border into which is woven the initials "S. I.," standing for Smithsonian Institution, encloses the design.

In 1902, when Doctor Dall presented his valuable collection of books to the

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United States National Museum, it was decided to recognise his gift by the preparation of a special bookplate. It may be described as follows: Within a border composed of the shells of the pecten or scallop is, near the upper part of the plate, a large pecten supported on both sides by a group of three lingulas with their chords interlaced, while in the upper left-hand corner is the date "1902" and in the upper right-hand corner are the letters "U. S. N. M.," signifying "United States National Museum." In the centre are the words "Ex libris" and "William Healey Dall," beneath which is again a row of pectens, in the centre of which is an astralium. Still lower are six lines contained in a panel on which to inscribe the source or other necessary facts concerning the volume.

Two bookplates very similar in design bring the Smithsonian series to an end. Both have at the top an engraving of the Smithsonian Institution and beneath appropriate legends. The first of these reads "Collection of William Schaus. Presented to the National Museum MCMV." The second presents the following: "Ex libris quos Instutioni Smithsonianæ Anno MCMV Donavit John Donnell Smith Accesio N." The name John Donnell Smith is engraved in facsimile of the donor's autograph.

THE SECRET ROOM

BY GEORGE STERLING

No sun therein, no beam of star,
  Hath use a little in its air;
No hand hath found the hidden bar,
  Nor footfall hurt the silence there.

The room is lost, the door is sealed,
  The sword upon the wall is rust;
The rayless lamp hangs unrevealed
  To midnight and the accepted dust.

No hand remains that holds the key,
  Nor is there any sign to tell
Who dreamt therein what could not be,
  Nor what the exiled dream befell,

Save that a dead rose evermore
  Is parted from the twilight's tears—
Whose petals on the estranging floor
  Grow dimmer with the tacit years.

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THE PAP WE HAVE BEEN FED ON

III—The Femaleness of Women in the Early Novels

BY EDNA KENTON

Hail, sweet asylum of my infancy! Content and innocence reside beneath your humble roof, and charity unboastful of the good it renders. Hail, ye venerable trees, my happiest hours were passed beneath your shelter—then, careless as the birds that sang upon your boughs, I laughed the hours away nor knew of evil. Here at last I shall be guarded from duplicity; and, if not happy, at least in some degree tranquil. Here, unmolested, may I wait, till the rude storm of sorrow is overblown, and my father's arms are again expanded to receive me!

Such were the words of the agitated Amanda which open *The Children of the Abbey*, that venerable thriller of 1796, as she descended from the chaise at the door of her nurse's cottage, trembling so universally as to be able scarcely to step, so much affected by her extreme "sensibility" as to be able scarcely to speak, so dissolved in tears as to be able not at all to eat. In her apostrophe lies practically complete, the eighteenth century heroine's attitude to nature, society, parental authority and herself. Here lies, too, the inevitable suggestion that the apple of knowledge of evil has thus early—Amanda was but nineteen!—been thrust into her unwilling, always "trembling" hands; here lie the imperative flavour of salt tears and the savour of perennial melancholy.

All the heroines are tarred with the sentimental brush. Pamela, who exhibits "the beauty and superiority of virtue in an innocent and unpolished mind;" Clarissa, who "hopes too far from the fairest assurances of a man void of principle," but who, "as a truly *Christian heroine*, proves superior to her trials, and her heart, always excellent, refined, and exalted by every one of them, rejoices in the approach of a happier eternity;" and Harriet Byron, who lives through eight hundred pages in an increasing fever of amazement, confoundedness, dazzlement, adoration, and starting tears because "there is such a young man as Sir Charles Grandison in the world," make up the trinity of young females fathered by Richardson over whose fates the eighteenth century ladies spilled delicious tears, and whose virtues *and Virtue* the eighteenth century gallants applauded. Miss Sidney Biddulph may be accounted worthy to join them, having been "educated in the strictest principles of virtue from which she never deviated through the course of an innocent though unhappy life." Evelina, whose unhappy attempt at a social fib brought her to confusion, is otherwise possessed of a sufficiently dependent female integrity to rank with the best of them, and is endowed besides with a sprightly humour that the unpolished but Virtuous Pamela and the possessed and helpless Clarissa lack. Mrs. Radcliffe's Julia, Adeline, Emily, and Ellena, when not bound and gagged by unscrupulous lovers, pirates, brigands, or pure and simple libertines, allow a love of nature to sway them, and "while away the melancholy hours by playing on lutes in the depths of the forest."

There is of course Defoe's *Moll Flanders*, whose virility Defoe's avowed morality could not lessen nor conceal. But Moll Flanders was excused by eighteenth century readers as avowedly real and not romantic—just as the moral Richardson's Clementina in *Sir Charles Grandison* was sanctioned in all her uncontrolled passions, on the perfectly decent Anglo-Saxon ground that she was not an English, but an Italian sinner.

For nothing could be permitted to in-

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terfere with the constant polishing that the early novelists were engaged in giving to the passive virtues and the technical Virtue of their heroines. Everything that was not whitening to the polisher's cloth or jetted foil to Virtue's shining blade went into the discard. Already "masculine" women were recognised as existing—for the eighteenth century held among its living women Lady Mary Montagu and Mary Wollstonecraft—but in fiction they existed for a strongly defined purpose. Evelina writes, for instance, of Mrs. Selwyn as follows:

> Mrs. Selwyn is extremely clever; her understanding may indeed be called *masculine*, but unfortunately her manners deserve the same epithet for, in studying to acquire the knowledge of the other sex, she has lost all the softness of her own. . . . I have never personally been hurt at her want of gentleness, a virtue which nevertheless seems so essential a part of the female character, that I find myself more awkward and less at ease with a woman who wants it than I do with a man.

Harriet Byron writes likewise of a certain Miss Barnevelt:

> . . . a lady of masculine features, and whose mind belied not those features, for she has the character of being loud, bold, free, even fierce when opposed; and affects at all times such airs of contempt of her own sex that one almost wonders at her condescending to wear petticoats. . . . Nobody, it seems, thinks of a *husband* for Miss Barnevelt. She is spoken of rather as a *young fellow* than as a woman, and who will one day look out for a *wife* for herself. One reason indeed she gives for being satisfied with being a woman; which is, *that she cannot be married to a WOMAN.* An odd creature, my dear.

These "masculine" creatures who have clearly lost their female charms by attempting to invade the realm of ideas and knowledge, point, all of them, to the deadly end of such unsexing processes—scorn of women and contempt of men; and only accentuate the necessitous desirability of continuing to be "womanly," a word that means many strange things. It meant then, however, men's unthinking ideal for their dependents—falling short of which the lady lacked a husband!—an ideal that was, briefly, a being born female, without strength of mind or body, who needed nothing to commend her to the central selling post of the marriage mart but beauty and piety always, and pliability, and a humble, grateful, doggish heart.

This rather extraordinary ideal of the Perfect Virgin practically determined the trend of early English fiction, for then, as now, the "love interest" dominated, and young females who did not measure up to the ideal by a fairly good percentage failed to excite admiration, sympathy, or pity. Practically none of the early novels dealt with marriage; most of the plots resolve themselves in the fairly simple outline of one of these young, blushing, modest female things falling in love somewhere in the first twenty pages with the man whom she weds in the closing chapter, or upon whose grave she dies—"the unhappy ending" went at par in those days with the sentimentalists who read them. It was an age of tomes, and "keeping up the houp-la" involved the use of a series of incidents that would serve to keep these lovers apart and alive for three hundred thousand or four hundred thousand words—machinations of stony-hearted fathers, treacherous stepmothers, avowed cradle robbers, sneering libertines, and lying traitors of their own sex who at the end perish miserably in tortured agonies of mind and body. The young heroine might be allowed the complexities of one—only one—mistaken love affair. That a well-brought-up young female could be capable of transferring her affections more than once would argue unthinkable indelicacy, and lack of sensibility, and therefore could not be. To be sure, there stood Amelia.

Amelia is interesting here because she was drawn by a man and a realist. Not that the sex of the novelist had ever much to do with pre-determining the non-mawkish or the mawkish qualities of the characters, for a man wrote *Tom Jones*

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and a man wrote *Sir Charles Grandison.* But Amelia, seriously delineated by the first great realist, is interesting in a way that the romantic heroines are not;—until we begin to suspect that Amelia, too, is romantic, an ideal! Not that Amelias have not lived, and do not, and will not. But there is a smugness of drawing that goes toward making her more The Example than the living woman. The novel begins with brutal disregard, however, for all the rules then laid down for heroines. We find Amelia de-virginised for instance long before the story opens; a respectable married woman, whose children are her solace and whose husband is one of her children. We fear for Amelia's looks, too, as we read of "the injury done her beauty in the overturning of a chaise, by which her lovely nose was beat all to pieces." This occurred some time before she married her Billy. Later our fears are removed by casual reference to "the slight scar" on one side of her lovely nose. All in all, it is a sober, unromantic tale of married life lived under the pressure of poverty and husbandly dissipations, and through it Amelia moves executively but meekly; thoroughly and unostentatiously. She is shot through with all the passive virtues: meekness, humility, obedience, chastity, and The Sense of Duty. She forgives seventy times one hundred, and she sheds her tears in secret and never nags. The Perfect English Wife, stamped with Fielding's seal of veritude!

But, putting *Amelia* and *Moll Flanders* aside, two imperative demands were levied on all candidates for heroines. One of these was Sensibility, and there is no reason why Amanda Fitzalan, the unfortunate daughter of her father, and the creation of Regina Maria Roche in *The Children of the Abbey* should not be cited as an eternal example of Sensibility carried to the n-th power. Listen to the first description of Amanda as she appeared when delivering her all-hail to the venerable trees that shaded her childhood days:

> Amanda was now about nineteen; a description of her face and person would not do her justice, as it could never convey a full idea of the ineffable sweetness and sensibility of the former, or the striking elegance and beautiful proportion of the latter.
>
> Sorrow had faded her vivid bloom; for the distress of her father weighed heavy on her heart, and the blossom dropped with the tree which supported it. . . . Though the rose on her cheek was pale, and the lustre of her eyes was fled, she was from those circumstances (if less dazzling to the eye) more affecting to the heart. Cold and unfeeling must that one have been who could see her unmoved; for hers was that interesting face and figure which had power to fix the wandering eye and change the gaze of admiration into the throb of sensibility.

Amanda was the only daughter of Colonel Fitzalan, who continued to undergo troubles of the most agonising description until kind death took him. It flung Amanda, however, upon the cold, unfeeling world, with which she was illy qualified to cope, for Amanda could scream, swoon, weep, sob, tremble, and sink lifeless according to the finest shades of Sensibility, and was in addition possessed of all that refined animation, delicacy, innocence, credulity, sensibility, sweetness, and general softness that made her supremely qualified to fall a victim to as many wiles as were needed to carry the tale through three volumes.

Lord Mortimer was "a tall and elegant young man with a soul of sensibility," who fell in love with Amanda in an unchaperoned locality and, mistaking her character and disposition, sought, as Amanda told him later, "in the helpless child of sorrow, a victim to illicit love." She tells him that he had no excuse whatever to mistake her, and, after listening to her own explanation, one is inclined to think that Amanda may have read *Pamela:*

> Had I, my lord, by art or coquetry, sought to attract your notice, your crime would have been palliated; but when you pursued, I retired; and the knowledge of your being Lord Cherbury's son first induced me to receive

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your visits. I suffered their continuance because I believed you amiable; sad mistake! Oh cruel, ungenerous Mortimer, how you have abused my unsuspecting confidence!

It should be noted here that Amanda had already been the object of the base and libidinous audacity of Colonel Belgrave, and was at this time living in hiding from that perfidious monster who pursues her through five hundred pages before the hand of an enraged God arrests him. It might be thought that Amanda, used to such assaults upon her chastity—in common with all her sister heroines as "innocent" as she—would in time learn to perceive signs of the hour, but no, that would mean knowledge, not innocence, and she must be innocent always, and always so sacredly indignant, and always so surprised.

On every other page "the tear of sensibility moistens Amanda's cheek," whereon also frequently "the purity of the lily was tinted with the softest bloom of the rose." On every other page "she trembled universally, and lost her voice in her emotions." At every really critical emergency she "sinks lifeless" upon whatever happens to be about, from Belgrave's malignant breast to the throbbing heart of Lord Mortimer, who also often "trembled universally, and was obliged to have recourse to his handkerchief to hide his emotions."

The love affair of Lord Mortimer and Amanda, though begun under a mistaken estimate of the lady's chastity that does not seem later to be held to his discredit, is pure and passionate, but beset! Both the families, the envious Lady Euphrasia Dundas and her venomous family, and Belgrave, himself a host, conspire against the tender Amanda's peace, while Amanda, quite aware of their combined hatred, but trusting in her innocence and her God, goes sweetly and softly about the country in a nonchalantly solitary coach and four, inviting trouble as a honey pot flies. In one chapter, immediately following a reconciliation—the tenth—of the lovers, Belgrave stops Amanda's solitary travelling carriage to her breathless cry of "Gracious heaven, am I indeed forsaken!" and steps inside. As usual Amanda faints, and "she was reclining on his breast in a state of insensibility when Lord Mortimer passed." As usual, Lord Mortimer struck his forehead, cried, "Oh horrible infatuation! Can nothing snatch her from the arms of infamy!" and returned to London. Thus again the lovers are swept apart, and, by the simple expedient of a letter awaiting the perfidious Belgrave demanding his instant attendance upon a dying uncle to whose estate he is heir, the innocent and trusting Amanda's ruin is laid over for another day. It is yet many pages before Amanda, raising her head from her pillow, is enabled to exclaim: "The vindication of my innocence! Oh gracious Heaven, is it then vindicated? Tell me so, I conjure you, how, and by what means?" The restoration of her fame reanimated the soul of Amanda, yet tears burst from her, and she trembled with emotion. The next morning fate restored her long-lost brother to her arms. As she heard his voice upon the stair, she started, arose, attempted to move, but sunk upon her chair. As he approached, she tottered forward, and falling upon his bosom gave way in tears to the mingled joy and anguish of the moment.

In the final cloud-clearing scene with Lord Mortimer, Amanda's sensibility is really a notable exhibit. She believes him married to the Lady Euphrasia, and therefore, when he comes to her freed by an act of Heaven of which she is ignorant, she calls it the last insult to her still cherished innocence. Therefore Amanda wept. She raised her streaming eyes to heaven and again cast them to earth. "You weep," cried Lord Mortimer, in a tone expressive of surprise, after surveying her some moments in silence. This she resents, but she unfortunately trembles universally and sinks once more upon his bosom. "Who can speak her feelings as felt the beating heart of Lord Mortimer which from its violent palpitations, seemed as if it would burst his bosom to find a passage to her

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feet!" Deeply sensible of the impropriety of her situation, she endeavoured to free herself. Then Lord Mortimer spoke:

"I never had the misfortune to offer vows which my heart could not ratify. Lady Euphrasia made another choice. She was your enemy, but I know your gentle spirit will mourn her sad and sudden fate." He ceased, for Amanda no longer had power to listen. She sunk, beneath surprise and joy, into the expanded arms of her beloved Mortimer. It is ye alone who, like her, have stood upon the brink of despair—who, like her, have been restored to hope, that can form any judgment of her feelings at the present moment. At the moment when, recovering from her insensibility, the soft accent of Lord Mortimer saluted her ear, and made her heart, without one censure from propriety, respond to rapture, as he held her to his bosom.

Sensibility, then, is a requisite of these early heroines. But the "femaleness" of the early novels reaches its height in the dominating man-worship of that pale abstraction, virginity, before which every libertine, gay or sinister, and every hero bows. It is held the finest quality in victim or bride. Upon its attempted rape or preservation hang most of the elopements, all of the assaults, all of the struggle—which in these early novels is not mental, but merely physiological.

Pamela, for instance; the "good" woman, thoroughly conscious of her virtue, thoroughly determined not to be done lightly out of her most valuable and marketable commodity! She is so thoroughly permeated with her resolve as to be, long before the end of her history, only technically virgin. Her "honour" is the theme of the book, and she, of all the actors in it, best knows its value. She trades on it, borrows on it, speculates with it, and finally—sells out. That she "loves" the man she marries, and that she achieves a legal status doesn't lessen the essential immorality of her as she engages busily in the clever commercialisation of a fetich. And yet *Tom Jones* was hounded out of boudoirs where *Pamela* lay bethumbed and wept upon. "Virtue Rewarded!" There could be no more ironic sub-title.

Sensibility and Virginity—these were the passwords to the early novelists' embalming rooms from which later emerged the lovely corpses, to stand, through succeeding generations, painted, in their painted niches.

JOSEPH CONRAD—A STUDY

BY RICHARD CURLE

IN THREE PARTS

PART I—CONRAD, HIS CRITICS AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES

JOSEPH CONRAD is an exceptionally difficult writer to discuss. He is one of these men whose extraordinarily vivid personality pervades everything he writes to such an extent that a good many people do find him impossible to read. One must differentiate all this from mere mannerism, the mannerism that spoils such writers as Meredith and Hugo. It is not mannerism in the case of men like Conrad, that is to say, it is not the mannerism of eccentricity, it is the positive strength of their personality. Flaubert, for instance, an indubitably great artist, arouses this antipathy to a marked degree. He could efface himself in one sense, but in another he was visible in every line of his work, and not only visible, because, of course, every one who is any one is that, but visible in a singular and almost menacing fashion. He sets up in certain minds a temperamental an-

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tagonism. Nor is he unique in that. Other commanding writers do the same, such writers as Dostoievsky and Walt Whitman, for instance. And now, as far as I can judge, we have to add Conrad to this list. Some people of intelligence are quite hostile to Conrad. I think it must be that he seems to envelop things with his own sombre and poetic imagination rather than show them to us in their actual light. Take, for example, his story "Youth" and contrast it with Hudson's *The Purple Land*. Essentially they are both concerned with the same idea—the glamour and romance of youth; but I can quite understand people asserting that Hudson's story does give the feeling of youth, whereas Conrad's story gives only a philosophic dream of what youth ought to be. Even if that were true, which I doubt, I do not think it matters (it is the difference between a self-conscious and an unself-conscious artist); but I see why the supposition might arise, and, in seeing that, I grasp what it is about Conrad that is antipathetic to some. It is his passionately romantic, melancholy, and ironic mind.

But, of course, there is also a much simpler reason. To read Conrad calls for exertion, and nowadays that is enough to damn any one. The exertion arises from the fact that he is imaginative, and requires, in his readers, a corresponding and increasing effort of the imagination. Reading him, as a friend of mine says, is "like a leap of the mind." And, furthermore, he is a visualiser. To follow him we have to form very definite images. He actually excites the optic nerve. Unless the reader is prepared for this effort he will lose half the effect. And, again, although he is romantic and a visualiser yet he is emphatically a man of hard edges. In a few words he can create a sharp outline. This is an almost unique gift, and combined as it is with his romantic manner, is quite sufficient to arouse our lurking and natural antagonism for the unexpected.

And Conrad's reputation suffers from another and a much more insidious cause. It appears to me that he is positively misunderstood by many of the people who admire him most. I do not know how I can put it better than by saying that he is regarded as the author of *Lord Jim* rather than as the author of *Nostromo*. Any one who really understands Conrad will follow me. For *Lord Jim*, powerful as it is, is representative, on the whole, of the more ordinary and didactic side of Conrad, whereas the neglected *Nostromo* is representative of a much subtler, more moving, and more truly creative side. Indeed, *Nostromo* has an imaginative maturity quite beyond the scope of *Lord Jim*. That one instance gives us the key to a widespread misconception about Conrad—a misconception none the less complete and all the more difficult to refute from the fact that it is half-hidden under the guise of judicial wisdom. I don't want to be misapprehended. I only take the question of *Lord Jim* and *Nostromo* as a sort of symbol to explain something I find it hard to explain. It seems to me that the really poetical and thrilling things in Conrad are largely ignored and that they are ignored because most of the critics are upon the wrong tack. Most, not all. Moreover, there is a kind of Conrad "tradition" in the air—a thing as deadly to a man as a spider's web to a fly. For a tradition enwraps an artist's endeavour in a midst of delicate falsehood. How many careers have been ruined by an epigram? And though Conrad is obviously too striking a writer to be summarised in a phrase, still the critics have begun to expect from him work of a certain kind. Not only is he pre-judged, which at the best is a stultifying process, but he is pre-judged along bad lines. These "traditions" about authors are always dangerous, and when they are positively wrong then the whole critical ground slips from under the feet. Year by year Conrad is emerging into recognition, a Conrad famous, respected, but a Conrad more or less "placed." And "placing" is a compliment which is meant to round you off for good and all.

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These charges are vague, indeed, and hard to substantiate. There has been little set criticism of Conrad and the ordinary book review is notoriously untrustworthy. Of course, I do not mean to say there has not been *some* good criticism. The most penetrating I have read was that by Ford Madox Hueffer in *The English Review* for December, 1911. Unfortunately it is very slight. But, indeed, it is to Edward Garnett that readers of Conrad owe the greatest debt. For he was the first to "discover" him—if I must use such an offensive expression. That his earliest work should have fallen into the hands of this eclectic and un-insular critic is something to be thankful for. For Conrad has told me, himself, that if *Almayer's Folly* had been rejected he would never have written another book. But, except for such rare and shining exceptions, we can put all the criticisms aside. If I had to prove my point from them alone it would be easy enough. Denser ineptitudes never gave heartier praise to an original genius. I include my own past writings. But in saying that discerning critics miss the best in Conrad I am not talking so much of the written word. The wisest remarks about modern authors are nearly always those spoken, and it is in conversation, mainly, that one feels the pulse of current opinion. And though I have heard some very wise and piercing things said about Conrad the general pulse is beating in a groove and beating in vain. And in all this, let me emphasise, I am not referring to his enemies but to his admirers. For it is they who have leavened public taste in regard to Conrad.

In making the general statement that Conrad is not properly understood I do not want to run my head against a wall. I know I put my case roughly. Such impressions are often only highly sensitive reactions and as such quite beyond positive proof. A parrot cry is easy to lay hold of, but a mental attitude is like a will-o'-the-wisp. Besides, criticism has become something of an intellectual vested interest. When critics get hold of an author they are not only annoyed if outsiders disagree with them, but they are annoyed if the author, himself, disagrees. In other words, they are pained when an author's work does not fit into their preconceived theories about it. That is one reason why critics are so fond of labels. The more remarkable the author the more intolerant are they of his reputation. This is curious but easily explicable. Any one whose personality lies strongly upon his work is bound to affect his readers in a very definite way. At once an image is formed, which is cherished like a fetish and guarded with an excluding jealousy. Such images are precious, dogmatic, and easily outraged. (I need only instance the reception of *The Secret Agent* in Conrad's case.) Whatever happens, the author is prejudged. And in my opinion Conrad is in grave peril of this. The final word on him trembles upon the critics' lips.

The truth of the matter is that Conrad, as a phenomenon, is as yet but little realised. He is still confounded with men of talent. For it is hard to believe that a real genius can have arisen with so small a perceptible stir. Conrad never woke to find himself suddenly famous. And the very scope and essence of his originality is bewildering. For he is not simply original in the ordinary sense, he is volcanic without being anarchic. There is nothing bizarre about Conrad. His work belongs to a tradition (not an English tradition, it is true), but it no more resembles the work from which it derives than a fish spued up from the bottom of the Atlantic might resemble a fish of the surface except in so far as they were both fishes. The volcanic in Conrad staggers some people, whereas his lack of anarchy and fanaticism annoys others. For in England an original writer is the man of ideas rather than the man of subtlety. We want brilliance, and if we cannot have brillance we want a problem. It is not the least surprising that men like Shaw, Wells, and Galsworthy are so influential. They are influential because they are representative of the best side of English insularity. Of course their popularity is as nothing com-

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pared to that of Florence Barclay or Hall Caine, and perhaps not even so big as that of the society novelists, Hichens, Benson, Locke, and so on, but they are probably as popular as any intellectuals are ever likely to be with us. Conrad's genius, on the other hand, is foreign to even the most advanced English tradition. He is not concerned with righting the world and he is not sparkling. He is neither the novelist of himself like Chesterton nor the novelist of types like Meredith. He is the novelist of real people. Such impersonality has never been appreciated in England. And Conrad's romantic spirit, too, is alien to the English mind. It is not the mere spirit of improbable adventure, but a sort of philosophy impressing itself with ardour and pessimism upon the splendour and darkness of the world. Romance as the last word of realism is an uncomfortable idea. People hasten to explain it by the word "Slavonic," just as they hasten to explain the exuberance of his style by the words "The Tropics"—if, indeed, anyone who so transgresses the ideals of Pater and Wilde can be said to have a style at all.

To speak frankly, there is a far-reaching popular delusion as to style. What is regarded by many people as style is technique of a particularly conceited and self-conscious type. Not only has taste for the negative qualities been obliterated, but taste for the robust personal qualities as well. I discuss Conrad's prose elsewhere, so will merely say here that his defects and his qualities alike would horrify a "stylist." Who can wonder at the reaction against style or blame those who consider it a devilish invention, banishing jollity and humanity? Better far revert to fire-works, morality, and complicated plots than swoon with "stylists" in a garden of roses.

That Conrad should have an increasing reputation on the Continent is not astonishing, for, after all, his affinities lie there, but that he is now considerably read in England and America calls for some remark. Of course, there is a fashion in these things, founded chiefly on curiosity and vanity, but we must suppose, also, that Conrad's enormous power has really begun to make headway against prejudice. If ever a man has forced the enemy's gate that man is Conrad. It is an odd thing that both in England and America deep originality is generally appreciated in the long run though it may not be much understood. And in both countries people are now becoming "aware" of Conrad, although he is too massive to be seen clearly all at once. It is always thus.

But when we talk of Conrad's popularity (for fame is not popularity) we must bear in mind that there are other reasons that militate against him. He is aloof not only in his style but in his whole manner and range of subject. He does not give us the warm, comfortable feeling of an Arnold Bennett. About him there is not that placid, unhurried faculty which makes Bennett's novels so engrossing and so easy to read. Conrad is as restless as the sea. And his sardonic humour hovers over his work with a suggestion, not so much of mockery as in Anatole France, as of disillusionment. His irony can be severe (as in "Heart of Darkness"), or it can be a form of pity (as in "Freya of the Seven Islands"), but in any case it is "un-English." And furthermore, his psychology is partly developed in disquieting hints—in that resembling the wonderful psychology of Dostoievsky. In no sense is Conrad a "homely" writer. He knows too much about "the secret of hearts" to be that, even had he placed the scenes of his books in the valley of the Thames instead of in the wild places of dark continents, as he usually does. And, indeed, when he choses London for his scene, as in *The Secret Agent,* there is something mysterious and exotic in his touch which throws a film of sinister romance over the friendly city.

And then, again, Conrad is not preoccupied solely with the emotion of love. That, generally speaking, is the great touchstone of popularity, although, strangely enough, two of the most popu-

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lar of modern writers, Stevenson and Synge, did try to avoid it as much as possible. It is a sickness that has affected nearly every writer of our time with a fatal loss of the sense of proportion. Of course, literature had always concerned itself with passion, but it is only recently, as time goes, that it has turned it into a universally morbid disease. Introspection has much to answer for in art even if it has unbared for us the last shelters of egoism.

Although Conrad is an artist there is nothing in him of that pale phantom "art for art's sake." After all, he is absorbed with life, and his choice of words and his descriptive ability are part of, and not distinct from, that illusion of reality which he is intent on creating. You will not find in him the corrupt simplicity of a George Moore or the dashing pose of a Cunninghame Graham. And being entirely natural he is neither purposely hectic like Masefield, nor purposely vulgar like Kipling. His work, like the work of Henry James, is essentially dignified and quite untinged by the pettiness of conscious self-approval. That is not to deny that it is mannered. In its own way it is as mannered as the work of Stevenson. But Stevenson allowed his love of words to get between him and his object, whereas Conrad, with a similar love of words, realises that they are subordinate to the object itself. Both Conrad and Henry James have a passion for their theme. And thus their mannerisms have a genuine ring and, not being an aim in themselves, merge at last, together with all their other idiosyncrasies, into one revelation of the "grand manner"—a term for expressing real distinction in art.

Although a writer of Conrad's calibre must eventually have been recognised, still it is interesting to notice that he did appear at a rather favourable moment. Within the last few years a new and vitalising energy has been breathed into English literature, which had been languishing deplorably since the early '90's, since the end of the æsthetes and the dawn of the empire builders. Men of concrete vigour and tireless production are now the leaders. And it is on the crest of their popularity that Conrad, himself outside and beyond their ideals, has achieved fame. Let me make myself clear. He could not have gained his reputation unless he had been what he is, but under the anæmic conditions of twenty years ago he could hardly have gained it at all. A wave of sound common sense has blown the cobwebs out of English literature (that it has blown in other obnoxious things in their stead is not our business here). Conrad could only be understood in a society where reality had some sort of a hold.

But I will venture the remark that it is Stevenson, rather than the contributors to *The Yellow Book* or *The National Observer,* who has poisoned our English critical intelligence for a decade. For Stevenson's appeal is more cunning. He is neither unhealthy nor exaggerated and he does not lay himself open to ridicule or hatred. Our error has been in taking him too seriously. Why should this charming lightweight be considered a demi-god? His mind was intelligent, humane, but not particularly distinguished, and his style was a transparent and empty mannerism. But his personality was attractive and his appeal has the glitter of romance. And the result of it all is really disastrous. In innumerable minds he is now the model of what an artist should be. And by this standard the great masters are judged and found wanting. Stevenson sailed delightfully over the surface, little guessing of the tragic depths waiting to be plumbed by men like Conrad.

Well, this is something of a digression, but it may serve to show one of the reasons why such a writer as Conrad finds himself, so to speak, on virgin soil in England. People take a long time to admit that there are two sides to a question and a still longer to admit that the second side may be the correct one. And even if they allow Conrad to be an artist, his art may seem to them almost purposeless. Realism uncoloured by erotic emotion appears to belie its title.

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In England one allows for the attenuated mysticism of a W. B. Yeats or a Rabindranath Tagore, and one allows for the frank sensuality of an H. G. Wells or a D. H. Lawrence, but one looks askance at an austere morality that is founded neither on the life of dreams nor on the restraint of the senses. That remark of Giorgio Viola's at the end of *Nostromo,* when everything is shattering about his head, "Si—duty," falls upon inattentive ears. Few of us can even appreciate the incorruptibility of the old Garibaldino. But to Conrad duty is the basis not only of existence but of art itself. I state this with no moralising significance—Conrad's work is built upon no idea other than that of reality. But to him sincerity, duty, self-command are essential to reality. Without them there is only the chaos of anarchy. That is why so much modern literature is worthless—because, in its very essence, it is insincere and consequently anarchic. For there is as much anarchy in the banal as in Post-Impressionism.

I have no wish here to be led into a discussion of Conrad's work or point of view. I just put forward these instances to try to account, in part, for his lack of wider and deeper appreciation. There are yet other causes no doubt. A certain indirectness in his manner of narration must explain a good deal, and a monotonous richness of language in his earlier work has certainly repelled many. The popular idea of Conrad as a "picturesque" writer is unfortunate, because people at once jump to the conclusion that he is that and nothing more. In the ordinary way there is not much critical discrimination in England and one false cry may help or retard a man's reputation for years. Still, why should I labour a subject that will soon be merely historical? For I am sure that Conrad's day is at hand and that once his sun has risen it will not set.

I do not mean, of course, that he will ever be popular. His work is not cast in that mould. But I mean that he will be genuinely revered. The popular appeal is not necessarily debased and Conrad's work loses something by not possessing it. It loses a certain universal significance which is the birthright of those artists, such artists as Shakespeare, or Turgenev, or even Maupassant, who have also been popular. And it must be understood that by artists I mean realists. In my opinion realists are the only true artists in fiction. And I do not mean the realism of a Zola which is coarseness or the realism of a Dickens which is caricature—I mean, essentially, the realism of a writer like Turgenev or Conrad, the realism, in fact, of typical and distinguished reality. Anthony Trollope, it is true, is a realist, but he has obviously a second-rate intelligence and therefore his creations are wanting in the highest actuality. They are not imagined with the passionate nuances of real life. So when I say that Conrad lacks the popular appeal I am not really meaning the appeal of a man like Dickens (great genius though he is), but rather the appeal of a man of his own *genre* such as Turgenev.

There is something exalted in Conrad's creations which will for ever keep them slightly apart from widespread sympathy. We must grasp that when comparing him with his contemporaries, some of whom have more than a touch of this intimate, universal appeal. In a sense it is easier to get *en rapport* with the people of Gissing or Bennett than with the people of Conrad. This is partly for two reasons. Firstly, they have a wider general interest, and secondly they lack just that touch of distinction which is inherent in the projections of a mind as subtly reserved as Conrad's. About all Conrad's work there is a kind of aristocratic flavour which has nothing directly to do with the work itself. Just consider the difference between his view of the East and Kipling's view. There is something sublime about one and something cockney about the other. Conrad is a philosopher and Kipling is an observer. Both have sanity (that uncommon possession), both know their subject, both show literary genius—and yet no two men could be further apart. For

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Conrad has his eye upon destiny, whereas Kipling has his eye upon Simla society.

Of course, there is a good deal of unfairness in this comparison—as there is in all such comparisons. One sets out to prove a point and one proves it—but other people may not agree that the point is worth proving or that it has, indeed, been fairly proved. On certain formulas one can demonstrate that almost anyone is either great or negligible. Fortunately unbacked *ex parte* statements do not carry conviction. I say all this because I am unwilling that people should think that I am simply putting Conrad on a pinnacle. I quite realise Conrad's defects and I quite realise other people's merits. But perfection is not necessarily a criterion of genius and the finest writers may be the easiest to criticise. What differentiates Conrad from nearly all his contemporaries is the quality of greatness. He is on a different plane, as it were, and therefore comparisons are almost certain to miss the real point.

HEREDITY

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

By day, when all seems din and fight,
I move at peace, one prosy self;
But with the sombre tranquil night
A jostling army leaps to light
Using my body, gagged and bound,
For bivouac and battleground;
And far from both, from earth, from me,
Dances a live nonentity,
An all-elusive mocking elf
Flinging taunts to my inner self:

"Ho, master! Never had Bonaparte
So varied great a host as you:
Warriors and kings and lords of art
To do the bidding of your heart;
Poets your visions to enroll;
Philosophers to shrive your soul!
With wisdom, pageantry and all
Time's myrmidons within your call,
There cannot be a Waterloo
For one so free to call as you!"

By night, when all seems hush and peace,
I writhe at war with all the past;
But day brings gradual release
Till discord's conscious struggles cease
Letting me hold a sober pace
In what the world would term my place.
Yet star and spirit, elf-inwrought,
Know man for mask, his every thought,
Impulse and act, from first to last,
For sparks from smithies of the Past.

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THE TATLER

A Collection of Films

"But it is a melancholy of mine own . . . and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, which by often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous sadness."

My instinct for collecting might never have been aroused but for a friendly rivalry, not quite devoid of malice between Britannia and me as to whose nation excelled in travelling oddities. This ended peacefully in a draw, since we needs must concede perfect equality. Honours were easy.

We began to keep score, so to speak, in an oasis; ten thousand Arabs, five Europeans—the forester, Monsieur the Bureau Poste, the innkeeper and Madame, the forester's lady. Exiles, they sang Provençal songs, cooked us crisp gauffrettes in the courtyard, while we hung over our balcony watching long caravans trail in from the desert, with dates from the Touareg country, ostrich feathers from Ghadames in the Tripolitan. Camels gaunt from fasting went mad scenting the waters of a swift river and, forgetful of mortal weariness, dashed at an uncouth gait down the steep incline, under the shade of half a million palms to quench a three weeks' thirst.

Then we talked of caravan life with the other tourist, a young American who told of her projected trip into Saharan wilds with a company of villanous looking Arabs. A pious pilgrimage to the shrine of a particularly queer saint. She aimed at that desert city where the followers of the great black Marabout, Sidi Ben Lachemi, all but murdered Isabelle Eberhardt because, while freely granting their holy man three hundred and sixty-five Moslem wives, one Roumi light o' love was an offence against pure manners. We discussed the strange vagrant Russian, her gallant life, her early violent death and those two poignant volumes, all she has left behind, all but a waxing and fantastic legend.*

Throwing me a look which amounted to a direct slur on the Home of the Free, Britannia asked Young Columbia, "And you are leaving your husband, going on such journeying alone, with a string of irresponsible Arabs?"

Columbia readily granted as much, adding, "You think me enthusiastic. You should see a friend of mine. She's off for Mecca."

"But how?" we asked, "since only Moslem wives——"

"Yes, naturally she must profess, and take a husband. She's marrying her Arab guide."

Britannia pounced—"But afterwards, for settled married life?"

Columbia flicked that aside—"When she comes back—divorce!"

The Stars and Stripes drooped limply, Britannia gloried. But my Guardian Angel whispered a question, "And this lady is from your own State?"

"Oh! Mercy no. She's English!" America never knew that Bunker Hill was that day freshly fought and won.

Shortly after this my small triumph paled. We had found an hotel with one guest. Think of rough Algerian mountains, flowers like a delusion of beauty. Wild marigolds, poppies, giant borage, gouttes de sang, iris, anemones, fragrant ginestra, hawthorn, forget-me-not, orchids, daisies, pansies, asphodel, branching terebinth trees, eucalyptus, olives. Arabs riding down to steaming mineral springs to bake and wash their brilliant draperies, to cook unsavoury messes.

Then the hotel, a square of long, low pavilions about a garden, itself an orange grove with gurgling water courses and Roman fragments. An altar to Hygeia,

*Notes de Route. Dans l'Ombre Chaude d'Islam.

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a fountain, a lovely torse, and broken columns rich with approaching decadence, a bit of architrave, a bench. And there were days of riding mules, astride in the Arab barda which looks so dislocating and gives such comfort once you have learned the trick of an easy seat. Days with books and breakfast in your saddle-bags, a river to ford, steep hills to climb, and then a ruined camp of Trajan, with forum, theatre and triumphal arch—all to yourself, and no mortal more dissonant than some small Meshoud or Mabrouk guarding his flocks, who came to share your meal and thanked you with a tune, all rhythm and sadness, on his fresh willow pipe.

The one guest, an ancient Frenchman, by courtesy "Mon Colonel." That floridness in voice and bearing which brought to your mind the word "resta," but whose gout and sedentary ways rendered his heavy gallantries innoxious. It seemed too good to last—it ended.

Indoors I was changing, after a mountain scramble on Seline, Arab stallion without a flaw, climbing like a cat, full of courage to swim swollen streams, dancing for joy of life, nuzzling your hand for sugar.

A stranger flushed Britannia, busying herself with some fine needlework without on our gallery. I caught the accents of my native land, those special accents which contrive to be at once nasal and guttural, slurred yet falsely emphatic. "I see your friend rides horseback. I've come to borrow her habit."

"She never lends," Britannia nobly defended.

Columbia, however, was a stranger to discouragement. There were two of her, real travellers. They knew Hong Kong, Brazil—"Two days in Borneo, one in Batavia. All Tokio decorated in our honour, with brass bands at the boat to meet us. Seven hundred we were, in our party——"

Here they had ventured alone and visibly lacked company. How could we two quiet souls supply the place of six hundred and odd eager comrades? Not that we showed impatience at their life histories. But how meanly Britannia smiled when they said, "See this brooch! it's an old heirloom, one of my mother's wedding gifts." An heirloom of a generation! Finally it came to this for us, flight or a remedy. Heaven excuse me! I told them mon colonel was noble, distinguished, *décoré* and single. To him I hinted they were widows, independent millionaires with a leaning toward remarriage, liking France though not acquainted with its gracious tongue.

Thereafter they left our gallery uninvaded, but from the olives and orange grove came high squeals of coquettish laughter, and explosive philandering from the colonel, in which at any distance you could gather at least one word—"*L'amourre.*"

L'amour! what quaint worship of Aphrodite one chances on in Africa.

Into a desert city of the far south Bedouins came from their douars and danced. Fantasias, mimic war, wild shrieks of fear, capture and triumph. Discharging their blunderbusses into the sand, on high, they crouched and leaped. Leaving their souks, the Mogabites joined, clad in tunic, turban and powder horn. Old crones in Bedouin blue shrilling like squaws, bedizened babies, negresses in orange, red and cut silver, jewelled hermaphrodites blazing like incarnate sin. The Bash Aga, the Caïds at full gallop, crimson and gold brocade streaming from their saddles, black standbearers in advance brandishing pennant and drawn sword. Cries of swart Spahis drawn by ties of blood into the mad enchantment of the dance. Neighs of white fighting stallions. And above all the Arab pipe screaming higher and higher till it seemed to play on you, your spinal marrow, playing till the whole world vanished in one great aching wave of rhythm and colour, under the burning sun.

Then sudden silence. For the Ouled Naïls were to leave their quarters and march along the Avenue Jules Ferry to the bureau. Arabs, paying their respects to the new commandant, him in whose honour the fête was held. I tried to

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fancy the ladies of our Tenderloin approaching some City Hall to congratulate a new mayor—Never. They lack that pride in their profession, the sense of civic worth. How these looked down on us, mere private creatures, hardly women, in ugly tailor things, without jewels or unguents. From their small haughty heads to their red gazelle skin boots, these glistened with gold—symbolic golden fish in strings on their low foreheads, long veils of golden gauze, clinking gold anklets, faces like painted idols, and something about them impersonal, savouring of ancient ritual, of worship. Pillars of church and State.

Later, in a garden, Hedda talked. By special permission of authorities, with special escort, she left her quarter to pose. My friend painted in the dense shade of palms and orange trees. Hedda, sombre and tragic in her gold and purple, following a line of thought only now and again she spoke—"I've sent my little sister home. At dawn to-day I saddled the palanquin on my fleet Méhara and sent her forth to Bon Saada. This is a rough place, unfit for a child. Ayesha must learn her trade elsewhere. One should be careful of young things." Drinking her thick coffee, Hedda again became a brooding idol.

Métier de femme. How much we learned! Next it came from a colon's wife boarding our train, at one of those dreary African stations where the dull steppe is broken for a moment by sad eucalyptus groves sheltering a dismal shanty, a foul buvette, a pump of dubious water. Her breathless Arab servant deposited the lady's many possessions on the floor of our carriage: feeble but willing, we fell to, lifting it into place. Madame was framed like a grenadier, a stout one. Muscles that threatened hooks and fastenings, forearm like a leg of mutton, a beaming ruddy face. Did she deign to move those countless bags? Nothing so unseemly—"Attendez, Mesdames," she commanded. "Without doubt some gentleman will turn up shortly to aid us. *Toujours il faut savoir profiter de notre faiblesse de femme.*"

Why should she bring to mind an old, old lady quite pink and frail. Such weather for her to be out, the worst of an English June, and in a third-class carriage. Icy summer rain blurring the windows, shut off the Weald of Sussex, the downs with huddling sheep, New Forest. She wore an archaic garden party hat with wild roses, a shivery dust cloak. I, in furs! Poor lady, doubtless hard fate compels her, but what odd luggage, so long and unwieldy. Jupiter Pluvius preserve us! It's a meet of Sussex archers, she's carrying her bows and arrows. Hats off, please, she enjoys it.

Yet we are brave, too, sometimes. I remember in Jamaican mountains, a stony twisting road, a sound of galloping, and through a bamboo avenue came "Mother" in the saddle. Fat, flabby, dressed for afternoon tea, miraculously insecure, a seat compounded of pillion and corkscrew, the reins in her right hand. America undaunted, Mother had turned sixty.

"My very first horseback ride," she hailed us. "It's a secret, I'm learning to surprise daughter." The horse looked surprised also. *Il y avait de quoi.*

Daughters! They must outgrow surprise early or perish. There was Adeline yet in pigtails, complacently wise beyond the prophets, and her lean mother, anxious, weary, torn between courage and misgiving. The pair sat at a meal called tea, in a German café. Tea! Ices, thick chocolate and whipped cream, a plate of frightening sweets.

"I can't, Mother." Surfeited Adeline balked at the last big wedge of cake oozing brown mousse, and pounded nuts.

"Do eat a little more," Mother tempted. "You may be hungry crossing to-night." "We're going to London," she enlightened us, "to see Maude Allan dance."

I wondered how they would get there, with that encircling bulwark of Kodaks, travel-worn handbags, parcels manageable as a string of beads—unstrung.

"We settled first in Paris," she quavered, "for my daughter to study for grand opera, high soprano. But a lady

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in our pension thought Adeline showed unusual aptitude for plastic art, and advised her seeing the best at once."

Was it a sly lady, I wondered, hating the sound of vocal scales, next door? To the unskilled eye, Adeline's tight little frame had the plasticity of a cheap wooden doll, but her hard round eyes glistened with calm egotistic purpose. Mother doubted a trifle on one point, though her mind was quite made up, since recently learning that True Art forbids all prudery.

"I don't think, do you, that a pure woman loses any chastity in dancing nude?"

We paid and rushed away. *Maxima reverentia debeter*—Oh, Mother! And Adeline is thirteen.

If any man's belief in Providence flags, let him only travel slowly and watch Unas of all estates passing unscathed, projecting their own simple atmosphere so lavishly that the wise old world never touches them. They learn the ways of humble restaurants, they can even say "hot water" in three languages, and how exact is their knowledge, so generously at your service, of "the very best pension in the city for six francs."

The simplest and kindest I ever met was in Assisi. A fiercely austere young monk showed us the lower church, reciting his screed disdainfully, hating us, hating Giotto.

Una-from-the-Middle-South eyed him with great gentleness. Without in the least understanding, she felt the struggle of his suppressed manhood, his yet unmastered blood. "Aren't you very happy," she suddenly asked, "here always amidst beautiful things?"

"Happy!" He forgot himself, in a passion of suffering. "I'm sick of it all! Sick of beauty," and in a flash he was again impenetrable, remote, impersonally bent on his hateful showman's task.

In the sunshine without, Una joined me, rejoicing in an idea. "That young man seemed upset," she said. "When I get home I'm going to mail him a book of moral reflections written by the pastor of our church. I'm sure he'll find them helpful. Just wait while I go back and ask his name."

My little show is over, the last film has been thrown upon the screen. No, there's one more, quite different.

Sicilian mountains, lemon groves drenched with perfume, carpeted with oxalis, canary-coloured, thick as New England snow. Behind all, floating serenely skyward with ominous feather of steam in her cap, the white, ever thrilling shape of Ætna. A file of lovely girls carrying baskets of pale fruit on their Tanagra heads wind down narrow goat paths, barefooted, to the sea, some knitting under their loads, some chanting in parts, the ancient pagan song of the lemon gatherers.

From a distant peak a shepherd's pipe summons his goats. Breezes, classic as zephyr, rustle among the blossoms.

"I'm called Annunciata; I, Immaculata; I, Providenza, they answer us.

But one drawing near my companion gazed long and worshipfully on her northern fairness. "Lady, I have never seen a woman so beautiful as you. Take off your hat, I pray, that my friends and I may better see your golden hair."

This in all gravity, no smirking, no flattery, but the directness with which real people approach the vital things of life.

"And you, cara mia," asks my friend. *"Come si chiama lei, dice?"*

"My name," she answered, "is Venere!"

Mary Moss.

Cubing the Circle

On behalf of those bizarre and esoteric tendencies in modern art of which Cubism is the most notable example, two arguments are continually urged: first, that these artists have invented a new medium of expression, an artistry of the future not yet understanded of the people; and secondly, that the present popular objections were all raised aforetime against masters now recognised as great and even as classic—against Turner and Rodin, Wagner, and Victor Hugo. The

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trouble with this line of defense is that it proves nothing because it might as well prove anything, however untrue. A man claims to be speaking a new language; but he might say the same if he were talking gibberish: there is no proof, so long as he remains unintelligible. Original geniuses have been called charlatans; but being called a charlatan does not therefore prove original genius; for some people really are charlatans. And to reach any sound basis of demonstration, to compare upon any absolute ground of criticism the modern innovations with the innovations of Wagner and Turner would require a subtle and profound analysis of the philosophy of Art.

But though the proof of the problem be difficult, its solution is fortunately easy; for there exists one sure and simple test of artistic normality. The man is hard to understand: is he trying to be understood? The work of art appears exotic or grotesque: is it meant to be beautiful?

Savagery and decadence, the innocent and the effete, take pleasure in things surprisingly alike. But the two pleasures are as opposite as the poles. The Fijian worships his idol because it looks like his god; the dilettante worships it because it does not look like a man. Ancient Americans painted themselves because they admired paint; modern Americans because they do not admire their faces. The hermit lives like the cave-man; but the cave-man seeks that luxury which the hermit renounces. Whatever is primitive or barbaric is for the one an object, for the other a limitation. The savage is brutal in his delights because his unawakened feelings know not the joy from the brutality. The æsthete has exhausted every refinement of pleasure until his jaded nerves long horribly for a sensation savage enough to lash them into life. Ugliness always means insensibility; but the contrast between the callousness of innocence and the numbness of satiety shows itself in numberless examples, from some of the darkest pages of human history to the merest trifles of amusement or of taste. The cruelty of children, and the cruelty of Rome: the colours of Indian blankets and the colours of Cubism. Barbarism gropes after beauty; degeneracy sickens of the merely beautiful. Civilisation swings in a vicious circle, and seeks again the crudities of its own beginning; but it approaches them from the opposite side.

And this contrast as it appears in art is always and finally unmistakable, because the one obvious and certain thing about any work of art is the spirit in which it was made. Its merit and meaning, the skill of its craftsmanship and the wisdom of its composition, may demand critical understanding. The connoisseur may go wrong in estimating its success; but the dullest layman can discern the nature of its attempt. He need know nothing of music to sense the emotional colour of a song, or to feel the pathos of *Butterfly*, the melodrama of *Tosca*, the morbidness of *Salomé*. He may be bored alike by *Pickwick* and *Pendennis*, but he will not confuse the temper of their comedy. He may consider *Pelléas et Mélisande* amusing and the Venus of Melos ugly; but he will not suppose that they are meant to be so. Nothing but wilful blindness can mistake what the artist is trying to do: how and how well he does it is another matter. And thus the truly primitive or exotic work distinguishes, almost at a glance, from that which affects the crude or the curious. There are sagas and old ballads as rough and bloody as *The Everlasting Mercy;* and they mean heroism and pathos as plainly as Mr. Masefield enjoys the roughness and the blood. Oriental music sounds to us more discordant than the most wildly modern of our own; but its dissonance is not even to our ears intentional. Thus the insurgent painter may draw like a savage or an Egyptian and colour like a child; you will no more impute to him their endeavour after clearness and beauty than you will hear in the prattling of a woman to a poodle the lisp of a baby learning speech. Even in downright Cubism, the first impression is not the mere abstract obscurity of line and kaleidoscopic conflict of colour: the

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first impression is of a methodical and admired crudity, a careful violence. And that settles all doubt of the pretensions of the school, beyond need of further argument or analysis. They are not trying to be expressive; they are trying to be impressive. Consciously or not, they thank their god that they are not as other men; and their god is not Apollo but Phæthon. The one thing certain about Futurism is that it has nothing to do with the future, unless our future is to be an Armageddon. The disease may spread into a pestilence, or be blown seaward upon a gale of healthy laughter. But its tendency is not to be disguised by any protestations about freedom and the future. The new school is wholly and patently reactionary, decadence aping the pleasures of the barbarian, the spirit returning downward to the dust.

Brian Hooker.

Cataloguing Authors

Mary Stewart Cutting once said to a friend of hers that she didn't know she was writing suburban stories until an editor told her so. In his mind, she had become identified with that phase of life, and he wanted nothing else from her. "But my *Little Stories of Married Life* are not necessarily suburban stories!" exclaimed Mrs. Cutting. "The scenes of them just happen, in most cases, to be laid in the suburbs."

"That's just it," the editor replied, "it just happens so; but it just happens, too, that your large circle of readers have associated your name with that type of story now, and it would be better, from my point of view, if you didn't disappoint them." "But I've written other stories," argued Mrs. Cutting, "and of course I intend to go on to other fields. I hate the idea of being labelled. It's narrowing." And she went home and wrote *The Unforeseen*, a novel of city life.

What would happen if Jack London wrote a society story? Would any magazine want it? Or suppose Rex Beach deserted Alaskan trails and the great out-of-doors for a political novel? For years Booth Tarkington's name was identified with romantic fiction because of *Monsieur Beaucaire*. Now he is known, and will be for some time, as the creator of the most adorable boy in all American literature, Penrod. Magazine editors, for months, will expect, or want, nothing from him but "Penrod" stories; and he cannot keep up with the demand, even working night and day. Can you think of Zona Gale and not of Friendship Village? And a few years ago it was Pelleas and Ettarre that came to one's mind at mention of her name. What of Myra Kelly? Will she be remembered by anything but her studies of East Side school children? Even had she desired to break away from a phase of life that she had made all her own, Mr. McClure, who introduced her work, would have been foolhardy to let her do so.

But authors, being blest (or cursed), with the artistic temperament, are not satisfied to rest in chains. They do not like restrictions. They do not like to sound one note, any more than an actor likes to play one rôle indefinitely. Their growth, as artists, depends upon their ability to interpret life from varying angles. It is all very well to make some section, or cross section, of our country, one's exclusive territory—for a time. But if a writer remains too long in one place he finds it hard to go abroad. The growers desert their old pastures, their old localities. Mary Wilkins did it long ago; so did Mrs. Humphry Ward, Joseph C. Lincoln, Arthur Stringer, and May Sinclair. And think of Arnold Bennett's versatility! *The Five Towns* and—*How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day!*

Carolyn Wells is one of our greatest humourists. After she had made a reputation for herself as one she wrote, to every one's amazement, a splendid detective story. She has gone on writing them; and she has gone on writing *vers de société* and the Patty books as well, to the detriment of neither. She has done away with the silly theory that no one will take a humourist seriously.

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Gelett Burgess is taken very seriously. Did you ever read "The White Cat"? And can you believe that the same man wrote "Are You a Bromide?" Oliver Herford is not only a humourist, he is a philosopher. You cannot catalogue writers like these. They refuse to be put away in filing cabinets.

For a long time Josephine Daskam Bacon found it difficult to get anything but her child stories published. *The Madness of Philip* had placed her, in the editorial mind, in the front rank of the child-story writers. And "David Grayson" had to assume that name in order to have his *Adventures in Contentment* taken in the way he wished them to be taken. He was an author who had become identified with an entirely different type of work.

In many editorial offices nowadays, when schedules are being made up, the remark will be made, "Let us get a Jack London story," not, after the old manner, "Let us get a story by Jack London." In other words, "Let us get a story of the open," not "Let us get any good story that Jack London will write for us." The artists complain, too. James Montgomery Flagg is in demand as a pen-and-ink illustrator. So, of course, is Gibson. Who would ask for a wash drawing by the latter? Thomas Fogarty has done so many Irish types, and done them so remarkably well, that he often finds it hard to convince art editors that he is capable of other things. If you get a Seumas MacManus story you must get Thomas Fogarty drawings. They are inseparable. You cannot think of one without the other. The day will come when Anna Katharine Green will want to write something besides detective stories; but who will help her to freedom? And doesn't Will N. Harben sometimes long to leave Georgia? Even O. Henry was not urged to write novels —his short stories were considered "little classics"—and how tired he must have been of the phrase!

It will be interesting to watch authors like Henry Sydnor Harrison, Julian Street, Edna Ferber, Fanny Hurst, Gouverneur Morris, Bruno Lessing, Kathleen Norris, Montague Glass—indeed, all the virile younger group who are doing such brave things, to see if they will permit a tag to be put to their names.

Charles Hanson Towne.

SUMMER-TIME FICTION*

THE AUGUST INSTALMENT

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

"CLARK'S FIELD"

WITH each new volume it becomes more and more apparent that sociology has played havoc with Mr. Herrick's art as a novelist. Instead of depicting conditions, as he did in his earlier books, and letting them speak for themselves, he is all the time obtruding his own views,

*Clark's Field. By Robert Herrick. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin and Company.

You Never Know Your Luck. By Gilbert Parker. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Return of the Prodigal. By May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Strength of the Strong. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Price of Love. By Arnold Bennett. New York: Harper and Brothers.

When Love Flies Out of the Window. By Leonard Merrick. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

Rung Ho! By Talbot Mundy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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either directly or through some chosen mouthpiece from among his characters. And, unless you happen to be thoroughly in accord with Mr. Herrick's economic and ethical views, this constant intervention of the author, his expressed or implied criticisms of things as they are become extremely irritating. It is always interesting to see life through Mr. Herrick's eyes, for he is a keen observer and an artist of the first rank in recording what he sees; but we are not in the least interested when he goes on to tell us what is wrong with the world and how it could be remedied. Half the time we do not in the least agree with his conclusions. This is peculiarly true of *Clark's Field*. It is a provoking book, a book that leaves the impression that it just missed being a very big achievement indeed. It is a crowded book, too, in spite of the fact that the actual number of characters is small; you get a sense of wide stretches of space and time, of the rush of progress, the jostling of multitudes, the mushroom growth of crowded tenements,—and yet in actuality this is all seen in miniature, through the conversion of one fifty-acre lot into city streets and blocks. To sum it up in the briefest possible way, *Clark's Field* is an indictment of our Anglo-Saxon laws of inheritance and real property. The field in question is the remnant of an old farm that has been in the Clark family for generations. In the history of the Clarks, we have a typical case of hundreds of good old New England families of the sturdy yeoman type, who little by little have deteriorated under changing modern conditions, lost their zeal and industry, sold their holdings piecemeal, and are evidently foredoomed to become extinct. So it is with the Clarks. At the close of the nineteenth century, Samuel is dead, his son John and his daughter Aggie are dead, and Aggie's daughter, Adelle, a silent, repressed little girl of twelve, alone remains to lay claim to the clouded title of Clark's Field. For fifty years the family have been trying to sell that fifty acres. Old Samuel would gladly have taken five thousand dollars for it; but unfortunately the land had been willed by his father to Samuel and his brother Edward jointly, and Edward disappeared half a century ago in the Far West, and no trace of him or his possible heirs can be found. Meanwhile, the little farming village of Alton has slowly changed, through the expansion of the neighbouring metropolis into a thriving suburb, and the value of the land has soared by leaps and bounds. Little Adelle, on the death of her only remaining relative, a widowed aunt, is removed from the sordid lodging house where she has done much of the drudgery, and placed by the kindly interest of a shrewd probate judge under the competent guardianship of the Washington Trust Company. This company so ingeniously manages the involved legal tangle of Clark's Field that it becomes one of the historic booms in real estate, and the obscure little waif finds herself within a few years an heiress possessed of five millions in her own right and surrounded by a horde of sycophants and fortune hunters. The development of Adelle's mind, under the peculiar and trying conditions of a fortune thrust upon her before she was mentally fitted to receive it, is admirable in its clear-sighted discernment. The abrupt transition from slavery to opulence beyond her dreams is enough to spoil the character of a young woman of far bigger mentality and character than little Adelle; and when the process of spoiling is aggravated by a few years at a fashionable boarding school, and personally conducted travel courses in Europe and up the Nile, the wonder is that the girl still remains, in spite of her snobbishness, a rather sweet and lovable personality. But, of course, with no woman of the right sort to guide her and with unlimited means at hand with which to commit follies, she is foreordained to come to grief; and the only wonder is that her folly takes no worse form than a runaway marriage with a handsome young Californian, an impecunious artist, lazy, incompetent, and quite ready to let a pretty girl support him for the rest of his life. Up to this point in the story the present reviewer enjoyed it thor-

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oughly; but now Mr. Herrick begins to interfere with his characters' destinies, refusing to let them work out their own salvation, and making chance, fate, and his own philosophy of life dictate what shall become of them. Adelle and her mismated husband go to California to live, and spend a large slice of her five millions in building a gorgeous castle overlooking a ravine. Now among the masons engaged on this work is one man who evidently is not an Italian but an American of clean New England stock, and who should he turn out to be but the missing heir of Edward Clark, whose disappearance clouded the title of Clark's Field for over half a century! Adelle's rapid estrangement from her husband, the latter's intemperate habits, which lead him accidentally to set fire to the house and thus cause the death of their only child; her subsequent divorce, and her growing interest in the illiterate and rather uncouth stone-mason cousin make up the remainder of the volume. And at the close there is a parting suggestion that she will find a belated happiness in a second marriage and will spend the money which has brought her nothing but trouble in public improvements in that part of the town which was once Clark's Field. And hereupon Mr. Herrick indulges, through the mouth of the old probate judge, in a lengthy dissertation on the subject of private ownership of land, not realising that if his story has conveyed the lesson he intended, his sermonising is superfluous, and if the story has conveyed a lesson other than what he intended, his attempt to point the moral is futile. In other words, if the story has convinced a reader that our property laws are bad, he doesn't need to have Mr. Herrick tell him what he thinks, while if, as may well happen, it leaves the reader quite content to let the laws stand as they are, then he certainly does not care to listen to a last word argument against them. The best art in fiction is that which lets the story speak for itself, a principle which Mr. Herrick once knew but seems to have forgotten.

"YOU NEVER KNOW YOUR LUCK"

This story is frankly unworthy of Mr. Parker's usual high standard of fiction. It has, to be sure, a certain ease of style, and its portrayal of character reveals the well-trained hand; but it leaves the impression of having been done half-heartedly and with more or less haste. Besides it sadly strains our credulity. Imagine, if you please, a young Irishman of good family, owner of large estates and husband of a charming and idolised wife. But unfortunately Shiel Crozier has one fault, a passion for betting on horses; and little by little, he has stripped himself of his inheritance, and at last, in spite of a solemn promise to his wife never to bet again, gathers together his few remaining pounds, stakes them all on one race, and then, not daring to face his wife, and unwilling to live upon her bounty,—for she is rich in her own right,—he emigrates to Canada. All this antedates the story by five years; and during all this time he cherishes a letter, the envelope of which bears his wife's handwriting, the letter containing her last bitter reproaches before he sailed. But he has never opened the letter, preferring to conjecture the cruel words rather than have them meet his eyes. In Canada he has made his way slowly, waiting for a big opportunity, a chance to share in a certain big land speculation, which has just ripened and which demands a few thousand dollars in ready cash. His credit is good, but he has made enemies through testimony given in a murder trial, and not only are the banks closed to him, but one day he is shot from an ambush and very nearly dies. Now there is a fine young woman, daughter of his landlady, a brave, loyal slip of a girl with Irish eyes and an Irish voice; and although she loves him herself, she determines to bring about a reconciliation with his wife. So while he lies ill, she secretly sends a letter to Ireland, so wisely worded that it brings the other woman speeding across the Atlantic. Now, here is the part that leaves us incredulous. On the day of the fatal horse-race, when Shiel lost his all, we are

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asked to believe that the wife, who had a deadly hatred for betting, found fifty pounds in Shiel's desk, yielded to an impulse, staked it on a different horse at enormous odds, and miraculously cleared four thousand pounds. When Kitty, the landlady's daughter, hears this she has an inspiration. "Your husband has never read your cruel letter," she tells the other woman. "Now, what you must do is this: we will steam the envelope open, and you will write another letter, very different from the first, telling about your lucky bet, and enclosing the four thousand pounds. Then he will be filled with remorse, thinking how he wronged you by leaving you all these years, when you had been so forgiving." The scheme is successful: it never occurs to the husband to notice that the envelope has been tampered with, nor that its thickness has been curiously augmented,—and what is more, the money comes providentially at the very last moment to save him from being crowded out of the big land deal. The book is not lacking in certain readable qualities, but it leaves behind it the impression of not having been quite worth while.

"THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL"

No such impression is left by May Sinclair's new volume of short stories, *The Return of the Prodigal*, which gives new evidence of this author's fine artistry, deep insight and unwavering adherence to her own high standard. It is difficult to single out any of these stories for special analysis; that is why a certain injustice must always be suffered by volumes of short stories possessing such even and sustained merit. And of course any choice must be largely personal. Perhaps other readers would not agree that the two stories most deserving of special mention are "The Gift" and "The Flaw," yet they both have a certain poignancy, and at the same time a fine elusiveness that make them gems of the first water. In "The Gift" we have the case of a young woman whose ambition it has long been to write; but her efforts are futile until she meets a man with just the right magnetism to awaken the power that is slumbering in her. Or perhaps the power was not really in her after all, but simply something external, something that he unconsciously gives her. At all events, the stories which she now turns out from time to time are little miracles of art, and the one reward that she craves is his word of praise when he reads them. He does not for a time suspect that she has fallen in love with him; had he done so he would have begun earlier to avoid her. He has had one bitter experience in life, a marriage with a woman now long dead, who was so unworthy, so mentally and morally inferior that the bare thought of a second union is abhorrent to him. Now the other woman, the one to whom he has brought "the gift" asks nothing from him; she is content to go through life, writing her little masterpieces, drawing her inspiration from his words of praise, happy in the expectation of his rare, brief visits. And then suddenly her little paradise is shattered. She has a rival, a cold, calculating person who knows that the man will never marry again, that he has nothing to give any woman save a somewhat reserved friendship,—but that friendship she wants exclusively to herself. So she sets deliberately to work to instill into the man's mind the fact that the other woman loves him and the possibility that he may commit himself and become irremediably entangled. And the result is that his visits cease, the woman loses "the gift," and what is more, she loses her desire to live,—and a few months later he reads a notice of her death.

Equally subtle and delicate is "The Fault." But it is more difficult to convey at second hand. Here again we have a man whose first marriage was tragic, ending in infidelity and divorce. But in course of time he meets another woman whom he seriously thinks of asking to be his wife. It happens, however, that the first wife had various mannerisms, little unforgettable poses, certain tricks of arm and wrist, all of which haunt him like the memory of a bad dream. And by some malignant jest of fate, this other

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woman, the one to whom he is on the point of proposing, unconsciously uses the same gestures, the same little affectations. And at the crucial moment, as he bends over her to utter the decisive words, she raises both arms above her head, and he sees her face for a moment framed between her two white elbows, the counterpart attitude of that other one, on the hideous night when he came home just in time to see her yield her lips to her lover's kiss. And that is why his declaration is never uttered, and why the girl never knows how she lost her opportunity.

"THE STRENGTH OF THE STRONG"

Another noteworthy collection of short stories is Jack London's new volume, *The Strength of the Strong*. They are varied enough to suit the most diverse tastes, and in point of time they keep us skipping up and down the centuries, from primordial days to the dim vistas of futurity, as nimbly as though he were endowed with Mr. H. G. Wells's convenient "Time Machine." The story that gives the book its title may be defined as a sort of sociological parable, told by a man of the stone age, a monkey man, bowed with years, who tells the eager circle of his great-grandchildren the history of the tribe's slow emergence from barbarism, their experiments in local government, their mistakes in private ownership of land, and their final victory through breaking up the monopoly of the few and uniting in a free and equal communism. All of which, while cleverly done, is rather tedious, blatantly unreal, and to the reader who does not happen to share Mr. London's economic convictions, quite unimportant. Of a very different class is the amazing and delicious piece of wholesale extravagance called "The Unparalleled Invasion." In it the author has taken one of his forward bounds, a century or two, and imagines that China has undergone a great awakening. Her population has multiplied beyond belief, and the yellow hordes have overrun the greater part of the continent of Asia. They conquer through sheer force of numbers. An army of invasion numbering millions, invades adjoining territory, and on its heels comes another army of wives and children with all their worldly goods,—and they come to stay. All Europe and America are aghast. It is the old bugaboo of the Yellow Peril now come in grim earnest, the Yellow Peril magnified to the *n*th degree. But one day a certain quiet, unobtrusive little American calls at the White House, and what he has to suggest to the President results in a secret conference of the world's powers. Then follows the most astounding gathering of a gigantic host of the allied armies and navies of the civilised world, brought together, not for the purpose of invading China, but of drawing an immense cordon around her on land and sea, so that not one Chinaman can escape. And when arrangements are completed, a vast squadron of little aeroplanes are seen soaring over the whole Chinese Empire, everywhere letting fall a rain of little glass tubes. And within a fortnight China is stricken, not with one plague, but with twenty: typhoid, leprosy, yellow fever, bubonic plague, the sleeping sickness, these and innumerable others, let loose in an unimaginable orgy of pestilence and corruption. It is a Dance Macabre on a gigantic scale; and the only reason why it in a measure defeats itself is that it is just a little too big, too ghastly, too wholesale in its horror for the human mind quite to visualise it. We end by feeling as little kinship for the expiring billions of tortured Chinese as for the same number of garden ants.

"THE PRICE OF LOVE"

Mr. Arnold Bennett's new novel, *The Price of Love*, may be defined as a betwixt and between sort of book, belonging neither to the much too small group of his really big achievements, nor to the far more numerous assortment of those more or less negligible productions which he has himself chosen to call "Fantasias." *The Price of Love* takes us back once more to the Five Towns, with the leaden heaviness of their smoke-laden atmosphere and dull monotony. The opening chap-

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ters promise well; they are unmistakably from the same hand that gave us *Clayhanger* and *The Old Wives' Tale*. Narrow, repressed lives, pathetically grateful for any petty little break in the dull routine. That is the impression that we get at our first introduction into the quiet, orderly, spotlessly neat sitting-room where gentle old Mrs. Malden and her efficient and devoted young companion, Rachel Fleckring, are waiting in some little perturbation for the arrival of the old lady's two nephews, who are to dine with her. Both young men are late; Julian Malden because, as his telegram states, his train from London has been delayed; Louis Fores, because, as he naturally takes good care not to state, he has worked an hour overtime at his desk, doctoring up the account books so that they will bear inspection on the morrow. Meanwhile, during the hour of waiting, there arrives a self-important, much bewhiskered personage, Thomas Batchgrew, trustee of the old lady's slender income. A mortgage has just been taken up, and, as it is too late to bank the money, he has dropped in to place the amount, one thousand pounds in Bank of England notes, in the custody of the old lady herself. Now Mrs. Malden, we have already discovered to be a very feeble, nervous and forgetful old lady. There have been burglaries in the neighbourhood, and the responsibility of that thousand pounds fills her with unreasoning terror. We see her eagerly taking advantage of Rachel's momentary absence, for the purpose of secreting those notes in various places that she hopes she will be able to remember the next day. At last the two nephews arrive, and it is hard to decide which of them the reader most cordially despises, Julian for his bad manners, or Louis for his lack of character. There is no use in pretending that this is a big book, for it is not. But it had possibilities, which the author somehow failed to follow up. In fact, a good deal of the business connecting with the missing notes,—for of course they disappear over night,—is little less than clap-trap. But it has seemed worth while to reproduce the opening scene with some detail, because the whole interest in what follows rests upon the rather uncommon power of suggestion in these opening pages. We see very little of what happens, and the chances are that where we guess we guess wrong; but we certainly do get, with almost photographic vividness, an impression of the different characters and of their various individual capacities for good or evil. The mystery of the stolen money is slow in clearing up, and while there is no useful purpose served by revealing the heart of the mystery in a review, this much at least should be said, if only to explain the meaning of the title. Rachel marries one of the nephews, and eventually she comes to know that a certain share of the guilt is upon his conscience. But because her own love is of a rather perfect sort she eventually realises that she is willing to pay the price; she is able to say, bravely and sincerely, "I don't want him perfect. If anything goes wrong, well, let it go wrong! I am his wife, I'm his!"

"WHEN LOVE FLIES OUT OF THE WINDOW"

When Love Flies Out of the Window, by Leonard Merrick, is frankly a good deal of a disappointment. There is something rather tediously familiar both in the ground plan of the story and in the tissue of episodes from which it is woven. Ralph Lingham and Meenie Weston are certainly not the first couple, either in real life or in fiction, who have married in haste on the strength of a small windfall and some visionary hopes, and after a few brief months of moonshine and rapture and golden dreams, wake up to find that gaunt hunger, stalking in at the door, has at least temporarily driven love out through the open casement. And when we add that the young woman in question is a struggling actress in dire straits, and the hero a novelist whose novels fail to sell, the whole thing sounds still more painfully hackneyed. We know beforehand just what is going to happen. Under the pressure of necessity, the young novelist is going to do poorer and

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poorer work; editors and publishers are going to be more and more obdurate; and finally the one thing that he has sworn shall not happen inevitably comes about: the wife goes back on the stage. It would not be difficult, with a little thought, to draw up a list of a round dozen of stories dealing with just this situation; and in most of them, so far as memory recalls them, the husband, after making himself phenomenally objectionable with his jealousy and wounded pride, goads the wife into demanding a temporary separation, and eventually gets her back on her own terms. All of which fits the present volume like a well-worn glove. Frankly, the practised novel reader could have filled in for himself the main thread of the story from the moment of the hasty marriage in Paris, with about the same ease that a lawyer's clerk fills in a blank summons or subpœna. Yet perhaps this view is a trifle ungrateful. Mr. Merrick always manages to give us a few characters that are temporarily at least worth while. Any veteran traveller will understand the distinction implied by the word "temporarily." There are golden hours of transient intercourse with strangers who are eminently worth while for the brief duration of a railway journey, a table-d'hôte or a mountain climb, but whom we could not for an instant imagine wanting to meet day after day, summer and winter, in rain or sunshine, in the city of our home. So it is with the people of book-land. There are some to whom we would gladly give the freedom of our city; there are others who are glorious companions for an hour on the highway of adventure; and among the latter Mr. Merrick's entertaining personages hold a not inconspicuous place.

"RUNG HO!"

One stops for a sober second thought, and then for still a third, after reading Talbot Mundy's undeniably stirring story of the Sepoy mutiny days, *Rung Ho!* Is it a really big book, written with intimate knowledge of plot within plot, secret jealousies and machinations, religious intolerance and racial hatreds, that go to make up what Mr. Kipling has called the Great Game? Or is it sheer melodrama cleverly disguised, and now and then a little cheap in its spectacular trickery? In other words, just where does it stand between, let us say, Mr. Kipling and Archibald Clavering Gunter? The answer, as already intimated, is not easy. The plot is now and then a little too machine-made, the situations are too palpably worked up for a sensational effect, the coincidences are too miraculously well timed. And yet, although we see the cogs and wires, the ill-disguised machinery, none the less the author does get his effects, he does stir our pulses and send big thrills of sheer, exuberant delight rioting through our veins. It all happens in a central Indian town of Howrah, a town especially affected with the prevailing unrest of the natives. There is a bitter rivalry between the reigning Maharajah of Howrah and his unscrupulous brother, Jaimihr, who has cast covetous eyes on two objects that are destined to remain beyond his grasp: his brother's throne, and Rosemary McClean, the pretty daughter of an American missionary. Now, the plot that is fermenting throughout all India includes the overthrow of English dominion; and there are certain hill tribes, ruled by a proud band of Rajputs and Rangars, who are still wavering in their allegiance to the British Government. They have not forgotten the old days when they did wonders of valour under the leadership of an English officer, Cunningham,—Cunningham-Bahadur; and rashly they pledge themselves, if another such as Cunningham should be found, to espouse the British cause and follow him. Now, it happens that at this very hour young Cunningham, son of Cunningham-Bahadur, is on his way to India in company of a number of young subalterns, impatient for active service. The way in which young Cunningham is received by the impassive Rangars, tested by them, tested cruelly, brutally, relentlessly, and not found wanting; and the mighty deeds that he and these dauntless hills-men achieve, when

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they come to perfect understanding and confidence, make pages that are good to read, pages that will bear a second reading, too. Of course, the presence of Rosemary, the missionary's daughter, at all sorts of places and under all sorts of conditions that make a woman a serious encumbrance, gives the story something of a *Graustark* flavour, and her repeated rescue from the machinations of Jaimihr and her ultimate union with Cunningham-Bahadur suggests the conventional "Let us gaily cheer the bride!" chorus of comic opera. None the less, there is good sterling stuff in *Rung Ho!* with its ringing battle-cry title. Let us hope that the author has more of the same sort in store for us.

RANDOM GLEANINGS FROM CURRENT NOVELS*

BY NORMAN BRYCE

If we are not too hypercritical in our standards of fiction, there is a wide enough variety on the current bookshelf to satisfy the widest range of tastes. For instance, do you want to be transported out of the accustomed and conventional, into an exotic setting, and to be made to vibrate in sympathy with the most intimate sufferings of a proud, tender and much wronged woman? Then by all means read that poignant little tragedy by Jane Stocking, with the laconic title, *Via P. and O.* It is a rare piece of self-revelation by the American wife of a German diplomat in Shanghai, whose illusions of life are rudely brushed aside because of her husband's open and unashamed insistence that the human male is naturally polygamous. The book is very subtle, very real, and its shadows are deftly relieved by occasional lighter touches; while the unforeseen rolling away of the clouds at the end brings that sympathetic relief which we feel at the happy readjustment of the troubles of those near and dear to us.

Another story with an Oriental setting is *The Palace of Darkened Windows*, by Mary Hastings Bradley, the action of which is distributed between Cairo, Karnak and the Sahara desert. If wilful and capricious Arlee Beecher had been content to heed young Falconer's warning against Captain Kerissen, the handsome and ardent Egyptian officer, she would not have found herself a prisoner in a strange old palace with barred and curtained windows, and a

*Via P. and O. By Jane Stocking. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Palace of Darkened Windows. By Mary Hastings Bradley. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

The Purple Mists. By F. E. Mills Young. New York: The John Lane Company.

Pidgin Island. By Harold MacGrath. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

No. 13 Washington Square. By Leroy Scott. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin and Company.

Black is White. By George Barr McCutcheon. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Punch and Judy. By Edwin Pugh. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Gray Youth. By Oliver Onions. New York: The George H. Doran Company.

Cordelia Blossom. By George Randolph Chester. New York: The Hurst International Library Company.

The Intervening Lady. By Edgar Jepson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Bobby. By J. J. Bell. New York: The George H. Doran Company.

Mirandy. By Dorothy Dix. New York: The Hurst International Library Company.

Jehane of the Forest. By L. A. Talbot. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

The Primal Lure. By V. E. Roe. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

A Son of the Ages. By Stanley Waterloo. Garden City and New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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fair prospect of decking the Captain's harem for the rest of her life. Had she had no one but the well-meaning and slow-witted Englishman, Falconer, to aid her, Arlee's chances for freedom would have been negligible; but it happened that she had another devoted slave, one Billy B. Hill, an American whose middle name, to his own chagrin, was Bunker, and who deserved, by the time his exploits were ended, two monuments instead of one,—for he out-generalled not only the Britisher, but Captain Kerissan and a host of fanatical Arabs into the bargain. There is no danger of mistaking this book for a higher type of fiction than it really is. But of its kind it is rather worth while.

We have had so many South African books of late that picturesque verbal landscapes of veldt and kopje are not in themselves sufficient excuse for a book's existence. *The Purple Mists,* by F. E. Mills Young, is not a bad piece of work in plot, provided you can still muster up interest in the revolt of an inexperienced young girl who marries without love or a notion of what love means, merely for the sake of a home. This is the situation in which Euretta Monkswell finds herself after her brother-in-law's ill-treatment has driven her from his farm to support herself by nursing the sick in the neighbouring town; and young Dr. Shaw, "doing locum for Dr. Tennant," persuades her, from mixed motives, to become his wife. The two skirt the brink of some tragic blunders in the course of their slow readjustment; and the story at times becomes a little tedious, in spite of the author's well-meant efforts to glorify a common and somewhat sordid situation with a halo of purple mists.

It is something of a relief to turn to a frankly extravagant story of adventure, such as *Pidgin Island,* by Harold MacGrath. The island in question lies on the border line between Canada and the United States; and while a good fishing ground, it is a dangerous harbour for a small boat during September gales. Young Cranford, the hero, is an ardent fisherman, as all the world is free to know; what the world does not know is that he is in the Government secret service for the detection of smugglers, amateur or professional, who attempt to make unlawful entry of foreign jewels into the United States. What Cranford himself does not know is that Pidgin Island, where he goes when off duty, is a chosen smuggling place of a notorious gang, who have a long standing account to settle with him; and he is equally far from suspecting that Diana Wynne, the clear-eyed, self-reliant young woman with whom he becomes unconventionally acquainted and who can out-row, out-sail and out-fish him, holds the same sort of Government job as himself,—and, what is more, has come to Pidgin Island, not blindly but with her eyes wide open. If you know Harold MacGrath's methods, you know in advance pretty well the sort of story he can serve up with these elements or adventure and danger and romance. But in any case read the book; you are at least certain not to be bored.

If you think it essential to stories of adventure and mystery that you should be transported to Egyptian palaces or lonely islands, turn either to Leroy Scott's *No. 13 Washington Square,* or to *Black is White,* by George Barr McCutcheon, in order to be convinced,—provided that you are sufficiently credulous,—that all sorts of extraordinary things may happen within the dignified precincts of stately lower Fifth Avenue. Mr. Scott's book is essentially farce-comedy, open and unashamed. If the great Mrs. de Peyster had not suffered a curtailment of income, she would have gone abroad for the summer, after her usual custom, and there would have been no story to write. Instead, she gives out word that she has sailed, sending a poor relation to masquerade in her stead, closes the shutters and, with the connivance of her housekeeper, prepares to get through the hot months as best she can. But it happens that she is not the only member of the household who has reasons for going into retirement; among others, there is her own son, John, who makes

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a clandestine marriage against her will, and brings his bride to stay secretly at this same ill-fated No. 13. Accordingly, it is easy to picture the queer comedy of errors and desperate hide-and-seek that ensues between a houseful of people unaware, for the most part, of each other's presence or identity. And when, to crown all the other mishaps, the poor relation involuntarily mismanages things in Paris, and Mrs. de Peyster faces the extraordinary dilemma of looking on through darkened windows at her own funeral cortège, we realise that the powers of gratuitous absurdity have been pushed to their legitimate limit.

As for Mr. McCutcheon's volume, it is equally extreme in its own way, the way in question happening to be melodrama, hovering on the brink of tragic crime. James Brood's life has been darkened by the suspected infidelity of his first wife. He banished her from home, robbed her of the child whom he refused to believe his own son, and spent the next twenty years roaming through the danger-places of the earth. In the course of these years he gathered to himself the companionship of other wanderers, similar social derelicts, but unlike him, lacking in worldly goods. These comrades, Danbury Dawes and Joseph Riggs, he relegates to the old Fifth House when they become too old to travel. A third comrade, John Desmond, has married; and in course of time his widow and daughter come to swell the ranks of this private almshouse. Brood's son Frederick, of doubtful legitimacy, has also returned home from college, and has promptly fallen in love with Lydia Desmond. Picture this little colony, thankful recipients of the absent man's bounty, unsuspicious of the blow about to befall them. With only the warning of a mid-ocean wireless, Brood arrives home, accompanied by a second wife, a Hungarian like the first wife he divorced. The havoc which this magnetic, dangerous and apparently utterly unprincipled young woman wreaks in the Brood household must be left for Mr. McCutcheon himself to narrate. Her purpose in marrying Brood, her secret connection with the dead and gone first wife, and her apparently criminal intent in openly making love to her own step-son, would quite baffle even the most astute reader of novels, were it not for the hint conveyed in the title that we cannot always trust the evidence of our own eyes. For the lady is not as black as she is painted.

It would be hard to find a wider contrast in purpose, method and material than that offered by the pleasant and, on the whole, optimistic little volume by Edwin Pugh, whimsically entitled *Punch and Judy*. The publisher's note opens as follows: "Central in interest is the love affair of a young musician and a fair artist's model, a Trilby of Soho." We need not quarrel with the comparison, but only with the question of its effectiveness. Twenty-five years ago, the phrase "Trilby of Soho" would have had significance. But to-day the readers who remember who Trilby was are sadly in the minority. At all events, here is the situation: the young musical genius in question comes of rather good family, correct, conservative, fastidious in their ways and instincts. He has drifted into Bohemia and has been caught by the glamour of its unaccustomedness. Incidentally, he fancies himself genuinely in love with the beautiful young model for "the altogether." And she, though knowing instinctively that it is all a mistake and that she is not fitted to be his wife, allows herself to be over-persuaded. But she gains a respite before the ceremony: she is to visit his people, learn what they are like, and, as it were, become purified from the contamination of her old life. Luckily, the girl's instinctive common sense asserts itself; her brief excursion into the upper social atmosphere proves to her the incongruity of the whole thing, and she is content to relinquish her wonderful young musician, and accept instead the Bohemian painter, bred in her own environment, who has always wanted her. And we have just realised that the interesting pair of twins, whose youthful escapades give

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the name to this volume, have not as yet been mentioned in this brief review, although they are by no means the least important figures in it.

Another story of artistic and bohemian London is *Gray Youth,* by Oliver Onions. In point of fact, it is two stories bound in one, which in England appeared under the separate titles of *The Two Kisses* and *A Crooked Mile.* It is a book to which a reviewer in sympathy with the theme would joyously devote a five-thousand-word article. But, under the compelling necessity of limited space, one can say only that it is a refreshing, delicious and fairly thorough *reductio ad absurdum* of the main propositions of feminism and eugenics. It is seldom that one runs across a volume which at one and the same time is so serene, so assured and so sardonic. It is not without good reason that the consensus of English criticism has already enrolled Oliver Onions in the forefront of contemporary novelists.

In contrast to the trenchant irony of the Englishman, we have the blithe and buoyant satire of George Randolph Chester on the American woman of the superlatively social-climber type, *Cordelia Blossom.* Cordelia is a prepossessing young person, of outward harmlessness. She looks upon life through very round eyes and has the possibilities of the so-called "baby-stare" reduced to a fine point. She is apparently handicapped by a middle-aged husband of a proud Southern ancestry and of an abnormally sensitive conscience,—especially his political conscience. But this does not in the least deter her from proceeding to get what she wants. And what she wants constitutes a rather big programme: namely, the social leadership of her home town, the presidency of the local branch of the Isis Club, the election of her husband successively to the offices of mayor, governor and United States senator, and her own final apotheosis as the national head of all the confederated branches of her club. Of course, the whole thing is immensely exaggerated; it is the irresistible combination of beauty, diplomacy, and feminine rivalry raised to the *n*th power. But it is all very good fun indeed, and while not taking her at all seriously, we are frankly reluctant, when the time comes, to bid good-by to Cordelia Blossom.

Another member of the fair sex, almost equally potent in her own way, is little Lady Noggs, heroine of Edgar Jepson's mildly diverting new volume, *The Intervening Lady.* The age of Lady Noggs in the opening chapter is problematic; she belongs to that vague tom-boy period that may lie anywhere between ten and fourteen. She has very decided views of life and an embarrassing activity in setting straight anything which she regards as wrong, either in her own family or those of her neighbours. And the fact that she is a peeress in her own right, with a fortune of considerable dimensions, and does not stand the least in awe of her uncle, who happens to be Prime Minister of England, considerably increases the enormity of her escapades. Altogether, she is a refreshing personality. But when we take leave of her at the end, with her skirts let down and her hair put up, we realise that the Lady Noggs is destined to be something more than a handful of responsibility for some dubiously lucky man to manage.

Another volume dealing with the vagaries of immaturity is *Bobby,* by J. J. Bell. Undoubtedly there will be a good many people, readers and reviewers alike, who will follow the lead of the publisher's notice and draw favourable comparisons between *Bobby* and the same author's earlier and almost epoch-making *Wee McGreegor.* But such comparison would be flagrant injustice to a character whom many of us still love after the lapse of more than a decade. Wee McGreegor was a personality and a perennial joy; Bobby is at best a type, the embodiment of all those qualities which, at their worst, fill the inexperienced old bachelor, the maiden aunt, the harassed parents with a variety of emotions ranging from impotent dismay to righteous wrath. And after all, there is no harm in Bobby; it is just the pent-up ef-

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fervescence of youth, like an over-charged syphon of soda water. But the real trouble with *Bobby* is a lack of spontaneity; it reads like a conscious effort; it would suffer rather materially from a comparison with an example of the sterling thing, such as *Helen's Babies,* a "best seller" of half a century ago.

A volume occupying a niche by itself is the series of negro monologues by Dorothy Dix, entitled *Mirandy.* The full portrayal of this portly washing-lady of dark complexion is so largely a joint product of the author and of Mr. E. W. Kemble, who has supplied a generous instalment of illustrations, that the reviewer feels himself incompetent to convey an adequate idea of her buxom amplitude and elephantine grace, and must necessarily confine himself to just a few specimens of her practical philosophy of life. Here are some characteristic extracts:

> Most of the troubles dot women has come along of der bein' born wid a wishbone instid of a backbone.
>
> When a woman quits weepin', she's done throwed de best weapon she's got.
>
> Men and women is much of a muchness, —case ef dey warn't, dey wouldn't match so well.
>
> Fame is somethin' dat you spends you' life a-wukin' for, an' den hit lands you in de po'-house.

Like all character monologues, from *Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures* and the *Widow Bedott Papers* down to our philosophic friend, Mr. Dooley, the very best of them grow a little tedious if taken in large doses. The best thing that can be said of *Mirandy,* is that it averages very well.

Ten years ago, *Jehane of the Forest,* by L. A. Talbot, would have attracted a brief word of favourable comment as a fairly good example of a prevailing type. To-day a forest romance of the time of Henry II is such an anachronism and rarity that while here and there it may be over-praised, as it has been by Mary Cholmondeley, the chances are very much against its receiving a fair hearing, simply because the public as a whole is not in sympathy with its type. For instance, at the very outset we become mentally out of breath in trying to read and memorise the fact that Jehane, the heroine, is daughter of "Pargeter, the Woodward, Keeper of the Lord John de Fort-Castle, Earl of the Forest of Wyre and Lord of the Township of Clee." Now, the essence of the story is how Jehane, the Woodward's daughter, befriends Lambert, the earl's disinherited son, how through her help he is restored to favour, how she flees from home to a convent, to escape the wicked intent of her sister's betrothed husband, and how Lambert, besieged in his castle by a neighbouring noble, dares a thousand deaths to escape in time to rescue Jehane from the convent, almost with the final and irrevocable vows upon her lips. The whole thing is a well-intentioned echo of Mr. Hewlett's *Forest Lovers,* but the echo is sadly faint and much belated.

The Primal Lure, by Miss V. E. Roe, is also a tale of the forest, but of the forest of the new world instead of the old, and there is in it a surge of vitality and human passion. It is simply a tale of the unspoken love and stubborn anger of one Angus McConnel, a Scotch agent of the Hudson Bay Company in the far north trading post of Fort Lu Cerne. Among the simple French folk who make up the population of the post, there is one beautiful young girl, Lois Le Wayne, who is seen one night stealing out of the agent's business office. The next morning he grimly announces that the ledger containing all the accounts of the colony with his company for the previous season, their debts for supplies, their credits for furs, has been stolen; he intimates that it is the result of a plot to defraud the company. And because suspicion falls upon Lois as the one actually guilty of removing the book, he brutally throws the young girl into the miserable log hovel that is their only local prison, and vows that he will keep her there until the missing book is found. This deed, dictated by an exaggerated sense of duty,

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brings cruel consequences in its wake and is responsible for more than one broken heart and for many a death from the internal strife, the pestilence and the war with neighbouring Indians which it indirectly brings about. And the cruelest part of it all is that Angus, in imprisoning Lois, is dealing his own hopes a death-blow; while she, innocent of any sinful thought, had only one reason for visiting his office on the fatal night, and that was to leave a love token behind her. A simple and poignant love story, worked to a pathetic and satisfactory conclusion.

As for Stanley Waterloo's latest prehistoric tale, *A Son of the Ages,* which seeks to tell in the form of fiction the way in which humanity gained a knowledge of the club, of fire, of chipped stone, of the hollowed log canoe, of copper, of iron, and of the navigation of sail-boats, it will suffice to say that his vehicle of expression, or rather his scheme of connection between the successive episodes lacks plausibility. In each stage of his supposed narrator's existence, his span of life ends prematurely and with violence. And then, all of a sudden he awakens, remembering vaguely the battle that caused his death, finds evidences of the fatal wound in the expected locality, but his surroundings have altered completely. He is some thousands of years further down in the history of the race than when he lost consciousness. Of course, if a human being repeatedly reincarnated at intervals of a few thousand years could in the present incarnation remember his past experiences the effect would be something like what Mr. Waterloo has given us. But each successive remembrance would not dove-tail so nicely with the previous one. And it is this which robs the whole narrative of verisimilitude.

THE STORY OF AN EMPRESS

Part VIII—Sadowa and Sedan

In the summer of 1865 Frau Putlitz and her husband were the guests of the Crown Prince and Princess at Potsdam. This time it is the wife who records her impressions in a series of letters to her sister. She was quite as fervent an admirer of the Crown Princess as Putlitz was, and her letters really supplement and complete his letters, for they supply the feminine point of view.

Frau Putlitz was perhaps most impressed by the Crown Princess's versatility—the ease with which she could turn from a gay and smiling talk about bulbs, for instance, to the serious discussion of the profoundest subjects of philosophy. Naturally, this feminine observer notes the Princess's style of dressing, which she greatly admires as being both simple and perfect. "There is," she says, "a charm about her whole presence which it is impossible to describe." Her way of speaking, too, was fascinating, and though she declared that her German had an English accent, Frau Putlitz found it delightfully soft. Shakespeare the Princess frequently quoted, and one morning she read long passages with an expression which was warmly approved by the dramatist, Putlitz himself, who might be allowed to be a good judge. Frau Putlitz thought that the special charm of the Princess consisted in her entire simplicity and naturalness, which was exemplified in her never uttering banal, used-up phrases.

Of the children we have some glimpses; they are described as perfectly charming and very lively. The Princess told Frau Putlitz how anxious she was to have Prince William educated away from home with other boys of his own age, and this intention, as we know, she afterward carried out in the case of both Prince William and Prince Henry. Little Prince Sigismund is pronounced to be

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really a delightful child. The Princess spoke with deep feeling of her father, whom she scarcely mentioned without tears, and she brought out all her souvenirs of him, which she kept with loving care.

We are also shown the Princess among her books and pictures, the Princess singing old Scottish ballads and English hymns, the Princess painting flower-pieces, and above all the Princess as a gardener. Frau Putlitz compares the neatness of the Princess's own little garden, laid out by herself, to that of a little jewel-box. Enormous strawberries grew on beds of white moss under the beech hedges, and a gigantic lily brought by the Crown Prince from Hamburg was exhibited with pride. Frau Putlitz was surprised at the Princess's practical knowledge of horticulture, and the thoroughness with which she set about it.

These are, to be sure, not matters of great importance in themselves, but it is interesting to see how completely the charm of the Princess's personality fascinated both husband and wife, who were by no means ordinary observers.

We come now to the outbreak of the war with Austria, which arose directly out of the war with Denmark, and which, as we now look back upon it, seems to fall naturally into its place as part of Bismarck's *politique de longue haleine* for the unification of Germany.

The Royal personages of his time were to Bismarck only pawns in the great game on which he was ever engaged. It is impossible to read his life and other literary remains without being struck by the contempt which he entertained for at any rate the great majority of those belonging to the Royal caste, though the management of them sometimes tried all his powers. It is significant that at one moment Bismarck had practically made up his mind to espouse the cause of the Prince whom he habitually called "the Augustenburger" in the Elbe duchies, and it was only after a prolonged interview with the Prince himself that he changed his mind, finding him to be, from his point of view, quite impracticable.

As a rule, however, those Royal personages whom Bismarck looked upon as pawns were actually not only content but proud of the position; the capital exceptions were of course the Crown Prince and Princess, who steadily resented and fought—sometimes successfully—against Bismarck's efforts to relegate them to a position in which they would not count at all.

It is curious to observe how Bismarck always managed to turn to account even circumstances which seemed at first sight most prejudicial to his designs. Thus in June, 1865, the Budget, which included the payment of the bill for the Danish War, was rejected by the Liberal Deputies in the Chamber, but it was this which enabled Bismarck to take the plunge and govern without the constitution.

This rejection of the Budget was followed by the Convention of Gastein in August, by which Austria was to have the temporary government of Holstein, and Prussia that of Schleswig. Such an arrangement contained no element of permanence, and was indeed an obvious step on the way toward annexation. To the hereditary claims of "the Augustenburger," which the Crown Prince had most loyally continued to support, it dealt a fatal blow, and it is particularly interesting to note that Bismarck implored the King to keep the negotiations which led up to the Convention absolutely secret from the Crown Prince. He frankly told his sovereign that if a hint should reach Queen Victoria, the suspicions of the Emperor Francis Joseph would be aroused, and the whole negotiations would fail, and he added, "Behind such failure there lies an inevitable war with Austria."

The secret was duly kept from the Crown Prince; he received the news of the Convention with amazement, and it served to increase—if that was possible—his detestation of Bismarck's policy.

The year 1866 therefore began with the gloomiest prospects from the point of

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view held by the Crown Prince and Princess. The Chambers were opened, but quickly prorogued, and Prussia openly prepared for war. Bismarck saw that the moment was most favourable, for Austria was in want of money, and was also beset with domestic difficulties in Hungary, while he himself had already practically arranged for the support of Italy. Austria was thus driven to demand the demobilisation of Prussia, and this was supported in the Federal Diet by Bavaria, Saxony, Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, and other States. Thereupon, on June 14th, Prussia declared the Germanic Confederation dissolved, and war began on the 18th.

We have become so much accustomed to the conception of a united Germany that it seems now extraordinary that in this war Prussia, with the Northern States, should have been ranged against, not only Austria, but Hanover and Hesse-Cassel, with Saxony and Bavaria.

It thus fell out that the Crown Princess and her sister, Princess Alice, were on opposite sides—a singular penalty which Royal personages are liable to pay for the privileges of their rank. The circumstance naturally increased the maternal anxiety of Queen Victoria. There is no doubt that she believed that Austria would win, and when the result proved that she was wrong, her distrust of Bismarck was increased, not by his success, but by the use which he made of it.

Princess Alice's correspondence with her mother reveals how much she was affected by the prospect of this civil war, as she calls it. There are constant references to "poor Vicky and Fritz." On the eve of the outbreak she told her mother that her husband, Prince Louis of Hesse, intended to go to Berlin for a day just to see Fritz and explain how circumstances now forced him to draw his sword against the Prussians in the service of his own country.

We have already noted the extent to which the Crown Prince was excluded at this time from State policy, but as far as he possibly could, even up to the eleventh hour, he continued to oppose the idea of war. The moment, however, that the die was cast and war was declared, he became the simple soldier, intent only on his military duties and ardently desiring a victory for Prussia.

The Crown Prince's second daughter was born on April 12th, and was christened Frederica Amelia Wilhelmina Victoria.

In May, the Prussian Army was divided into three Corps, of which the second was placed under the command of the Crown Prince, who was also appointed Military Governor of Silesia during the mobilisation.

Immediately after the christening of the little Princess, the Crown Prince joined his staff at Breslau. But he left under the most mournful auspices. Just before his departure the baby Prince Sigismund, whom Princess Alice had described as "that beautiful boy, the joy and pride of his parents," fell suddenly ill, and, what seemed particularly cruel and unnecessary, even the doctor in attendance on the sick child had to leave for the front.

There is a very sad reference to the illness of her little nephew in a letter written by Princess Alice on June 15th: "The serious illness of poor little Sigismund in the midst of all these troubles is really dreadful for poor Vicky and Fritz, they are so fond of that merry little child."

Prince Sigismund's disease was at first difficult to diagnose. As a matter of fact it was meningitis, and very soon it became clear that there was no hope. On June 19th the child died, at the very moment when his father was addressing his troops at Niesse, and the Crown Princess found herself alone, without any one near or dear to her to share her bitter grief in this, the second great loss of her life.

Queen Augusta journeyed to the front to tell her son of his bereavement. He, however, more fortunate than the Crown Princess, had much to absorb every moment of his time and thoughts. But after the war was over, in a speech made to the Municipality of Berlin, the Crown

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Prince alluded briefly to his loss. "It was a heavy trial to be separated from my wife and my dying boy. It was a sacrifice which I offered to my country."

In the *Reminiscences of Diplomatic Life* published by Lady Macdonell, widow of Sir Hugh Macdonell, a fact is revealed which shows how the mother's heart must have hungered for Prince Sigismund.

Lady Macdonell became on terms of considerable intimacy with the Crown Princess, who was evidently impressed by her sympathetic nature. One day, when they were going down a corridor in the New Palace, the Princess suddenly unlocked a door, and in the room to which the locked door gave access was preserved surely one of the strangest and most pathetic forms of consolation to which a bereaved mother ever had recourse. Lady Macdonell writes:

"I saw a cradle, and in it a baby boy, beautiful to look upon, but it was only the waxen image of the former occupant, the little Prince Wenceslau [a mistake for Sigismund], who had died when the Crown Prince went to the war of 1866. How pathetic it was to note the silver rattle and ball lying as though flung aside by the little hand, the toys which had amused his baby mind arranged all about the cradle, his little shoes waiting, always waiting—at the side."

When, five years later, Prince and Princess Charles of Roumania lost their only child, Princess Marie, at the age of three and a half, the Crown Prince wrote a letter of condolence to Prince Charles, who was Prince Sigismund's godfather, in which he said:

"May the grace of God give you strength to bear the hopeless grief, the weight of which we know from our own knowledge! In imagination I place myself in your attitude of mind, and realise that you must both be benumbed with sorrow at seeing your sweet child dead before you, knowing that you can never again see a light in her dear eyes, never again a smile on her face! Certainly it is hard to say: 'Thy will be done!' I put this text on the tomb of my son Sigismund, your godchild, because I know of no other consolation; and yet I cannot overcome that pain to-day, though many years have already gone by, and though God has given me a large family. Time does undoubtedly blunt the keenest edge of a parent's anguish, but it does not take away the weight of sorrow which goes with one for the rest of one's life. That my wife is united with me in these sympathetic thoughts you know."

The course of the war of 1866 is well known, and there is no need to trace it in detail. The operations of the Crown Prince with the Second, or Silesian, Army exercised a crucial influence on the whole campaign. Field-Marshal Count von Blumenthal, who, as Chief of the Staff, saw the whole of the operations, bears testimony to the brilliant strategic dispositions of the Crown Prince, which were particularly exhibited in the defeat of the Austrians at Nachod and the subsequent engagements. Von Blumenthal notes that the Crown Prince possessed, not only an extraordinary power of self-control and coolness, but also, what is not always found even in the greatest military leaders, an instinctive perception of how much he could leave to subordinates, while himself keeping a firm hand on the general course of action. The soldiers themselves adored him, for he always managed to find time to visit the wounded in the field hospitals, as well as to encourage by his inspiring utterances the troops in line.

The manner in which the Crown Prince effected a junction with Prince Frederick Charles and the First Army was most masterly; he came up exactly at the right moment and at the right place. Unfortunately, as generally happens, politics intervened, and the Crown Prince was prevented from following up the victories with as much energy as he desired—indeed, it seemed to him that there was a conspiracy to tie his hands and control his movements. He even dropped a hint in the sympathetic ear of Von Blumenthal that if this treatment continued he would ask the King to relieve him of his command. Happily this

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was not necessary. The King himself assumed the supreme command on July 1st, and two days later there came the crowning mercy of Königgrätz or Sadowa, when the Austrians, under Benedek, were totally defeated. It was for his services at this great battle that the Crown Prince was decorated with the Order "Pour le Mérite."

Of Bismarck's exertions in this war, an English observer who was with the Prussian Army has left the following striking picture:

"Bismarck believes in himself and fully so. He believes he was called on to do a certain work, and that he is quite able to accomplish it. His power of endurance is very great. He often sits up night after night working hard. During this campaign he has never slept more than three hours out of the twenty-four: this is less than the great Napoleon, who under similar circumstances took four hours' sleep. But constantly continued work has had an effect upon him: his face is seamed all over, he has dark lines under his eyes, and the eyes themselves are bloodshot. He looks like a man who is knocked up by overwork, and yet he is gay and jovial, pleasant and cheery. What surprised me most was his thouough openness in conversation. Without the least reserve he spoke of his intentions, of the future of Prussia and of Germany. For an hour and a half he thus went on. His resolve is indomitable, and he also feels certain of going through with the work before him. The King is of course a mere tool in his hands; but it shows his great skill and dexterity in turning such an instrument to serve his purpose. I do not think him Liberal in the sense that you or I are Liberal. There is no doubt but what he thinks best he will enforce, and that what he does is, he believes, for the good and glory of Prussia."

Further Prussian victories followed, and the negotiations for peace exhibited a curious rearrangement of the three personalities concerned.

Bismarck was strongly in favour of concluding peace very much on the terms offered by Austria, partly because he feared French intervention, and partly because he saw the imprudence of pressing home her defeat so deeply upon Austria as to leave her with a burning desire for revenge. He wanted to look forward, in the diplomacy of the future, to a friendly Austria. The King, however, could not bear to sacrifice, as it seemed to him, the result of the expenditure of so much blood and treasure, and he wished to follow up the Prussian victories, without having any very clear idea of what further gains could thereby be made.

In these circumstances it was the Crown Prince who came forward as the mediator between the King and his Minister; it was the Crown Prince who supported Bismarck against his father. What really clinched the matter with the King was Bismarck's threat to resign. At the critical Council of War there was a dramatic scene. The King turned to the Crown Prince and said, "You speak, in the name of the future;" and when he found that his son agreed with Bismarck he gave in, and consented, as he himself described it, to bite into the sour apple.

Nevertheless, the terms of peace were not at all bad for Prussia. Her great object, namely, the dissolution of the Germanic Confederation, was secured; she obtained a considerable accession of territory, including Schleswig and Holstein, Hanover, the Electorate of Hesse, and other territories, which covered more than thirteen hundred square miles, with a population of over four millions. Moreover, in August, 1866, on the invitation of the King of Prussia, the Northern States of Germany concluded a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive. Thus was established the North-German Confederation, which was joined by Saxony in the following October, and formed an important step on the way to a united German Empire. Altogether the Confederation consisted of twenty-two States, and the first meeting of the Deputies was held at Berlin on February 24, 1867.

It was suggested that the Crown

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Prince should become Governor-General of Hanover, thus newly annexed to Prussia. It was thought that this plan would to a great extent console Hanover for losing her status as a kingdom, especially as the Crown Princess was closely related to the dispossessed monarch, King George V. The Crown Prince, however, insisted on arrangements which would have made Hanover altogether too independent to be agreeable to Bismarck, and so the idea was not carried out.

On the close of the war of 1866, the Crown Prince and Princess proceeded to Haringsdorf, a little village on the shores of the Baltic, to which the Princess and her children had been sent on account of the cholera, which was then very prevalent in Potsdam.

While there the Princess still busied herself with plans for the care of the wounded in the war. She had already assigned a great part of the palace at Potsdam for the nursing of wounded officers, and a little later on she proceeded with her husband on a long visit to Silesia. There they greatly improved the organisation of the war hospital at Hirschberg. Everything was under their personal supervision, and, thanks to their energy and kindly encouragement, the work was undoubtedly much more efficiently done than it would otherwise have been.

The Crown Prince had ridden with his father over the stricken field of Königgrätz, doing what they could to succour the wounded and the dying. How deeply the horrors of war had been impressed on the Prince's mind is shown by the words he wrote in his diary on the night of the battle: "He who causes war with a stroke of the pen knows not what he is calling up from Hades."

As for the Crown Princess, though she had been spared the sight of the worst horrors, she had nevertheless seen enough to enable her, with her eager, imaginative sympathy, to share in the fullest degree her husband's intense feeling. She never felt she could do enough to mitigate the sufferings of the soldiers, both on the battlefield and afterward in the weary months of convalescence in hospital. This autumn she organised an enormous bazaar at the New Palace in aid of the wounded, to which contributions came from all over the world. The Crown Prince himself went round collecting money for the soldiers, and the whole enterprise brought in a large sum for the fund.

The years that followed up to the outbreak of the war with France were not very eventful.

At the beginning of 1867, the Crown Prince and Princess stayed a while at Dover, where they met Princess Alice and her husband, who went back with them to stay for a few weeks in Berlin. They afterward went together to Paris, at the invitation of the Emperor and Empress of the French, in order to visit the great International Exhibition then being held there. The Crown Prince had served as president of the Prussian Committee for the Exhibition. Their stay in France gave great pleasure to the Crown Princess; the two sisters visited many philanthropic centres, and made an exhaustive survey of French art. It was on this visit to Paris that the Crown Princess first conceived the idea of the School of Design in Berlin which now bears her name, for she was greatly impressed by the imaginative fertility of the Parisian craftsmen, and by the perfection of their work.

The Crown Princess left Paris before her husband. Princess Alice wrote to her mother on June 9th: "Dear Vicky is gone. She was so low the last days, and dislikes going to parties so much just now, that she was longing to get home. The King [of Prussia] wished them both to stop, but only Fritz remained. How sad these days will be for her, poor love! She was in such good looks; every one here is charmed with her."

The Crown Prince had induced his father to visit the Exhibition, and the King, who brought Bismarck with him, had a magnificent reception from the Imperial Court. The Crown Prince and Princess did not abate their interest in

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politics, and they certainly shared Bismarck's view at this time that an arrangement with France was in every way desirable in order to avert war and to consolidate the gains of 1866.

In the autumn a terrible scarcity, almost amounting to famine, in East Prussia afforded a fresh opportunity for the practical sympathy of the Crown Prince and Princess. Together they organised a relief fund and relief works by which the sufferings of the population were much mitigated.

It was on February 10, 1868, the anniversary of Queen Victoria's wedding, and of the Crown Princess's christening, that another son was born, who seemed sent to fill the terrible gap which the death of Prince Sigismund had made two years before. The child was christened on the King of Prussia's seventy-first birthday, at Berlin, receiving the names of Joachim Frederick Ernest Waldemar. The Princess's fourth son was a beautiful and clever child, and his death, which was to follow when he was only eleven years old, was perhaps the deepest grief that fell on his parents. It is significant that when the Emperor Frederick chose his last resting-place, he desired to lie by the side of this child.

In the spring of 1868 the Crown Prince paid a visit to Italy in return for the visit paid to Berlin by Prince Humbert the year before. The Crown Princess did not go with him, but she followed with deep interest and pleasure the accounts of his reception, which were remarkably enthusiastic, and also politically useful, for it prevented the accession to power of a Ministry hostile to Prussia.

In 1869 the Crown Princess received a long visit from Princess Alice at Potsdam, and the two sisters spent their mother's birthday, May 24th, together. Princess Alice spoke in a letter to Queen Victoria of the delightful life "with dear Vicky, so quiet and pleasant, which reminds me in many things of our life in England in former happy days, and so much that we had Vicky has copied for her children. Yet we both always say to each other that no children were so happy, and so spoiled with all the enjoyments and comforts children can wish for, as we were." Again, on June 19th, "Vicky was very low yesterday; she has been so for the last week, and she told me much of what an awful time she went through in 1866 when dear Siggie [Sigismund] died. The little chapel is very peaceful and cheerful and full of flowers. We go there *en passant* nearly daily, and it seems to give dear Vicky pleasure to go there."

The two sisters spent a happy time together at Cannes in the late autumn of 1869, while their respective husbands were abroad. The Crown Prince, with Prince Louis of Hesse, visited Vienna, Athens, Constantinople, and the Holy Land, and went on thence to Port Said for the opening of the Suez Canal. In Jerusalem the Crown Prince took formal possession in the name of his father of the ruined convent of St. John, ceded by the Sultan for the erection of a German Protestant Church. The two Princes joined their wives at Cannes shortly before Christmas.

On their way home the Crown Prince and Princess spent a week in Paris, staying at an hotel. The Crown Princess was surprised to see how changed the Emperor Napoleon was since they had seen him last. She thought him ailing and dejected. In the course of conversation, the Emperor mentioned that he had a new Minister, a certain M. Ollivier.

The Crown Prince and Princess returned to Berlin on the morning of the New Year, 1870. The next time the Crown Prince met Napoleon III was on the morning after the capitulation of Sedan.

The year 1870 opened with no premonition of the tremendous events it was to bring forth.

Princess Victoria had been born on the eve of the Austrian War in 1866, and now, on the eve of this yet greater struggle, on June 14, 1870, the Crown Princess gave birth to her third daughter, Prin-

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cess Sophia Dorothea Ulrica Alice, who was destined to become Queen of the Hellenes. The candidature of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen for the throne of Spain was announced on July 4th, and after fruitless attempts at intervention by the Crown Princess's old friend, Lord Granville, then the British Foreign Minister, war was declared between France and Prussia on July 15th.

At the time of the little Princess's christening, which took place at the New Palace on July 25th, there were few present at the ceremony who were not under orders for the front, and most of the men were already in their campaigning uniform. Emotion, anxiety, and excitement made the even then old King William feel unequal to the task of holding his little granddaughter at the baptismal font according to his wont, and this duty was performed for him by Queen Augusta. The fact that the Kings of Würtemberg and Bavaria were the child's godfathers marked the decision of those States, with Baden and Hesse-Darmstadt, to throw in their lot with Prussia in the war, as the deputies of the North-German Confederation had also done.

The christening was one of special splendour and solemnity, the two outstanding figures in the congregation being Bismarck, in his uniform of major of dragoons, and Field-Marshal Wrangel, now in his eighty-ninth year. Among the guests at the christening were Lord Ronald Gower and "Billy" Russell, the famous war correspondent. Two or three days before, they had been received by the Crown Princess at the New Palace, and Lord Ronald writes: "The Princess expressed almost terror at the idea of the war, and was deeply affected at the sufferings it must bring with it. She feared the brutality of Bazaine and his soldiers, should they invade Germany."

After the christening, King William and Queen Augusta held a kind of informal court in the curious hall known as the Hall of the Shells, full of memories of Frederick the Great. Early the next morning the Crown Prince slipped away out of the palace to spare his wife the agony of parting.

Even at such a moment as this, the Crown Princess's private and personal anxieties were embittered by circumstances which she was unable to modify or affect. Although England was not only ignorant, but was to remain, like the rest of the world, in ignorance for many years, of the falsification of the famous Ems telegram, sympathy with Germany as the supposed injured party in the quarrel was by no means universal.

It is true that on the morrow of the declaration of war the *Times* described it as "unjust but premeditated—the greatest national crime that we have had the pain of recording since the days of the first French Revolution." Nevertheless, France by no means lacked sympathisers in England—indeed, the Crown Princess was much distressed at the way in which her native country interpreted the obligation of neutrality. The Prussian Government considered that the exportation of coal and arms to France was a breach of neutrality; and the attitude of England during the Danish War was still remembered and resented in Germany.

Bismarck, with what Europe has now become aware was gross hypocrisy, observed to Lord Augustus Loftus, the British Ambassador in Berlin, that "Great Britain should have forbidden France to enter on war. She was in a position to do so, and her interests and those of Europe demanded it of her," a sufficiently cynical observation on the part of a man who, as we now know, had himself forced on the conflict at the eleventh hour.

To Queen Victoria the Crown Princess confided her troubles: "The English are more hated at this moment than the French, and Lord Granville more than Benedetti. Of course, *cela a rejailli* on my poor innocent head. I have fought many a battle about Lord Granville, indignant at hearing my old friend so attacked, but all parties agree in making him out *French*. I picked a quarrel about it on the day of the christening, tired

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and miserable as I was. I sent for Bismarck up into my room on purpose to say my say about Lord Granville, but he would not believe me, and said with a smile, *'But his acts prove it.'* Many other people have told me the same. Lord A. Loftus knows it quite well. Fritz, of course, does not believe it, but I think the King and Queen do."

Meanwhile, France was complaining bitterly of Lord Granville's "cold, very cold" attitude. Then suddenly, on July 25th, the *Times* published a draft secret treaty which had been proposed by the Emperor Napoleon to Prussia in 1866. The terms were—(1) that the Emperor should recognise Prussia's acquisitions in the late war; (2) the King of Prussia should promise to facilitate the acquisition of Luxemburg by France; (3) the Emperor should not oppose a federal union of the Northern and Southern German States, excluding Austria; (4) the King of Prussia, in case the Emperor should enter and conquer Belgium, should support him in arms against any opposing Power; and (5) France and Prussia should enter into an offensive and defensive alliance.

This disclosure caused an enormous sensation, and Queen Victoria was much shocked at the apparent revelation of French greed and duplicity. Writing to the Queen, the Crown Princess observed: "Count Bismarck may say the wildest things, but he never acts in a foolish way,"—an interesting pronouncement when one remembers how keen had been and was to be the struggle between these two powerful and determined natures.

As a matter of fact, Bismarck did not hesitate to admit that the document was authentic, but he insisted that he had never seriously entertained the proposal, which came entirely from the Emperor. Not long afterward, on the day of the battle of Wörth, the game of "revelations" was taken up by General Turr, who disclosed proposals made by Bismarck in 1866 and 1867 for the annexation of Luxemburg and Belgium by France.

But already all such recriminations and discussions seemed merely of academic interest; already everything was swept from the mind of the Crown Princess save the necessity for hard work and intelligent organisation. With an ardour natural to her generous and sympathetic temperament she threw herself into everything that could mitigate the sufferings and promote the welfare of both combatants and non-combatants. Prussia's two former wars had given her an amount of experience which she was now able to turn to the best account. Spontaneously, without any advice or prompting from others, she wrote the following letter to the whole of the German world, her desire being to touch the hearts, not only of those Germans at home, but also of those who had settled overseas, in America and elsewhere:

"Once more has Germany called her sons to take arms for her most sacred possessions, her honour, and her independence. A foe, whom we have not molested, begrudges us the fruits of our victories, the development of our national industries by our peaceful labour. Insulted and injured in all that is most dear to them, our German people—for they it is who are our army—have grasped their well-tried arms, and have gone forth to protect hearth, and home, and family. For months past, thousands of women and children have been deprived of their breadwinners. We cannot cure the sickness of their hearts, but at least we can try to preserve them from bodily want. During the last war, which was brought to so speedy, and so fortunate, a conclusion, Germans in every quarter of the globe responded nobly when called upon to prove their love of the Fatherland by helping to relieve the suffering. Let us join hands once more, and prove that we are able and willing to succour the families of those brave men who are ready to sacrifice life and limb for us! Let us give freely, promptly, that the men who are fighting for our sacred rights may go into battle with the comforting assurance that at least the destinies of those who

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are dearest to them are confided to faithful hands.

"VICTORIA CROWN PRINCESS."

This eloquent appeal met with the splendid response which it deserved, and although practically every German Princess of the time took a more or less active part in the care of the wounded and of the families of the soldiers, it was soon realised that the Crown Princess was the master mind to whom all must look for their orders.

Queen Augusta supervised the ambulance and hospital services in Berlin, while the Crown Princess moved to Homburg and started on the organisation of a series of field-lazareths, being most efficiently helped in her labours by her sister, Princess Alice, who herself organised and actively supervised four field hospitals in Darmstadt itself.

The Crown Princess began by turning the old military barracks at Homburg into a hospital, the existing hospital being set aside for the use of wounded French prisoners. She also built at her own expense two magnificent wards, and they—doubtless partly because they were new buildings—showed far more satisfactory results in lower death-rate and shorter convalescence than did the wards in any other of the German military hospitals.

The Victoria Barrack, as the new wards were called, was built of wood on a brick foundation. In addition to the wards, the building contained a good store-room, lined with glass cupboards, in which was kept a quantity of old linen which Queen Victoria had sent for the wounded. Each ward contained twenty-four beds. A feature which the German doctors and nurses regarded with decidedly mixed feelings was a system of ventilation which enabled the whole building to be opened from end to end when required.

By the Crown Princess's orders, the very simplest and plainest appliances compatible with health and comfort were used. Thus the necessary furniture was all of varnished deal. By her wish, too, a great effort was made to give a bright and home-like appearance to each ward, and this, like the special ventilation, was quite a new idea to both German patients and German doctors. In the corners of each ward stood large evergreen shrubs, and on every table were placed cut flowers in glasses. Whenever the Crown Princess received a personal gift of flowers, she immediately sent it off to the hospital, often bringing a bouquet and arranging it herself. Nothing in the Victoria Barrack was used which could conceal any dirt; for instance, the crockery was white and the glass plain.

The Crown Princess attended the military hospitals daily. She went through every ward, and spoke to every patient; and she was quite as regular in her attendance on the wards containing the French prisoners as she was on those where the German soldiers lay. In this way she came into personal association with ordinary people of a class of whom Princesses see as a rule little or nothing. With many of the soldiers who were then tended under her supervision and care she kept in touch long after the war was ended—indeed, she was always eager to help in after life any of those whom she had known at Homburg, or who had fought under her husband's orders.

But the Crown Princess did far more than the work associated with her name at Homburg. It was owing to her promptness and her energy that a long line of military hospitals was rapidly organised along the whole of the Rhine Valley.

At the end of the campaign of 1866 the Crown Prince and Princess had founded the National Institution for Disabled Soldiers, and by the special order of the King it was given the name of the Victoria Institution, because the Crown Princess had suggested and instigated its creation. At the close of 1871, this Institution, again at her suggestion, was placed upon a wider footing, and applied to the whole of Germany instead of only to Prussia.

There is no need here to describe the course of the war itself. A vast literature, both technical and general, has

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grown up round it, and there are many people by no means yet old who remember vividly that immense and sanguinary struggle. To the Crown Prince was assigned the command of the Third Army, in which nearly every State of both North and South Germany was represented, including the Bavarian Corps and the Divisions of Würtemberg and Baden. Once more the Prince proved his fitness for high command, perhaps most notably at the battle of Wörth, when his admirable dispositions and his unhesitating resolve that even the last man must if necessary be staked were the main causes of the victory. Yet the Crown Prince said to the great German writer, Freytag, who was with him in this early part of the war:

"I hate this slaughter. I have never desired the honours of war, and would gladly have left such glory to others. Nevertheless, it is my hard fate to go from battlefield to battlefield, from one war to another, before ascending the throne of my ancestors."

Much as he hated war, the Crown Prince never hesitated, as weak commanders have always done, to pay the necessary price of victory in human lives. Among the troops, "Unser Fritz," as they called him, quickly became extraordinarily popular—indeed, their devotion to their leader formed a strong and politically useful link between men who had actually fought against one another so recently as the Austrian War.

Throughout the campaign, the Crown Prince and Princess corresponded daily. The siege of Paris had begun on September 15th, and the Crown Prince was at Versailles on his birthday, on October 18th, almost the first birthday he had spent away from his wife since their marriage. When he woke in the morning he found on his table a small pocket-pistol, and a housewife, filled with articles for daily use, from the Crown Princess.

There is a very interesting glimpse of the Crown Princess in December, 1870, that is, during the middle of the war, in Prince Hohenlohe's Memoirs. He was asked to lunch with her, and they had a long talk about public affairs. The Princess was very dissatisfied concerning the proposed Convention with Bavaria, and it seemed to the statesman that both she and Princess Alice were enthusiastic for the idea of a united Empire without any exception, and that neither sister liked the proposal of federation. The Crown Princess listened attentively, however, to Hohenlohe's defence of the special nature and justification of the Bavarian claims, but it is evident that she agreed with her husband on the question of coercing the Bavarians, if it should be necessary.

The two sisters were together as much as was possible during those terrible months of hard work and anxiety. Princess Alice spent half of the December of 1870 in Berlin, and wrote to her mother: "It is a great comfort to be with dear Vicky. We spend the evenings alone together, talking or writing our letters. It is nearly five months since Louis left, and we lead such single existences that a sister is inexpressibly dear when all closer intercourse is so wanting!"

On Christmas Eve there arrived at the house at Versailles, where the Crown Prince was then living, a huge chest, and he asked his hostess and her family to share his Christmas cake, "for," said he, "this cake was baked by my wife, and you will much oblige me by tasting it." He then chatted to them about the Christmas festival in his own happy household, and translated the letters of the Crown Princess and of his two elder children. Long afterward this lady wrote to a friend a letter which has since been published:

"In those fateful days we learned to know the good and open heart of the late Emperor. We were fortunate indeed to be under the protection of that stately and friendly gentleman, who appeared to us, as we now think of him, to have been a good genius who warded off mischief from our household."

The Crown Princess was accused of having interfered to prevent the bombardment of Paris. Thus Busch writes on December 24, 1870:

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"Bucher told us at lunch he had heard from Berlin that the Queen and the Crown Princess had become very unpopular, owing to their intervention on behalf of Paris; and that the Princess, in the course of a conversation with Putbus, struck the table and exclaimed: 'For all that, Paris shall not be bombarded!' "

As a matter of fact, though both Moltke and the Crown Prince considered that the right tactics would be to starve out Paris by a strict investment, the bombardment, which was urged by Bismarck for political reasons, was delayed, not by any slackness on the part of the Third Army, but simply by insufficient preparation of the siege-train in Berlin. The Crown Princess suffered bitterly from Bismarck. She knew well that he was indispensable, the man of the hour, but he would never trust her. He often held back important political news from the Crown Prince for fear it should leak out through the Crown Princess to England. In this he did her an injustice so gross that it could not be atoned for by his own tardy acknowledgment of the fact in *Thoughts and Remembrances.*

On January 25, 1871, we learn from Busch that Bismarck said of the English who wanted to send a gunboat up the Seine to remove the English families there:

"They merely want to ascertain if we have laid down torpedoes and then to let the French ships follow them. What swine! They are full of vexation and envy because we have fought great battles here—and won them. They cannot bear to think that shabby little Prussia should prosper so. The Prussians are a people who should merely exist in order to carry on war for them in their pay. This is the view taken by all the upper classes in England. They have never been well disposed toward us, and have always done their utmost to immure us. The Crown Princess herself is an incarnation of this way of thinking. She is full of her own great condescension in marrying into our country. I remember her once telling me that two or three merchant families in Liverpool had more silver-plate than the entire Prussian nobility. 'Yes,' I replied, 'that is possibly true, your Royal Highness, but we value ourselves for other things besides silver.' "

After the capitulation of Sedan, the Crown Prince issued from Rheims an appeal for the wounded soldiers and the relatives of the killed and wounded. In it he spoke of his happiness in commanding in the field an army in which Prussians fought side by side with Bavarians, Würtembergers, and men of Baden, and declared that the war had created one German Army and had also unified the nation.

Later on, when the German armies sat down before Paris, the Crown Prince allotted some of the large rooms of the Palace of Versailles for a hospital, and himself supervised the arrangements. All through the war, indeed, he showed the keenest interest in the hospital service, and was constant in his visits to the wounded soldiers. Here we may trace the influence of his wife, who eagerly awaited all that he could tell her in his letters about the poor men to whom her woman's heart went out with such ardent sympathy. The Crown Prince took pains to supply the patients with interesting reading, and at his suggestion the editor of a Berlin Liberal paper sent many hundreds of copies of it daily to the military hospitals. This, however, was not approved at headquarters, and an order was actually issued by von Roon, forbidding the distribution of the paper.

Such incidents illustrate the difficulties with which both the Crown Prince and the Princess had to contend. The presence at Versailles, not only of the King and Bismarck, but of a cohort of German princes with their retinues, as well as numerous diplomatists, Ministers, and other official personages, did not make the Crown Prince's position easier. He had been raised after the fall of Metz to the highest rank in the army, that of General Field-Marshal, the promotion being communicated to him in a letter from his father bearing grateful testimony to his brilliant successes in the

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field, notably the strategic advance by which he covered the left of the main army and enabled it to overcome Bazaine's forces. But this elevation in rank does not appear to have been of much practical value to him.

Naturally both the Crown Prince and the Crown Princess took the keenest interest in the question of the Imperial title.

By the end of November, 1870, Baden, Hesse-Darmstadt, Würtemberg, and Bavaria had all joined the North-German Confederation by treaty. Early in December, the King of Bavaria, in a letter to the King of Saxony, which was really written by Bismarck, nominated the King of Prussia as Emperor of Germany, and the North-German Parliament, after voting large supplies for the continuance of the war, adopted by an overwhelming majority an address requesting the King to become Emperor. His brother and predecessor had refused the Imperial crown proffered him by the Frankfort Parliament, on the ground that the legal title was insufficient, but now that the dignity was tendered by the Sovereigns and the people of Germany, it was not possible for the King to refuse.

Neither the King himself, however, nor the older Prussian nobility liked the change, which, it was feared, might transform the almost parsimonious austerity of the Prussian Court into something like the pomp and extravagance with which other sovereigns had surrounded themselves. Bismarck, who considered all such matters as titles and heraldic pomp to be only important because they influence men's minds, was disposed to agree with his Sovereign's feeling, but it was the corner-stone of his policy to conciliate the South German States.

To the Crown Prince, on the other hand, with his strongly idealist nature and his highly developed historical imagination, the conception of the Empire won by the sword made an irresistible appeal. He was ready to see in it a revival of the old Empire, by which the King of Prussia should be, not first among his peers, but the overlord of all Germany.

It is significant, however, that King William was proclaimed, in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles, not Emperor of Germany, but German Emperor. This was on January 18, 1871, the anniversary of the day on which the first King of Prussia had crowned himself at Königsberg. The Crown Prince supervised all the arrangements for the ceremony, and it was his idea to form a kind of trophy of the colours of the regiments which had won glory at Wörth and Weissenburg, Mars-la-Tour, Gravelotte, and Sedan. Before this trophy the King pronounced the establishment of the German Empire. On the same day by Imperial rescript the new Emperor conferred on the Crown Prince and on his successors as heir apparent the title of Imperial Highness.

The preliminaries of peace were not signed till February 26th, and we have, in a letter written two days later by his friend, Herr Abeken, an interesting glimpse of the feelings with which the Crown Prince regarded these great events, and also the reliance which he placed on the aid of his wife. The Crown Prince told Abeken that he was fully conscious of the tremendous responsibility now incumbent on him. It was thrice as great as that which lay on him as Crown Prince of Prussia, but he did not shrink from it. God had already given him a blessed help and support in his wife, by whose assistance he hoped to fulfil his great work.

The Crown Prince had the satisfaction of leaving behind him in France as friendly feelings toward him personally as could well be entertained by the vanquished for a victorious foe. He had distinguished himself among the German leaders by his moderation in victory, by his stern repression of excesses, and by his chivalrous tributes to the bravery of his enemies.

The Crown Princess, absorbed in her labours among the suffering soldiers, was scarcely aware at the time of the venomous feelings still cherished against her in Prussia, and it was with an exultant heart—as "German" as her most captious

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and suspicious critics could have wished —that she welcomed the conclusion of the great conflict.

Berlin was reached on March 17, 1871, and though no official reception then took place, the Royal carriage in which the new Emperor and the Crown Prince were to be seen side by side could only proceed at a foot's pace through the dense masses who crowded the streets.

Later, in response to the call of the great crowd who thronged about his palace, a window opened, and the Crown Prince was seen in the midst of his family beside the Crown Princess, with his youngest child, the little Princess who had been born at the beginning of the war, in his arms.

When the great struggle was over at last and peace was declared, the Crown Princess had a pleasant opportunity of exercising the generosity and delicacy which formed perhaps the most notable part of her many-sided and impulsive character.

M. Thiers had sent to Berlin as French Ambassador the Comte de Gontaut Biron. Although allied by birth to several great German families, M. de Gontaut, as he was generally styled, found his position in Berlin a very painful one. France lay in the dust at the feet of the only real conqueror she had ever known. The whole of the huge war indemnity had not yet been paid off, and French territory was not yet free from the foot of the invader. There were also all kinds of comparatively unimportant, yet vexatious and annoying, outstanding points which still awaited settlement, and till these were arranged Germany refused to give up certain prisoners confined in German fortresses.

Moreover, Bismarck, though outwardly conciliatory and courteous, did not seek to spare the French Ambassador, as a more generous and sensitive foe would have done. M. de Gontaut was actually expected to be present at each of the splendid Court and military fêtes which were then being given to celebrate the foundation of the new German Empire and the victorious return of the Prussian Army to the capital.

From the very beginning of his difficult task, the Ambassador found firm and kind friends in the Crown Prince and Princess. On the occasion of his first audience the Crown Princess came forward with kindly, eager words, telling him that she and her husband had just read with the greatest pleasure the memoirs of his grandmother, that Duchess de Gontaut who, as Gouvernante of the Royal children, played so great a part in the Revolution, and later, in the Restoration. The Princess went on to speak of her intense satisfaction and relief at the declaration of peace, and she concluded with the words: "We know that you have made a great sacrifice in coming to Berlin; and we will do everything in our power to make your task less painful."

When M. de Gontaut was later joined by his daughter, the Crown Princess did all she could to make the daily life of this young French lady as agreeable as was possible in the circumstances, and in this she had the warm sympathy and assistance of the Empress Augusta, who, as we know, had many old and affectionate links with the Legitimist world to which the Ambassador belonged.

The Crown Princess's youngest child, who afterward married Prince Frederick Charles of Hesse, was born on April 22, 1872, and was christened Margaret Beatrice Feodora—Margaret after the Queen of Italy, whom the child's parents both regarded with warm affection.

Queen Margherita came to Berlin for the ceremony, and a great fête was given at the New Palace. It was more like an English garden party than anything previously known at the Prussian Court, but the Crown Princess had a way of making her own precedents. She caused invitations to be sent, not only to the nobility and the hosts of officials who had a prescriptive right to be present at such a function, but also to persons who were merely distinguished for their literary, artistic, or scientific achievements.

The months which followed ushered

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in a peaceful period of happiness and rest for the Princess. Her magnificent work during the war had won her warm friends and admirers in every class, but of more moment to her than her own personal popularity was that enjoyed by the Crown Prince, whose relations with the military party now became much pleasanter in consequence of his achievements in the field and the enthusiastic devotion felt for him throughout the army.

Unfortunately for the Crown Prince and Princess, Bismarck's position had been even more radically transformed by the war, and the Minister's domination over his already ageing sovereign grew more and more obvious. It was an open secret that the Emperor and his heir differed on many important questions, and the gulf between them was sedulously widened by Bismarck's jealous prejudice against the Crown Prince. Incidents that would have been in ordinary circumstances too slight to mention now revealed, even to strangers, the friction which was symptomatic of deeper disagreement.

The Crown Prince, as we have seen, set much store by the new Imperial honours which the war had brought to his House, and he was always very punctilious in speaking of his father as "Emperor" and of his mother as "Empress." The Emperor, however, habitually still spoke of himself as "King" and of the Empress as "Queen." The story goes that on one occasion the Emperor, addressing some lady in the presence of his son, observed that it was extraordinarily mild for the time of year, and that "the Queen" had brought him some spring flowers which she had picked out of doors that morning. The Crown Prince answered, "Yes, so the Empress told me." "I did not know you had already seen the Queen to-day," remarked his father.

The experiences she had just gone through had shown the Crown Princess the inadequacy of the existing hospital organisation in Germany. From her point of view, and from that of the English ladies who had rendered her such great assistance in creating—it was nothing less—the Army Nursing Service, a more scientific training for nurses was evidently the first necessity; and in securing this she was particularly helped by Miss Lees, afterward Mrs. Dacre Craven, who had been a friend and associate of Miss Nightingale.

In 1867 the Crown Princess had drawn up a memorandum in which she laid it down that the best nurses would prove to be those who would combine the obedience of the Catholic Sisterhoods with a more scientific and comprehensive training. The Kaiserwerth Institution, where Florence Nightingale had gained valuable experience, did not give a sufficiently scientific education, and she came to the conclusion that a nursing school must be established in Berlin, where ladies, who should be given a distinguishing dress and badge, should be trained. The outbreak of the war of 1870 interrupted this scheme, but now that the pressing emergency was over, the Princess returned to her old scheme, the fundamental principle of which was that it should be carried out by educated and refined gentlewomen, preferably orphans. They were to have a three years' theoretical and practical course, followed by a course of monthly nursing, and were to pass an examination to test their proficiency.

In the face of strong opposition, both on the part of the medical profession and of the middle classes in Germany, the Princess organised this society of trained lady nurses, who tended the sick poor in their own homes. The society began in a very quiet, humble way, but now you could not find a German, man or woman, who would not admit that this was a splendid addition to the philanthropic institutions of the country. The Princess also founded a society for sending the sick children of poor parents out of the larger towns into the country or to the seaside.

(*To be continued*)

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THE BOOK MART

A list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold by the booksellers throughout the country between the 1st of June and the 1st of July:

FICTION

City	1st on List	2d on List
New York (Uptown)	The Salamander	The Palace of Darkened Windows
New York (Downtown)	The Salamander	Full Swing
Albany, N. Y.	The Palace of Darkened Windows	The Salamander
Atlanta, Ga.	Full Swing	The Price of Love
Baltimore, Md.	Penrod	You Never Know Your Luck
Birmingham, Ala.	The Price of Love	Pollyanna
Boston, Mass.	The Price of Love	The Fortunate Youth
Chicago, Ill.	Tarzan of the Apes	Pollyanna
Chicago, Ill.	The Salamander	Pollyanna
Cincinnati, Ohio	You Never Know Your Luck	What Will People Say?
Cleveland, Ohio	Once to Every Man	The Price of Love
Dallas, Tex.	You Never Know Your Luck	Overland Red
Denver, Colo.	Pollyanna	The Fortunate Youth
Des Moines, Iowa	The Salamander	Chance
Detroit, Mich.	Midstream	The Fortunate Youth
Indianapolis, Ind.	The Salamander	Penrod
Jacksonville, Fla.	Full Swing	The Salamander
Kansas City, Mo.	The Fortunate Youth	T. Tembarom
Los Angeles, Cal.	The Fortunate Youth	You Never Know Your Luck
Louisville, Ky.	You Never Know Your Luck	Once to Every Man
Milwaukee, Wis.	The Salamander	The Fortunate Youth
Minneapolis, Minn.	The Fortunate Youth	Two in the Wilderness
New Haven, Conn.	Penrod	Chance
New Orleans, La.	What Will People Say?	The Price of Love
Norfolk, Va.	The Victim	You Never Know Your Luck
Omaha, Neb.	Pollyanna	The Salamander
Philadelphia, Pa.	You Never Know Your Luck	The Salamander
Philadelphia, Pa.	The Salamander	The Fortunate Youth
Portland, Me.	You Never Know Your Luck	Cap'n Dan's Daughter
Providence, R. I.	You Never Know Your Luck	The Price of Love
Rochester, N. Y.	Full Swing	Captivating Mary Carstairs
St. Louis, Mo.	The Salamander	You Never Know Your Luck
St. Louis, Mo.	Pollyanna	The Fortunate Youth
San Francisco, Cal.	The Salamander	You Never Know Your Luck
Seattle, Wash.	The Salamander	The Titan
Spokane, Wash.	Overland Red	Penrod
Toledo, Ohio	The Fortunate Youth	The Salamander
Toronto, Canada	T. Tembarom	The Price of Love
Washington, D. C.	Overland Red	World's End
Worcester, Mass.	Pollyanna	The Boomers

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(*Continued*)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
E	Full Swing	The Price of Love	Four Faces
The Fortunate Youth	Black is White	The Price of Love	Penrod
The Titan	Miss Madelyn Mack, Detective	You Never Know Your Luck	Clark's Field
Pollyanna	Heart's Country	Penrod	The Fortunate Youth
The Peacock Feather	Captivating Mary Carstairs	The Price of Love	A Lad of Kent
Diane of the Green Van	The Devil's Garden	The Fortunate Youth	Overland Red
Penrod	Captivating Mary Carstairs	Clark's Field	The Salamander
Diane of the Green Van	The Inside of the Cup	The Salamander	Laddie
Once to Every Man	Diane of the Green Van	The Titan	You Never Know Your Luck
Diane of the Green Van	The Fortunate Youth	Full Swing	Penrod
Penrod	Pollyanna	You Never Know Your Luck	The Fortunate Youth
Pollyanna	T. Tembarom	Miss Billy Married	The Salamander
The Salamander	Diane of the Green Van	Overland Red	You Never Know Your Luck
The Price of Love	Laddie	T. Tembarom	The Fortunate Youth
Pollyanna	The Salamander	Penrod	Chance
The Fortunate Youth	You Never Know Your Luck	The Price of Love	Once to Every Man
Overland Red	What Will People Say?	Penrod	Pidgin Island
Westways	Pollyanna	Overland Red	The Salamander
The Peacock Feather	Chance	The Price of Love	The Salamander
North of '53	The Salamander	The Fortunate Youth	Diane of the Green Van
The Price of Love	T. Tembarom	The Inside of the Cup	Pollyanna
Penrod	The Price of Love	The Salamander	When Ghost Meets Ghost
The Price of Love	Cap'n Dan's Daughter	You Never Know Your Luck	The Salamander
The Salamander	The Titan	World's End	Chance
No. 13 Washington Square	Penrod	Overland Red	When Ghost Meets Ghost
The Inside of the Cup	The Price of Love	Diane of the Green Van	You Never Know Your Luck
The Titan	The Fortunate Youth	Full Swing	The Sale of Lady Daventry
Penrod	Martha-by-the-Day	Sweetapple Cove	Captivating Mary Carstairs
Penrod	The Inside of the Cup	Overland Red	The Peacock Feather
Overland Red	The Salamander	The Fortunate Youth	Penrod
The Salamander	Barnabetta	The Boomers	Rose of Roses
Pollyanna	Full Swing	The Price of Love	What Will People Say?
Chance	You Never Know Your Luck	Barnabetta	Once to Every Man
Vandover and the Brute	The Price of Love	The Duchess of Wrexe	Fortitude
What Will People Say?	When Ghost Meets Ghost	The Fortunate Youth	North of '53
Ariadne of Allen Water	Black is White	The Price of Love	The Story of Waitstill Baxter
Once to Every Man	The Woman's Law	What Will People Say?	Pollyanna
The Inside of the Cup	You Never Know Your Luck	Once to Every Man	Laddie
When Ghost Meets Ghost	Chance	The Marryers	The Woman's Law
Once to Every man	You Never Know Your Luck	Cap'n Dan's Daughter	The Salamander

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SALE OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The New York Public Library, Circulation Department, reports books most in demand, excluding fiction, as follows:

For the week ending June 3d:

1. They Who Knock at Our Gates. Antin.
2. Ten Thousand Miles with a Dog Sled. Stuck.
3. Motion Picture Hand Book. Richardson.
4. Modern Mexico. McHugh.
5. Progress of Eugenics. Saleeby.

For the week ending June 10th:

1. Social Forces in England and America. Wells.
2. Paradoxes of Catholicism. Benson.
3. Reinforced Concrete Construction. Hool.
4. Business: A Profession. Brandeis.
5. The Progress of Eugenics. Saleeby.
6. Woman in the Past, Present and Future. Bebel.
7. Thackeray's London. Smith.

For the week ending June 17th:

1. Modern Dancing. Castle.
2. The Promised Land. Antin.
3. Motion Picture Hand Book. Richardson.
4. Crowds. Lee.
5. The America's Cup Races. Stone.

For the week ending June 24th:

1. Poems. Tagore.
2. Meccas of the World. Warwick.
3. Motion Picture Hand Book. Richardson.
4. Ancient Rome and Modern America. Ferrero.
5. Business: A Profession. Brandeis.
6. Amazing Argentine. Fraser.
7. Highways and Byways in Shakespeare's Country. Hutton.

Books—Non-Fiction—In Demand—From the Booksellers' Lists

What Men Live By. Cabot.
They Who Knock at Our Gates. Antin.
Fanny's First Play, Misalliance and The Dark Lady of the Sonnets. Shaw.
The Real Mexico. Fyfe.
The Works of Tagore.
Poems. Noyes.
Crowds. Lee.
Ancient Rome and Modern America. Ferrero.
Our Friend John Burroughs. Barrus.
Social Forces in England and America. Wells.
The Promised Land. Antin.
European Dramatists. Henderson.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see chart, pages 702 and 703) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book	standing	1st	on any	list	receives		10
"	"	"	2d "	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d "	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th "	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th "	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th "	"	"	"	4

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Salamander. Johnson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35	213
2. You Never Know Your Luck. Parker. (Doran.) $1.25	151
3. The Fortunate Youth. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35	146
4. The Price of Love. Bennett. (Harper.) $1.35	134
5. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25	112
6. Penrod. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25	104

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VOL. XXXIX. No. 6

THE BOOKMAN *A Magazine of Literature and Life*

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

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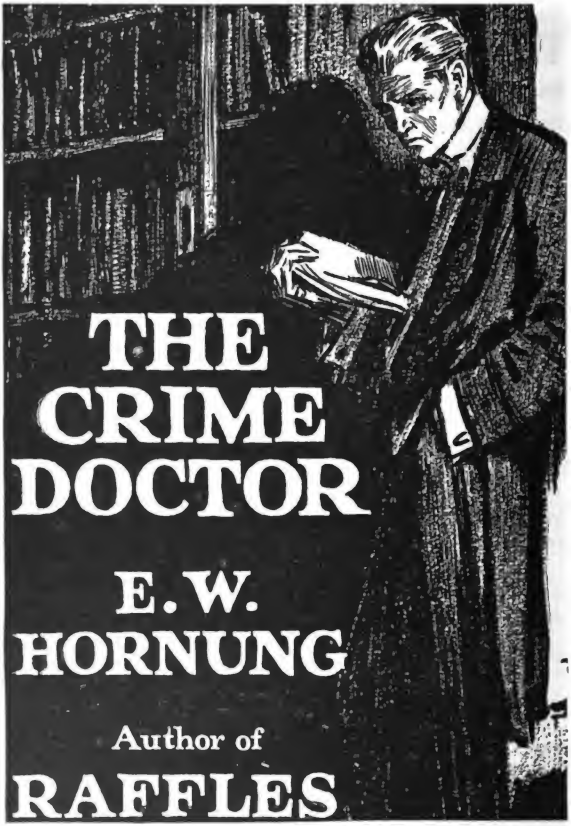

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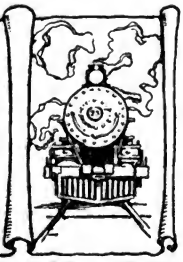

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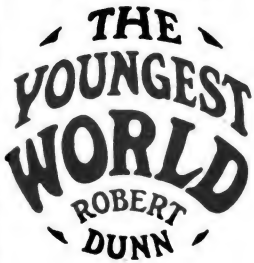

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THE WAY OF WRITERS AND SOME NEW BOOKS

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. Walter Hale's "THE IDEAL MOTOR TOUR IN FRANCE" may now be obtained at the bookstores. Mr. Hale says that planning an "ideal motor tour" in France is like picking an All-America football eleven—any one can do it and there is no limit to the allowance for individual opinion. Nevertheless Mr. Hale has probably come as near as anybody could to the "ideal" route as he has had an experience covering nine years of motoring on the highways and byroads of Europe. His book is a carefully planned guide arranged in the form of the daily journey and calculated to give the motorist the maximum of comfort and enjoyment and at the same time to permit him to see all the points of interest on the way. Remarking on the undue haste with which some motorists attempt to "cover" France, Mr. Hale relates the story of a certain New Yorker who declared that he went through the Louvre in thirty-five minutes, but could have made it in twenty if he had had spikes on his shoes. So many American motorists burn up the roads between the historic towns of Europe with the evident intention of covering as much ground as possible and retaining only the vaguest impressions of the interesting places and beautiful scenery en route. Mr. Hale's itinerary is much too leisurely for this class of tourists. His daily trips are of comfortable length and he devotes plenty of time as well as space in his book to an appreciation of the points of historic interest and to the beauties of the châteaux country and the picturesque towns and villages. All the practical information in the book regarding hotels, garages, prices, etc., is the result of the author's own experiences.

Motoring in France

Mr. Walter Hale

Apropos of some recent disturbances in New York between church-folk and work-folk is "THE WORKINGMAN'S CHRIST," by Craig S. Thoms, published this spring. Edwin Markham in his notice of the book calls it "a study aiming to correlate the movements of the day with the spiritual content of Christianity." To quote an interesting bit from the chapter "Why Workingmen Should Stand by the Church":

> "Never before has the Church turned so swiftly to fight the workingman's battle. And it is turning to fight his battle, not to win workingmen to the Church, desirable as that is, but because the workingman's battle is the battle of this century, his question the question of human rights, his problem the problem of democracy, and his claim to economic and social justice an expression of the mind of the Master."

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THE WAY OF WRITERS AND SOME NEW BOOKS

The Church and the Present Social System

Dr. Craig S. Thoms, the author, is a South Dakota man, a university graduate who has worked his way entirely up to his present position. He is now teaching in the State University and is besides the pastor of a church composed of working men, wealthy men, students and university professors. His effort in "THE WORKINGMAN'S CHRIST" to harmonize the spiritual aspects of Christianity with the social movements of the day is one of the most interesting now before the public.

Lectures on Eugenics

A new volume on Eugenics that is sure to prove interesting and valuable is "EUGENICS: TWELVE UNIVERSITY LECTURES," just published by Dodd, Mead and Company. The lectures are by college professors, students of the subject and familiar with the latest thought concerning it. Among them are such names as Charles B. Davenport, Director of Experimental Evolution of the Carnegie Institute of Washington; Professor Keller, of the Sociological Department of Yale University; Dr. W. H. Howell, of Johns Hopkins University, and others equally well known. The lectures were given at the different universities last year, and were arranged for by Mrs. Huntington Wilson. They were an outcome of the belief that the most necessary step in the awakening of a general conscience on eugenics must be that of education. Twelve of these lectures have now been selected and put into book form for the reading public. The twelve selected were designed to give as many different attitudes toward the one subject of eugenics as are represented by the different departments of study from which the lecturers are taken. Mr. Davenport tells of the work of his experimental laboratory at Cold Spring Harbor, Professor Keller approaches the subject from the angle of the student of social evolution, Dr. Howell speaks on "Eugenics as Viewed by the Physiologist." Other points of view are those of the physician, the psychologist, the anatomist, the geneticist, the economist, etc. A "Foreword" by Dr. Barker of Johns Hopkins explains something of the objects of the eugenic movement. The lectures are not so technical as to confuse the uninformed reader and yet they furnish a fairly complete exposition of the movement and of the hopes, aims and methods of the eugenists.

Jack London and Robert Dunn

Thoroughly characteristic of Jack London is his "night letter" to his friend, Robert Dunn, upon the publication of the latter's "THE YOUNGEST WORLD." These two exponents of the "simple life" of the frontier met in Korea in 1904. At that time Dunn was reporting that territory for the New York *Globe* and the London *Post*. Jack London (who ever heard of him as "Mr. London"?) telegraphed as follows:

> "'THE YOUNGEST WORLD' is a fine achievement. As big as Alaska, as young as Alaska, as old as the human race. My congratulations, Robert Dunn. I knew you of old. I knew you had it in you and now that you have it out of you, more power to your elbow."

At present both Dunn and London are in Mexico looking for trouble. Mr. Dunn is reporting it for the New York *Evening Post*.

The publication of "THE AGE OF MOTHER-POWER," by C. Gasquoine Hartley (Mrs. Walter M. Gallichan), has been postponed until the coming fall. "THE AGE OF MOTHER-POWER" will be published in England under the title of "The Position of Woman in Primitive Society." Mrs. Gallichan's "The Truth About Woman," published last fall, is now in its fifth edition.

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The many who have enjoyed the feast of interesting comment on Music in Romain Rolland's *Jean Christophe* will be glad of the opportunity to read the author's *Musicians of To-day,* which Messrs. Henry Holt and Company, who published his novel, expect to issue in October. Besides some minor revisions for the English translation the author has brought up-to-date his chapter on "The Musical Movement in Paris," which Richard Aldrich calls "one of the clearest and most comprehensive statements of all the various present musical activities of the French Capitol." He has also added to his vivid paper on the Concert-Music of Richard Strauss. The balance of the book treats of Berlioz's stormy career and music, Wagner's *Siegfried* (that "rare vision of happiness in a great tragic art") and *Tristan* (written "with a conviction quasi-religious, more religious perhaps through its sincerity than that of *Parsifal*"), Saint-Saëns, Vincent D'Indy, Hugo Wolf, Perosi, the priest-composer, Debussy's *Pelleas and Melisande* and a very significant article contrasting the French and German music given at an Alsace-Lorraine Musikfest. In the meantime Messrs. Henry Holt and Company are having to print *Jean Christophe in Paris* for its fourth time.

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C. V. BOYER, AUTHOR OF "THE VILLAIN AS HERO IN ELIZABETHAN TRAGEDY"

Irving S. Cobb, according to a note issued by another particularly ingenuous press agent, is undoubtedly Uncle Sam's best press agent. Ever since his wanderings in the Grand Canyon, described with such live wire brilliancy in *Roughing It De Luxe*, he has been receiving from one to fifty letters a day. Every one who has anything to exploit writes to Mr. Cobb. Famous hotel managers invite him to linger in a princely suite at their expense—and write them up. Any one with a cave or a pink canary, a soothing alarm clock, an unbustible tire, an illuminated key hole, or a perpetual ignition pipe has lately shown an instant cordiality for Mr. Cobb, an intense desire to "put him up." One has even written offering all expenses to a remote part with $1 a day over and above, which he is sure Mr. Cobb will at once accept, as he has the only genuine petrified mouse.

. . .

This is another story from the same press agent. Two other widely famous novelists and men of practical newspaper experience have joined Jack London in the war on rum which he began in *John Barleycorn*. In *Midstream* Will Levington Comfort tells frankly his own experiences with drink and the water wagon, and makes the latter so attractive that even the most hardened

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By
GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

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The Bibelot

I WOULD call attention to the fact that I have decided to bring *The Bibelot* to an end this year with the completion of the twentieth volume, when a General Index will be ready, and the entire work put upon the market, absolutely limited to 500 sets all told. For those who are desirous of completing their sets I will undertake to supply any volumes required so far forth as possible, but would remind intending purchasers that early application is advisable.

The Bibelot is printed from type which is distributed. The odd volumes offered to those who wish to perfect their sets are very much reduced in quantity—in many instances less than 100 copies remain—and none will ever be reprinted once the supply on hand is exhausted.

With the completion of *The Bibelot* in 20 volumes and an exhaustive General Index the work as I believe will be subscribed by an appreciative public, without whose constant encouragement I could never have gone on and brought to its conclusion this "Reprint of Poetry and Prose for Book Lovers, chosen in part from scarce editions and sources not generally known."

Descriptive list and special terms on request.

Thomas B. Mosher
Portland, Maine

drunkard is scarcely likely to go on regarding the back room of a saloon as especially romantic. And Sam Blythe, author of *The Price of Place*, as well as of most of the good stories about politicians which are going the rounds, tells in a little book called *The Old Game*, published this month, just how much happier he has felt during three years on the water wagon than he did during twenty years of drink with "the boys." None of the three authors mentioned are of the typical reformer type—all three of them are men who have lived a red-blooded life—and indeed none of their books are of the smuggly superior manner of the average temperance tract, but their opinion on this subject seems to indicate a growing literary crusade on King Booze.

• • •

Speaking of press agents, we have had occasion to note in the past the industrious press agent work that Mr. Coningsby Dawson has been doing for Mr. Cosmo Hamilton and the industrious press agent work Mr. Cosmo Hamilton has been doing for Mr. Coningsby Dawson. In fact these two Englishmen seemed to have organised an effective litle Mutual Admiration Society, and, not being Americans, were able, in a part of the American press, to "get away with it," to use the vernacular. Now another press agent has taken a hand, working for Mr. Hamilton. He assures us that Mr. Hamilton likes America. To quote: Writing back to American friends from England, he says that after the charm of America he found Liverpool very cold and wretched, and he looks forward with pleasure to his return to America. Mr. Hamilton's brother, Hamilton Gibbs, author of *The Hour of Conflict*, remains in America and may become a permanent resident. He is at present acting in Mr. Hamilton's play, *The Blindness of Virtue*, which is having a great success on the road.

• • •

June 20th, the last publishing date of the Houghton Mifflin Company for the present season, marked the appearance of the following volumes: *When Thoughts Will Soar*, a romance of peace by Baroness Bertha von Suttner, winner of the Nobel Peace Prize; *No. 13 Washington Square*, by Leroy Scott; *The Story of a Thousand-Year Pine*, by Enos A. Mills; a specially illustrated Visitor's Edition of T. B. Aldrich's *The Story of a*

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Bad Boy; William Gray of Salem, Merchant, a record of one of old Salem's merchant princes, written by his descendant, Edward Gray; *The House of Cecil*, by G. Ravenscroft Dennis; *The Seymour Family*, by A. Audrey Locke; *The Cavendish Family*, by Francis Bickley; and *The La Tremoille Family*, by Winifred Stephens. These last four are the first of a series of books which purposes to cover the influential families of England and the Continent.

• • •

Coningsby Dawson, whose novel, *The Garden Without Walls*, is already in its ninth printing, has just placed with his publishers the manuscript of his new novel, *The Raft*, which will be published on September 11th. Mr. Dawson left recently for his brother's ranch in British Columbia and soon thereafter will go abroad.

• • •

The *School Library Bulletin*, of the New York City Board of Education recently recommended the following list as "twenty-five books no boy of twelve to fourteen will go to sleep over":

1. Kipling—*Captains Courageous.*
2. Moffett—*Careers of Danger and Daring.*
3. Pyle—*Jack Ballister's Fortunes.*
4. Bostock—*Training of Wild Animals.*
5. *Famous Adventures and Prison Escapes of the Civil War.*
6. Hill—*Fighting a Fire.*
7. L. G. T.—*Three Years Behind the Guns.*
8. Altsheler—*Young Trailers.*
9. Barbour—*For the Honor of the School.*
10. Barnes—*Yankee Ships and Yankee Sailors.*
11. Brady—*Border Fights and Border Fighters.*
12. Brooks, E. S.—*Master of Strong Hearts.*
13. Carruth—*Track's End.*
14. Kieffer—*Recollections of a Drummer Boy.*
15. London—*Call of the Wild.*
16. Macfarlane—*Redney McGraw.*
17. Masefield—*Jim Davis.*
18. Munroe—*Campmates.*
19. Poe—*Gold Bug.*
20. Stevenson—*Treasure Island.*
21. Stockton—*Buccaneers and Pirates of Our Coasts.*
22. Stoddard—*Battle of New York.*
23. Tomlinson—*Search for Andrew Field.*
24. Twain—*Huckleberry Finn.*
25. Verne—*Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea.*

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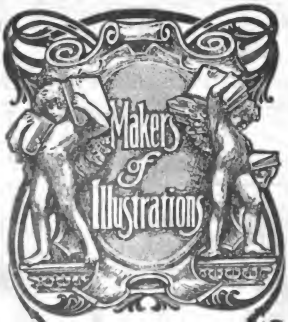

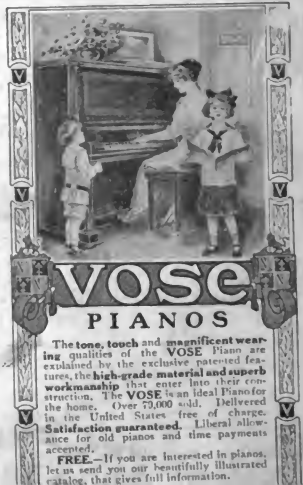

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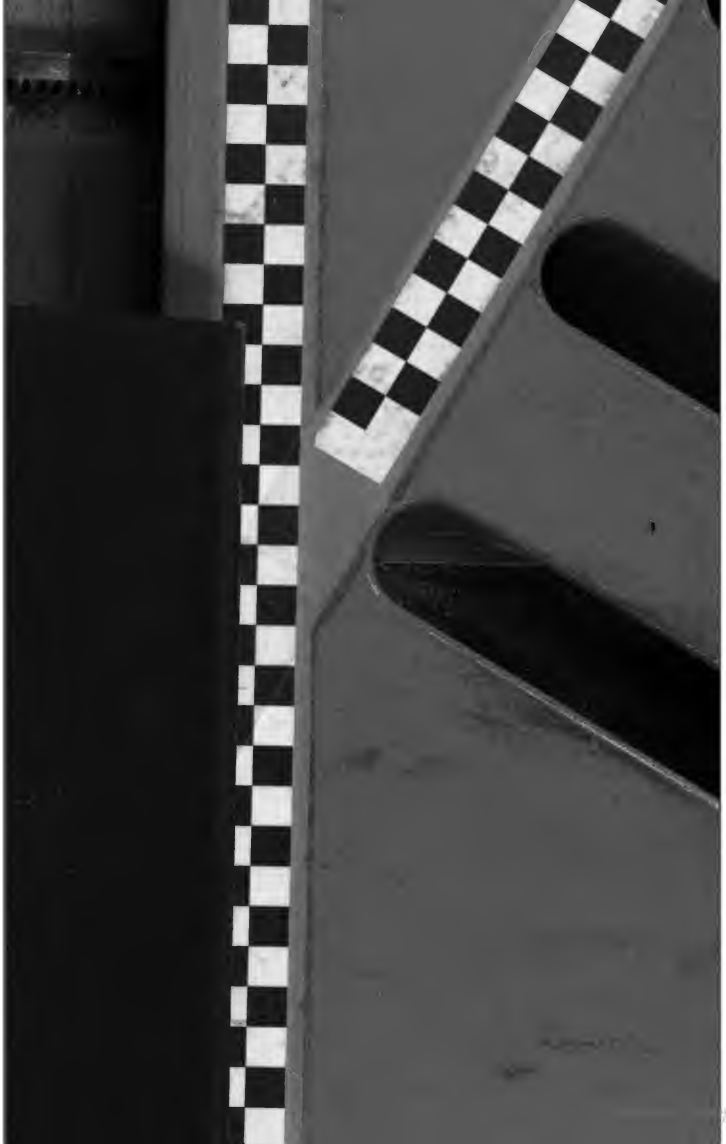

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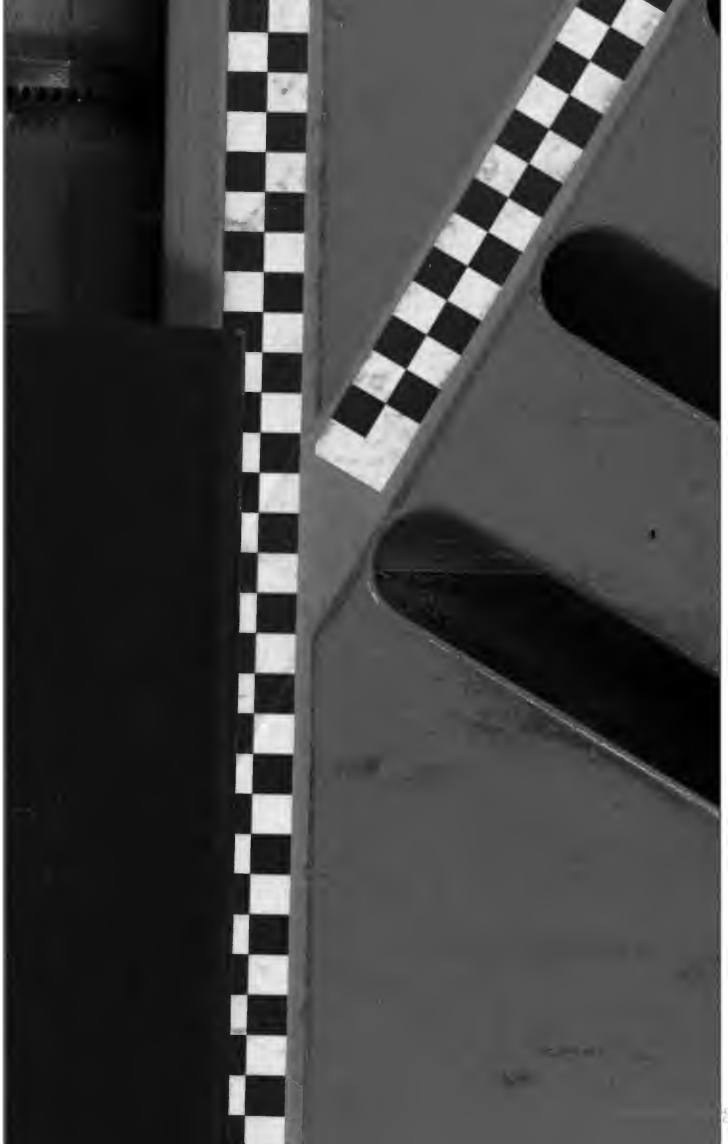

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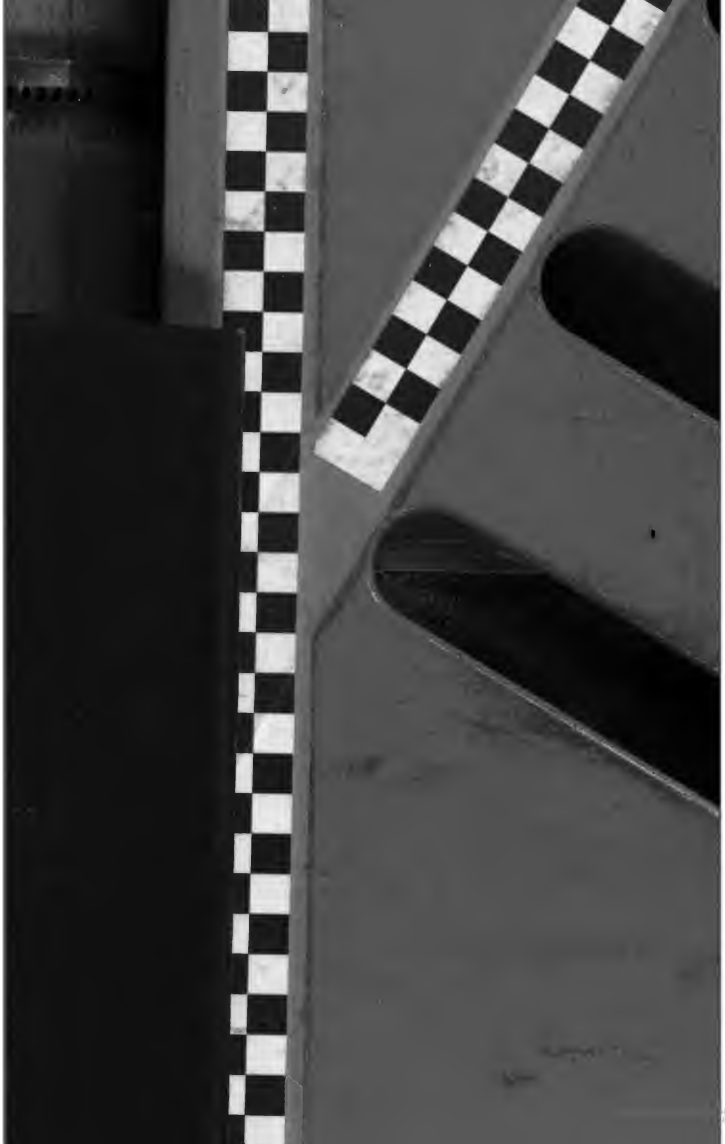

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